FOR SUNDAY READING.

A CHILD'S THANKFULNESS.

Only a little bird am I,
  A song is all I bring
To greet the early morning sky,
  And this is why I sing:
My nest is in the leafy tree,
The loving father cares for me;
So let me thank Him while I live,
Though I have but a song to give!

Only a simple flower am I,
  Yet, with a smile, so glad,
I look up to the shining sky;
  My life is never sad.
The Father on His earth below
Gave me a place to bloom and grow;
Shall I not thank Him while I live,
Though I have but a smile to give?

Only a meadow brook am I,
  And yet I murmur low
My thanks to yonder quiet sky,
  As, winding on, I flow.
For when the day has gone to rest,
God's stars are gleaming on my breast!
And I shall thank Him while I live,
Though but a whisper I can give!

Only a little child am I—
  Shall brook and flower and bird
Thank the dear Father in the sky,
  And my lips breathe no word?
He gave me home and loved ones dear;
His gentle hand still guides me here;
Oh, let me thank him while I live,
With all my grateful heart can give!

—*George Cooper, in S. S. Times.*

AN OPTIMISTIC VIEW.

A Belief in the Absolute and Perfect Government of God—A Theory Which the Infidel Can Not Have, and the Christian Should Never Be Without.

"Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight," said the great Teacher of mankind at the conclusion of one of His addresses to God the Father. On another occasion, when overwhelmed with the terrible anguish of Gethsemane, and praying, "with strong crying and tears," He said: "Not My will, but Thine be done." He taught the world in the Lord's Prayer to say: "Thy will be done in earth as it is in Heaven." Paul says: "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." These utterances, like many others in the Bible, assume that the will of God, as expressed in His moral and providential government, is absolutely perfect.

The highest and best reason of the race affirms that there is a God of infinite power, wisdom, goodness, holiness, justice and truth, who is not only the Creator of all things, but also the Supreme Ruler of this world and of all worlds, and over all beings and events. The Bible teaches the existence and government of such a God, and reason, when in its sober senses, never sees any occasion to dissent from the truth of the teaching. So far from denying the doctrine, or wishing that it was otherwise, it rejoices in the truth, and is ever ready to say with Jesus: "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight." It is the fool that saith in his heart: "There is no God." The fact that God either does a thing Himself or commands it to be done by others, is the best of all possible reasons for believing it to be right and the best thing to be done. We may not always understand *how* it is right and best; and in order to have this faith, it is not necessary that we should have this understanding. It is enough to believe that God knows what is best, and trust His knowledge where ours fails. The revelations and assurances of His Word furnish an ample basis for such trust at all times and in respect to all events, even if the processes and workings of His providence seem to us mysterious and apparently adverse. No one, as to the details of his own life, ever knows beforehand what is really best for him; and no one is competent to say in respect to this or that event that it was a mistake, and that a different event would have been wiser and better, either for himself or the world. The providence of God is too large and complicated a scheme for man's full comprehension, especially for his criticism. It is not supposable that infinite knowledge and infinite goodness should ever make any mistakes, or need any apology for what they appoint or permit.

The best philosophy for the soul is, then, that devout optimism of thought and feeling which cheerfully accepts all the appointments of God's providence, whether in themselves pleasant or painful, in the firm belief that they are all wisely and well made, and admit of no improvement. Such optimism believes in the absolute and perfect government of God, as a fundamental postulate, and that under this government all things are well ordered, alike in reference to the glory of God and the good of His moral creatures. The great apostle to the Gentiles was evidently a Christian optimist, and hence in respect to himself he was, as he declares, content in whatever situation he might be placed. It was enough for him to believe that all things were moving forward in subordination to, and conformity with, the plan of that great and good Being who sits on the throne of providence, and rules this world according to the counsel of His own will, without any mistake, without any surprise or disappointment by their course of events, and without any after-thoughts by way of correction. His life in the outward sense was full of tempests and cross-winds; yet, from the day of his conversion to his last breath on earth, that life was one of serene and unshaken confidence in the God who presides over all things. He was perfectly satisfied to have God at the helm. We never hear any murmuring from his lips. His faith rose too high and was too strong for such marks of human weakness. He was "strong in the Lord and in the power of His might."

One, in order to be a truly happy man, needs to be an optimist in the Pauline and Christian sense. The man who is constantly snarling at events, chafed by them, half-mad with the course of things, petulantly wondering why this is and that is is indirectly, if not directly, impeaching God's providence, and never really content with any thing, is in a mood of mind and heart that will surely make him miserable. More than this is true, since his temper is out of harmony with the God who made him, and who, whether he likes it or not, will rule the world as he pleases, and will always please to rule it under the guidance of His own wisdom. He does not ask us fully to understand all that He does or permits; but He does ask and command us to accept His appointment with devout submission, and recognize Him as the all-presiding and infinite Mind.

"I do not see *how* this is best," said a venerable woman when overwhelmed with affliction; "but I know that it is best, and that God sees how it is best." That woman was a Christian optimist. Her faith in God supplied her lack of knowledge. It is true that God often "moves in a mysterious way," and puts our faith to a severe test; and yet it is just as true that He "is his own interpreter," and will in due season "make it plain." Optimism, with God on the throne is the true theory of life. The infidel, by the terms of his own condition, can have no such theory. The Christian should never be without it.—*N. Y. Independent.*

A Big Mistake.

It is a big mistake to think that the Christian life has no place or time for merriment and recreation. Yet tens of thousands live and die in that error, never stopping to consider that there are joys apart from selfish joys, that there is an innocent fun which is more enjoyable than their exciting follies. One of the first suggestions of the devil to a young person who is longing for the higher life is: Think what you will have to give up! Sad, indeed, is it to see how many are thus deceived by the arch deceiver; how many are tricked into giving up lasting happiness and Heaven, rather than to give up the idle and exhausting pleasures of a day. But every one who turns his back on Satan and renounces sin, finds entrance into an incomparably happier course of life; since the inward peace and joy of the believer fit him the better to enjoy the good things God may strew along his pathway.—*Interior.*

To Be Expected.

So long as we are in this world we must expect sorrow and trials. They come as the providence of God to chasten us, or as the result of our own sins or the sins of our fellow-men. But that they come, and how they come, does not concern us so much as the way we bear them. If accepted as from God and submitted to in a right spirit, they will purify our character and fit us for larger and wider usefulness. When disposed to murmur and to be cast down, let these words come to mind: "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you as though some strange thing happened unto you, but rejoice inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, that when His glory shall be revealed ye may be glad also with exceeding joy."—*Christian Inquirer.*

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

—"Fly the pleasure that bites tomorrow."

—What we call time enough always prove little enough.

—Nothing is more pitiful than a life spent in thinking of nothing but self; yes, even in thinking of nothing but one's own soul.—*F. W. Farrar.*

—Chief Justice Chase said that at a certain period of his life he carefully studied the Christian religion with reference to the question of its truth, just as he would a question of law, and the result was a firm conviction that it is divine in its origin, authority and power.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—True devotion to the church leads men not to turn their backs upon it when it is feeble. To go from it when strong to help the feeble, would have the aspect of disinterestedness; to go from it when feeble to affiliate with the strong, suggests the predominancy of worldly motives.—*Christian Advocate.*

—Unless a teacher is himself possessed of the truth he would teach to another, he is not a teacher. It is possible for a man to have a truth firmly in his own mind without being able to impart it to another; but it is not possible for one to give to another that which is not in his own possession. He may know a thing without teaching it; but he can not teach a thing that he does not know.—*S. S. Times.*

—Are you a Christian?" "I am a member of the church!" Yes, but that is not the question. Alas for it, there are church members who show by their lives that they have yet to learn the A, B, C of Christianity. And what a mighty stumbling block, set between seeking souls and salvation, is every one who has Christianity a as profession but not as a possession. Profession without possession is one of the deadly perils to be shunned.—*Chicago Standard.*

—While in matters of religion, we should not seek to be wise above what is written, and should hence quietly content ourselves therewith, leaving "the secret things" to the Lord our God, God, we should at the same seek to be wise up to the full measure of what is written. "The things revealed" are for our learning; and they are to be studied with the utmost energy that thought can apply. Such mental employment will always bless the soul.—*Independent.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Sheep do better on short pasture, as they graze close to the ground. Tall timothy or clover does not suit them.

—When grain or grass is ready for the barn, house it at once. Every day it remains in the field it loses in value.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—A poor tool on the farm imposes a tax upon the user every day it is employed, often greater in a year than the whole price of a good tool.

—Trail tomato vines on trellises, and they will not be weighted to the ground by the fruit. More air and warmth will reach the tomato, and rot is often avoided.

—Honey is said to be a remedy for insomnia. It should be eaten freely on bread immediately before retiring. The sleepless should be willing to try so sweet a remedy.

—An eminent botanist says that the best time to prune vines is while the grapes are ripening, and that the young shoots should be selected for this purpose, as they require for their development a large quantity of sugar, to the detriment of the ripening fruit.

—It is a fact, confirmed by experience the world over, that clover used in a rotation where other crops are well manured will return to the surface soil, through its decaying roots, as much plant food otherwise lost to vegetation as is removed when the top is cured for hay.

—There's many a little tough, dried-up, weather-beaten farmer in the back districts whose only knowledge of a pen is the one which confined its swine, who can give more hard, sound common-sense hints on practical farm management in an hour's talk than one of these theorists could by the devotions of a year's space in his "department."

—If the cover of a tin can of baking powder be so tight as to require much time and labor in getting it off when first opened, do not put it on again even lightly, because the probabilities are it will always make trouble. Instead, tie a piece of thick paper over the can; it will answer the purpose of the tin cover in keeping out the air and dust and one is sure it can be quickly removed.

—Salt Fish: Boil in plenty of water a piece of salt fish that has been in soak for at least twenty-four hours. When sufficiently boiled to allow of it, pick out all the flesh in small flakes, and put it by. Slice very finely a couple of onions, fry them in salad oil till they begin to color; add tomato sauce, a dash of pepper, and the codfish. Let the whole simmer on a very slow fire for a couple of hours, shaking the saucepan occasionally.

—It does not appear to be generally known, even among farmers, "that the value of lime as a fertilizer depends almost entirely on condition and composition of the soil to which it is applied. If any injurious acids exist in the soil it may neutralize them by forming a new compound which is suitable for plant food. Again, lime is the most active agent for rendering the soil mellow and setting the plant food free to be assimilated by vegetation, while it is itself a direct plant food. In fact, there are few kinds of soil which are not benefited by a coat of lime more or less heavy, according to the condition of the soil."

CULTIVATION OF WHEAT.

Colonel Curtis' System of Rotation and Method of Manuring.

I have raised thirty-five bushels of winter wheat to the acre by the following culture. The previous crops had been corn and oats. This is the usual rotation in this section of the State. Sod ground is plowed for the corn and the land is manured with barn-manure either plowed under or put on the autumn before. The last is the best way. If a farmer has barn-manure it is put on the surface and harrowed in with the wheat, and if he has none, commercial fertilizers are used. No one thinks of getting a good crop of wheat without some extra fertilizer. In my own case a heavy coat of barn-manure, made during the summer, was put on and well harrowed in. The wheat was sown broadcast, and as the land was a clay-loam it was not rolled, as it was not necessary for securing the needed compactness of soil. If the land is mellow and light it is always best to roll it, as wheat will do better in a firm and compact soil. The roots take a stronger hold and the plants will not rise up so readily when pried by the frost. In the spring, if the ground is baked, crusty and hard, it should be gone over with a square toothed harrow.

In my crop, no extra work was done. After the wheat had been harvested, the land was plowed, manured and sown with flat turnips. The weather being very dry, the turnips did not come up soon enough to make a good crop. Enough wheat came up to make it an object to let it grow, and in this way a good crop was obtained of volunteer wheat. The best way to prepare the ground for a good crop of wheat, is to make it rich. Barn manure is the best. The so-called "phosphates" will do, in the absence of the other; but the wheat-grower on old lands must enrich all the soil if he wants to get a good crop. A clover sod, or land in a high state of cultivation, will usually bring good wheat; but even on such land the chances will be improved by using several hundred pounds of a commercial fertilizer per acre. Any old sod land may be fitted for wheat by plowing in July and several harrowings. This is a shorter cut than the old method of summer-fallowing, in which our fathers had so much faith, and by which they grew good crops of wheat.—*F. D. Curtis, in Rural New Yorker.*

—"Naomi," he said softly, as he gazed at the moon above them, "isn't the evening beautiful? Do you know, strange fancies throng my mind on a night like this. Every zephyr seems to bear gentle voices, perhaps from the spirit world. Do you hear such voices?" Silence for a moment. "I think I do, George." "What do they sound like to you?" "They are very indistinct, but they make me think that papa and Brother Henry are calling the dog."—*Nebraska State Journal.*

—According to an official report just published, thirty-two persons died of starvation in London during the year 1887.

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ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS never fail to give speedy proof of their efficacy as the best external remedy for Weak Back, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat Pulmonary and Kidney Difficulties, Malaria, Dyspepsia, Heart, Spleen, Liver and Stomach Affections, Strains, and all Local Pains.

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EVERY business—carrying a musket.—*Washington Critic.*

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Experience, with unerring finger, indicates the remedies which man should use. The enlightened rely upon her, the ignorant and credulous abjure her guidance, and are misled by charlatanism and bombast. For many years Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has been achieving victories over disease, which are recorded in testimony from thousands of the debilitated, nervous, dyspeptic, bilious and malaria-persecuted.

THE peasants of Roumania seems to have a row mania.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

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RICHES have wings, and it takes a fly man to clip them.

WHEN is a despondent lover like a tumor? When he is cut out.—*Life.*

IF knowledge is power, the spring onion must know a thing or two.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

THERE is an air of respectability about being in debt. It proves that you had credit once—*Philadelphia Call.*

IF a man were compelled to sleep in an attic what locality would he prefer? Adriatic, of course.—*Texas Siftings.*

IT is a waste of time to look back at one's own mistakes when there is so much more fun in watching the mistakes of other people.—*Hotel Mail.*

A TIRE is like the man in a hurry. When he leaves he makes good use of his limbs.—*Akers Statesman.*

WHEN the cash is here, then the cashier is here also; but when the cash here is there, the cashier is there likewise.—*Washington Critic.*

THERE are men who, because they find life an empty dream themselves, insist on trying to make it a howling nightmare for every body else.—*Merchant Traveler.*

A RACE for large steaks—Holstein cattle.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

HOW TO get even with some men: Pay them what you owe them.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A SILENT thief—a bad book.

THE centenarian may not be a musician, but it is certain that he is beating time.—*Danville Breeze.*

NOTWITHSTANDING calfskin shoes are called "calf shoes," horse-hide shoes can not be properly abbreviated "horse shoes."—*Shoe and Leather Review.*

THE Italian will work at almost any thing. But the first thing he turns his hand to is usually a hand-organ.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

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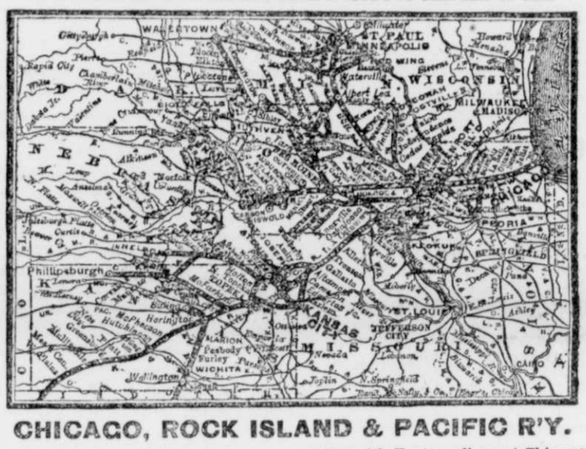

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Signed by the President.

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I was cut in the wrist by a broken bottle, from which I suffered extreme pain. I called a doctor, who pronounced it sciatic rheumatism. My right side became paralyzed, leg and arm badly withered, and my joints were so stiff that there was but little action in them. About six weeks ago I began taking Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup with marvelous results. Since then I have left off the use of crutches entirely, and only use a cane, and for the past few days I often forget it and walk without any aid. To say that it has greatly benefited me but poorly expresses my idea of your Rheumatic Syrup.

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First insertion, $1 per square of ten line 0 cents per square for each additional inser on. Special contracts for advertising longer than three months.

Correspondents must enclose full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a private guarantee of good faith. Rejected communications will not be returned.

FOR PRESIDENT,

BENJAMIN HARRISON,

OF INDIANA.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,

LEVI P. MORTON,

OF NEW YORK.

FOR CONGRESS,

Sixth Congressional District,

LEWIS E. McCOMAS.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 8, 1888.

The Hornellsville, (N. Y.) *Times* says that in a milling-machine factory at Silver Creek there are nearly sixty employes, forty of whom were Democrats. The proprietors were of the mugwump order, having voted for Cleveland in 1884. Now they have formed a Harrison and Morton club, and every man in the establishment is a member of it.

The Baltimore *Herald* Monday issued a supplement of twelve pages devoted entirely to a description of Cumberland, its history and advantages as a market and manufacturing point. One feature is a series of sketches of prominent citizens. The supplement is profusely embellished with illustrations, giving various views in and about the city, street scenes, residences, portraits, &c. A large edition of the extra was distributed. The *Herald* is to be commended for its enterprise in planning and executing so extensive an advertisement of the mountain city.

Orrin Vanderhorm, the editor and proprietor of the Passaic City, N. J., *Herald*, one of the most devoted Democratic papers of Northern New Jersey, is out for Harrison. In a recent editorial the editor made the following offer: "Every reader of this paper knows we don't like Cleveland. We don't like his policy. We don't like his Democracy. We don't like his second presidential term, because it is a forswearing of himself. We don't like his free trade. We don't like his arrogation of legislative power, and believe the veto power was intended to affect unconstitutional and very positive questionable legislation. * * * * We like his contribution of $10,000 to the National Committee as an evidence of his faith in Democracy, and yet we doubt if it would have been $10 to elect anybody but himself to the presidency. * * * Again we say to Democrats, the result is doubtful."

Nothing would suit a certain class of men found in every community better than free trade. They toil not neither do they spin. They have everything to buy and nothing to sell, and when you hear the street-loafer argue for free trade you may rest assured he means just what he says. Such men are free traders naturally. Another large class, whose interest it would be to have free trade are professional men. Impecunious lawyers, physicians and journalists; men without property interests or interest in trade, with nothing to sell and very little to buy. Directly or indirectly they have very little at stake, and under these circumstances let them be readers of the Baltimore *Sun*, *Harper's Weekly* and kindred papers, and your will find rampant free traders. But to the hard working people of Garrett county, with their farms, mines and workshops, this question of Free Trade is a vital one, and one which has come to the front and will stay there in spite of anything said to the contrary. Side issues won't have much show. A fair, square tariff fight it is bound to be, and no amount of mud-slinging, fire works or anything else will side-track this the all important question.

No one can deny that in his speeches General Harrison has shown himself to be thoroughly acquainted not only with the affairs of state, but with the commercial business of the country as well. Almost every day he is called upon to speak and he has never yet failed to devote his remarks to the particular interest or interests which his auditors represent. Best of all, he always knows what he is talking about.—*Balto. American.*

Register.

In our advertising columns will be found the notices of the September registration of voters in the several districts of this county. The Registrars will sit on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the 10th, 11th and 12th days of September. The Republicans throughout the county are earnestly requested to see that every voter is made eligible to cast his ballot by proper registration. The voters in the territory formerly district No. 12 will be compelled to register again in the district in which they now reside. This should be attended to at the first registration.

While the German Press Bureau is manufacturing incorrect reports from Indiana and distributing them among the voters of the East, the English Press Bureau of the Democratic National Committee is manufactnring correspondence for the Western papers. The latest out is a long special dispatch, dated New York, August 23, which has appeared in a large number of the smaller Western papers. This diapatch affirms that the Chinamen of New York have organized for Harrison and Morton, and have already subscribed $10,000 toward the campaign fund. The intent of this matter is readily seen. Fearful lest the contrast between subscribing $20 to the aid of the sufferers by the Charleston earthquake, and the payment of $10,000 to the National Democratic Committee would lose Mr. Cleveland thousands of votes among the liberal-minded voters of the South and West, the managers of his campaign prepared this article and distributed it among the Western papers. It will undoubtedly act as a boomerang, for when the west and South find that they have been so imposed upon the very idea of fair play will compel them to reject further statements of that nature.

What the people of Garrett county want badly is a better system of road-making. Our county would swarm with summer visitors, who would bring many more thousands of dollars to the county, were our roads only better. More and more people are coming to the mountains every year, and Johnstown, McHenry, Sang Run, Friendsville, Selbysport, Accident and Grantsville would all profit in one year sufficient to pay for the cost of making our roads good. One good, efficient superintendent for those main roads should be secured and the road from Oakland to McHenry, and from McHenry to Selbysport, from McHenry to Accident and Keyser Ridge, and from McHenry to Sang Run, should be made first-class next spring. This alone would be a good investment for the people of the county, for their own convenience and comfort, aside from the inducement it would furnish for increased travel. By an efficient superintendent we mean a man, be he Democrat or Republican, who, by common consent, understands his business. A man who is not afraid of hard work himself; knows how to get value received from his hands, and who has been tried and not found wanting. We believe the people of the county should agitate this matter, and we know that nothing they can do will add so much to the value of Garrett county property as this one thing of good roads.

Blaine on Prohibition.

FARMINGTON, ME., Sept. 4.—Hon. James G. Blaine, addressed an audience here to-day, speaking principally upon tariff. Alluding to the prohibition question he said: Maine for the last 37 years has been under a prohibitory law. I think the State has derived great advantage from it. I think the State is far richer and far better. We have a party now coming in and telling us in effect that Maine had better not pay any attention to prohibition until we organize a National party, and can suspend temperance in Maine, practically, till we convert Texas and Alabama. That is precisely what this National Prohibition party means, for those who talk frankly avow that they intend to defeat the Republican party and bring the Democratic party into power as a temperance movement. [Laughter.] And this Prohibition party is entering into partnership with the Democratic party to defeat the Republican party, if that were possible, in Maine; to elect that saintly embodiment of Prohibition and temperance, David B. Hill, Governor of New York, and all over the country to stab the Republican party in the back, and in the dark, in order, they say, that the Democratic party shall be brought into power.

In an editorial conspicuously printed, the Cincinnatti *Commercial Gazette* says: "We state as a fact of which we have information that is reliable, that the Democrats have polled Indiana and New York with a result so unsatisfactory to themselves that they have suppressed the reports."

OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 2, 1888.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Here area few excerpts from a speech delivered by Bradley T. Johnson last spring, as reported by the Associated press:

After praising the Confederate cause and the valor of the Confederate soldier, he said: "The South is progressing. These old Confederate soldiers and their descendents elect 90 out of every 100 Congressmen, 34 of the United States Senators and the President of the United States. [Applause.] The Government of the United States is controlled by Confederate soldiers.

"Every Confederate soldier carries with him chained to his heart a casket of his dead hopes and aspirations through his life, as Douglas did the heart of Bruce to the Holy Land, to show his devotion to the cause for which he fought. If the time should ever come, and it were necessary, there are 10,000 in Maryland who would stand for their cause as Douglas did for Bruce. I have no sympathy with that slush and sentimentality that is always gushing over the other people. I won't do that. I recall the sentimentality exhibited by some just before the eightyeth birthday of Jefferson Davis, a man who, of all the Confederates, has been singled out by his enemies and branded by malice and prejudice and held from his right. I cannot forget Jefferson Davis. He is a patient statesman and a hero. He is renowned for his patriotism. I hope he will go down to his grave with the disfranchisement his enemies have put upon him, for I am sure he has no desire for it to be otherwise, and would never accept the right of suffrage except by unanimous consent, of which there is not the remotest hope, Let him rest in his old age."

Johnson roused his hearers to enthusiasm when he decared: "The men who went with us after our flags are scattered all over the States of this Republic, and to-day you can reckon on the fingers of your two hands all the deserters from the Confederate cause after these long twenty-three years. This feeling of devotion to the dead and for what they died grows year by year. The explanation is that the cause for which we fought is recognized as one of honor, of chivalry, of patriotism, and of constitutional liberty. I expect to see the time when the cause of the Confederates will be looked upon as that of true constitutional liberty the world over. When the records shall be truly written the world will learn that our fight was for local self-government, the same battle that Gladstone is fighting for the Irish to-day, which is making a new chapter in the history of the world."

"Is any feeling more widespread to-day than respect for Robert E. Lee? At any time in the past 100 years was there a greater veneration and love for any man than for Stonewall Jackson? Does any story stir the English race deeper than the death of Ashby, who fell leading a charge twenty-six years ago to-day? How does the world measure the exploits of the dashing Jeb Stuart? The story of such devotion to a cause of high courage and manliness in fight has touched the heart of all this world, and this feeling will grow stronger and more universal as time goes on."

Johnson was cheered again and again, when he declared that the Confederate soldiers were getting control of the Government.

Genl. Bradley T. Johnson, who made the above address, was a citizen of Frederick City, Md., at the breaking out of the war in 1861. When he became convinced that Western Maryland was loyal to the general government, he, with a number of young men, left the State, went South and joined the rebel army. Johnson was appointed an officer and assigned to the command of the rebel contingent from Maryland. He was subsequently promoted a Brigadier-General and served until the rebellion was put down. He also commanded a Brigade in Genl. Earley's army that invaded Maryland in 1864. He also commanded a Brigade in the forces that made the raid into Pennsylvania in July, 1864, which robbed and burnt Chambersburg and then moved on Cumberland, but were there repulsed on the 1st day of August, 1864, and again on the 3d at New Creek, and on the 6th were overtaken by the Union Cavalry near Moorefield, in Hardy county, West Va., and utterly defeated.

Col. H. Kyd Douglas, of Washington county, Md., followed in the career of his illustrious predecessor and went South and entered the rebel army; was appointed an officer and served on Genl. Stonewall Jackson's staff. It was largely due to the personal influence of Genl. Johnson and Col. Douglas that Genl. Lee was induced to invade Maryland and Pennsylvania. These officers were important factors in the operations of the rebel army. Their knowledge of the country enabled them to be reliable guides.

The loyal citizens of the 6th Congressional District of Maryland, and especially the Union Soldiers, will soon be called upon to determine whether they will re-elect the brilliant, faithful and industrious McComas, the able advocate of protection to our industries and the gallant friend to the Union Soldiers, or Col. Douglas, the Democratic candidate, and thereby add another rebel ex-officer to the rebel column now controlling the House of Representatives.

OLD SOLDIER.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Sept. 3d, 1888.—Senator Callom, speaking of the unofficial news which has been received here of the rejection of the Chinese treaty by the Chinese Government, said: "Another of Grover's treaty's has gone to grass. He seems to be having bad luck." Representative Morrow, of California, speaking on the same subject, said: "If the news of the rejection of the treaty shall be confirmed, the California Members will ask Congress to pass a bill requiring the President to give six months' notice to the Chinese Government that thereafter no Chinese except diplomatic, consular, and other officers of the Chinese Government will be allowed to enter the United States." The general opinion among Congressmen seems to be that it is English influence which has caused the rejection of the treaty.

It has been quite a while since we had a professional "bully" in Congress, but the present session has produced one of the worse kind; his name is Killgore--quite a bloody-thirsty cognomen—and he is a member of the House from a Texas District. His pet aversion is legislation that is for the benefit of ex-Union Soldiers or their widows. He recently attempted to get up a personal difficulty with Representative Spinola, of New York, a man who is old enough to be his father. On Saturday he further distinguished himself by objecting to allow a day to be set to vote on the bill to grant Mrs. General Sherdian a pension, stating that his purpose in objecting was to defeat the bill. Some of his Democratic colleages tried to remonstrate with him, but it was no use, and he angrily said that he was responsible to his constituents for his actions, and if any member wanted to make a personal matter of it, he could do so whenever he saw proper. Fine language, that, to be used on the floor of the United States House of Representatives. Mr. Kilgore might make a very good Representative to a cow-boy convention, but he is evidently out of place among gentlemen.

An employee of the Interior Department is in charge of the distribution of documents at the Democratic national headquarters. More of Cleveland's grand civil-service reform.

The bill known as the retaliation bill, which has just been perfected by the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, has been reported to the House and made a special continuing order for to-morrow. There will probably be quite a number of speeches made on this bill, but there will be little, if any, opposition to its passage. It gives Cleveland the authority which he asked for in his recent jingo Canadian message. It it is not likely that, having failed to us the authority which was long ago given him, he will make any use of the additional authority which this bill confers.

Speaker Carlisle has gone to Virginia to try and put a little life into the dispirited Democrats. It's a big contract.

Senator Manderson has reported favorably, from the Military Committee, a bill introduced by Senator Sawyer to give to soldiers who served ninety days or more, and were discharged on account of disease contracted in the line of duty, the same bounty to which they would have been entitled if discharged for wounds.

The Republican Senators in caucus have fully approved of the substitute for the Mills bill upon which the Republican Members of the Senate Finance Committee have been working for some time. The bill will be reported about the 10th instant. It makes a reduction of 50 per cent. in the duty on sugar; lets the wool schedule remain as at present, except to add 1 cent per pound to the duty on fine wool, and it leaves the lumber schedule just as it is. In accordance with the action of the caucus, Senator Allison has given notice to all parties who wish to be heard on the tariff that the hearings will close on the 8th instant.

Senator Dolph, from the Committee on Public Lands, has reported a bill declaring a forfeiture of all lands, except right of way and station grounds granted to the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, which appertain to those portions of the road which shall not have been completed at the date of the passage of the act. The forfeiture lands are to be thrown open to settlement.

Senator Cullom, in a speech showing up Cleveland's motives for issuing the fisheries message, also took occasion to criticise the action of the Treasury Department in giving certain favored National banks the use of $6,000,000 of government money without interest.

A bill has been introduced in the House by Representative Buchanan, of New Jersey, to reduce letter-postage to 1 cent an ounce. This bill may not pass at the present session, but it has got to come, sooner or later, and the sooner the better.

Representative Gallinger, of New Hampshire, has made a strong minority report on the Government printing office investigation. He shows beyond question that Benedict is unfit to be Public Printer.

The bill to pension Mrs. Sherdian would have been passed by the House Friday evening if Representative Cheadle, of Indiana, had not objected. Mr. Cheadle will probably hear from some of his ex-soldiers constituents.

The Price of Wool.

Democratic newspapers are rejoicing over the rise in the price of wool. We rejoice, too, and with much more reason; for, since they will see politics in it, with the eye of faith we see more; and it all comes our way.

From the time the Democratic party began to agitate the question of placing wool on the free list, the wool Market was unsettled, buyers were afraid to take any wool because manufacturers hesitated to take it off their hands. But when it became apparent that the Democratic House would certainly place wool on the free list the bottom was reached.

The Republican majority of the Senate is so close that the slightest wavering in the Republican ranks or the slightest mishap on that side would hand that body over to the free trade enemy. Manufacturers understood this in all its fearful import, and they held off. Lately they have been reassured, and, convinced that the Republicans of the Senate will not permit wool to be placed on the free list, they have begun to buy.

In addition to this the prospect of the election of a Republican President grows every day, and with the reasonable assurance that the next President will not use his office to whip members of Congress into the support of free trade measures, every interest attacked by the Mills bill is feeling more hopeful. The same conditions have affected the buyers of the products of the woolen mills, and so through the whole circuit of the wool industry some revival is to be noted.

How long this is to last after the pressing needs have been satisfied, is yet an open question. The *Intelligencer* has carefully refrained from giving its readers any advice in the matter. The *Intelligencer* gives the news, and leaves its readers to determine whether it is wise to hold for higher prices. This much may be safely said, that if there were any prospect of wool being put on the free list wool growers would do well to unload at 20 cents per pound. Nothing but a Protective tariff stands between them and this price or a still lower one.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

Offer of a Knight of Labor.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 30.—Charles H. Litchman, general secretary of the Knights of Labor, has written a letter to Chairman Quay, of the Republican committee, offering his services in the present campaign to the Republican party. He bases the stand he has taken on the protection issue of the Republican party against what he calls the British free trade of the Democrats. In his lengthy letter to Mr. Quay he says:

"The theory of protection, advocated by the Republican party, is the same as the underlying principle upon which all labor organizations are founded. A friend to organized labor that believes in organization as a means to enchance and maintain wages cannot consistently oppose a party that applies to all labor the same principle of protection from unfair competion that the individual trade organization gives to the single trade. Trade organizations do aid in advancing wages in their respective trades, and the protective system demanded by the Republican party will secure for all toilers in the land a similar fostering care.

That this is clearly understood by most of the thinking leaders of organized labor, is proved by the declaration recently made in favor of the American system and a home market by the presiding officers of the organizations representing the iron and the glass industries of the United States. There is no better organization of any one trade than the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers. There is no trade more thoroughly organized or better disciplined than that of the window glass workers, nor one in which higher wages are paid. The warning of the officers representing these trades against free trade are very significant and should be heeded.

A careful consideration of all these facts convinces me that the present is a grave crisis in the political affairs of our country, and that I have no right to remain silent. My position as General Secretary of the Knights of Labor has given me an intimate knowledge of the various phases of the labor question, and from the knowledge thus gained, I do not hesitate to say that the triumph of the Democratic party, dominated by intolerance in the South and British free trade sentiment in the North, would be the most serious blow to organized labor it could possibly receive. I cannot remain inactive in such a conflict. Therefore, to you and your associates on the National Republican Committee, as the representatives of the Republican party, I offer my services in any position or capacity where they may be desirable, or be thought most useful, to aid in securing the success of Harrison and Morton, the representatives in this campaign of the American idea of protection to American labor."

Destructive Fire in Baltimore.

Baltimore was visited by one of those terrible conflagrations Sunday which break out at intervals in our large cities and lay waste whole blocks before the power of man with all the appliances of science can subdue them. At 4:20 Sunday morning fire was discovered in the warehouse 109 Sharp street occupied by Prior & Co., dealers in toys and fancy goods. An alarm was at once sent in and responded promptly to by the fire department. But the fire spread rapidly in spite of all that could be done to check its progress and soon the greater part of the block comprised between Lombard and Pratt streets and Sharp and Hanover was in flames fanned by a light breeze. It was while the fire was at its height that the side wall of the building next to Prior's tottered and gave way with an awful crash. The scene for a moment was indescribable, and when the dust and smoke cleared away a rush was made towards the debris beneath which many gallant firemen were buried. Tender hands carefully administered to them as one by one wounded and bleeding they were taken from the debris and when at last the last one had been rescued it was found that seven men had laid down their lives in doing their duty and fifteen, more or less seriously injured. After long and hard work the fire was finally extinguished, but not before a million dollars worth of property had been completely destroyed.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 3d, 1888.

All persons are hereby warned not to remove any stone from the National Road in Garrett county, or from the Bridges thereon.

By order County Commissioners.

W. H. HAGANS,
Clerk.

9 8 tf

Registration Notice.

(SEPTEMBER & OCTOBER SITTINGS, 1888.)

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned Officers of Registration of Voters in and for their respective election districts of Garrett county, will sit in their respective election districts in said county for three successive days in the month of September, commencing with and including the second Monday of September, that is to say on the

10th, 11th and 12th days of September,

and for five successive days in the month of October, commencing and including the first Monday of October, that is to say on the

1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th days of October,

in the year 1888, from the hour of 8 o'clock A. M. to the hour of 6 o'clock P. M., on each of said days, for the purpose of registering in the proper registries of voters and poll books, all persons qualified to vote in their respective election districts who shall present themselves for registration, and for the further purpose of revising and completing the registry of voters and poll books of their said respective election districts, as provided by Chapter 22 of the Acts of 1882, as amended by Chapter 155 of the Acts of 1888.

The places of sitting of each of said Officers of Registration in their respective election districts on the days named and hours stated is as follows, to-wit:

Election District No. 1, at Swanton.
" " " 2, at Friendsville.
" " " 3, at Grantsville.
" " " 4, at Bloomington.
" " " 5, at Accident.
" " " 6, at McHenry.
" " " 7, at Oakland.
" " " 8, Sept. at Elkins.
Oct. at Red House.
" " " 9, at Johnsons.
" " " 10, at Deer Park.
" " " 11, at Gregg's Mill.

All naturalized citizens applying for registration will be required to produce their certificates of naturalization, to the Officers of registration.

Signed.

H. O. HAMILL,
Officer of Registration 1st Election District.
R. E. FRIEND,
Officer of Registration 2d, Election District.
ISAIAH FULLER,
Officer of Registration 3d Election District.
JOHN COLLINS,
Officer of Registration 4th Election District.
HENRY F. LININGER,
Officer of Registration 5th Election District.
N. C. BROWNING,
Officer of Registration 6th Election District.
P. A. CHISHOLM,
Officer of Registration 7th Election District.
HENRY A. SHAFFER,
Officer of Registration 8th Election District.
SAMUEL JOHNSON,
Officer of Registration 9th Election District.
MICHAEL T. BRADY,
Officer of Registration 10th Election District.
JOHN C. CHANEY,
Officer of Registration 11th Election District.

FAIRFAX HALL SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES,
WINCHESTER, VA.

Location healthful and accessible. Fine advantages at moderate rates. Diploma for English or Classical and Special Courses. 20th year begins Sept. 5. For catalogue, address Miss M. E. BILLINGS, Principal. 7 21 4t.

GEO. P. WHITE, Mt. Lake Park, Md. S. D. WHITE, P.M Frankville, Md.

WHITE & BRO.

NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!

AT FRANKVILLE, MD.

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes Country produce taken in exchange for goods Call and see us. WHITE & BRO.
P. O. address, Floyd, Md.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

NOTICE!

W. H. Hagans, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

—Rev. J. Wesley Webb arrived in Oakland Wednesday.

—Bird Cages, Wagons, Carts, Croquets, Japanese Lanterns, at Cheap John's.

—Don't fail to call and see the splendid line of Ladies' Cloth, at S. P. Specht's.

—J. C. Miller, of Otsego, Ohio, is visiting Mr. W. A. Wortman, in Oakland.

—Well, well, that performing ra at Cheap John's beats all. Go and C it.

—Mr. S. E. Bolden is erecting a residence on his lot on Alder street, known as the Leowenstein lot.

—Cheap John has a fine stock of Toys, Tennis and Base Balls, Bats and Fishing Tackle.

—If you wish to secure bargains in ready made clothing, go to S. P. Specht's.

—The Oakland Hotel will close Monday. This has been one of the most successful seasons in the history of the hotel.

—Finest stock of dolls in Oakland at Cheap John's.

—Just received, at S. P. Specht's, a full line of Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps. Call early and secure bargains.

—Cheap John's, near Coddington Hotel. Look for sign, (Cheap John's)

—Mr. Charles Seber, of the Cumberland *Times*, with his family, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. John S. Combs.

—Stogies, Tips, Cigars, Cakes, Candies, Fruits, Soda Water, Cider and Pop at Cheap John's.

—FOR SALE.—A good cooking stove — large size, with complete trimmings. Apply at this office. Cheap for cash.

—Mr. W. A. Wortman's family returned to their home in Cambridge, Ohio, Monday, but he will remain here for several weeks yet.

—Maplewood Cottage, formerly Commercial House, will be open for the entertainment of persons attending Court. Prices reasonable.

—Married, by Rev. N. Merrill, of Salisbury, Pa., Aug. 30th, 1888, Mr. Isaac G. Michaels, of Westernport, Md., and Miss Ettie Muhlenberg, of Grantsville, Md.

—The County Commissioners will be in session next week, beginning on Monday, for the transaction of any business that may properly come before the Board.

—Call and be convinced that I mean just what I say when I tell you I am selling Hats Shoes and clothing at prices below competition.

W. C. L. CORRELL.

—Do not forget the closing out sales of Hats, Boots, Shoes and ready-made clothing while you are attending court. A rare chance for bargains at Correll's, Oakland, Md.

—The Y. M. C. A. meetings heretofore announced for Sturgiss' Hall, will be held in Offutt's Hall, commencing Friday evening, Sept. 7th, and will be continued over Sunday. Miss Jennie Smith and others will conduct the meetings. A general invitation is extended.

—At a meeting in Sturgiss' Hall Tuesday night a Women's Christian Temperance Union was formed, with the following officers: President, Mrs. Dr. J. Lee McComas; Secretary, Mrs. W. H. Hagans; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Lillie Sharpes; Treasurer, Mrs. Kate Crane. The meeting was addressed by Mrs. S. H. Martin, of Baltimore.

—The fair and festival held last week for the benefit of the Oakland Independent Band met with better success financially than was expected. The net receipts amounted to about $125.00. The contest for a gold-headed cane between Messrs. Handy Gipson and G. W. Moton was decided in favor of the former. The amount collected by Gipson was $37.31, and by Moton $16.17.

—It has been our custom heretofore to request our delinquent subscribers who may attend Court to call and settle their accounts, but we do not intend to do so now. We take it for granted that persons indebted to us are aware of that fact, and that it is their duty to pay us, but we shall not ask them to do so this time, and will leave it as a matter of conscience with them.

Church Services--Sunday.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M., by Rev. John S. Foulk.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 7¾ P. M., by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

For Sale.

A good Seven Octave Rosewood Piano. Enquire at this office. 4t

For Sale!

At a bargain. Two well-bred mares Three years old last April. Of a nice bay color. For particulars enquire at this office. 2t

Cows for Sale.

The undersigned has for sale, at Catonsville, near Oakland, two good Milch Cows. Price reasonable.

9 8 3t. W. S. STEVENS.

The Place to Stop.

Mr. James Cropp has leased the Coddington Hotel Property, and has thoroughly renovated the building and is now prepared to entertain the traveling public. Persons attending Court next week will bear this in mind.

Auction! Auction!

At Cheap John's, Monday, Sept. 10th, at 7½ o'clock. Big lot of Boy's boots and shoes; also Misses' and Children's, 25 suits clothing for Boy's. Fine lot of suits for Men; also overcoats for Men and Boys, coats for girls, Boy's caps and many other articles to offer. Your last chance for bargains. I intend to sell. Come.

CHEAP JOHN.

Ho! for the Delicious Bivalve.

I take pleasure in announcing to my friends and the public that I will be prepared on and after Saturday, Sept. 15th, to serve Fresh Oysters in any style at my Oyster Parlor, next door to B. & O. depot, Oakland, Md. All persons wishing Oysters in bulk for Friday, 14th, inst., can be accommodated by leaving orders for same with me. Hoping to enjoy the same liberal patronage that I have in the past, I am

Respectfully,

J. M. LITZINGER.

Excursions to Columbus, Ohio.

The Baltimore and Ohio R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets to Columbus, Ohio, for all trains September 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th, good for return passage until September 19th, inclusive. The rates from points named below will be as follows:

Cumberland	$8.20
Keyser	7.75
Piedmont	7.65
Oakland	7.10
Grafton	5.50
Fairmont	4.50

Correspondingly low rates from all other stations on the line.

The Lochiel Lumber Company.

The Bloomington correspondent of the Piedmont *Herald* reports the following bit of good news: "Messrs. John Alexander and Alex McClean went on a tour of inspection through two tracts of land, 'Cunningham' and 'Man's Delight,' said to contain 50,000,000 feet of timber, 10,000,000 feet of which is white pine, looking to a purchase for the Lochiel Lumber Co., provided satisfactory terms can be made. The timber, if purchased, will come down Savage river and be manufactured at their mill at this place."

Free Sleeping Car.

To passengers purchasing second class tickets to Pacific Coast points via. Baltimore and Ohio, R. R. for trains leaving Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore and Washington, D. C., Sept. 11th and 25th, October 9th and 23rd. The number of tickets on each trip is limited to twenty-five. So that passengers should make application at once to D. Bride, Passenger Agent B. & O. R. R., Central Building, Baltimore, Md., H. A. Miller, Ticket agent, B. & O. R. R. Wilmington, Del., or to Agent Delawder, Oakland, Md.

Stoves and Hardware.

Just received at J. M. Davis & Son's Hardware Store, fifty heating stoves, of the latest styles, including sheet iron, open front Franklin's, Burnsides, square box stoves for wood, and samples of square stoves for hard or soft coal. Decidedly nobby and unrivaled for beauty and service. Something entirely new. Also a full line of cooking stoves, ranges and Double-heaters. Call and examine before purchasing. Our stock of Hardware is complete in every line. Also a full line of sportsmen's goods, blasting powder, fuse, &c., &c.

Society Notes.

Last Saturday night witnessed the crowning event of the gayety which has reigned supreme at "Woodland" for the past several weeks. The final act culminated in a Donkey party, with whist, dancing and games sandwiched between. A couple of "Thirteeners" (the heroines of 'An Evening Adventure' in last week's REPUBLICAN,) got it up with the liberal aid of Papa P.'s pocket-book. The prizes were a solitaire scarf pin and a tin Donkey for the gentlemen and a lovely scent sachet and an etching for the ladies. The "Thirteeners" hired Mr. Harne to bring out the guests invited from Oakland and sent them home the same way. Among those present were Misses Blanche Teel, Essie Teel, Blanche Palmer, Grace Palmer, Rose Palmer, Hetty Bell, Georgia Laub, Jennie Johnson and Mrs. Mattie Yost and Mrs. Johnson, Messrs. Nydegger, Veitch, Stallings, Ravenscraft, McComas, Johnson, Smith and Palmer. Misses Grace Palmer and Blanche Teel won the ladies' 1st and 2d prizes, and Messrs. Veitch and Stallings the gentlemen's. Delicious cake, candy and ices were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Palmer left for Washington on the midnight train, called home by illness in their family.

Last Wednesday Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Yost gave a progressive Euchre party of four tables, which was quite enjoyable. Miss Hetty Bell, of Washington, won the ladies' 1st prize and Mr. Bowie Johnson the gentlemen's 1st prize. The following day the "Woodlanders," joined with the guests at Thayer's cottage hotel, and the Teels, of Washington, to the number of 40, went pic-nicing to Paradise Rock, better known, perhaps, as Table Rock, a lofty cliff that juts out from the crest of one of the highest of the "Big Backbone" range of the Alleghanies. It seems to have gotten its "back up" to a considerable extent just here, and standing there on that rocky *vertebrae* of the Apalachian's spinal column, one has a soul satisfying view of woodland and meadow, hillside and valley, rimmed round by the billowy blue mountains that heave up their soft misty outlines, till their indigo tint melts into the amethyst hue of the sky, miles away beyond the confines of our own State.

The flavor of fried chicken and ham sandwiches was never more fully appreciated than when eaten at that altitude. There is not a finer or more healthy site for a summer hotel in the State of Maryland than the vicinity of Paradise Rock, and if some one will build it I will name it by calling it "The Cloud Cap House."

The ride behind four spirited horses *down* the mountain road with its steep grade and graceful curves was quite exciting, though not at all dangerous.

One night during the last full moon the "Woodlanders," to the number of 20, had a long wagon, billowed with new mown hay, and spread with scarlet blankets, to which four horses, wreathed with bells, were harnessed, then the crowd having been provided with flags, bandanas, trumpets and a half bushel of peanuts, and joined by a couple carriage loads from Oakland set off for a "Hay Ride" to Deer Park. Up the hill we go past the illuminated windows and open doors of "The Rest," down through the "dim religious gloom" of Mountain Lake Park, and past Youghiogheny Lake, which the soft, caressing moonlight transforms into a Venetian lagoon with motionless trees mirrored like silent ghosts in its depths. The Chicago express dashing around a curve just at that moment supplies with its gleaming windows and dazzling head-light the Doges Palace far down in water that then looked fathomless by the light of the moon, but is very shallow and commonplace in the unrelenting glare of day. On we go, up and down the sweeping curves of the mountain road, hemmed in by trees and laced with shadows and gleams of light, past the Garrett cottages, silent and tenantless, whose hearthstones shall gleam for their owners no more; past the Hotel whose gleaming lights show us four and seventy maidens, dancing, and not a man among them; past the Cleveland cottage, where our stern prosaic President proved himself "to the whole world akin" by bringing the beautiful "Queen of Hearts" he had wooed and won three years ago. Though the house was silent and dark, yet all joined in a hearty cheer to the memory of the departed. Then we galloped on past the Japanese Legation Villas, where three or four astonished Orientials gazed upon us "as we passed by," and so home again at the witching hour of one o'clock, to hot coffee and luncheon at dear, hospitable old "Woodland."

Among those taking part in the Hay ride were Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, Misses Blanche Palmer, Grace Palmer, Rose Palmer, Helen Palmer, Roy Palmer, Essie Teel, Blanche Teel, Georgia Laub, Hester Bell and Mrs. Mattie Yost, all of Washington. Misses Procter and Guy, of Baltimore, Miss Wardwell, of Oakland, Mrs. Ross, of Columbus, Geo. W. Smith, of New York, Mrs. Johnson, Miss Jennie Johnson, Miss Lou Thayer. Messrs. Nydegger, Teel, Stallings, Hinebaugh, Townshend, Hipkins and Wardwell, of Oakland.

M. A. Y.

The Proper Site for an Orchard.

As many are starting new orchards in our county a few hints on the best location given now may be of help to those who expect to set trees this fall.

A few spots possess all that is desirable as to location in its utmost perfection. I will name the most important characteristics of the ideal site first and others afterward. Like persons, none of our common fruits can live long or do well with "wet feet," so either thoroughly drain wet ground or select some other point for your orchard. The quince wants a deep moist soil but even that must have no standing water. The other extreme—a dry land—is nearly as bad, for, although your trees may live you will get "nothing but leaves." The cherry will bear such adversity better than most other fruits, however. On a sandy loam your trees will come into bearing sooner, but, with the exception of peaches and small fruits, a stronger soil would give more permanent results. I should put my choice thus: 1st, clay loam, 2d, gravelly loam, 3d, clay, 4th, sand.

The matter of the next importance and hardly second to soil is what I will term *atmospheric drainage*. I mean that every orchard should be either on the top of a hill or well up on some hill-side, so that the cold air as it descends from night-fall till morning, will have ample room to flow off or settle without enveloping the orchard. Valleys are colder at night than hill-tops which makes more dew and frost.

As to aspect, if the soil and elevation were favorable, I should not worry much about the direction of slope. Grapes, peaches, pears and quinces, in our county, will reach a greater perfection if they have a southern or south-western exposure—the latter is preferable on account of being shielded from the morning sun in case of late frosts, while with apple the north-west is as good as any. The better way, however, is to plant an orchard on each side of or entirely around the head of some hollow. Then, whatever the freaks of Dame Nature, we shall pretty generally have some fruit and often enough to sell. Some of us are determined to make Garrett county famous enough for her fine fruits that the buyers will be on hand every time for any surplus we may have. The head of a hollow has the additional advantage that the fruit laden trees in summer and the occasionally sleet-laden trees in winter are protected from high winds.

It is well to remember, when planting, to set those varieties most subject to wind-fall in the more protected situations.

C. T. SWEET.

Unassessed Lands in Garrett County.

It is a fact not generally understood by the tax-payers of Garrett connty that nearly one third of the Military Lots, besides other large surveys in Garrett county, have never paid one cent of taxes to the State or county. Mr. H. P. Tasker has been for two years past making a specialty of tracing the titles to and locating these unassessed lands. In January last he agreed with the Commissioners to go to the General Land Office at Annapolis and ferret out the rightful owners, in consideration of *one half of the first year's taxes* on them. Mr. Tasker just returned after eight month's constant labor in the Land Office, and is confident of increasing the assessable basis from a quarter to a half million dollars by the next assessment. He has shown us his manuscript, which covers over one thousand pages of closely written extracts of titles affecting the unassessed lands alone. As his compensation is to be contingent upon the actual amount of new assessments he brings in, there are no just reasons for the unfavorable criticisms that have been circulated. On the contrary, when his labors are properly understood and appreciated he will be regarded as a public benefector by the overburthened tax-payers of Garrett county.

Excursions to Cincinnati.

Every Thursday until August 30th, inclusive, the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets to Cincinnati from all points on its lines east of the Ohio River, at rate of one and one-third fares for the round trip. Tickets will be valid for return passage for 15 days, including day of also.

For Sale.

Several tons of superior hay. Enquire at this office. 2t.

Mountain Lake Park.

As soon as the camp-meeting closed the people began to go away, so there are but few left at any of the boarding houses and hotel. A few of the cottagers have left also.

The services last Sunday were unusually good. Rev. Mr. Elliott, of Washington, preached in the morning and Dr. Bolton in the afternoon, and at night Miss Jennie Smith and Miss Sherman conducted a very interesting meeting. There were four asked for prayers.

Miss Jennie Smith has charge of a pic-nic to be held here on the 15th inst., to which all the Sunday Schools in reach are specially invited. Come and bring your baskets. A substantial dinner will be provided for those who have not been provided for. A brass band will give music.

We now have our by-laws in pamphlet form, and are prepared to attend to any encroachments by stock. People who have been letting their stock run at large, and knowing that they are or are likely to come onto the grounds, had better look after them, so that the officer having charge of the grounds will not be compelled to enfore the law upon them.

All the entertainments this season have been a real success. This has been the first season that every thing has paid its own way, and the Park real estate is in advance of any former year.

A meeting will be held here by Miss Carrie Jud, beginning September 23d, and continuing up to the 30th. This, it is thought, will be nearly if not quite equal to the Friends meeting in July.

Miss Harris is now having a well put down on her property, where she is preparing to build her large cottage.

J. A. E.

To the Sunday Schools of Garrett County.

As vice-president of the Maryland Sunday School Union for Garrett county, I would respectfully ask that special attention be paid to the annual circular issued by the State Superintendent of the old and worthy institution refered to, soliciting donations for the various Sunday Schools of this and other counties. In view of the interest which the institution has always taken in our county, and its readiness to aid our schools, not only by its conventions and institutes, but by liberal gifts of literature to such as require aid, I deem it just and right that each school should give some pecuniary response, even if the amount be small. Our schools, too, have been negligent in sending in their statistics, which I hope will be promptly done, as the general State report cannot otherwise be correct.

The Maryland Sunday School Union is doing a great work in this State, and merits our prayers, our esteem, and our aid.

Fraternally,

WILLIAM D. HOYE,

Vice-President Md. S. S. Union for Garrett county.

Sunny Side.

The health of our people is good.

The farmers of this section are well pleased with the good turn out of grain produced upon their farms. Mr. Wm. White, of Oakland district, leads off with twenty-eight and one-half bushels of first-class wheat per acre.

Rev. Richardson of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, has been ministering to the Red House congregation in a very able manner since his arrival among these people.

Usually there is something of an exciting nature transpiring at or about this place, but, strange to say, everything has been going on very quietly for the past two or three weeks.

Our people know how to appreciate favors, and some, we learn, are highly favored. They are also becoming more united, and, of course, more happy.

H.

Republican Tariff Plank.

We are uncompromisingly in favor of the American system of protection; we protest against its destruction, as proposed by the President and his party. They serve the interests of Europe; we will support the interest of America. We accept the issue and confidently appeal to the people for their judgment. The protective system must be maintained. Its abandonment has always been followed by general disaster to all interests, except those of the usurer and the sheriff. We denounce the Mills bill as destructive to the general business, the labor and farming interests of the country, and we heartily indorse the consistent and patriotic action of the Republican representatives in Congress in opposing its passage. We condemn the proposition of the Democratic party to place wool on the free list; and we insist that the duties thereon shall be adjusted and maintained so as to furnish full and adequate protection to the industry.

Home Markets.

Toledo Blade.

Why do Democratic merchants, as well as Republican ones, insist on peddlers taking out a license and paying so much a day before selling goods in their towns? Do they do it to *protect* themselves? Then isn't it *protection*? Do you want the fee reduced? Do you want English merchants to peddle in your town without paying a fee?

Why do Democratic merchants object to people going to another town to trade? What makes them cry out "patronize your home merchants, if you want to build up the town?" Do they do it to protect themselves against foreign markets?

Do they want all America to do as they say, and "patronize home industry to build up the country?" Is the medicine that will tone up a town not as good a tonic for a nation? Or, isn't the sauce for the goose useful to the Gander? How is it?

Why do merchants say, "We pay rent in this town; we pay taxes here; we keep up the schools, the churches, the streets, the water-works; we keep up the whole town and we don't want a lot of fellows who don't pay a copper for any of these purposes, over-running our town, selling that which we should sell?" They don't want that, but they do want a lot of pauper European workmen, who don't keep up a single American institution, and who live in squalid poverty and get a few shillings a week—they *do* want them to overrun all America with their stuff.

"But," they say, "we must buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market." Yes, that's business: that's good enough, *so long as there is a dearest market to sell in.* When that runs out, we're flat.

People who live as European workingmen do, don't tend to make a "dear market." They don't need a great deal of carpet; they don't need many chairs, bookcases nor books.

No, they have learned to buy *cheap* and when things are not cheap they don't buy at all. If the people have no money, you will have to quit business. The people will buy in the cheapest market, and the goose's sauce will begin to accumulate in the gander's dish, and he will have to eat it whether he "hankers arter it" or not.

Great Republican Gains.

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT., Sept. 4.—Returns from 105 towns give Dillingham (Rep.) 25,375; Shurtleff (Dem.) 9,849; (Pro.) 615; scattering 8. The same towns in 1884 gave Pengree (Rep.) 22,166; Reddington (Dem.) 9,499; Stone (Pro.) and scattering 472. Gains over vote of 1884: Republican, 3,309; Democratic, 350; Prohibitionist, 151; net Republican gain over the Democratic vote, 2,850; over all, 2,708.

Returns are coming in slowly, but reports from different counties indicate a majority of 26,000 for Dillingham (Rep.), for Governor, over Shurtleff, (Dem.), and Velly (Pro.). Although some Republicans claim as high as 28,000. Congressmen Stewart and Grout are re-elected by increased majorities. Returns from different counties show Republican gains of from 100 to 400.

A New York house that formerly employed 100 drummers has dispensed with them all, and in their place prints monthly an illustrated catalogue, which is mailed to all customers. A member of the firm is credited with saying that it is a more effectual solicitor than the body of men it used to send out, while the expense is very much less. The interior merchants are reported to be pleased with the innovation. This plan may work very well in some lines of trade, and not at all in other. It will be a good while before personal solicitation of business will go out of fashion, if it ever does, and the present generation of traveling men need not expect to ever wake up of a morning and find their occupation gone.—*Rochester Herald.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon any of my property in any manner whatever.

9 8 3 D. E. OFFUTT.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby warned from Hunting or Driving on the lands under my charge. We have fenced to the new county road, and warn all persons from taking down our fences and running over our lands.

J. H. & C. T. SANDERS.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 3d, 1888.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office at Oakland, on

Monday, Sept. 10th, 1888,

for the transaction of any proper business which may come before them.

By order W. H. HAGANS,

9 9 td Clerk.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

SUB ROSA.

A rose tree blooms by the garden wall,
Showering its petals over all;
While underneath on the rustic seat
Each day the dearest girl I meet;
And who she is nobody knows,
For our secret is safe, under the rose!

Under the rose! No prying eyes,
No beau from the street views our paradise;
No caller to interrupt our bliss,
Or happen in as I steal a kiss;
No one but the climbing roses red,
Nodding approval overhead.

But when autumn comes and bleak winds blow,
What we shall do I wish to know!
Within the house we're never alone;
There's her maiden aunt to chaperone
Our tete-a-tetes, and her brother Jim
(How I'd like to cudgel him!)

—Then four younger kids and her sister Min,
Looking in with a knowing grin;
—O bother them all, 'twill never do!
A snug little house for just us two
Will suit me best mid the winter snows
And I'll ask her to-day under the rose!

Alma Pendexter Hayden, in Boston Globe.

THE TIME BALL.

Sending Out the Beats From the National Observatory.

How a Clock is Corrected to the Hundredth of a Second — Correcting Time for 124,000 Miles of Railroad.

As the hands of the White House clock traveling over the dial approach the hour of noon, the President sitting at his desk glances involuntarily at them, for as the sun crosses the seventy-fifth meridian, whatever their variation during the day preceding, the clock's hands, impelled by an ingenious mechanical contrivance, fly sharply to the perpendicular. And the President knows, as they fly to their place, that the ticks of the Executive clock are synchronous with those of the clocks of the Naval Observatory. The electric impulse, for which the President has waited, simultaneously causes the great ball on the top of the lofty pole of the Western Union building in New York to drop, regulates a great clock in the Union Depot at Kansas City; correctly fixes the hands of the Stock Exchange clock in New Orleans; effects a similar result at a hundred intermediate points, and adjusts five hundred clocks in the Government departments at Washington.

What would seem to require a very complex arrangement, is, in reality, a very simple one. Young, but portly Ensign Myers, of the navy, who, for two years past, has been the human cause of this widely-distributed electric impulse, explained his duties to me the other day. About half an hour before noon the tests showed that one of the sister clocks used for distributing the standard time was within a hundredth of a second of being correct. The electric-instrument attachments were seen to be in perfect adjustment. Mr. Myers carelessly chatted with me until a few minutes of twelve, and then he gave a certain signal to the telegraph company and became entirely engrossed. The seconds went by, slowly and ominously marked by the woodeny-metallic sounders. I was awed as this fearfully minute measurement of the scintillas of time went on. The fifty-ninth minute after eleven passed. I knew that hundreds of telegraph instruments near us as well as miles away from us, were beating in unison with these in the room where I was. I pictured the crowds of people standing in Broadway staring up at the time ball and holding their watches in readiness; I knew the hum of conversation had ceased in a hundred offices. Tock, tock, tock,— it was noon, save thirty seconds. Twenty beats more were heard; then the last warning was given. The trees no longer rustled. A wee bird looked in at the open window—motionless, expectant. The clock showed the last second of the fifty-ninth minute had passed. An appreciable pause; there was a faint trembling of the instruments, a click of the closing of an electric switch. Thousands of watchers knew it was twelve o'clock at the Nation's Capitol, and the great clock had begun to mark the seconds of another day.

The Naval Observatory is built on one of the crests of the palisades forming the northern bank of the Potomac. It is a short mile directly west from the Executive Mansion, and the placid precincts of Georgetown are near at hand. The main entrance of the building looks to the north and from it stretches sloping green swards and through them twists a graveled driveway. Standing under the spreading branches of the stately elms that sentinel the flagged walk, the visitor may read above the door the following inscription cut in marble:

Founded A. D. 1842.
John Tyler,
President of the U. S.
Abel T. Upshur,
Secretary of the Navy.

The building is low and L shaped; and the practical, unostentatious architecture indicates the time of its erection. On the river side is the observatory proper, in which rests the $40,000 telescope through which Prof. Hall gazes o' nights and with whose aid this learned astronomer discovered the satellites of Mars. To the left of the main entrance door you pass through several rooms and finally into the room where the jury of clocks decides when high noon has come.

The mechanical operations incident to the sounding of the time signal are comparatively simple. On each clear night one of the observers stations himself at the eye-piece of the small telescope, which is in the ante-chamber of the signal-room. Here he takes observations of the transit of the stars, and in this way corrects the big Frodsham clock which stands in one corner of the signal-room. This clock is fastened to a pedestal of granite quite free from contact with the floor or any other part of the building. Nothing but an earthquake or some other extraordinary convulsion of nature can shake it or interfere in any way with its steady marking of the minutes and the seconds. This clock keeps the local time or the time of the meridian passing through the dome of the observatory. It is always right within five hundredths of a second. Its variation is amazingly small. Between this clock and the clock which keeps standard Eastern time, there should be eight minutes and 12.09 seconds difference. To the ordinary mind the problem of comparing two clocks with the idea of measuring the difference between them to hundredths of seconds seems stupendous. The actual plan of operations is simple enough. In the big Frodsham clock is a little cup of mercury. Over this cup of mercury swings a bit of steel attached to the pendulum The mercury is connected with one pole of a battery; the piece of steel with the other. When the two are brought in contact the circuit is closed. On the other side of the room stand two plain clocks, about which there is nothing to indicate a value of $700 or $800. These clocks were purchased at the time of the transit of Venus. In each of them is a cogged wheel just behind the dial which turns with the second hand. As each of the cogs passes a point in its path it touches a brass spring which closes an electric circuit. With each second, therefore, there is an electric impulse sent forth. On a table between the Frodsham and the other clocks is a chronograph. It consists of a metal cylinder which is made to revolve by a hidden spring at a certain uniform rate. The rate being timed, each revolution of the cylinder covers a certain time-space and the circumference of the cylinder can be divided into fractions of that time or into minutes or fractions of minutes. The cylinder is covered with paper; on the paper rests a pen-point. As the cylinder revolves the pen traces on the paper a red line. An electric attachment to the pen causes it to be deflected from its position at the passage of an electric impulse. The two clocks —the Frodsham and the transit clock —are put in circuit with the pen on the chronograph. At each second registered by the Frodsham the pen is deflected, making a marked point at right angles with the straight line it was drawing along the paper on the cylinder. At each second-beat of the transit clock also the pen is deflected. The distance between these deflections being measured with a prepared graduated scale, it can be determined within a few hundredths of a second what the difference between the two clocks is. If it is desired to retard the movement of the transit clock in order to make the difference between the clocks greater, the operator with his lead pencil checks the pendulum slightly. If he desires to lessen the difference between the beatings of the two clocks he in the same manner accelerates slightly the motion of the pendulum. The difference is at once marked even to the ear, for on top of each clock is an electric sounder like that attached to any telegraph instrument.

The transit clock having been corrected at three and one-fourth minutes before noon the clock is switched into the telegraph circuits leading from the observatory to the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company, the Signal Service and the fire alarm. The little wheel which controls the electric impulse has the cog representing the twenty-ninth second, and the cogs representing the last five seconds of each minute cut out. In this way any operator who cuts into the signal circuit at any time after the signaling has begun is able by the omission of one of the regular beats to distinguish the next as marking the half minute and by the omission of five to know that the next beat will represent the close of the full minute. Automatically the clock sends its pulsations over thousands of miles of wire thus for three minutes. There are fifteen seconds to be measured off before the noon hour. The operator steps forward and places his hand upon a switch key. One, two, three, four, five, the switch is thrown.

It throws out of play the cog-wheel which marked off the seconds and throws into control of the circuit a cog-wheel which marks off the minutes. For ten seconds, then, or until the minute has expired, the circuit will remain unbroken, there will be no electric impulse sent out. The operators listening for the time have counted from the last break in the beating twenty distinct impulses. When the beating stops on the twentieth they know that the next impulse will mark the close of the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour. In response to this signal the operator in charge of the time-ball on the Western Union Building in New York throws a switch which brings into circuit the machinery which controls the ball. The adjustment of that machinery is such that a single impulse will release the ball. At Wood's Hall, Mass., at Newport, R. I., at New Orleans, Savannah, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Hampton Roads and Washington, the operators in charge of the time-balls switch them into the circuit. For this brief ten seconds the Naval Observatory has control of the Western Union wires and they are absolutely idle. The minute wheel turns on its pinion. As the last hundredth of the last second of the the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour expires, the wheel's single tooth comes in contact with the spring. In the instant of that contact the circuit is closed, with the swiftness of lightning bottled to do men's bidding the impulse beats over the wire. In that instant, responsive to it, the time-balls drop, the bells in hundreds of spots, far and near, ring out and hundreds of clocks in this city and hundreds of more at distant points change their indication automatically, so that hour, minute and second hand alike point to exactly high noon. How little time is lost in transmission may be judged from the fact that a signal was sent from Boston to San Francisco and back—7,000 miles—in half a second.

The extent of the distribution of time from observatories in this country may be seen from the fact that 124,000 miles of railway are thus supplied—29,000 from the naval observatory here, 24,000 from Allegheny, Pa., 22,000 from St. Louis and 49,000 miles by nineteen other observatories, two of which are in Canada. The system used by other observatories differ in some of its minor details from that adopted here.

Experiments in the distribution of time have been in progress for a great many years. Dr. John Locke, of Cincinnati, in 1849 devised the first apparatus for transmitting time signals automatically. Congress paid him $10,000 for a clock, which to this day stands in the Naval Observatory. Its only duty now, though, is that of common time-piece.

The latest phase of scientific development in this direction is the invention of Mr. Gardner, the electrician of the observatory. It is the automatic clock which hangs in the White House and in the rooms of the various departments of the government. This clock being placed on the time circuit as are the time balls, is corrected automatically. The same impulse which drops the time ball pushes down a lever in each of these clocks. The lever striking the cam which controls the hour, minute and second hand, throws them back to the perpendicular where they mark the exact hour of twelve o'clock. Thus at noon of each day five hundred clocks in the public departments are made automatically to coincide with the big time-piece at the Naval Observatory.

Mr. Gardner, who had just returned from the Cincinnati exhibition, where he had been arranging the clock connection with Washington, referred to the awkwardness of the different times kept in different Western cities. "Think of there being two or three twelve o'clocks in one city," he said. "Take Pittsburgh, for instance, the point where Eastern standard time ends and Central standard begins. One man can claim that it is eleven o'clock, another that it is only ten, while the chap that carries the real local time of the city can assert that neither of the other fellows' is right. This, I think, ought not to be. There should be but one time in each city. The railroads, of course, must note the difference, but the citizen need not be worried."—*Washington Cor. Indianapolis Journal.*

DIAMOND CUTTING.

The Various Intricate Processes the Rough Stone Passes Through.

The majority of people who take any interest in diamonds imagine that the cutting of the stone is the most difficult part, but that is a mistake. When it comes to the polishing the most skillful work has to be done. The first process the rough stone passes through is the "cleaving"—which is what most people call cutting. A chisel is used to cleave off the rough parts, and the cleavage is made into diamond dust. Then comes the tedious part. Two diamonds are employed, each cemented into the end of a stick. The stones are then rubbed together with strong pressure.

This requires considerable experience. As it can only be done by hand, it also requires considerable muscle. After this process, the skill of the expert is tried. The gem is placed in a solder setting and is then fastened to a piece of wood about two feet long. A steel wheel eighteen inches in diameter, making twenty-five hundred revolutions a minute, is used as the polisher. The stone in the wood is so arranged as to be balanced on and against the wheel, producing only a slight friction. Diamond dust is used on the wheel. An expert can tell to a minute as soon as the polishing of a facet is completed. Sometimes there are knots in the gems, and their hardness can not be imagined. The forms usually adopted in cutting the diamond are the brilliant, the rose and the table. The first shows the gem to the best advantage. It is composed of a principal face, called the table, surmounted by a number of facets which are cut upon that part of the stone which shows above the setting, and which is called the bezel. The rose, which is very brilliant, is flat below and cut into facets entirely over the upper surface.—*Golden Days.*

Why He Stole Again.

"You were up before me about two weeks ago.

"Yes, sah."

"For stealing?"

"Yes, sah."

"And you were fined."

"Dat's so."

"And here you are up again for stealing. What made you repeat your crime?"

"Huh! how does yer 'spect me ter git back de money I paid fur de fine ef I doan steal some moah."—*Texas Siftings.*

—M. Chevreul, the centenarian chemist, says that the modern dyer controls 15,000 different shades of color.

MR. HASBEEN SINGS.

A Hint for Old Gentlemen Whose Homes Are Frequented by Church Choirs.

When old Mr. Hasbeen got home from the lodge meeting, the choir was still rehearsing in the front parlor, and with his usual cordiality the genial old gentleman went in and proceeded to make himself agreeable.

"You young folks do first-rate," he began, as soon as a lull in the concord of sweet sounds gave him an opportunity; "but, after all, the singing we used to have in the good old times had more genuine music in it:" and the old man smiled benignly on the little company, while the eldest daughter went out and tried to coax her mother to "come in and call father off."

"Why, they used to take as much pains to teach their children to sing as they did to teach them to read. Oh, yes; by note, too; yes, sir; by Do, Re, Me, Fa, Sol. Many's the time I've driven five miles through the drifts to singing-school. And such voices as we used to develop in those times you don't often hear nowadays. I used to sing bass, and they *did* say I could get my voice down nearer my boots than any fellow in the section.

"Can't you sing us a solo now, Mr. Hasbeen?" queried one of the company."

"Well, I don't know; guess I've got about the same voice I was always endowed with, but I'm afraid I can't quite remember any pieces all through. But then, I don't suppose you want anything very heavy; I'll just sing you a little ballad called 'The Bride of Bixbysburg.' Did any of you ever hear it?"

As nobody had, the old man seated himself at the organ, just as his daughter came back and almost fainted away on the sofa. And then the old man began, using one chord with no variation:

1.

Oh, once in a town called Bixbysburg,
Away down in the far Southeast,
There lived a man with a daughter fair,
A beautiful lass with golden hair,
Who was sweet as sugar, at least.

CHORUS.

Oh, alas! for the maid of Bixbysburg,
And, alas, for the luckless swain,
For the pa-ri-ent stern
Was quick to discern,
That their hearts he must restrain.

The ballad up to the sixtieth stanza was mainly descriptive, at which point—

61.

The gal she promised her lover then
That to him she would be true,
And for no other man would she care a fig,
Not e'en if he came with a horse and gig,
And raiment of gorgeous hue.

The door was heard to open softly at intervals, but the old man sang on; and although his voice grew hoarse and wheezy, he was otherwise as fresh as when the contest was begun. He conscientiously rendered the chorus in connection with each stanza, and the night rolled slowly along. It was with infinite pathos that Mr. Hasbeen gave the sad denoument, when with stanza—

126.

They laid the pair to rest at last,
In the Bixbysburg burying-ground,
But the pa-ri-ent never re-len-ti-ed,
Not e'en when his child was cold and dead
Down under a grassy mound.

"There, that's the kind of ballads we used to sing when I was young!" said old Mr. Hasbeen, as he mopped his face and whirled around on the music stool, prepared to acknowledge any amount of applause; but except for the family cat asleep by the fender, the room was deserted, the fire was out, and the clock on the mantel-piece struck two.—*C. N. Hood, in Puck.*

ANANIAS OUTDONE.

An Old Farmer's Yarn Causes a Lull on the Fishermen's Bench.

East of Newport, and all within sound of the guns that boom now and then, may be found a delightful resort dear especially to the bass fishermen and the lovers of repose. The long summer nap may be relieved only by the bleat of a calf, the tune of the rooster or the lies of the fishermen. Against the corn-crib of the primitive boarding-house stands a long, low bench, known for many years as the "Liars' Retreat," where yarns are spun that would shame the most elegant prevaricator and obscure a midday sun.

One day a deep lull fell on the fishermen's bench. Some one had caught a bass before dinner that fouled the anchor rope, and dragged boat, anchor and every thing three miles against wind and tide, with the boat's nose so far under water that the man had to climb half-way up the mast to bail her out. The field for bass stories grew suddenly circumscribed, so the conversation drifted.

"What is the effect," asked the writer, in a general way, "of the salt grass around here on cattle, milk, etc?"

"Waal," said an old farmer present, whose stock all fed on salt grass, "ye wouldn't s'pose 'twould have 's much as it does; but I've ben a-makin' tons an' tons o' butter for the las' forty years, an' I never had to use a pint o' salt in it in my life." The fishermen all looked up. "An' what's more," continued the Yankee, "I can always slaughter my cattle, cut 'em up jes as they air into corned-beef, and sell it, as I've ben a-doing for years an' years."

When the writer came to, only the farmer and himself were on the bench. The fishermen were down on the rocks, butting their heads against the cliff.

"B'gosh!" said the farmer, shutting up his jack-knife and moving off, "them city fishermen carn't stuff enny of their darn nonsense daown my throat!"—*Harper's Magazine.*

—Publisher of Sunday Paper—"How did this happen to occur?" News Editor—"How did what occur?" Publisher of Sunday Paper—"Yesterday's paper had ten lines of religious intelligence in it." News Editor—"It got in by mistake, sir. I'll see that it doesn't happen again."

TEMPERANCE READING.

THE BLIGHTED HOME.

[A Dialogue for Nine Little Girls.]

FIRST.

What makes folks love whisky so?
That's something I should like to know.

SECOND.

I am sure, dear Gertie, I can't tell;
Enough for *me* the horrid smell.

THIRD.

Does it do anybody good?

FOURTH.

It does not seem as if it could.

FIFTH.

It does but harm: 'tis only woe
That sparkles in the glass, you know.

DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

I guess I know how very sad
It makes my ma when father's bad,
And how we children hide and shrink
When father's been where he's had drink.

SIXTH.

Do people turn their noses up,
And say your father loves his cup?

DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

Yes, we, the children, not to blame,
Must bear the blows and take the shame;
We're robbed of joy, we're robbed of love;
Is there no help? O God above,
Look down in pity, see our grief—
Do come and bring us some relief.

SEVENTH.

You wear such old and tattered clothes!
I'm sorry, Jane, to see such shoes.

DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

Pity and sneers are on me piled,
For I am but a drunkard's child.

EIGHTH.

Hush, girls! just see what she endures,
And once her lot was fair as yours.

DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

Yes, *once;* how long ago it seems!
I'm often there when in my dreams—
At our blest home, so bright and fair;
What love and joy and peace were there!
Now see the change—a blight has come
And settled down upon our home.
And *drink did all this sorrow bring—*
This serpent's head, this adder's sting!

NINTH.

Now, girls, I'll tell what we must do;
I'm for Temperance; so are you.

NINE VOICES.

We'll help to save the drinkers wild,
Pity the drunkard, love his child.
We'll talk it, act it, *every* day,
And use our influence every way:
We'll ask God's help and persevere,
Till none shall drink e'en lager beer.

—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

SHE DID IT.

A Little Temperance Story, with a Pretty Large Moral.

"I tell you what, Mrs. B," bringing his fist down, after listening awhile, you may talk Temperance and prohibition till you're worn out and that's all the good it will do, while there isn't a single place in the town where a man can get warm in winter, or get a drink in summer, or water his horses in either season. What's more, when we did have a town pump, you Temperance people took it up because it brought too much teaming down your main street; so a man can't water his horses from the time he leaves home until he gets to market, unless he drives round by a saloon and then he's plaguey mean if he don't spend a nickel after using their pails and things."

It was the close of an August day. Mr. Barstow had very evidently watered his horses on the way home. He was excited enough to be unreasonable, and he so evidently had the truth on his side now that Mrs Barstow quietly put the early supper on the table and let the subject drop for the time.

There was no lack of theoretical Temperance work in Maple Ridge. A town was never more flooded with pledges and Temperance literature. There were the usual rival Temperance lodges, a very useful library and two or three bands of earnest women who met in each others' parlors and meant well. But there was that long stretch of dusty road into the city and, for miles out into the country, I know of but one hospitable farm-yard where water stood ever ready for the stranger and his beast.

Mrs. Barstow had worried over her husband of late. A kinder man did not live. His farm, a market-garden, contributed largely to the city's needs, and he could well be proud of the daily loads of fine fruit and vegetables in their season. A description of one day does for all. A hasty breakfast eaten at four, or even three o'clock, is the preparation for the long drive. The horses are fed again at the market, where the first few hours are filled with confusion. Cabbages fly through the air, as they are tossed into the grocers' wagons. Orders are shouted across the lines of vehicles. The air is filled with clamor; the street with a more quiet medley of men, women, children and animals, through which an occasional street-car struggles. There is wonderfully little ill-will shown, however. The teamsters cramp a little here, drive up a bit there, and accommodate each other cheerfully. But, by eleven o'clock, the rush is pretty well over. Grocery wagons have rattled off to make ready for the early trade. The hucksters have next filled their carts with the culled fruits, the women from the crowded tenement houses have spent their day's pittance, and the men have time to realize how tired they are and how high the sun is. Then the dry lunch they have brought lacks flavor, there is a tedious ride before them, and they long for the pail under the pump at home, where they may dip head and hands and get a good cooling off. Here and there are watering places, but they are in front of saloons.

There is a Temperance eating-house, but it does not merit a second thought, unless it is to wonder why Temperance houses are so apt to be dirty and uninviting. They must not drive down the boulevard and out through the park to the Talcott fountain, for traffic teams are not allowed there, although they most need it. Come, Mr. Barstow, come boys, settle down to a ten-mile drive with no prospect of an honest drink till you get to the end of it, unless you are fortunate enough to find a street-sprinkler filling up and apply your lips to the overflow at the main. At the city limits there is a final cluster of saloons with their attendant sheds and watering-troughs. You whip by in your light rig. Your horse does the distance in forty-five minutes and you stopped for park water not five minutes since. If you had a two or three hours' jog in an open wagon over the limey, shimmering road in the sun and dust—

That is what you see every day and could have seen for years; in fact, ever since Mr. Barstow first stopped there and spent the nickel he felt honorably bound to leave. By this time he had spent quite too many nickels, more than strict justice called for, and Mrs. Barstow began to see it long after the neighbors had said: "Pity about Barstow, isn't it?"

This digression has lasted long enough for Mrs. Barstow to do some hard thinking. The result was that she astonished the ladies by taking part in the next monthly meeting, when she very earnestly asked their aid in the new project. After the usual amount of red tape had been unwound and tied into neat little knots, it was discovered that they lacked a quorum and that any proposition requiring money would have to be presented at two meetings before it could be definitely acted upon. It was disheartening. The season would be well over by the time of the third following meeting and Mrs. Barstow could not wait. So she took it into her own energetic hands and found that one woman could do a great deal if she had to. She lived some distance from the main street, which she thought was a drawback, but within a week a shiny green pump held its handle invitingly up to the passer-by, and upon it in white letters an invitation: "Whoa, every one that thirsteth." And she did not feel that it was sacrilegious, either.

It was astonishing how soon it became known to the driving public. It seemed as if weary horses and stray dogs knew by instinct when to turn. Birds and bees came in the early morning. The tramp stopped and fanned himself with his hat while he drank from the tin cup and added his initials to the choice collection that soon made its appearance in the characteristic American fashion. "Drive around by Barstow's" became a current order, and if a good local trade in melons followed it did not affect the merits of the effort. Nor was it expected, for the water was free to all, while with a perseverance only worthy of her cause Mrs. Barstow buttonholed each member of the town board in an attempt to restore that meritorious institution of our ancestors, the town pump. More than that, she succeeded in leasing the corner diagonally opposite the largest saloon at the limits. She offered the owner enough to pay the taxes on the entire lot, which he wisely accepted, and put up a small lodge with a long shed. She placed long troughs of flowing water there and in it all found occupation for a lame nephew of whom they were fond. Of course Barstow had to patronize his own, and soon the inviting lemonades, ginger ales and iced buttermilk became known for themselves. By the time the place was self-supporting the ladies of the local society had gotten where, in strict accordance with their by-laws, they could begin to pass resolutions on the subject.

Mrs. Barstow is wearing her old wrap this summer, but she looks well in it and she says that next winter she is going to have beef tea, coffee and a warm room there—"see if I don't."

—*Gertrude Russell Lewis, in Interior.*

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

THERE is now a post-office for every 1,000 population in the United States, and a tavern, saloon, grocery, drug store or other place where persons can obtain liquor, for every 320 persons.

IT has been estimated that Canon Wilberforce, by his advocacy and personal influence, has been instrumental in obtaining over half a million persons to sign the total abstinence pledge.

NOT the least discouraging thought connected with the drink habit is the countless number of children, especially in all the large cities, deprived of a home, parent and protector, and their rapid education in vice and crime.

A BUSHEL of corn makes four gallons of whisky. It sells for $16 at retail. The Government gets $3.60, the farmer 40 cents, the railroad $1, the manufacturer $4, the vender $7 and the drinker all that is left—delirium tremens.—*Havana Journal.*

ONE of the strongest Scientific Temperance Instruction bills ever enacted has lately received the signature of the Governor of Louisiana. Thirty-six States and Territories, embracing over three-fourths of the entire school population of the United States, now have Temperance Education laws.

A Recipe.

To make unfermented wine for communion, weigh out the grapes, pick them from the stems, put in a porcelain or agate iron-ware kettle, add a little water, and cook until the stones and pulp separate; press, and strain through a thick cloth, return the juice to the kettle, and add three pounds of sugar to every ten pounds of grapes; heat to simmering, bottle hot and seal. The surest method of sealing is to fill the bottle even full, stretch a bladder tightly over the top and tie down, then cover with plaster of paris mixed very thick, and when dry, place over this a smooth coating of tin-foil. The latter is only for "looks," and may be dispensed with. The quantity of juice named above will make one gallon.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

BESSIE AND THE SANDMAN.

"I'm not one bit sleepy,"
Said golden-haired Bess,
When the Sandman came round
And said, "You must dress

"For your journey to Dreamland,
With fairies and fay;
Make haste then, my lassie,
For we must away!"

"I'm not a bit sleepy,"
She said after tea,
Though she was just as sleepy
As sleepy could be.

The queer little man
From the mystical Land
Had hung on his arm
A bag full of sand.

Now what do you think
He did then, my dear,
With the bag full of sand
He always had near?

"I'm not one bit"——sleepy,
She wanted to say,
But the old man prevented—
"Quick, I must away!"

The beautiful lashes
Drooped lower and lower,
While into the brown eyes
The sand he did pour.

"I'm not"——said the maiden,
Very faint then and low,
As the queer little fellow
Was ready to go.

The brown lashes rested
On cheeks white and fair,
And soon on her arm
Lay the dear golden hair.

'Twas then the old Sandman,
With strong, loving arm,
Took her safely to Dreamland,
And kept her from harm.

—*Valentine March, in Woman's Journal.*

A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Millie's Plan, and the Happiness It Brought to Two Little Girls.

"If you please, Auntie Nell"—

At sound of the beseeching voice, Auntie Nell glanced out of the open window, and up to the swinging hammock between the elms, where Millie was knitting ten times round on her own little scarlet stocking to the music of a robin's song.

"I wish—you see—O Auntie Nell, Mrs. Green said her Polly is going to be nine years old to-morrow, and I 'most know she never had a birthday party, or present, or any thing, and she's lame and every thing, and has to stay all alone while her mother goes off washing for folks. And I just wish—oh, please, Auntie Nell, can't I make her a beautiful little s'prise supper, and carry it to her for her birthday, please?"

The pleading voice was very earnest and eager now, and the little round face, peeping through a swaying elm bough, was earnest and eager, too.

Auntie Nell smiled. "I would like to say yes, Millie, but I am afraid Norah will be too busy preparing our lunch-baskets for the excursion to help you."

"But I—O Auntie, can't I have some of Norah's dough, and make things all myself? I won't want a lot; only, maybe, some tarts and pies 'bout as big as your grownup tarts, Auntie Nell, and dear little seed-cakes, and frosty-cakes with lots of plums, and sandwiches and marmalade, and some of my bank money to buy candy and nuts; and, O, Auntie Nell, how nice every thing will be!"

The hammock trembled and shook until it spilled Millie out.

"And I needn't bother Norah only to tell me a little," she said, coming under the window.

"You may ask her," said Auntie Nell, laughing.

Norah stopped to give Millie a floury hug. "It's av coorse I'll show ye, an' give ye bits o' me pastry!" she cried, with a twinkle of Irish fun in her eye. "Bless its lovin' heart!"

So Millie, with a big kitchen apron reaching from chin to toes, patted and rolled and crimped and cut and twisted, at one end of the long table, just as Norah rolled and patted and crimped and cut and twisted at the other.

What fun it was!

"It's just like

'Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker-man,' "

laughed Millie, peeping over Norah's shoulder into the oven.

Well, and there were tarts, puffy and delicious, and into each one, when baked and cooled, Norah put a dot of jelly; sweet, crisp cookies; seedcakes, brown and spicy, cut out with one of grandmamma's wee, old-fashioned wine glasses; dainty, scalloped cakes, "all plummy and iced and spiced," and ornamented with sugared caraway, red and white; trim little saucer-pies, done just to a turn.

It may be that Norah had a finger in them. What do you think?

At nightfall, Millie, tired and happy, put a little scarlet face in at the sitting room door, and with a small sigh of relief said:

"It's all done, Auntie Nell, and I don't b'lieve to-morrow'll ever come!"

But it did; it always does, you know; and when she had eaten her breakfast, Millie shook out a handful of pennies from her little red bank, and scampered off down the street to Ma'am Whitney's candy shop.

"I want the very best and sweetest of all you've got!" she laughed, thumping her two fists full of the jingling coppers down on the trim counter. "It's for Polly Green's birthday."

"Ah!" said Ma'am Whitney, pleasantly, as she went on weighing out peppermints and kisses and gooseberries; and I do think Millie got a little better measure than ever before, with two barley-sugar elephants thrown in.

Then, as Millie and her basket of goodies were going through the hall, Auntie Nell came out of the sitting-room with a book and a box of lovely scrap-pictures in her hands.

"For Polly's birthday-gift," she said, and Millie danced all the way to the gate, she was so pleased.

And what do you suppose Polly did when Millie tripped into the small, dull room, bringing her store of dainties, Auntie Nell's gift, and a bit of out-door brightness and breeziness? This little lame Polly, with her crooked body and useless feet, who scarcely ever saw the outside of the wee house in which she lived, and who had only to sit by the one tiny window, that long afternoon, and knit, and watch the passer-by! Without saying a word, she just put her small, thin hands over her small, thin face and cried.

"Oh, *don't!* Please don't!" pleaded Millie, in dismay. "Why, I thought you'd be glad!"

Polly brushed the tears away and smiled. "So I am," she said, "glad as I can be; but I can't help crying a little. I guess that's what makes me—being glad."

"Well, don't any more, will you?" said Millie, beginning to take off her things.

"No," said Polly, meekly.

First they looked at Auntie Nell's pretty present, and Millie showed Polly how the pictures were to be pasted in.

"I'll just do one page a day," said Polly, "and they'll last the longer."

Then they knitted needles, for Millie had brought her little red stocking to keep Polly's coarse gray sock company.

"You knit fastest, but I get out first," said Millie, as she sang out "Ten."

"Twenty!" cried Polly. "Mine's got more stitches; it's for Mr. Briggs. Mother has twenty cents a pair for knitting 'em, and I help when I can. Some days my back aches so I can't. You see, mother's trying to save money enough to buy one o' them chairs that roll around; then I could go out when 'twas pleasant. She's been a long while, but she 'aint near enough yet. The cheapest is ten dollars."

"Oh, I wish you could!" crid Millie; forgetting in her eager sympathy to say "Thirty!" as she whipped out her needle. "I *do!*"

"Yes," said Polly, with a patient little smile, "but I don't much guess I ever can."

So between flying tongues and needles forever trying to catch up, time ran away until five o'clock.

Then Millie, jumping up in a hurry, rolled the little pine table across to Polly's side, and over it spread a crimson cover which somehow appeared from that wonderful basket.

Next, out upon the cover clattered Millie's last Christmas tea-set, which wasn't so much smaller than a real tea-set after all—to be quickly loaded with sandwiches and tarts and pies and quince preserve and cakes and candies.

Polly looked on in smiling wonder. "It 'most seems as if I'm a-dreaming," she said, giving herself a sly little pinch, to make sure.

"Well, you just ain't," laughed Millie, filling her tiny pitcher with water from the pail; "but I *do* think this is the very nicest birthday I ever saw. Tea's ready, ma'am!"

How Polly laughed at that, and at the funny little courtesy which Millie bobbed, and in the midst of the jollity Polly's mother came home, tired enough with her work; and, while the kettle was boiling, Polly, with a great many smiles and a few happy tears, must needs go over the afternoon's pleasure again, while Millie hopped from one foot to the other, gleefully.

Then they all had their tea together, and after that it was time for Millie to say good-by.

"*Do* come again!" cried Polly.

"Of course I will," said Millie.

"You're a dear child," said Polly's mother, patting the crown of Millie's sun-hat (it was on Millie's head, you know); "a dear, good child."

I more than half believe that Polly's mother was right.—*Ada Carleton, in Youth's Companion.*

A Foolish Quarrel.

A thimble, a needle and a piece of thread were all lying on a lady's work-table together.

Now, the needle had rather a hasty temper, and could give sharp pricks when it pleased, and this morning it was out of sorts; so it tried to pick a quarrel with the thimble, and said, spitefully: "You gave me some hard knocks yesterday, and I wish that you would be more gentle in future."

"It is true, I do push you hard sometimes," answered the thimble, "but you know that is only when you do not do your work properly, and our mistress makes me keep you up to it."

"Pray, don't you two quarrel," said the thread, wishing to be peace-maker.

"You mind your own business," retorted the needle.

My business is your business," said the thread, for you are no use without me, and I am none without you."

"That's just it," said the thimble. "A great deal of nonsense is talked in this world about being independent. But my own opinion is that people should try to help one another, for from the highest to the lowest, we are all very dependent on the good services of our neighbors for something or other, every day of our lives.—*Little Folks.*

—Mother (to meddlesome child)—"Edwin, if you don't stop putting your fingers in that oxalic acid, the first thing you know you will be on your way to Heaven." Elder sister (solemnly)—"Yes, and if you do go, just think, you would never see your dear mother again."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—"Mamma," said Bobby. "I know why a burned child dreads the fire." "Why," asked mamma. "Because when he gets burned once the burn makes him smart enough not to go near the stove again."

MISCELLANEOUS.

—An analytical chemist, of Cincinnati, for sanitary purposes advocates the boiling of milk before using, and says his own five-year-old daughter has never drunk a cup that has not been boiled.

—There is a man in Atchison who builds an addition to his house every time a daughter gets married, in anticipation, he says, of the time when she will bring her husband and children home to live with him.

—San Francisco claims it takes less police force in proportion to population to preserve order in that city than it does in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Brooklyn, St. Louis, Boston, Baltimore or Cincinnati. Yet the original population of that city came from every portion of the world.

—A Philadelphia man one day swallowed his teeth while eating fruit at a street stand. It took a button hook, a policeman and a file of men, with power to win any tug of war in the country, to dislodge the distressing impediment from the man's throat. The policeman did the best preliminary work with his vigorous thumping of the victim's back, though the crowd grew loud and indignant over what seemed an outrage. They did not know the gentleman had bitten off more than he could swallow.

—In the course of a funeral sermon in Stringtown the other day the colored minister made frequent use of the Scripture, "the quick and the dead," and every time he used it he would cast his eye toward the doctor in the case, against whom he had a grudge, anyhow, and say "the quack and the dead." This was nearly as bad a twisting of the meaning of the text as that of a border newspaper which alluded to the survivors and the victims of a lurid bar-room pistol matinee as the quick and the dead, respectively.

—A Maine fishing schooner recently caught on the Georges Banks, on a halibut trawl, a queer fish. It weighed seventy-five pounds, and is described as being "about as large as the top of a hogshead, and almost as broad as long." When first taken from the water it was of a bright red color and marked with silver spots, varying in size from that of a three-cent piece to that of a silver dollar. After the fish had been out of the water a while, the red became purple, except on the fins, which retained their vivid hue. The fins, three in number, were small in proportion to the body, and the tail was short and broad.

—"What b-e-a-u-tiful peaches," said an old lady as she stopped at a stall in the market and admired a basket of early peaches. They were covered with pink gauze and looked very tempting. The old lady bought the peaches and took them home. The next day she appeared again at the stall and showed the stallkeeper a small piece of pink net. "Do you keep that kind of veiling for sale?" she asked. The stallkeeper told her that he did not. "Well," she said, "when I got them peaches home they were small and sour and green, and I thought if I could get some of that stuff that made them look so pretty and plump in the basket I'd wear it myself. If it would improve me as much as it did the peaches folks would think I'd found the Elija of life."—*Detroit Free Press.*

ANCIENT ROMAN WOMEN.

They Were the Property of Their Husbands and Had No Rights.

In the early stages of Roman history there is reason to believe that the Roman wife was completely under the control of her husband. The Roman idea of a family made the father a despot, with power of life and death over his children, who could do nothing without his consent. This was the case in regard to the male children, even after they had reached a considerable age. Women, according to the opinion of the early Romans, were always children. They required protection and guidance during their whole life, and could never be freed from despotic control. Accordingly, when a Roman girl married, she had to choose whether she would remain under the control of her father or pass into control, or, as it was called, into the hands of her husband.

It is likely that in the early ages of the city she always passed from the power of her father into the hands of her husband, and the position she occupied was that of a daughter to her husband. She thus became entirely subject to him, and was at his mercy. Roman history supplies many instances of the despotism which husbands exercised over their wives. The slightest indiscretion was sometimes punished by death, while men might do what they liked without let or hindrance. "If you were to catch your wife," was the law laid down by Cato the Censor, "in an act of infidelity you would kill her with impunity without a trial; but if she were to catch you she would not venture to touch you with her finger, and, indeed, she has no right."

Wives were prohibited from tasting wine at the risk of the severest penalties. The conduct of Ignatius was praised, who, surprising his wife in the act of sipping the forbidden liquor, beat her to death. The same sternness appears in the reasons which induced some of the Romans to dismiss their wives. Suspicious Gallus dismissed his because she appeared in the streets without a veil. Antistius Vatus dismissed his because he saw her speaking secretly to a freed woman in public, and P. Sempronius Sophus sent his away because she had ventured to go to the public games without informing him of her movements.—*Contemporary Review.*

AN EXPENSIVE LUXURY.

What It Costs to Send Cable Messages to Various Parts of the Globe.

The charges for cable service are so outrageously out of proportion to land service that inexperienced persons are staggered. Now a ten-word message, with its direction and signature, costs only $1 to San Francisco, and, counting the address and signature seven words, not less than $117.98 to Aspinwall, and yet the distance is about the same. The American cable companies are not responsible for these terrific rates, for they have to charge the rates prescribed by the governments or companies they connect with.

Now, to send anywhere across the Atlantic it costs, first of all, 12 cents a word. That is the rate to Great Britain, Ireland, France and Germany, but you have got to add to this 8 cents a word to send to Algeria via Marseilles, $1.70 a word to Aden via Bombay, 14 cents to Bulgaria, $1.20 to Cape Verde Islands, $2.05 to $2.50 to various points in China, $2.61 to Corea, 10 cents to Denmark, 24 to 66 cents to Turkey, 5 cents to Switzerland, and so on. It costs more to send to South America than anywhere else, the tariff to Colombia being $6.68 a word, Ecuador $5.86, Peru, from $3.35 to $5.45, and Uruguay $2.71. You can get an idea of the difference in rates by comparing the rates to China and Australia. It costs $4.[illegible]5 to send to Northern Australia, and only $2.05 to $2.50 to Chinese cities.

Some people think the present rate to Great Britain high at 12 cents a word. There are some interesting facts connected with cable charges. The first cable tariff between New York and London during August, September and October, 1866, was $100 for twenty words of not more than one hundred letters. Twenty words now cost $2.40. Then you had to pay for twenty words anyway. During the latter part of 1866 the rate was cut down to $50 for twenty words of 100 letters, and since that time it has come down steadily. By looking over the old cable company's tariffs we can find an interesting table:

1866, three months..	$100 00	20 words	100 letters
1866 to 1867.....	50 00	10 words	100 letters
1867 to 1868.....	15 00	10 words	50 letters
1868 to 1869.....	16 87	10 words	50 letters
To June, 1869.....	10 00	10 words	.....
1869 to 1870.....	7 50	10 words	.....
1870 to 1871.....	10 00	10 words	.....
1871 to 1872.....	10 00	10 words	.....
1872 to 1873.....	1 00	a word	.....
1873 to 1874.....	1 00	a word	.....
One month, 1873....	1 50	a word	.....

Then the rate came down steadily to 75 cents, 62 cents, 50 cents, 40 cents, 25 cents, and finally to 12 cents, making the rate for ten words with directions about one-third what it used to be to San Francisco.—*Boston Herald.*

THE SUMMER BOARDER.

Some of the Pleasant Reflections in Which He Is Apt to Indulge.

Where there are no mosquitos there are apt to be bed-bugs.

The prettiest boarder is always married before you get there.

The boat always capsizes when you have your best clothes on.

A smile from the landlady's daughter has protracted many a vacation.

The religious girl doesn't miss going to church as much as she had thought.

Never lend to the young widow whose funds did not arrive when expected.

The old maid may be near-sighted, but she doesn't miss much that is going on.

The mother always likes to go to the place where you have asked her daughter.

The landlord who can interest his boarders in farming soon has his crops gathered.

The landlord who doesn't call his well a mineral spring must get his milk very cheap.

It is generally a long ride to the house that is only a few minutes from the station.

The landlord's pretty daughter will nibble at any bait, but she is very hard to catch.

The house where no children are taken is generally already filled with the landlord's.

It is always the cat belonging to the next house that catches the boarder's canary bird.

The man who telegraphs home for more money is probably spending it on some one else.

The timid boarder who never gets enough to eat is apt to attribute it to an increased appetite.

Unless you want to make an enemy never ask a boarder if he has summered at the place before.

The homely girl can never get enough swinging or boating, but she never likes to carry the basket.

The cows are always a long way off when you go out with the landlady's daughter to bring them home.

The pretty boarder never uses a chair to get into the hammock unless her pretty stockings are in the wash.

You may think yourself very shrewd to discover that the fresh milk and vegetables are purchased in the city, but the knowledge won't make you any the happier.

The man who goes to a place where good fishing is announced is apt to lose faith in human nature when he finds that none of the country boys ever try to catch any.—*James Jay O'Connell, in Judge.*

—A silver crown piece, known as "the petition crown," of the reign of Charles II., fetched $1,775 at a recent sale in England. At the latest previous sale a similar coin had brought only $1,125. A sovereign of Edward VI.'s time brought $525, a 50-shilling piece of the Cromwell era $760, and an Oxford crown $585. A penny of Ethelbald brought $230, and other old pennies $80 and $90 each.

THE BLACK DIAMOND.

The Almost Incomprehensible Magnitude of the World's Coal Industry.

The total production in the world is put at 420,000,000 tons, of which Great Britain does 160,000,000, the United States 120,000,000, and Germany 75,000,000 of tons. The production in the United States is divided between thirty-one States and Territories, the largest, of course, being Pennsylvania, which last year gave us 34,000,000 of anthracite, and 30,000,000 of bituminous. In money value the output in the United States is safely $50,000,000 in the markets where used. This is greater than the value of the gold, silver, cotton, and petroleum produced in our country. The first mention of the discovery of coal in the United States is by Hennepin, who mentions finding it in Illinois when on his travels from the great lakes to the Mississippi, at or near the place now known as Ottawa. Father La Salle does not take much stock in many of the reports of Hennepin as put down in his discoveries, but the result has shown that in this instance, at least, the truth was recorded. It is is put down as a "cole" mine. Colonel William Byrd, in his history of Virginia, tells of its discovery in that State in the year 1701, being found in what is known as the Richmond basin, although it was not until 1780 that it was worked for sale and use. Anthracite was used during the revolutionary war at Carlisle. It was transported from Susquehanna, from the vicinity of Wilkesbarre, in flat boats. As a commercial venture, however, it was not of any moment until 1820, when the first coal was sent by the Lehigh canal, in 1825 by the Schuylkill canal, and in 1829 by the Delaware and Hudson canal.

It is only within a few weeks that the semi-centennial of ocean steam navigation has been held. In 1838 the steamer Sirius, of 700 tons register, 1,340 tons burden, arrived at New York. It took her fourteen days, and she used 600 tons to make the voyage. Now we have the Etruria, with a burden of 7,718 tons and using 2,000 tons and making the trip in six days. It is stated that the exports from Great Britain for the use of foreign steamers is 7,000,000 tons annually. At New York alone the ocean steamers take on 1,250,000 tons, while if we took into consideration the vessels on the rivers, the inland lakes, and the coast, we might make the sum total 10,000,000 tons. The railway companies of the United States furnish the next largest consumer. It is stated that 22,000,000 of tons are used annually by the railways of the country. Iron may be set down as the next largest consumer. It is safe to say that 14,000,000 of tons were used in making pig-iron in the United States last year. The production of coke in the United States is set down at 9,000,000 of tons for last year, and this would represent 15,000,000 of coal. Gas-making in the United States is another large consumer and might be put down for 5,000,000 of tons. Now, the remainder can be credited to what we call domestic consumption, and from careful estimates and statistics which have been gathered it is seen that two tons per annum per inhabitant is about the average consumption, particularly in the larger cities.

What is a million of tons? Did you ever stop to consider what is meant by that phrase? Just fancy, if you can grasp the idea, that last year we mined 120,000,000 of tons in the United States alone. This is a large tonnage, and you hardly know what to make of it. One million of tons would represent a string of gondola cars, twenty-five tons each, forty in a train, and a thousand of such trains. They would stretch across this continent running only a mile apart. It is, no doubt, difficult to grasp the idea of this quantity magnified 120 times. If you can do so then you have some idea of the extent and magnitude of our fuel consumption in the United States. What is it worth? We can best answer this question by giving the value at the initial point of production, as the price varies with the distance from the mines. Taking the 34,000,000 tons of anthracite coal produced last year, at a value of $2.50 a ton, would be a fair basis, and the 85,000,000 of bituminous at $1.25 per ton. It takes an army of 273,000 persons merely to produce and prepare this commodity for the market, to say nothing of those who are engaged in the traffic after it has been produced—along railways, at shipping points, in the yards, etc. It is safe to say that 90 per cent. of the selling price at wholesale is made up of wages paid. The main source of supply of hard coal is found in five counties in the State of Pennsylvania, there being detached base in three other counties of the same State. The general area of country in which this fuel is found does not exceed 470 square miles. There are five principal railway lines centering in these districts, which afford distributing facilities to all parts of the United States. The average annual increase in the production has been at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum within the last few years, although at times it has jumped to 10 per cent. per annum. The distribution made is in proportion of 60 per cent. to Pennsylvania, New York, and New Jersey, 20 per cent. to the New England states,, 10 per cent. to the Western States, and the remainder is distributed to Canada, to the Southern States, the Pacific coast and some little to foreign parts.—*F. E. Seward, in Coal Trade Annual.*

—Three years after the landing of the English colonists at Jamestown, Va., the first importation of cattle occurred.

USES OF ALUMINIUM.

Facts About a Substance Which Has Been Called the Metal of the Future.

Aluminium, the commonest, the hardest, the lightest and the most durable of metals, is yet of recent discovery, comparatively speaking, and but little used. Thousands of dollars have been spent in the metallurgy of this metal, without, apparently, any very satisfactory results; and though vast strides have been made within the past few years, the use of aluminium is still in its infancy.

Aluminium, the metallic base of alumina, and "the metal of the future," as it has been called, is a whitish metal much resembling silver. Very little of it is made in this country, the largest quantities being made in England, Germany and France. The pure metal is very difficult to work, and can not be soldered, consequently it can only be used to a limited extent where it can be riveted, or employed in solid pieces, and this renders it only suitable for making certain pieces of jewelry and articles for table use or for ornament. When chased or made to look dull or frosted it quickly soils, but a watch case simply polished will wear for twenty years without change or tarnish, even if touched by acid. A Broadway jeweler shows some very pretty rings in this metal set with diamonds. A set of after-dinner coffee spoons has a repousse design on the handles and gilded bowls. They are very handsome and are much lighter than silver spoons of the same size, which is certainly a recommendation. Bangles are also very effective when made of this metal. Mr. George Lorillard, appreciating the lightness of aluminium, had shoes made for one of his favorite horses. It is used for making cigarette cases and frames of opera glasses. Bookbinders use it, and the lettering on lead pencils is frequently made of it. It also makes very excellent pens, and will not corrode in any ink.

The pure metal may be purchased in this city at $15 a pound, and the alloy at 8, but it is expected that the price will be even lower before long.

But the chief uses of aluminium are in the forms of alloy, which seem destined to take the place of steel, iron and other metals where they are exposed to heavy work, its tensile strength being far greater than that of steel. The chief alloys are copper and antimony, but alloyed with brass it gives out a clear, ringing sound when struck and makes an excellent metal for bells. Aluminium bronze is used in making propeller screws, it not being affected by water, and neither does it corrode. Aluminium iron holds its color, gives a finer grain and prevents sand holes in the casting. Alloyed with zinc, copper and nickel it has a pale, yellow tint, while with 5 per cent. aluminium and the rest copper it takes a rich yellow similar to brass. These alloys are used for harness, or wherever a yellow metal is desired. They are rapidly taking the place of brass, being far less apt to tarnish and much more easily cleaned. The new steamers now being made in England are being fitted with this metal in preference to any other. There would also seem to be a large field for it in the manufacture of musical instruments that are now made of brass.

The alloys are also used in small household articles. Agents for an English firm show samples of almost every article necessary for table use—castors, cups, spoons, knives, forks, nut-crackers, tea-pots and candlesticks—in an alloy that closely resembles silver. The advantages that it boasts over silver are that it is cheaper, and does not tarnish easily nor corrode, and the advantage over plated silver is that it is the same metal all the way through, there being no outside plate to wear off. And it has been suggested that cooking utensils be made of one of the alloys, as it is not acted upon by acids. An attempt is to be made to introduce it into the manufacture of the fancy braids and dress trimmings now so much the fashion, as it can be drawn out into a fine, thin wire and does not tarnish.

In fact, it seem as if it might be used wherever metal is required, in whatever manner, whether for beauty, lightness, strength or durability.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

A DEGRADING VICE.

The Greed for Wealth and Its Terrible Effects on Its Victims.

It is one of the marked characteristics of greed, that there is no satisfying it or allaying its cravings. You may gorge a greedy man until he is ready to burst, until not another morsel of food can be forced into his craw, and he will still be in distress because he can hold no more. And so of the man whose only thought is to increase his wealth; the more he gets the more he wants, and the less scrupulous he becomes as to the means by which his ends are to be accomplished. At the outset a man who is eager to get rich will have some respect for the rights of others, and will hesitate about grinding money out of his fellow men in dishonest ways, but with increase of wealth he grows less and less scrupulous as to how his gains are to be secured, until at last he will allow no man's rights to stand in his way, and will unhesitatingly compromise honor, decency, and every principle of justice than be checked in his ambition to become more and more wealthy. When greed is allowed its own way it will continue to gain a firmer and firmer hold upon a man until it drives from his breast every feeling of sympathy, love and compassion for his brother man; it will sap him of his strength to resist the assaults of avarice, and will shrivel up his soul until none of those manly virtues which raise man above the brute can find lodgment in his heart.—*Rev. E. R. Donchoo.*

(*Continued from 1st page.*)

The feeling here is strongly against *free trade*, and nearly every man I hear talking is going to vote for Harrison. If the Democratic party is counting on California, I think they are making a mistake, as she will roll in a heavy vote and big majority for the Republican ticket. I attended a meeting some nights ago, and listened to three Republican speakers, and the audience of several thousand seemed to be very enthusiastic.

One thing here would delight your Oakland boys—the trains run every fifteen minutes through Oakland, for about three miles, and every one rides free; no charge is made within the city limits. They run ten cars on each train, and they are crowded from early morning till late at night. The R. R. Co. do this for the privilege of a right of way through the town.

I have made a far longer letter out of this than I expected to do, but so many things presented themselves to my memory that I could not avoid its lengthiness.

With the best wishes to all my friends and all our Garrett county people, and my love to dear old "Garrett," with her hills and green glades.

I remain, very truly,
J. A. GRANT.

Hopeful Sign of Civilization.

It is a hopeful sign of American civilization that never before in the world's history were there so many men of wealth using their wealth as a trust, not as a private possession. I visited not long since one of the largest single coal mine owners in Pennsylvania. He had built up in the wilderness a village with 5,000 population. No roof covered more than two tenements. Every tenement had about it ground for a garden plot. The day school was kept open ten months in the year; evening schools afforded special facilities for such as wished to pursue special studies; a great hall furnished them with opportunity for every kind of recreation, from a ball to a lecture; a free library and reading room gave an evening lounging place free from beer and tobacco; there was not a liquor shop in the town; the ladies of the mansion equipped every year a Christmas tree for the children of the village, dressing many of the hundreds of dolls with their own hands; but what was best of all, the owner of mine and land and cottages lived in the midst of his workingmen, and administered with his own hands the estate which furnished the 1,000 workingmen with employment and the 5,000 villagers with bread, homes and life. I thought how it would have delighted the heart of grim old Carlyle to have visited Drifton, and how even John Ruskin would have found something to praise in such a mining community.—*Lyman Abbott in the Century.*

Don't do it, Girls.

It is very common at the present day for young ladies to accept presents from gentlemen not related to them, or likely to become so—in fact mere acquaintances. With no partiality for old customs, merely because they *are* old customs, we confess an admiration for that feminine delicacy which shrinks from accepting favors from chance acquaintances of the day or hour. That all young men have not the true feelings of gentlemen, our young ladies need not be told; nor that those most lavish with their presents are often as little able to refrain from boasting that these presents have been accepted, when among their young male acquaintances. The cheek of many a young and innocent but unguarded girl would crimson with mortification could she hear the remarks often made on this subject among young men. Don't do it, girls: don't accept presents from a gentleman unless he is an accepted suitor, a relative, or some old well-known friend of the family, who has proven his claim to be good, for such an evidence of your faith in him.

This may be "old fashioned" advice, and yet, you may live to thank us for it.

"Why, Daniel," exclaimed Mrs. Foggs, "I don't see what you have against the Duffers: they are one of the first families in town."

"Yes, my dear," replied Foggs; "I am aware that they are one of the first families at a free entertainment down to the vestry, but you will find them one of the last families when any money's to be paid for seeing the show."—*Boston Transcript.*

Thou hast a double nature. Choose between the worse and the better that is within thee. Thou hast in thy power to become the slave of passion, the slave of luxury, the slave of sensual power, the slave of corruption. Thou hast it in thy power to become the free master of thyself, to become the everlasting benefactor of thy country, and the unfailing champion of thy God.—*Dean Stanley.*

Wise Words.

Be content; the sea hath fish enough.

Black plums may eat as sweet as white.

Honor and profit do not always lie in the same track.

An evil intention perverts the best actions and makes them sins.

A coxcomb is ugly all over with the affectation of the fine gentleman.

The mill streams that turn the clappers of the world arise in solitary places.

The government of one's self is the only true freedom of the individual.

Great men begin great enterprises because they think them great, and fools because they think them easy.

Truth is the most powerful thing in the world, since fiction can only please by its resemblance to it,

General observations drawn from particulars are the jewels of knowledge, comprehending great store in a little room.

There may be times when silence is gold, and speech silver; but there are times, also, when silence is death and speech is life.

How wisely do they act who take no anxious thought for the morrow, but are attentivs according to present ability, to the duties of the present day.

Love is not altogether a delirium, yet it has many points in common therewith. Call it rather a discerning of the infinite in the finite—of the ideal made real.

How many daily occasions there are for the exercise of patience, forbearance, benevolence, good humor, cheerfulness, candor, sincerity, compassion and self-denial.

Truth is the object of our understanding, as good is of our will; and the understanding can no more be delightful with a lie than the will can choose an apparent evil.

People are commonly so much occupied in pointing out faults in those ahead of them, as to forget that some, astern, may at the same instant, be discanting on theirs in like manner.

Stray Sunbeams.

The Man who had the wool pulled over his eyes, was a negro.

A girl may be like sugar for two reasons—sweet and full of grit.

"This is an age of wonders," said a man as he made a straw hat felt by touching it.

Be content with enough. You may butter your bread so thick that you can't eat it.

When is bridget like the kitchen fire? When she goes out; and like wise when she flares up.

It doesn't matter how tough a young man may be, a good-looking girl is very likely to break him up.

This is the reason why we have two ears and only one mouth, that we may hear more and speak less.

A lady, boasting of the progress of her son in arithmetic, said: "He's in the mortification table."

A Detroit girl has been fined $25 for screaming "murder" when a fellow hugged her. The lover paid the fine.

A good many people know just what is the matter with others, but never found out what was the matter with themselves.

A girl must certainly be getting into the lumber business when she pines for a spruce young man, of whom she thinks a good deal.

There is no period of a girl's life at which she is not beautiful and all that, but it must be confessed that it is as a bride that she takes the cake.

For Sunday Contemplation.

Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death.

Thanksgiving is good, thanks living is better.

As we grow older, if we have sense we get humbler.

If thou wouldst be happy, bring thy mind to thy circumstances.

The chief source of self-happiness is the act of making others happy.

Conscience is at most times a very faithful and prudent admonitor.

The way to do good is to be good. There must be light, then it will shine.

The happiness or unhappiness of old age is often nothing but the extract of a past life.

It is a noble species of revenge to have the power of severe retaliation and not to exercise it.

Hope is like the sun, which, as we journey towards it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us.

Fanny Fern says: "If one-half of the girls knew the previous lives of the men they marry, the list of old maids would be wonderfully increased," Whereupon the *Boston Post* asks: "If the men knew what their future lives were to be, wouldn't it increase the list of old maids still further.

HOMOEOPATHY.—One cause of the steady spread of Homœopathy is the *Family Medicine Case*, with its accompanying book. for the treatment of various diseases and to meet sudden emergencies. The posessor of one of these cases realizes its great usefullness, tells his friends and sometimes convinces them by curing them and thus Homœpathy spreads. We mail a price list and catalogue of our goods free, BOERICKE & TAFEL, Homœpathic Pharmacists and Publishers. *Established in* 1835. Baltimore, Md., 228 North Howard St. Washington, D. C., 938 F. St., N. W. Philadelphia, Pa., 1011 Arch St., and 1035 Walnut St. New York, 145 Grand St., and 7, W. 42nd St. Pittsburgh, Pa., 627 Smithfield St. Chicago, Ill., 36 Madison St, Cor, Wabash Avenue. *Our medicines by the vial are sold by leading druggists.*

Pickings for the Peerless.

We are shaped and fashioned by what we love.

Knowledge is dearly bought if we sacrifice to it moral qualities.

Love cannot enter the heart without bringing with it a train of other virtues.

Art is not a sermon and the artist is not a preacher. Art accomplishes by indirection. The bautifut refines.

A house kept to the end of display is impossible to all but a few women, and their success is dearly bought.

Every beautiful, pure and good thought which the heart entertains is an angel of mercy, purifying and guarding the soul.

When a misfortune happens to a friend, look forward and endeavor to prevent the same thing from happening to yourself.

The man who only has one arm and that a left one, knows how essential it is that he should get on the right side of his best girl.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Children's Garments.

The art of cutting down old stockings to make them into smaller ones is not known to every housewife. Yet, when stockings for little folks cost from thirty to fifty cents a pair, it would be a great economy in many families to learn this branch of needle work. First, a little stocking of the shape and size required should be secured as a model, folded lengthwise and placed on the large stocking folded the same way, the tops and front coming together. Then when with a pair of sharp scissors the large stocking is cut at the back, down to the heel of the little one. The front is left the length of the entire small stocking, from toe to top; beginning at the toe the upper part of the foot of the stocking is cut out, and then the heel. The under part of the foot is a seperate piece.

The stocking should be sewed with fine cotton or wool of the same shade as the first in a seam, and then each seam sewed back again in an overcast stitch; the sewing must be fine and firm to make it hold. Little people with tender feet can wear these stockings with the seamy side out if necessary.

Some strange things were brought up from the earth while drilling wells near Albany, Ga. White pine logs were brought up from a depth of 700 feet. Mr. Merritt, at a depth of twenty-seven feet, dug through a mass of seven feet of petrified bones. They were thigh bones, ribs, finger bones, teeth, and with these remains of some forgotten race, immense bones of animals now extinct. Mr. Bowles, in digging out for a mill foundation, came upon the shore of an ancient ocean. This sand showed the ripples from the waves, and was covered with marine remains, shells, sharks' teeth and bones of deep sea monsters.—*Chicago Herald.*

If You Have a Trifling Cough

Don't neglect it. Use Roger's Specific Cough Cure. It is a sure and speedy cure for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, &c. 25 cts. a bottle.

For Sprains, Burns, Bruises, &c.

Use Roger's Specific Liniment. It has no equal as a cure for Sprains, Burns, Bruises, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Dysentary, Rheumatism, &c. 25 cts.

Dyspepsia and Habitual Constipation

Speedily cured by a few doses of Appetite, the Great Stomach, Kidney and Liver Remedy. Price 50 cts.

Piles! Piles! Piles!

Roger's Specific Cocaine Pile Remedy will cure in a short time the most aggravated case of Itching, protruding, Bleeding, or any other form of Piles. Price 50 cts. a box.

Roger's Sp cific Worm Syrup

Is Pleasant, Safe and efficient. Price 25 cts.

For Chapped Hands, Face, &c.,

Use Frangipane Curative Balm, a delightful toilet article for the Hands, Face, Roughness of Skin, Face and Sunburn, Tetter, Pimples Blotches and Skin Diseases. Price 15 cts.

All the above preparations are for sale at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, Oakland, and by druggists and country merchants in all parts of Garrett and adjoining counties.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

THE CELEBRATED NERVE TONIC.

A Word to the Nervous You are painfully aware that you have nerves? Then you are sick. A healthy boy has as many as you, but he doesn't know it. That is the difference between "sick" and "well."

Why don't you cure yourself? It is easy. Don't wait. Paine's Celery Compound will do it. Pay your druggist a dollar, and enjoy life once more. Thousands have. Why not you?

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil, Paregorio or Narcotic Syrups. Children cry for Castoria. Millions of Mothers bless Castoria.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation; Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation; Gives healthy sleep; also aids digestion; Without narcotic stupefaction.

"I recommend Castoria for children's complaints, as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray St., New York.

They are Growing More Popular Every Day.

WHO?

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The Acknowledged Largest Dealers in Western Maryland,

Who, by their many years' experience in the music business, together with honest and fair dealing, have placed the World Renowned

ESTEY AND CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN

in the leading ranks of all other Organs manufactured. The Estey Organ is well enough known to be appreciated when seen. The Chicago Cottage Organ is gaining a reputation that ere long will place it at the head of the list. It is elegant in finish, exquisite in design. In tone superlatively fine. Standard in construction. Highly ornamented and heavy volume. It s an Organ whose action speaks lowder than words, and after one sees and trys this lovely instrument, it always pleases and gives entire satisfaction to the purchaser. We also sell the celebrated

DECKER BROS., WEBER, FISHER BROS., AND ESTEY PIANOS,

—AND THE—

New Home Sewing Machine.

This machine has *no* superior. The cabinet work is of the finest and most artistic made. Its construction is the best and guaranteed not to get out of order. Its attachments are the simplest as well as the most perfect made, and a child can operate it with ease. The attachments are self-setting, requiring no screw-driver, not even a thumb screw. No home is complete without this, the grandest, best and most perfect machine made.

Our terms are made in every instance to suit purchaser, and prices the lowest ever offered for first-class goods in this section. We buy for cash in large quantities from the factories direct, thus enabling us to save the purchaser the ordinary agents commission. A word to the wise is sufficient.

For purchasing write or send for illustrated catalogues, prices, terms, &c., to

MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,
Main Office, MEYERSDALE, PA.
Branch Office, CUMBERLAND, MD. 9 17 '87—1y

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ

E. F. STANSBERRY.

—Manufacturer of—

Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,

OAKLAND, MD.

Repairing neatly and promtly done. Nov, 21, 85.—1 y.

VALUABLE STOCK FARM FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FARM FOR SALE!

For sale cheap, a farm of 305 acres, about 90 acres of which is cleared, and on which are erected a

Two-Story Frame House, Two Stables

and other outbuildings. About 75 acres of the woodland is covered with EXCELLENT TIMBER. The farm is situated two miles from Swanton, B. & O. R. R. About 250 acres is under fence. A young orchard was put out four years ago, and will soon come into bearing.

For particulars and terms, apply to or address

RICHARD CUSTER,
8 25 Swanton, Md

MASSEY HALL PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

School year commences

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Regular and elective courses in all Preparatory Studies. Special attention to English and Commercial branches. The number of pupils is strictly limited, in order to insure the most thorough training and individual advancement.

For terms, hours of study, &c., apply to

REV. J. NEWMAN,
7 7 td Principal.

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE OAKLAND WOOLEN MILLS, OAKLAND, MD., May 1st, 1888.

TO THE PUBLIC:

Having bought the above mill, we are prepared to contract for and purchase Wool, either for cash or exchange for Flannels, Yarns, Blankets, Cassimere, Satinet and Jeans.

Highest Market Price Will be Paid for Wool!

One of the firm will be at Oakland on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY of each week during the wool season. On other days apply to the Foreman, Mr. John C. Trenton, at the Factory.

A liberal patronage is respectfully solicited.

5 A. C. SCHERR & BRO.

D. E. BOLDEN & CO.,

UNDERTAKERS

AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS,

OAKLAND, MD.

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

COFFINS, CASKETS

—AND—

BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS!

—Also a full line of—

FURNITURE,

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and Window Blinds,

And everything usually kept in a First-Class Furniture Establishment

Furniture Rented on easy Terms

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

REPAIR WORK,

PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c.

Also make Furniture to order.

D. E. BOLDEN, & CO.

Feb. 25, '88.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect April 29th, 1888:

GOING EAST.

No. 2		7.41 A. M
No. 38	Accommodation	10.30 A. M
No. 6		11.14 A.M
No. 82	Accommodation	5.05 P. M
No. 4		11.43 P. M.

GOING WEST

No. 3		4.49 A. M.
No. 81	Accommodation	9.40 A. M.
No. 5		5.00 P. M.
No. 65	Accommodation	5.41 P. M.
No. 1		9.15 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.

C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HARTLEY & Co., Portland, Maine.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed. 12 24 '87

JOHN A. WOLF,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
2 88 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, SEPT. 15, 1888. NUMBER 29.

NEW ADVRETISEMENTS.

KIRK'S

FLOATING SOAP

—IS—

THE CHIEF

For the Bath, Toilet and Laundry.

Snow White and Absolutely Pure.

If your dealer does not keep White Cloud Soap, send 10 cents for sample cake to the makers.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO.,

CHICAGO.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

☞ Office over Casteel's Drug Store on Main street, Oakland, Md. 2 26 '87.

GILMOR S. HAMILL
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

J. B. FAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals Also in adjoining counties of West Va.

☞ Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.

Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

FRED. A. THAYER. EDWARD H. SINCELL.

THAYER & SINCELL,

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 7 '87.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.

July 5-tf.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

v3n47.

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OAKLAND, MD.

OFFICE IN NYDEGGER BUILDING.

☞ Residence in Dr. Keller Building.

Sept. 9, 1885.—1y.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

OAKLAND, MD.,

offers his professional services to the people of Oakland and vicinity. 5 5 '88

☞ Office with Dr. J. Lee McComas.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,

OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

v3 n48

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hoopole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dr. Seth Arnold's
COUGH KILLER

CURES

Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and Asthma.

PREVENTS CONSUMPTION

Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.

Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, druggist, Oakland, Md. 11 '86 1y

PLANING MILLS.

MT. LAKE PARK, MD.,

ALDERSON & ROBINSON, PROPS

C. M. RATHBUN, Manager.

Manufacturers of and dealers in

Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings.

Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.

☞ Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of mill work. 1 29, '87.

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Caveats, and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE. We have no sub-agencies, all business direct, hence can transact patent business in less time and at LESS COST than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing, or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

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Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property.

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

FARM FOR SALE.

A RARE CHANCE TO INVEST!

A farm containing 161 acres, 3½ miles from Oakland, on the West Union Road is offered for sale at a bargain. This is known as the Christian Yutzy farm, has good buildings, is well watered, 100 acres under cultivation and a good ghrist and saw mill on adjoining land.

TERMS.—One-third cash, the balance in two equal annual payments.

For price and particulars apply to or address

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican office, Oakland, Md.

7 21 6m

Dr. I. D. Newman,
OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence on Mill street, opposite the Helbig bridge

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

3 15 1y.

Store Room for Rent.

The Store Room lately occupied by O. Hart & Son, on the corner of Second and Oak streets, is for rent. This is one of the best stands in Oakland. Terms moderate.

Apply to

MRS. H. A. RASCHE,
2 11 3t Oakland, Md.

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th 1885.—1 y

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

R 24 DAVID LITTLE.

INVENTION has revolutionized the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. *Grand outfit free.* Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

SOME PLEASANT ROOMS AT

VIRGINIA COTTAGE!

Pure Water, Verandas and Shade Trees.

☞ Address: P. O. Box 113 6 2 3

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TAKE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

TORPID LIVER

Is known by these marked peculiarities:

1. A feeling of weariness and pains in the limbs.
2. Bad breath, bad taste in the mouth, and furred tongue.
3. Constipation, with occasional attacks of diarrhœa.
4. Headache, in the front of the head; nausea, dizziness, and yellowness of skin.
5. Heartburn, loss of appetite.
6. Distention of the stomach and bowels by wind.
7. Depression of spirits, and great melancholy, with lassitude and a disposition to leave everything for to-morrow.

A natural flow of Bile from the Liver is essential to good health. When this is obstructed it results in

BILIOUSNESS,

which, if neglected, soon leads to serious diseases. Simmons Liver Regulator exerts a most felicitous influence over every kind of biliousness. It restores the Liver to proper working order, regulates the secretion of bile and puts the digestive organs in such condition that they can do their best work. After taking this medicine no one will say, "I am bilious."

"I have been subject to severe spells of Congestion of the Liver, and have been in the habit of taking from 15 to 20 grains of calonel which generally laid me up for three or four days. Lately I have been taking Simmons Liver Regulator, which gave me relief without any interruption to business."—J. HUGG, Middlepor, Ohio.

ONLY GENUINE
has our Z stamp in red on front of Wrapper
J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Teacher

Who advised her pupils to strengthen their minds by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, appreciated the truth that bodily health is essential to mental vigor. For persons of delicate and feeble constitution, whether young or old, this medicine is remarkably beneficial. Be sure you get **Ayer's Sarsaparilla.**

"Every spring and fall I take a number of bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and am greatly benefited."—Mrs. James H. Eastman, Stoneham, Mass.

"I have taken Ayer's Sarsaparilla with great benefit to my general health."—Miss Thirza L. Crerar, Palmyra, Md.

"My daughter, twelve years of age, has suffered for the past year from

General Deblity.

A few weeks since, we began to give her Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Her health has greatly improved."—Mrs. Harriet H. Battles, South Chelmsford, Mass.

"About a year ago I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for debility and neuralgia resulting from malarial exposure in the army. I was in a very bad condition, but six bottles of the Sarsaparilla, with occasional doses of Ayer's Pills, have greatly improved my health. I am now able to work, and feel that I cannot say too much for your excellent remedies."—F. A. Pinkham, South Molunous, Me.

"My daughter, sixteen years old, is using Ayer's Sarsaparilla with good effect."—Rev. S. J. Graham, United Brethren Church, Buckhannon, W. Va.

"I suffered from

Nervous Prostration,

with lame back and headache, and have been much benefited by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I am now 89 years of age, and am satisfied that my present health and prolonged life are due to the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Lucy Moflitt, Killingly, Conn.

Mrs. Ann H. Farnsworth, a lady 79 years old, So. Woodstock, Vt., writes: "After several weeks' suffering from nervous prostration, I procured a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had taken half of it my usual health returned."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

A. LOEWENSTEIN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Cor. Water and Third streets

OAKLAND, - MD.

I take pleasure in informing my old friends and customers that I have opened up a new

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

in Oakland, and am prepared to do

All Kinds of Work

in my line, at

Reasonable Prices!

☞ All work Guaranteed.

A. LOEWENSTEIN.

Oakland, Nov

J. F. LEWIS,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND PLASTERING LATH!

SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.

Having had Fourteen years practice and experience as a SHINGLE SAWYER, I am confident that I can sell you a better shingle than can be bought any where else in the State for the same price.

J. F. LEWIS.

3 3 '88 1y Cranesville, W. Va.

Sheridan's Ride.

General Crook, in command of the Division of the Missouri, has been more intimately associated with General Sheridan than any other officer in the United States army. "Phil is the greatest soldier in the army," said he in a recent interview. "I have known him from the time he and I entered the same class at West Point in 1848.

"When he left West Point he was sent to Texas as second lieutenant of the First Infantry, and I saw little of him until 1854, when he became second lieutenant in the Fourth Infantry, of which I was also in command. The following year, when I was on the Pacific coast, General Hood, who was cammanding the cavalry, was away on a surveying expedition, and during his absence General Sheridan was assigned to take his place as second lieutenant of the Second Cavalry. I was then with him during the topographical expedition through the Cascade range of mountains, in looking for a suitable military pass. After this we did not meet again till 1863, one in the Army of the Cumberland, and then I did not even get a chance to speak to him.

"Our most memorable meeting was when Gen. Sheridan made his famous ride from Winchester to Cedar Creek. I was the first man he spoke to after he had time to get his breath on reaching the Union forces. Middletown was some distance away from where the main body of the army was rallying along Cedar Creek. The turnpike road leading through the village of Middletown ran along Cedar Creek for some distance, and we could see the General flying on his horse a long distance before he was within ear-shot. I can see him now as he came riding up with his horse all in a foam, his flanks bleeding from spur-thrusts, and the rider flushed with excitement and almost as breathless as his steed. It was a scene never to be forgotten.

"We had routed the enemy some thirty minutes or so before Gen. Sheridan reached us, and we were spending our time in gathering up the stragglers. There seemed to be no immediate danger, and we were taking the situation rather coolly. Sheridan, of course, had no knowledge of what had been done, and thought that great issues hung on his arrival in time. He rode up to the general headquarters, leaped from his horse, and without ever taking time to tie it, called out: 'Where is Gen. Crook?

"I was not far away and ran up as soon as possible. 'What is the situation?' he asked. I told him that there was no immediate danger, as our forces were largely in the majority and our position was pretty well guarded. He said: 'We must never give up till we have routed the enemy.' These were not his exact words. They were in the more forsible language in which Gen. Sheridan in moments of excitement was wont to indulge.

"The distance which Gen. Sheridan rode, I think, was something like twelve miles. The story of the ride as told in the favorite poem is a trifle idealized, but in the main a pretty correct account of the event. And yet no poetic language could express the thrilling interest of that scene, as the soldiers beheld their commander coming to their aid, and raised their voices in a universal shout as he approached, riding as only Phil Sheridan could ride.

"After it was known that there was no immediate danger, Gen. Sheridan gave his orders to the different officers. He, of course, assumed chief command, instead of Gen. Wright, of the Sixth Corps, who had been in command during the General's absence.

"The rest of that engagement is now a part of history and I need not go into the details. But I will add this, that the ride and the engagement that followed illustrated in a notable way Gen. Sheridan's style of fighting. Many people have given him credit for great dash, brilliancy, and boldness in battle, but this is not the truth. His dominant characteristic as a fighter was his tenacity. He never would yield as long as there was the shadow of a chance. It is said that he never knew fear. This I consider no compliment to any general. It means either that he had not enough sense to realize danger or that he is a liar when he says he is not afraid. Sneridan is no doubt a brave man, as brave as the bravest, and yet he knows what fear is as well as any soldier."

Why do You Eat?

Why do you eat? This query, if responded to by the majority of people on the spur of the moment, would, no doubt, result in answers as varied as the individuals to whom it is propounded. Why do you eat? Truly a pertinent question, and one which should be considered as of sufficient importance for careful reflection. A query of this character is the source of momentary surprise possibly to an intelligent person, for the reason it is directed to a daily habit or exercise which has become so strongly automatic that our attention is not fixed in its consideration. We arise in the morn, early or late as the case may be, and eat; go to labor for five hours or so, eat again; seek recreation for the eve and possibly eat again, and finally retire to obtain the benefits of nature's sweet restorer—sleep.

In and through all this the healthy individual uses no force in thought or attention, but is the automaton. This is as it should be, if nature and things natural were natural. Are things in nature natural? The reply to this we think can be found, to a large extent, for the purpose of our paper, in the replies our query would bring forth.

Why do you eat? The dyspeptic says, "From necessity." The epicure says, "From a ruling desire on the part of my sense of taste." The glutton says, "To get enough." The laboring man says, "To work." The natural man says, "To enjoy life; to live." The dyspeptic's reply is a sad contrast to that of the natural man. Ask the dyspeptic what he would do or give for the priviledge or ability to sit down at the table hungry, hungry, actuated only by the principle that actuate the natural man, namely: "To enjoy life, to live." Why, methinks, if he is not too far along in his distemper, that expression of disgust and despair would change into a broad grin of happy anticipation; the dull, listless eye brighten with a gleam of its pristine intelligence, and there would burst from his lips the exclamation: "Do or give? anything! everything!" Poor victim! In this exclamation is found the explanation for his dyspepsia. It is just because he was at one time able and did do "anything" and "everything" that to-day he has dyspepsia.

If we ask the epicure or glutton the same question as the dyspeptic, we will find that they are perfectly content. They have not violated law and order long enough as yet; have not done "anything" and "everything" a sufficient number of times to reach that miserable existence allotted to the dyspeptic. Their desires and wishes are fully satisfied.

There comes a time finally for all of these classes when the "dead line," so to speak is met. To halt and put a stop to the reckless violation which has been going on means salvation. To keep on and cross this dead line means everlasting misery. The salvation that is established for those who meet this dead line is, like other salvations we have heard of, established for violated law and order, not easy of attainment, but entails for many days upon the repentant victim a rigidity of rule and persistence of purpose that deprives life of most of its pleasures and leads the poor victim in response to our query to say, "I eat from necessity." He is still a dyspeptic, notwithstanding his efforts toward salvation, and will be until that salvation is fully attained. But this physical salvation accomplished, is our dyspeptic become the natural man? Can he, as can the natural man, exclaim in accents glad and joyous, "I eat to enjoy life; to live?" Let us see. We live to learn, and, as truly, learn to live. Experience is apt to determine man's actions. License is only permitted when it is safe. The dyspeptic has truly lived to learn, if he has not lost all reason, and we have no doubt but that the redeemed dyspeptic will testify that he has learned to live. But his experience has taught him a lesson which will, during his remaining life, be ever in mind. He knows beyond all doubt that there is no license for him, and that as surely as he permits any license, just so surely will there come back to him the forerunners of those monstrous miseries which led him to exclaim: "I eat from necessity."—*Globe-Democrat.*

The writer was traveling one day in July, with a young daughter seated alongside in the car. Nearby were three older girls, old enough to be called young ladies, but whose loud and slangy speech denied them the right to be so titled. They would whisper to each other suggestively, then laugh boisterously, the while glancing impudently at gentlemen opposite. Finally, to the relief of their more modest fellow passengers, they left the train at a way station, but not until they had made themselves further disgusting by their effusive and blatant greeting of three other equally ill behaved, of their own sex and age, who were there to meet them. On the station platform with leers and antics for attracting attention at the train windows, they continued to advertise their immodesty until we were, happily, out of sight and hearing.

"Papa, I am so ashamed of their conduct; won't you print something about it that can be sent to them to read?" said the little daughter.

To the discredit of the criticised creatures, be it said, they are daughters of respectable parents, who would have been shocked at witnessing their bad behavior, and resided in a town noted for the culture and refinement of its citizens.

Other good communities than the one these silly girls reside in have to regret in this day, the unbecoming deportment in the young of both sexes, whose parentage and training are thereby compromised. The giggling Miss of seventeen and the cigarette smoking chap of equal years, by their vulgar loudness in public conveyances and places are offensive features of the present generation. The presence of the aged and venerable is no bar to their rudeness. Coarse jests, coarse guffaws, coarse conspicuousness that would disgrace the rabble-bred, are affected by daughters and sons of many worthy fathers and mothers. If these brazen puppets could realise their uncomeliness: if they could but see the effrontery as mirrowed in the thoughts of quiet and genteel observers, they would experience something which is a stranger to them—a blush.

This "freshness"—to use a word frem their own vernacular—is a loathsome social disease, never so violent or prevalent as within very recent years. It appears from the wide epidemic of it to be as contagious as small pox, and it will as ineradicably scar the characters of its victims as would small pox their faces. Girls and boys, do not be "fresh," nor "loud," nor "horsey," nor "slangy." Do not advertise yourself as amateur blackguards. Be genteel—which means to be gentle, modest unobtrusive—if you can. But if you are not genteel, but born and bred ruffians, courting popular contempt rather than respect, you have only to model your manners after those of the three young women we have referred to.

A learned doctor of Pittsburgh claims to have invented an apparatus by which a human body may be compressed into an ornamental paper weight and without the aid of chemicals. His machine is a combination of steel presses and hot rollers—a sort of rolling mill on a small scale. A human body is put in at one end and taken out at the other in the shape of a paper weight. In short, the enormous pressure brought to bear upon the body excludes all moisture from it and compresses it to a fraction of its original bulk. Thus the body of a full grown man be reduced to a cubic of one foot, as hard and as imperishable as marble. The inventor does not expect people to take his word for this but when he runs across a skeptic, he takes him by the arm, leads him into his study and points to this centre table, on which lies what appears to be a cross of the purest white marble. "There," he exclaims, "are the remains of a child converted by my process into a handsome and valuable ornament, and what's more, I can turn out as neat a job every time." Doctors and chemists who ought to have intelligent ideas upon the subject are puzzled and hardly any two think alike. But whether the operation is possible or not it would hardly meet with favor in the eyes of the world, aside from the curiousity of the result, as there are few who would care to have their own bodies or those of their friends done over into a "neat job" and turned out as ornamental trifles.

To the workingmen of the United States: If you will agree to live in as poor a house and eat as poor food and receive as low wages as the people in England receives, we can produce as cheap goods as a Democratic administration wants to see.—*James G. Blaine.*

The Republican.

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ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE.

There was a German poet who in English tried
to rhyme,
And with the dictionary big he wrestled all the
time.
And though he chose with extra care the words
spelled all alike,
He spoiled his little poem for a rhyme he
couldn't strike.

THE POEM (?).

The girl I'll wed shouldn't always knead
With her fair hands the dough,
Because the stuff called baker's bread
Is hard to eat and tough.

She should have learned in early youth,
Home duties old and new,
And never pout her pretty mouth,
When helping mother sew.

Her temper she must sweetly mold,
So nothing is a plague,
And not desert me if I should
Be stricken with the ague.

I could enjoy a cup of tea,
If sweetened with her laughter,
And never let a false idea
Our happy home-life slaughter.

At evening, when work is done,
Beside her I shall linger,
And hear the sweet piano's tone,
And her's—if she's a singer.

—*H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun.*

THE END OF A ROAD.

A Romance of Three Lives and How It Ended.

[Written for This Paper.]

JOHN STRANGFORD, a Chicago lawyer, handsome and well-to-do, decided to treat himself to a vacation. He reached this conclusion one afternoon early in August, as he sat alone in his office where the mercury, for the past ten days, had registered one hundred in the shade with oppressive monotony.

To a man blessed with a fortune, such a determination offers a choice of pleasures, a jaunt across the Continent, Alaska, England, Paris, the Rhine. John Strangford, however, had exhausted long ago the novelty of foreign travel. A visit to his old home, his own country place now, which he had not inspected for some time, appeared sufficiently attractive, and he immediately experienced that bouyancy of spirit which results from a choice wisely and speedily made. He placed his unopened books upon the shelves, dropped some papers into a drawer and putting on his hat locked the door and went down into the street.

He made his way through the shabby, perspiring crowd that surged in front of one of the great stores on State street where everything is sold, from a shovel to a bonnet. At the corner of Madison street a boy thrust a cluster of old-fashioned meadow lillies into his hand. They were yellow and without fragrance, but they brought to mind vivid recollections of old haunts which he was soon to see again. He paid for them with a liberality that delighted the child and pursued his way, past storage and commission houses, over the bridge to his own apartments in a pleasant neighborhood on the North Side. A burning wind blew from the west across the parched prairies, bearing unsavory odors from the stock yards and Bridgeport; while to the east the lake stretched away to the dim sky-line, as still and glittering as molten glass, not a sail in sight.

Strangford's preparations were soon completed and an hour later the train bore him through the squalid suburbs, peopled by gregarian Danes and Norwegians, thence out into the open country toward a region of streams and forests. He wondered a little why he should ever care to go back to Grandon. His parents were dead, he was the last of his race, and his old friends were scattered or had changed until they were no longer the same. And he somewhat sadly recalled other home comings—while he was still in college—that remote and halcyon period when he had nurtured ambitions and dreamed dreams.

He reached Grandon in the night and went to a little tavern which he knew, and being shown into a clean, comfortable room, soon slept the sleep of the just. In the morning, after a late and leisurely breakfast, he went out for a stroll. He saw few familiar faces; smart Queen Ann villas, shaved lawns and geranium beds had superceded the weather-beaten houses he remembered. The old homestead alone remained unaltered. It stood on the edge of the village, fields joining the orchard just behind the house. He had let the place to some decent, middle-aged people without children, reserving two rooms in the west wing up stairs for himself, with liberty to go and come as he pleased. These were to be always in readiness for him whenever he chose to occupy them; and Mrs. Hester, who sat by the window sewing, saw him as he came up the front walk, and thanked fortune that only yesterday she had aired them and set them in order. Presently, after an exchange of salutations and a little common-place conversation, he was seated in an arm chair by his favorite window smoking a good cigar. He surveyed the broad acres, the flocks and herds which were an appreciable part of his possessions, the etchings, books, and the heavy, old-fashioned furniture of the apartment with very genuine satisfaction. "After all," he reflected, here are all the elements of human happiness," and he congratulated himself that, if he had achieved no very brilliant success, he could still look the world in the face without shame, that he had committed no irretrievable blunder, and that there still remained to him undiminished strength, hope and health.

His luggage arrived in the course of the morning, and thus within twenty-four hours he had left the heat, smoke and dust of the city behind him, and was established in the midst of summer verdure and quiet, prepared to enjoy it all with a cheerful spirit and an untroubled mind.

After the early dinner, an excellent one by the way, for Mrs. Hester prided herself on her cookery, he decided that he would set out at once to re-explore the old place familiar to his boyhood. A horse was brought round, and he rode down the lane, out into the highway, and was lost to Mrs. Hester's pursuing gaze.

The sky had been suddenly overcast with clouds; there was a chill in the air, premonitory of approaching frost; here and there the woodvine was beginning to turn, and the leaves of the horsechestnut, the first to fall, were already brown and shriveled. There was a continuous whirr of grasshoppers; the crickets chirped in the crisp, green grass, and he breathed the grateful fragrance of mint and pennyroyal growing in the shady fence corners. He could hear through the stillness the sharp, decided strokes of the wood-chopper's axe, the cawing of crows, as they walked over the newly plowed furrows, while the crowing of cocks and the subdued barking of dogs echoed faintly from distant farms. He reined up his horse that it might drink from a spring by the roadside. Here the road divided, one diverging track winding up the steep, stony hillside, the other crossing the creek, running parallel with the stream until it was lost to view behind an abrupt bend. On one side was a dense growth of willows, on the other, fertile, sandy bottom-lands, planted in corn and bordered with purple ironweed.

"Which shall I choose?" he asked aloud, for he had left familiar territory behind him and all this was new.

"Here, evidently, my hum-drum fortunes change. I must guess at which end of the rainbow the pot of gold is buried and go back, rich or empty-handed, as fate shall determine." He regarded both carefully and then continued, humoring his odd fancy. "Nothing worth having comes easily. I will choose the hill road."

Pebbles loosened under the horse's hoofs, rolled down and dropped into the stream below with a splash, and a king fisher, disturbed, flew up the stream with a discordant cry.

He rode probably an hour, meeting no one, seeing no human habitation and hearing no sound of human life. The track, little traveled, became more and more indistinct and ended suddenly at the gate of a farm yard. A low-roofed house stood back in its yard, sheltered by some noble beeches, its porch overrun with vines, behind which sat a woman painting.

It was an unexpected sight in that locality, the popular taste for art not having progressed beyond the lithograph and plaster-of-paris image. There was something in the air and attire of the artist which showed that she was not indigenous. Upon the flimsy pretext of asking for a drink, he dismounted, tied his horse to the fence and walked up to the steps. As he approached he perceived that the curves of her cheek and chin were perfect, and that her bright brown hair was of silken fineness.

She was absorbed in her study—a cluster of thistles which were loosely arranged in an earthen jug on a table in front of her. She started as the gravel crunched under his heel and turning, looked at him questioningly. He instantly decided that her eyes were the most wonderful that he had ever seen; they were large and grey, with straight brows and long lashes, much darker than her hair; the expression was one of intense melancholy.

She rose at once when he asked for the water, brought it and set the glass upon the table when he had drank; then, picking up her palette resumed her work without inviting him to come in. It was evidently an inhospitable dismissal, but he was not to be so easily rebuffed.

"Mrs. Allen is not at home," she explained, as if to excuse herself, seeing that he hesitated. "The family have gone to Grandon for the day, and they will not return until late in the evening."

"Then you do not live here?" he asked, aimlessly, intent upon holding his ground.

HE STOOD AND WATCHED HER SKETCHING.

"No," she said, smiling slightly. "I am that obnoxious person—a summer boarder."

"We belong to the same class, then, and with sympathies and instincts in common, the relations between us should be friendly."

She bowed affirmatively and, thus encouraged, he asked permission to look at her work, which she granted with some reluctance.

Unfinished as it was, it gave evidence of merit of high order. He watched her slender fingers manipulating the brushes, and observed, somewhat irrelevantly, that "to those who possessed a genuine taste for it, painting must be a very delightful occupation." "As an occupation it is delightful; as a profession—well—like literature, it is a good staff but a poor crutch. When there is the constant pressure of necessity behind it, it becomes drudgery." She dropped a tiny fleck of white upon a petal, worked it in painstakingly for a moment, and then continued:

"I do not paint altogether because I choose to, but because I must. It is work that has always been poorly rewarded in the West, a state of affairs that is growing more and more discouraging, now that every body is an amateur more or less depraved."

Strangford laughed at the cynical little speech and the soft, pensive tone in which it was uttered. She had perceived that his appearance and manner were unquestionably those of a gentleman, and, finally relenting, pointed to a chair and asked him to be seated.

He endeavored not to accept the coveted invitation with too much alacrity, and drew the chair forward with precision, where he could study her face and her graceful poses without appearing to do so.

"This is a lovely place," he remarked, looking out upon the stretches of emerald fields and the cool dusky vistas of the adjoining woods. "I think," he continued, "that it is becoming fashionable to profess a love for nature which few people really feel. There are thousands who live in the country who are ignorant of the names of plants, birds and even trees that they have seen ever since they were born."

"That is true enough," she replied, "and the summer exodus of city people, on the other hand, is only in obedience to the law of self-preservation. They must get away from heated walls and pavements—those who can—and they take refuge in the cool places that are to be found here, in the mountains or by the seashore. They come because they must, and not because all this means any thing to them. I think the gift of appreciating nature must be born in one, like the real love for books, or pictures or music. It can not be created, although latent sparks are sometimes fanned into rather a cheerful flame."

Her reserve had gradually worn away and she was by this time, if not cordial, at least hospitably gracious. Their conversation presently became less abstract and after that mysterious and unexplainable manner of strangers in a strange land, they began exchanging personalities.

Strangford handed her his card, relieved that she showed no apprehension when she learned that he lived in Chicago, and he explained that the country for miles around Grandon used to be familiar to him—every inch of it—when he was a boy.

In return she told him that her name was Margaret Wyat, that she was a teacher of drawing and painting in a girls' boarding school in the South. Her home had been, formerly, in St. Louis. She had come North to study and rest and finish a few orders at her leisure.

Just at this juncture two figures came suddenly around the corner of the house—two burly, unkempt and unshaven vagabonds, smelling of villainous whisky and as ragged as scare-crows. They made a whining request for food and coffee, and when Strangford sternly ordered them to be gone, slunk away, muttering curses and scowling vindictively.

There was the silence of desertion about the premises and the empty house, and Margaret, although outwardly composed, was in a tremor of fear lest they should return. They went down the road, however, without looking back.

Strangford turned to her and said gravely: "You see how unsafe it is for you to remain here alone, and I hope you will not be so rash again. I do not know what might have happened if I had not been here, which was the merest accident. You should remember that the safety and seclusion of the country are things of the past; there is no place so remote or inaccessible that it is not overrun by these goths and vandals—the refuse of city workshops and the overflow of city slums." He shivered as he thought of the peril she had escaped, and said decidedly that he would remain until the Allens returned, and she said with much meekness that she would be very glad.

"I am too disturbed to paint any more this afternoon," she added, laughing nervously as she thrust the wet brushes into the cup of water where they were usually deposited removing the apron which she wore to protect her dress. She picked up a garden hat and said, "Come we will go and look at the flowers; it will be like a communion after good and friendly spirits after a visitation of demons."

Mrs. Allen's garden was her pride. There all sorts of sweet old-fashioned flowers bloomed together in rich luxuriance; stiff bachelor's buttons, velvety phlox and verbenas, mourning bride, love lies bleeding, and white petunias, above which silvery-winged moths hovered in the odorous dusk.

They strolled up and down the broad, clean walks talking of many things, with as much ease and interest as if their acquaintance had been a matter of many years. The barrier of conventionality so suddenly and and unavoidably swept away, they were brought more closely together than they might have been after months of casual meeting.

The family returned at sundown and they then went back into the house. Margaret introduced Strangford to Mrs. Allen, who remembered that she had known his mother and insisted that he should remain until after supper. Margaret shyly seconded the invitation, and, though, fearing that he might weary her, Strangford found himself unable to refuse.

As he rode back to Gradon in the moonlight, he seemed to have lived a lifetime, and could hardly convince himself that the whole experience was not a dream.

Upon such natures impressions are made instantly and indelibly. He required no time in which to determine if an acquaintance was to be a friend or an enemy, or remain merely an acquaintance. He seemed to have known Margaret Wyat, however, in some previous state of existence—ages before. Every word, tone and gesture were familiar, and in exacting a promise that she would never again remain at the farm-house alone, he felt as if he were re-assuming old responsibilities that he had temporarily laid aside.

It was a friendship from the beginning and progressed rapidly, the two being drawn together by common sympathies, or by diverse opinions even still more potent. The Allen farm was not so far from the Hester's but that he could ride over almost daily on some pretext; now it was to bring her some book which she had expressed a desire to read, the Sunday papers or the late magazines. Mrs. Allen was absorbed in household affairs and rarely intruded. The visits were presently extended into walks, or he accompanied her upon her sketching expeditions in the neighborhood, and on these occasions usually stretched himself on the grass at her feet and read aloud while she painted.

That he was deeply infatuated he did not pretend to deny, although he was in a painful state of doubt concerning her feeling toward him. Her manner was a strange mixture of reserve, of discouraging ease and frankness which he had supposed no woman could assume toward a man whom she loved. She had shown nothing of that shyness and embarrassment which are commonly held to be peculiarly feminine symptoms of the grand passion.

Still, he consoled himself that she was not a school girl, but a woman of mature years, thoroughly conversant with the customs of the world. The heart of such a woman is an unfathomable mystery, and the manifestation of its impulse as varying as the effects of anesthetics or intoxicants in different temperaments.

After that first brief confidence she never spoke of herself again. She had made one request which from any other woman Strangford would have thought peculiar. She had asked him to call her Margaret. "My mother was a Quakeress," she explained, "and I find myself still influenced by the old forms. And there is another reason that perhaps I may tell you some day." She was the last person in the world to have permitted even a hint of flippant familiarity, and he called her Margaret as he might have addressed Athine. He trusted her implicitly; that she was purity itself, that she was all that was sweet and true and noble he knew as well as if he had known every circumstance of her history from childhood. He had been content with just what she vouchsafed that he should know, and did not seek to precipitate an explanation—a confession he did not once think it might be—which, for her own good and sufficient reasons, she had seen fit to withhold.

In all their talks the subject of marriage was never touched upon, directly or indirectly. It was evidently distasteful or uninteresting to her, and if she had any opinions she kept them to herself.

The days slipped by unconsciously and September was near at hand. One afternoon they sat together under the shadow of a pine on a hillside, she painting and he reading, as usual. She looked up and perceived that the valley below them was already in shadow.

"Pardon me for interrupting you," she said suddenly, "it is growing late and we must go. Mrs. Allen will think our friends the tramps have returned and murdered us." Strangford closed the book at once. "And," she continued mechanically, as if repeating something by note, "I must tell you that I return to the South to-morrow evening, so our pleasant days are at an end."

Strangford started violently at this not wholly unexpected but dreaded announcement; his cheeks flushed under their tan, but he recovered himself with an effort.

"Nonsense" he said lightly. "Two such congenial spirits do not cross each other's path once in ages. You do not know me—after all these weeks—if you think I am to be taken up and thrown aside with such indifference."

"But I mean what I say," said she, smiling sadly.

"So do I."

She did not reply and he went on soberly: "You are not so blind, Margaret but that you must have seen just what this friendship has been to me. Although accident, destiny, whatever you choose to call it, has thrown us together, I am not a man who makes friends easily, or loses them without regret. There are not a dozen people in the world who care for me—or for whom I care. There is no one toward whom I have felt as I have toward you——"

"O hush, hush!" she said passionately.

"I can not accuse you of deceiving me," he continued as if she had not spoken. "There has been nothing whatever on your part which I could construe into encouragement, except the simple fact that you have tolerated my society. It is my own fault wholly, if the egotism of my sex prompted me to imagine that you might perceive that I loved you sincerely, and have hoped unceasingly to win you and make you love me in return."

HE READ ALOUD.

She looked at him an instant—a look of inexpressible anguish and remorse—and burst into bitter weeping.

This sobered him at once. He humbly asked her forgiveness, and asked that she would have patience with him.

"I have been blind and selfish," she said when she could speak with composure. "But I have lived so long in solitude, that I could not deny myself the solace of human companionship. I told you once that I would tell you more of my history. I find that I can not. We must part, the parting must be final, and I desire you to forget me or remember me—only as you have known me. What I am or may have been can be nothing to you."

"Never!" he protested vehemently. "I can not let you go. It is too late." Then with sudden fear he asked her if she loved some one else.

"No;" she whispered with a shudder.

"Do you care for me at all?"

"I can not tell you. Do not urge me any longer. I can only repeat what I have already said; we must part to-night, and our parting must be final. I know that you will not force upon me an acquaintance I can no longer retain, whatever I may desire. You will respect my wish—no—not my wishes—but the inexorable destiny that stands between us."

Strangford did not reply; his brain was in a whirl, but in all his bewilderment he clung to the hope, or rather to the firm belief, that he had the strength and patience to finally overcome any other obstacle, or to contend triumphantly with any difficulty that might separate them for a time.

He passed a sleepless night, and in a state of feverish uncertainty and indecision, the morning wore away.

That he should submissively let her go beyond all recall, or beyond reach of his aid, should she ever need it, was impossible, so notwithstanding her request, repeated many times he determined to see her once more.

As he halted again to let his horse drink at the wayside spring, his glance wandered over the diverging roads—one winding up the hillside, the other disappearing behind the willows that fringed the bank of the creek, and he recalled the day when he had been impelled by his good or evil genius to choose between them.

The few weeks had effected little change in the landscape. That afternoon and this were strangely alike, and he felt, for a moment, as if he had returned, empty-handed, to the starting point of some futile journey.

The same gray clouds veiled the sky; there was the same hint of approaching frost in the chilly air; he heard the same sounds—the whirr of the grasshoppers, the chirping of the crickets in the grass, the barking of dogs and the lowing of cows from distant farms.

But there had been, within his own soul, a tremendous and abiding change, and, either in the happy conclusion of his experience, its rich fruition, or the dearth and bitterness of denial a new life was before him.

He halted at the Allen's gate, his fleeting discouragement succeeded by fresh hope and renewed determination inspired by the consciousness of being again in Margaret's presence. He felt rather than saw that she was in her old place behind the vines. At the same moment he caught the penetrating odor of a cigar. Then he saw a man sitting beside her, tilted back in his chair. His

HE SAW A MAN SITTING BESIDE HER.

feet, encased in embroidered slippers, rested on the railing. A gay smoking cap and a gaudy dressing gown were conspicuous features of his attire. He might have been handsome once, but his face now was stolid and sensual. A bristling black moustache did not conceal his coarse mouth, and he surveyed Strangford from under the thick lids of his half-closed, blood-shot eyes with undisguised insolence. He removed the cigar, held it between the stubby fingers of his rough, red hand, and without changing his attitude waited for Strangford to make known his business. Margaret glided forward like some wan, unhappy ghost, and said, as she extended her hand:

"Mr. Strangford, this is my husband."

MARY H. KROUT.

—Horses accustomed to active exercise are often injured by being kept standing in the stable when not needed in the field. Turn them out nights and reduce their grain ration.

—New York's hotels are a small city in themselves. There were only nineteen of them in 1870, but now there are sixty-two, with six more to follow, and they will accommodate 30,000 people.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The verdict of appointed judges in England is that British grown tobacco can not be made to pay.

—Oxalate of cerium, a recognized palliative for nausea, is said to be helpful in cases of seasickness, when taken in doses of ten to twenty grains every two or three hours.

—An idea has been developed in Germany in the shape of the manufacture of mortar by machinery in large quantities, to be delivered to contractors or individuals as required for use. About 2,000,000 barrels were disposed of in Berlin on this plan alone last year.

—Prison doctor (to visitors)—"As a rule, coarse, brutal people are long lived. Now see that prisoner there. He is good for forty years yet. Let us speak to him. My man, don't you come of a long-lived family?" "Can't say that I do." "How old was your father when he died?" "Thirty-five." "What caused his death?" "A rope."—*Lincoln Journal.*

—The reported discovery of the "elixir of life" in baths of acetic acid, applied daily, has elicited some interesting scientific comments. These demonstrate the biological impossibility of living forever, and show that Scottish physicians have used acetic acid since 1850 for dissolving away dead tissues from diseased joints, etc., and have thus effected some remarkable cures.

—For cementing minerals, etc., Prof. Whitfield recommends a compound in suitable proportions of starch, white sugar, gum arabic, and water, the gum being dissolved, the sugar added, and the mixture boiled until the starch is cooked. After this, the substance is dried into sheets by spreading it out on any suitable surface and re-dissolving it when required for use. It has the property of being very adhesive.

—A New Hampshire shoe-peg manufacturing firm that produces 40,000 bushels annually uses second-growth birch, which is considered a quick-growing timber. A shoe-peg goes through eighteen different hands or processes before it reaches the market and is placed on sale, and seventy-five per cent. of cost is for labor. The shoe-peg industry is a growing one.

—The *Mechanical News* says that the proposed substitution of India rubber for metal in the manufacture of horse-shoes is based upon various supposed advantages, one of these being that the former enables a horse to go easily over all kinds of roads and rough or slippery ground without slipping. The contrivance brought forward for this purpose is such as to obviate in one instance the necessity of using an iron shoe which can be moved momentarily when the horse is not traveling, and can also be used when the horse is shod with an iron shoe.

—More mistakes have been made in this matter of the treatment of disease by change of climate than in many others of the multifarious conditions for which a physician is consulted. And statistics, arrays of barometric readings, lines of humidity, comparative prevalence of winds, all go for little when once a poor sick wanderer gets 1,000 miles away from home, and longs for familiar faces and surroundings. Then, to counterbalance nostalgia, to make up for what has been abandoned, one needs that health should rapidly return, or homesickness will do more harm than change can do good.—*William F. Hutchinson, M. D.*

ANTISEPTIC SURGERY.

Some Points in Surgical Methods as Practiced at Bellevue.

"Bellevue knows not pus," is the proud boast of the great hospital in New York City. Perhaps this is not literally true, but it is nearly so, and it is made possible by the most remarkable system of precaution that can well be imagined. It is almost true that Bellevue is scrubbed with antiseptics. The floors are sprayed with such preparations, surgeons and attendants wash to the elbows in antiseptics when an operation is to be performed, and instruments are kept for hours in an antiseptic bath.

Should an instrument be dropped on the floor it is kicked from the room and another from the antiseptic bath is used in its place. The towels of the hospital are washed in antiseptics and kept from the air, lest germs of disease reach them. When brought out for use they are sprayed in antiseptics, and when a wound is bound the towels are piled on several inches thick, that germs from the air may be intercepted. A mangled hand is scrubbed with antiseptics and bound with sprayed bandages.

Operations that were scarcely known a few years ago are performed almost weekly at Bellevue. A Western physician who spends a short time each year studying his profession in the hospitals of New York, says that he finds at each visit some operation that was not attempted before. He sees the progress of surgery here with astonishment. Though he may have read in medical journals of this or that new operation, the sight of it comes to him like a revelation.

There is a popular belief that America is far behind the old world in surgery, but a resident physician of foreign birth declares that no country performs daring and successful operations with the frequency with which they are performed here. The American surgeon, when a difficult operation is to be performed, often precedes it by a similar operation upon a dead subject. So does the French surgeon, but the latter often approaches the living subject with nervousness, while the American surgeon is as cool in the one case as the other. The same physician owns that Germany does many wonderful things in surgery, and thinks the study of her progress highly valuable.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—The young man who is too fresh generally finds himself in a pickle sooner or later.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

—The Piutes dance to bring on rain. Holding a Sunday-school picnic has the same effect.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

—Saccharine, which was to be used as a substitute for sugar, appears to cause nausea and dyspeptic symptoms.

—It takes a maiden lady of thirty-three to confess she is not so bitterly set against smoking after all.—*Texas Siftings.*

—An Ohio man dreamed of falling into a well, and two weeks later he was married. Coming events cast their shadows before.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—A sign before a New York office reads: "Women treated for ugliness." If somebody would treat men for ugliness there would be a wild rush for the bar without a moment's delay.—*Lincoln Journal.*

—The rooster would be a much more popular bird if it could only be induced to feel that there is no real vital necessity for its reporting its whereabouts between midnight and three a. m.—*Cocyman's (N. Y.) Herald.*

—The servant who drops tears feelingly at religious services and drops dishes unfeelingly in the kitchen, has her tenderness altogether too much on one side. And it is a poor kind of religion which seeks opportunities to set others straight, but overlooks its own crookedness.

—An English coroner's jury recently decided that a man who was found dead at the bottom of a river had died because of a "sudden immersion after a hearty meal." People who wish to lie down in the bed of a river should be careful not to do so after eating a hearty meal.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—"I see," remarked the proof-reader, "that one bad error went through in one of the poems last week. The boys printed 'padlock' for 'wedlock.' Shall I reprint it, or call attention to it in a correction?" "N-no," replied the editor, "let it go as it is. Everybody will understand it."—*Burlington Hawk-eye.*

—"Yes; father," he said to old Mr. Hayseed, "I've graduated, and my education is complete. I s'pose I know about every thing. Now I must choose a field where my abilities can be used to the best advantage. I want a large field where I will have plenty of room." "Son," replied the old man, "there is the ten-acre cornfield and you can have it all to yourself.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—"Humph," said a front row coryphee in a burlesque show, "I don't think much of society people, anyhow." "Do you mean those women in that box party?" "Yes. What do you think of them?" "I think their decollete dresses are too immodest for anything." "So do I, perfectly shocking."—*Merchant Traveler.*

HAND-MADE RUBIES.

Artificial Gems that Would Deceive the Keenest Expert.

The latest sensation in the jewelry trade has been caused by the appearance in this market of a wonderfully beautiful imitation of the ruby, or, as it is called, the artificial ruby.

Thus far the spurious gem has not been masquerading as the genuine stone, but has been sold in small numbers for what it actually is. At present the only artificial rubies in the city are the importations of one of the most prominent Maiden lane jewelers, who saw several specimens during a recent visit to Switzerland, where they were originally produced, and brought several of them with him to New York.

"It is next to impossible," said the jeweler in question to the reporter, "for even an expert to tell the difference between these new productions and genuine stones."

"How are these gems made?" asked the reporter.

"I would not be at liberty to answer that question even if I knew myself," was the reply; "but it is said that they are not spurious or artificial in one sense, being the fusion of many small stones in one. If that be the fact, you see that although this particular stone may not be natural, yet it may be composed of several natural stones by the new fusion process. To all outward appearance the gem is genuine and will stand the test of hardness, luster, specific gravity, and chemical composition. To all intents and purposes it is a ruby.

"It was only very recently that this new process was discovered, although chemists have been working at the problem in Europe for a long time. Two French chemists, it is said, have been partially successful in producing rubies like bubbles, but nothing has yet been done to equal those I have shown to you. The largest thus far produced weighs two carats, but it is expected that a three-carat specimen will be forthcoming soon."

"How do the artificial stones compare with the genuine as far as price is concerned?"

"A two-carat ruby would be worth not less than $1,500, while this one in my hand would probably be sold at retail for $300. A perfect three-carat stone—and there are but few in existence—is worth at least $10,000, but one of these of the same would sell for perhaps $1,000.

"These manufactured gems, therefore, are not cheap, like paste diamonds, for instance, and would not be worn by people altogether poverty-stricken, as paste diamonds are. The ruby is the most valuable of all precious stones, and has, up to the present time, defied the skill of chemists to imitate it. Whether the beautiful counterfeit will find favor among buyers of costly gems it is now too early to say."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

MAMMA'S GOOD-NIGHT.

Mamma loosens the baby's frock,
And takes off each little shoe and sock;
She softly brushes the golden hair,
And puts the shoulders, dimpled and bare;
She puts on the night-gown, white and long,
Humming the while an evening song:
"Daytime is over;
Play-time is closing;
Even the clover
Is nodding and dozing.
Baby's bed shall be soft and white.
Dear little boy, good-night! good-night!"

Mamma kisses the little pink feet,
And the tiny hands so dimpled and sweet,
The rosy cheeks, and the forehead white,
And the lips that prattle from morn till night;
With a last fond kiss for the golden crown
Gently and softly she lays him down,
And in the hush that the twilight brings
She stands by her darling's bed and sings:
"Over the billow
Soft winds are sighing;
Round Baby's pillow
Bright dreams are flying.
Here comes a pretty one, sure to alight!
Dear little boy, good-night! good-night!"
—*Eudora G. Bumstead, in Our Little Ones.*

HOW NELLY WAS CURED.

Written by a Little Girl for Other Little Girls.

Nellie Gray lived on a large farm in the country. She had every thing she wished for that her papa or mamma thought best for her to have. Now don't you think she ought to have been a very good little girl and not caused her parents any trouble? But she had a bad habit of running away. In vain her mamma reproved and coaxed and forbade her doing so. One day Mrs. Gray was very busy and was compeled to leave Nelly alone. "Now, Nelly," her mamma had said, "I do not want you to go outside of the yard, and remember I expect you to obey me."

For a while Nelly was contented, but she soon found it dull and scolded to herself because her mamma would not let her do as she herself wanted to. "Oh, dear!" sighed Nelly, "I believe I'll go and see Nick and hear the hand-organ."

Nick Jones was an old man who to earn his living traveled in the summer, with his hand-organ, but he was now laid up with rheumatism. Mrs. Gray often sent Nelly with a basket of food for him, and Nick was very kind about letting Nelly play with the hand-organ and a monkey which he owned. "I know mamma won't see me," said this naughty little girl to herself, "and I can get back before she misses me, I know." So off she started, but had not gone far before she heard a tune from a hand-organ. It must be that old Nick is better, thought Nelly, but as she drew nearer to the place where she heard the music, she saw it was not Nick, but a man she had never seen before. Her first impulse was to run home. The man spoke to her pleasantly, however, and said: "Little girl, do you like to hear hand-organs?"

"Oh, yes," Nelly answered, "and I like to see monkeys too; can your monkey dance?"

"Yes," said the man, "and I will make him dance for you. Now, Jacko, go ahead," and the man began to play a lively tune and the monkey began to dance.

"Jacko can perform tricks, too; would you like to see him?"

"Very much," replied Nelly.

"Well, you just let me fasten this chain on your wrist and I'll tie the other end on mine, and then we will make him jump over it."

So Nellie held out her hand and the man fastened the chain on her wrist.

"Now, my fine little lady, you can't get away for I am going to take you with me and teach you to dance; I am sure people will like to see such a pretty little girl as you are."

Nelly screamed and cried, but he would not let her go. Then Nelly thought that when they went by her home she would scream as loud as she could, and her papa or mamma would hear her and take her away from the dreadful man; but she kept on crying, too, for she thought perhaps they would meet some one, and if she cried they would know something was the matter, and would surely rescue her.

At last, when they reached Mr. Gray's, the man said:

"I don't think you are the little girl I want. I guess you run away from your mother, and you might get away from me some day if I kept you, and so I guess I will chain you to this fence, and I will go on."

When the man was out of sight Nelly called for some one to come and help her. Her mamma heard, and came and unfastened her little daughter. Nelly then told her adventure.

"Well, Nelly," her mother said, "I hope this has taught you a lesson, so you will not run away again."

"Yes, indeed, mamma, it really has," Nelly answered. When her papa came to dinner the story was told to him. As they were rising from the table Mr. Gray said he had a surprise for Maggie and Nelly. (Maggie was a little sister of Nelly's) "If you will come in the sitting-room in fifteen minutes it will be ready for you," he said.

When the time was over the little girls went into the other room, and there sat that awful hand-organ man. When he saw Nelly he laughed, pulled his whiskers, and, much to her surprise, they came off; he then pulled his hair, and came off, too, and there it was Nelly's own papa instead of a hand-organ man!

"Why, papa," said Maggie, "how did you come to have those funny things on, and scare Nelly so?"

"Well," said papa, "I saw Nelly start off on her journey, and I knew her mamma had told her not to go away; so I went to my room and got this wig and the false whiskers, which I had used when I acted in a play once. I put them on, and then run across the lots to Nick's and borrowed his hand-organ and the monkey and a chain, and then came back this way and met Nelly."

"Papa," said Nelly, when he had finished, "I am glad that I found out that it was you, but it frightened me so that I shall never want to run away again."

And she never did. And this was the way Nelly was cured.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A BEE STORY.

How Johnny Knew What to Do, and How He Put His Knowledge to Practical Use.

Johnny spied it first, one sultry Saturday afternoon, coming straight across the tops of the plum-trees in the garden—a wavering little black cloud.

"What is it?" he cried. "How funny it looks! Oh, what is it?"

Johnny was out on the veranda. Uncle Lewis was there, too, reading in the hammock, with his feet hanging lazily over, and grandpa was dozing off in his arm-chair.

But at Johnny's excited exclamation, Uncle Lewis pulled in his feet and shut his book, because Johnny was always seeing something worth while wanting to know about; and grandpa opened his eyes, and tried to look as if he hadn't the smallest idea of going to sleep.

"There!" cried Johnny. "See, it's almost over our heads!"

"It's heat in the air," said Uncle Lewis. "Why, no!" he added quickly. "Why, Johnny, it's a swarm of run-away bees! I wish they'd light; then we'd hive 'em, and get some honey."

Johnny was a funny boy. Uncle Lewis, who liked to tease little boys, called him "Student John," and "The Learned Blacksmith," and a good many other names, because he was always poring over books and papers that were not story-books and papers at all.

Just at this minute Johnny puckered up his mouth into a round O, and gave a little surprised whistle, and darted into the house like a small whirlwind.

In a good deal less than a minute he was out again, with his drum slung across his breast, and the drum-sticks in his two brown hands, and away he went on a run through the orchard, after the little black cloud, beating rat-a-tat-tat-tat-rat-a-tat-tat!

"What *is* that youngster up to now?" said Uncle Lewis, and he spilled himself out of his hammock, and clapped on his palm-leaf hat, and followed after.

"He knows what he's doing—that boy does," said grandpa, meaning Johnny.

But he took his cane, and put on his hat, and followed Uncle Lewis across the orchard.

And pretty soon they both came to where Johnny was standing still, near the farther line of the orchard, with his cheeks red and his eyes shining, beating steadily away at his drum.

"I've got 'em!" he cried, his voice fairly trembling with excitement and delight. "See, gram'pa! see, Uncle Lew!"

Sure enough, there was a black, hanging cluster on a low apple-bough.

"Hooray, my boy!" cried Uncle Lewis, throwing up his hat. "Good enough!"

"Well done!" said grandpa, patting Johnny's head.

"I'll get an empty hive over to Mr. Carroll's—he keeps bees," said Uncle Lewis. "How'd you know about it, Johnny?"

"I read it," said Johnny, laughing up in Uncle Lewis' face; "about if you pound on any thing loud enough so the bees can't hear their own noise they'll light. So I did—and I'm awful glad!"

Well, Uncle Lewis got one of Mr. Carroll's empty hives; and Mr. Carroll himself came over and hived Johnny's swarm for him.

"It's a good one," said he, "and will make you lots of honey."

"I'll keep it for you," said grandpa to Johnny; "and all I'll charge'll be what honey we eat."

So grandpa kept the swarm; and I am afraid if I were to tell you just how many swarms of bees there are in grandpa's orchard from that very one, and just how much money Johnny has put in the bank from the sale of bees and honey, you would say it was a fish story instead of a story about bees.

But there are a good many swarms, and it is a good deal of money—for a little boy to own.—*Youth's Companion.*

—According to historians Pacific Islanders will never eat hen's eggs, considering them unfit for food; but they sell them to sailors. The Esquimaux will not eat vegetables, considering it a perverted taste that will indulge in such stuff. The New Guinea natives refuse to eat bread and biscuits, and abhor sugar. On the contrary, such tribes enjoy ants, grasshoppers, monkeys and snakes. Those Malayans that collect edible birds' nests never can be induced to eat of them. African tribes that keep most cattle never taste milk. Salt is where all the world finds kinship, for no nation or tribe but craves it, and needs it. On the whole we shall have to go back to the old Latin saw for an explanation of such diversities: "There is no accounting for tastes."

—The waiters in a New York restaurant having struck, the sharp proprietor rang for a number of district messenger boys, and thus temporarily supplied the places of the strikers until other waiters could be secured.

—Any persons detected by the police throwing orange or banana peel on the sidewalk in Philadelphia are liable to a fine of five dollars.

Fourteen Mistakes of Life.

Somebody has condensed the mistakes of life, and arrived at the conclusion that there are fourteen of them. Most people would say, if they told the truth, that there was no limit to the mistakes of life; that they were like the drops in the ocean or the sands on the shore in number; but it is well to be accurate. Here, then, are fourteen great mistakes: It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly; to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; to look for judgment and experience in youth; to endeavor to mold all dispositions alike; not to yield to immaterial trifles; to look for perfection in our actions; to worry ourselves and others with what can not be remedied; not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power; not to make allowances for the infirmities of others; to consider every thing impossible that we can not perform; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp; to expect to be able to understand every thing. The greatest of mistakes is to live for time alone, which any moment may launch into eternity.—*Wives and Daughters.*

—In this great whirligig of a world, there is nothing stranger than the mating and mismating of men and women. There is no question that is more insoluble, and more often asked, than this: "What on earth ever tempted that woman to marry that man?" You can not answer it, I can not, and she can not. There is but one other question like it; and that is, "What on earth ever tempted that man to marry such a woman?" He can not tell, and she can not, and nobody can. So it is, and so it will be, all the time, here, and there, and everywhere on earth.

THE man who tips his soup-plate seldom tips the waiter.—*Puck.*

THE spook of the "Haunted Tavern" must have been an inn-spector.

How to Overcome the Dangers of Exposure.

Francis O'Reilly, the well-known livery man of No. 18 Prince street, New York, says of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS:

"For the last forty-two years I have been engaged in the livery and hacking business. I am greatly aided by my four boys. We are much exposed to the weather, and we have found ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS of very great service. We use them as chest protectors, placing one on the chest and one on the pit of the stomach. They not only ward off the cold, but act as a tonic. We are frequently affected with rheumatism, kinks in the back, and pains in the side; but one or two of ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS quickly cure us. My wife and daughter have been using ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS for weak back and think the world of them. I have now been using them for twenty years, and always have a box in the house."

ONE thing can be said in favor of Chinese drama—the actors never forget their queues.—*New Haven News.*

A Twister.

Rheumatism is a remorseless twister. It twists the joints out of shape; it produces angular projections where there should be curves, and worse than all, makes us writhe and twist with pain on couches that sleep refuses to visit. Conquer this truly demoniacal disease in its infancy with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which also overcomes kidney complaints, nervousness, dyspepsia, chills and fever.

THE ice-dealer's motto—As we journey through life let us live by the weigh.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Fair fashionables patronize that standard beautifier, Glenn's Sulphur Soap.
Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50c.

THE quick and the dead—the pitcher and the man out on third.—*Burlington Free Press.*

WHICH is the most powerful, the earth or the sea? The sea, of course, it has such heaps of muscles.

IT is said that the lawn order society is responsible for the "Keep off the Grass" edict.—*Boston Transcript.*

NEXT to having a new bonnet herself a woman likes to have a chance to make fun of some other woman's headgear.—*Somerville Journal.*

A KILLING affair—to be struck with an idea.

AN off hand matter is trying to finger a buzz saw while in motion.

A FAT man though not blind is compelled to feel his weigh.—*Texas Siftings.*

A PARTY "hemmed in" by the Indians is likely to be basted.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

THERE are thousands of people who devour the continued stories in the magazines who invariably decline cereals for breakfast.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A YOUNG authoress being asked to define osculation, said it was one of those things that the more in the dark you were the more light you obtained on the subject.—*Illustrated Pacific States.*

IT is the man who pulls for the shore who wants the earth.

BY the Humorist—He laughs best who laughs first.—*Table Talk.*

THE familiar saying: "Talk is cheap," did not originate with the man who paid five dollars for ten minutes' consultation with his doctor, or with the man who had just settled his lawyer's bill.

THE man who said: "The shortest day is the day you wed, and the longest day the day when you wish you hadn't," has since learned that when baby is sick is the time when day and night are equal.

HEALING is nature's knitting work.

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22 Years. Newton, Ill., May 23, 1888.
From 1863 to 1885—about 22 years—I suffered with rheumatism of the hip. I was cured by the use of St. Jacobs Oil. T. C. DODD.

15 Years. Maple Hill, Mich., May 5, 1888.
Mr. JOHN J. SMITH, Ensley, Michigan, was afflicted with rheumatism 15 years; his case was pronounced incurable by two physicians, but was cured by St. Jacobs Oil and has remained so two years. S. McCREARY, Druggist.

Since 1885. No. Branch, Mich., May 21, 1888.
Fall of 1885 was taken with Inflammatory Rheumatism and suffered two weeks; was cured by one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. Mrs. J. H. VANDECAR.

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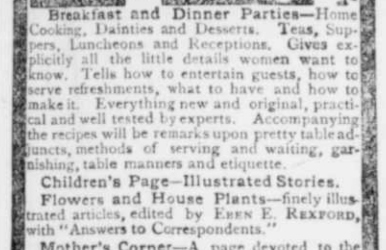

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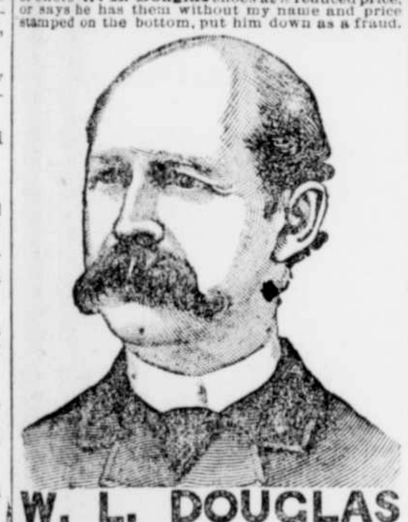

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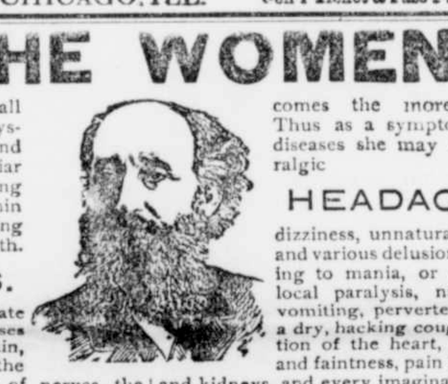
TO THE WOMEN!



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WEAKNESS.
On account of the intimate connection of these diseases with the stomach, brain, heart and liver, through the sympathetic spinal system of nerves, the diagnosis or locating of her diseases becomes the more difficult. Thus as a symptom of her diseases she may have neuralgic
HEADACHE,
dizziness, unnatural emotions and various delusions, amounting to mania, or may have local paralysis, nausea and vomiting, perverted appetite, a dry, hacking cough, palpitation of the heart, oppression and faintness, pain in the back and kidneys, and every imaginable disease as caused by reflex action.

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Ten years I have been a great sufferer from dyspepsia, neuralgic headache and other diseases. Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup made me a well woman. MRS. A. D. NOBLE, Jackson, Mich.
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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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OF INDIANA.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
LEVI P. MORTON,
OF NEW YORK.

FOR CONGRESS,
Sixth Congressional District,
LEWIS E. McCOMAS.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 15, 1888.

We will give General Harrison's letter of acceptance in full in our next issue. It should be read by every voter in the land. It bears the stamp of a genuine statesmanship.

The Burlington *Free Press* shows how the Protection issues added to the Republican vote in Vermont. The heaviest Republican gains have been made in the large towns, like Burlington, Rutland and Brattelboro where the voters comprise a large number of workingmen. "The results in these towns indicate plainly that the workingmen are using their own eyes and brains this year; that they appreciate the business issue, and that they are protecting their own interest by voting with the party which stands for the protection of American industry."

In all due respect we submit to our friends of Allegany county that the paternal business is getting somewhat monotonous. We are of age. We must pay our own bills. We collect and spend the taxes. We have a court house, a jail and no doubt some day we will be getting an almshouse; but with all this and in spite of all this, our old friends of Allegany *still think when it comes to getting* up a ticket, that we are not able to "go it alone." The days of adolescence have come in all things but this. But we are getting sensitive. It looks like an imputation of incompetency, and the fact is that we resent it and naturally it causes ill feelings all around. We yield to no one in allegiance to our mother county. Her noble sons and daughters are as dear to us as the apple of our eye. But when it comes to fixing up a ticket, electing delegates, &c., we like to do as we are at all other times expected to do, "paddle our own canoe." Some of these times we are going to hold a big fair. We are going to bring together all our products, our big horses, cattle, sheep, and hogs. We will bring out the big turnip, potato and onion. In grain we can show the biggest in height and highest in yield. Then our fruits, apples, pears, peaches, &c., simply beat the world. Then above all and over all we will show what boys and girls, and what men we have with ruddy faces and muscles ready to conquer the world. All this we are going to do and then challenge the world. We won't forget to show you how we can shoot, how we can run, hold the plow and what not. Mother Allegany we give you a standing invitation. The latch-string is always out. Come often. We will kill the fatted calf and put the big pot in the little one generally. But when we are holding a friendly primary meeting we most respectfully submit that we have on our men's clothes and prepared full fledged to "go it alone."

We don't claim that Garrett county is exactly in the centre of the Universe, but to all intents and purposes it isn't far off. The sun comes down alike all around us and if exact measurements were to be taken it would be found that it is just the same distance going West to a given point on the opposite side of the globe as it is to said point going East—and if this is not evidence enough we would just say that we believe we have got the fairest skies, the purest air, the sweetest water, the best looking girls the brightest boys and the smartest lawyers in the whole United States, not excepting even Cumberland. If you have been travelling around the world and been living off California apricots and peaches, or Florida oranges and Georgia watermelons and want a nice dessert, just come to Garrett and get one of Nick Merrill's or a Rush apple and you will be like the famous traveller who has gone into history as the originator of the remark, "see Paris and die." You will conclude, have you never before tasted their delights, that so far you have lived in vain. By the way, *en passant*, as they say in very polite circles, the taste of apples and pears and such have always seemed very grateful to our taste. There is something inspiring in the contemplation of a basket of nice fruit, and should this paper in its editorial make up seem to fall below high water mark why just pitch into us—with a basket of apples. The emptiness of the editorial larder is as Cleveland said in his famous free wool message, condition, a not a theory, that confronts us.

The time is here when we can look for outbreaks of typhoid fever, diphtheria and kindred diseases. Medical science has demonstrated that many such outbreaks are due to bad drainage towards the well, Don't wait for the Board of Health to come around. Resolve yourself into a committee of one and go to work. Remember the well is the low spot towards which all drainage tends for hundreds of feet. Stop the leakage as best you can by means of ditches or drains. Have spouts to carry off all waste water, dish water and chamber slops. We believe blind drains to be a delusion and a snare. Better ten times over an open drain and cleaned out occasionally by flushing with fresh water. Don't imagine that if you kill the odor that you have killed all disease germs. Save all your coal ashes and use to disenfect and abolish the odors from the privy. Don't build a new house, dig a well and then dig a privy vault not a hundred feet off. Don't have any privy vault. Keep all excretions on level dry ground and use coal ashes freely and remove frequently, as you value the health of family or neighbors. We people of Oakland should go into a committee of the whole House and resolve to banish every nuisance, clean up and keep clean, and then next spring show by ocular demonstration that this is a clean town and worthy of the name of "The Mountain Health Resort."

We want to make the REPUBLICAN one among the best of Western Maryland newspapers. We shall spare neither expense nor trouble to make it readable and instructive. We ask the co-operation of every earnest citizen of the county, irrespective of party, to assist in our endeavors. We will be glad to hear from you on any important subject and shall be glad to make the acquaintance of every citizen in Garrett. We believe there is nothing that will work more benefit to the prosperity of the county than a representative newspaper, and it is impossible for us to make it readable, interesting or instructive unless we have the assistance of the citizens of the entire county. We have a large circle of Democratic readers, and we value them highly, knowing them to be honest, intelligent and amongst the best citizens of the county. We shall take the liberty for the next two months of sending our paper to many who are not subscribers. All we ask is that they take the paper out of the office, read it and say a good word for us if they can. There will be no charge made for those special copies and all such papers will be promptly stopped at the close of the campaign.

We would ask of the farmers and laboring people of Garrett county why they go on year after year voting for a party whose record, legislation and general tendency is always against your interests. Does not every attempt to injure American industries come from the South? You know as well as we do that if the Republican party was in power no Southern free-trader would be chairman of the committee that has charge of such measures. You know as well as we do that to put coal on the free list would kill Western Maryland so dead that to all intents and purposes we might be fenced in and sold to the highest bidder,

Is it wise? Is it honest? Is it patriotic, we ask you in all candor, to further cast your votes with such a party? Don't say your father voted that way or some neighbor you don't like votes the Republican ticket. We have no time for child's play this time.

If you think for a single moment that free trade is a cry for campaign purposes, look at the back files of your Baltimore *Sun*, your New York *World* and every single one of the Mugwump organs. Look at Democratic treatment of Samuel J. Randall, the oldest Democratic member of Congress. Do not almost all your organs call him a renegade, a Republican and such like epithets? And for what; simply because he is for protection.

Protection to American labor is the issue. The Mills bill in Congress, the President's free wool message, the Southern brigadiers and all Democratic interests have demanded free trade, first on one thing then on another, until they have menaced every interest in the country.

The tariff of 75 cts. per ton on foreign coal keeps out Nova Scotia coal, which, lying so near New York can be mined and shipped to all the Atlantic seaboard cities which we now supply. Take off that 75 cts. and not a single ton would be shipped from Maryland or West Virginia. It is said Nova Scota can supply the world for years to come.

But some say coal is not to be put on the free list. Yes, but the bill originally had coal on the free list, and here is a Democratic newspaper the average circulation last week 105,000 copies daily, claims coal must be made free. Every copy contains arguments for free coal especially. This man furnishes brains and money to keep up the Democratic party of Pennsylvania.

Vermont Says "No Free Trade."

While the free trade convention was in session at St. Louis, Oregon was polling the largest vote ever known in the history of the State, and the result was an emphatic majority for protection. And now Vermont falls into line. This was the issue, as set forth in a circular of the State committee:

"National honor and independence are at stake. Shall America be American or English? is the question. Shall the Republic be dependent or independent? Shall there be home or foreign rule? Shall the products of labor, whether from the farm or the factory, have a market that will pay the laborer according to the American standard under protection, or the foreign standard under free trade? Shall we listen to the hum of industry or the moan of want? Shall we produce our own wool, cut our own lumber, manufacture our own iron and the products of iron, quarry our own marble, granite and slate, or shall we buy of the foregner? In a word, shall we utilize our inexhaustible resources and be independent American freemen, or shall we let the foreigner crush our industries and then extort the prices which cupidity dictates when the home supply is destroyed? These are the questions involved in the issue which a deluded President has forced upon the American people. Upon such an issue, so vital to national independence and individual prosperity, it is not strange that Democrats, as well as Republicans, should say, as in 1861, 'It is not party, but country; it is not politics, but patriotism.'"

Upon this issue Vermont piles up an unusually large majority and shows that she, too, as well as Oregon, wishes the voters of the country to know that she sees the threatening danger of free trade and desires to put herself on record at the start.

Another Argument Against Free Wool.

The following talk by Mr. Robert Middleton, president of the Globe Woolen Mills, Utica, N. Y., brings out an important fact, and one generally overlooked in the discussion of free wool:

"The practical operation of the Mills bill at once places about one-fourth of the business of the Globe mills upon an absolute free-trade basis, notwithstanding the assertion that the Mills bill does not favor free trade. It would stop our wool-sorting, washing, scouring, picking, dyeing, carding and combing for the reason that all wools are to be admitted free. Wool in the grease, sorted, scoured, picked, dyed, carded or combed, still remains wool. It is not changed from wool until it gets into yarn. Wool can be sorted, prepared for scouring, scoured, picked, carded, combed and dyed cheaper in Europe than in this country by reason of their low price of labor. It is easy to be seen that with free wool all of our stock would be advanced through those processes before it is imported. There is no article of commerce between wool and yarn. And there is no condition of wool before it gets to be yarn when it could be called a manufacture of wool any more than sorted, washed or scoured wool can be called a manufacture of wool.

"I would be pleased if some of our Southern Statesmen, politicians or newspaper writers would tell us how the woolen mill can be run so as not to lose money with one-fourth of its plant standing idle. Woolen mills, like all other manufacturing establishments, did not make money by standing still. It is only when the establishment and all its machinery is run at full head that money is made. With any considerable portion of the machinery idle bankruptcy must soon follow. My own experience teaches me that the Globe Woolen Company has never made both ends meet when any part of its machinery has been made idle."

The voters of Vermont have rendered their verdict on the free trade, sham Civil Service policy of the Cleveland administration in language that cannot be misunderstood.—*Boston Traveler.*

We would like to ask the old veterans of Garrett county a simple question: Tell us why Cleveland signed the Mexican Pension bill which money, we all know, goes to Southern men principally, and before the ink was dry vetoing the Dependent Soldier's Pension bill?

What was the Dependent Pension bill? It simply provided that all old soldiers who were dependent upon charity, who were in almshouses and on the county poor list, and those whose disability was such that it was impossible to work, should get a pension outright, without the long, tedious process of furnishing evidence on top of evidence that they are helpless because they were in the army.

Was there anything wrong in that? Ask Martin Hetrick, an old soldier on his back 3 years. Ask Jos. Frantz and many others.

What Alex. H. Stephens Said.

[From Major McKinley's Atlanta speech.]

The Hon. Alexander Stephens, a distinguished citizen of your own State, and endeared to the people of the South, stated on June 23, 1882, in the house of representatives, the theory so well that I beg to quote from him:

"The best way to raise revenue is by duties upon imports. They bear less heavily on the tax-payers, and, as legislators, that is what we should look to. In levying duties on imports you can at the same time make foreign producers pay for the use of your markets, and in that way, incidentaly and properly, give aid and protection to American industry. It is not true as a general proposition that the consumer pays all the duty imposed upon commodities brought from other countries. This is a question that I cannot now argue. In most instances, where the duties are judiciously laid, they are borne partly by the consumer and partly by the importer.

"To allow congress thus to raise revenue by duties upon imports was one of the main objects in establishing the federal constitution of 1787. This system of internal revenue taxation by excise and stamp duties was not favored by the early fathers of the republic in times of peace. I speak painly, and say that it was looked upon then as not only of British origin, but there was always the odium of British Toryism attached to it in the American mind. There was never any legislation more abhorrent to the people of this country, even in their colonial condition, than what was known as the infamous stamp act."

Mr. Blaine on the President's Error.

In an article on "The President's error," in the *American Magazine* for September, Mr. Blaine says:

"Strangely enough the President neglects, either from design or oversight, to notice what effect the serious reduction of the Tariff would have on the 1,810,256 men employed in transportation—namely, on the railroads, coastwise vessels, river steamers and barges, canal wagon and stage lines. These varied ways of transportation represent an investment of thousands of millions of dollars of American money and give employment to nearly 2,000,000 of men, whose earnings support 9,000,000 of people. Whatever impairs American manufacturing strikes at the great transportation interests. Iron ore admitted free from Spain, coal admitted free from Nova Scotia, wool admitted free from Australia, all favor British ships at the expense of American railroads. The further the President goes in the direction of the doctrine laid down in his message, the more direct and the more deadly is the assault upon the whole organization of American industries."

A Sacrifice to Grover.

The Republican press has not followed up the charge of those Democratic newspapers that opposed Judge Thurman's nomination. Very little has been said about the old gentleman's infirmity. Republican newspapers are willing that Judge Thurman shall stand or fall with the principles he represents.

At the same time it becomes increasingly apparent that Judge Thurman is in no condition to make the campaign which the party managers are forcing him to attempt. To drive an old and infirm man to go through his platform paces at the risk of his life, keeping him up with stimulants is nothing short of cruelty.

Judge Thurman can have little substantial interest in these things. The managers are looking to Mr. Cleveland's advancement. Judge Thurman is being worked as a theatrical display.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

Vermon'ts handsomely increased majority of 28,000—the largest in a straight party fight since the war—shows that the thoughtful and independent citizenship of New England is in favor of protection to American industries and sacred regard for official pledges.—*New York Press.*

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Sept. 10th, 1888.—Senator Hale's committee, which investigated the Democratic violations of the Civil-Service Reform law, met this morning to consider their report to the Senate. The report will clearly show many plain and intentional violation of both the letter and the spirit of this law by Democratic officials.

The conference on the fortification appropriation bill have reached an adjournment, and the bill, which is a compromise, was to-day reported to the House and Senate. The total amount of the appropriations carried by the bill as it stands now is $3 972,000, and the provisions providing for the expenditure of $6,000,000 within three years for heavy guns.

Cleveland's good luck is certainly getting to be a thing of the past. First, he wrote his free trade message, which is the rock upon which the old, Democratic hulk will be wrecked in November. That was hardly a piece of good luck. Second, he attempted to distract public attention from his first blunder by sending in a real genuine "jingo" message on the rejection of the fisheries treaty by the Senate, in which he wildly asked for more authority in order that he might punish the wicked Canadians for their treatment of American interests. He expected his request to be refused by the Republicans, but his luck again went back upon him. The Republicans did not oppose granting him all the power he might imagine necessary for the protection of American interests, but during the discussion of the bill giving him that power the Republicans took occasion to let the country know that Cleveland has had the power in his hands for more than a year and a half to have brought Canada to her knees at any time, but he has declined to use it. The bill giving him the additional power asked for has been passed by the House without serious opposition, only four votes against it and will in due time pass the Senate, so that Cleveland has failed entirely to take the attention of the voters from his free-trade message. After the election it will be Cleveland's "bad-luck" that will take the place of the "good-luck" with which the country has been surfeited.

Representative Bayne, of Pennsylvania, is enthusiastic over Republican prospects, as indeed are most Republicans here, particularly those who, like Mr. Bayne, are warm personal friends of Chairman Quay and are thus enabled to keep posted on the inside work of the campaign. Mr. Bayne gives good solid reasons for the expected victory in New York. He says: "In the first place, Mr. Harrison will get the votes of many Republicans who voted against Mr. Blaine or did not vote at all in 1884; he will hold all the Irish votes that Blaine got, they are opposed to opening our markets to England. Another important element, the prohibition vote is going to be very small this year, not only in New York, but throughout the country. In 1884 it was said that there was no difference between the two great parties; that there was no issue. This led many earnest temperance people to declare what they thought the great issue should be, and they voted for prohibition. But these people have other interests. There is an issue—a very clear issue—this year, and most of them are deeply interested in it. As Republicans they will vote with us, and the loss to the prohibition vote will be gain for Harrison. I feel perfectly sure that we will carry New York. Indiana, and Connecticut, and I believe that we will carry New Jersey and one or two Southern States."

Representative Rowell, who has just returned from the West, says that the expressed hopes of the eastern and southern Democrats to carry Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, or Michigan will not be realized. On the contrary, Mr. Rowell thinks the Republican vote in those States this year will be a gain on that of 1884. He also thinks the party will make Congressional gains in the States mentioned.

Eight private pension bills were vetoed by Cleveland Friday.

The Chinese restriction bill was railroaded through the House at lightning speed, and it also passed the Senate in the face of a telegram from the United States minister to China, saying that the treaty had not been rejected, but only postponed for further information. Afterward Senator Blair moved for a re-consideration of the vote by which the bill passed for the purpose of offering an amendment making it 60 days before the bill goes into effect. Owing to the absence of a quorum, this motion was not decided, but it will be to-day if there is a quorum present.

The Republican substitute for the Mills tariff bill will be reported to the Senate about the 18th inst., says Senator Allison.

Senator Hoar has called the attention of the Senate to the fact that his resolution which was passed August 29th, requesting the President to send copies of any remonstrances that had even been made by his direction to England on account of Canadian mistreatment of American fishermen has never been complied with.

Many bills have been introduced to break trusts, but unfortunately for the people, none of them have become laws, and no trusts have been broken up.

Falsehood Punctured.

[From Maj. McKinley's Speech, May 18.]

On the 25th of March, 1887, the United States Government advertised for bids for the purchase of Blankets for the use of the Medical Department of the Army. This was in 1887, under the present administration. There were foreign bids and there were American bids. Now, if the President is right in saying that the duty is added to the price then the foreign cost, duty added, ought to be just equal to the American price. Now what are the facts of this transaction? I have said, there was a foreign bid and there was an American bid. The foreign bid were for a four-pound blanket for medical purposes to be furnished for $2.25 3-10. For the same four-pound blanket for the same purposes the American bid was $2.55, there being a difference of 30 3-10 cents. Who do you suppose got the contract? There was a foreign bid and an American bid, and the difference between the bids was 30 cents on each blanket. Now tell me which manufacturer, the American or the English, got the contract? Is there anybody here who would not have given it to the American, there being a difference of only 30 cents between the bids?

Is there any gentleman on this floor who would send abroad to get a pair of blankets merely to save 30 cents on them, thus taking away from the American manufacturer and the American farmer and the American laborer that much business? However that may be, that contract did go abroad. English labor, with foreign wool, made those 2,000 blankets for the use of our army. American labor was boycotted, and they came in without paying any duty. The Government took advantage of a law that stands on the statute-book, and admitted them free of duty. There being so little revenue in the Treasury, it was necessary, of course, to save every penny; so they took advantage of that law which permits the United States to bring in goods free of duty.

Now let us look at the figures. The duty on blankets of that quality in 18 cents a pound and 35 per cent. ad valorem. Eighteen cents a pound upon 2,000 blankets, four pounds each, is $1,440; 35 per cent. ad valorem is $1,576.40, making a total duty upon those 2,000 blankets, which were brought from a foreign blanket-maker, of $3,016.40. The cost of those blankets free of duty amounts to $4,504; with the duty added the total would be $7,520.40.

Now, if the President is right, and if the Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means is right in saying that this duty is added to the price to the American consumer, then $7,520.40 is exactly what the American price would be.

Now, then, gentlemen, what was the American price? The American price was $5,120. That is, it was $2,400 less than foreign costs; duty added. Without any duty, the difference between the cost of the American and the cost of the foreign blankets, the whole 2,000, was about $600. Now, you see the American manufacturer does not get the duty, and that, I submit, is sufficient reason why he does not give it to his workmen. I am very sorry, Mr. Chairman, that the president of the United States did not know of this transaction, which had occurred under his own Administration, so that he might have avoided making the blunder which he made in his message when he said that the duty was added to the cost. And I do not know what those around me may think about it, but I am very sorry that our Government went abroad and bought those blankets just to save 30 cents on them. [Laughter and applause on the Republican side.]

Mr. Chairman, I wish that this Government of ours, which is supported by its own prople, and not by foreigners, would patronize its own people. I think that is an example of patriotism which should be set by those charged with public administration. I wish the men who pay taxes to support this Government, to pay the President's salary and other expenses of the Government, would be patronized when the Government has anything to buy, don't you? And are you not a little ashamed of this transaction, all of you? I do not know whether the like was ever done under any former Administration or not; but it never ought to be done, except in time of war or public necesity, by any future administration of any party. [Applause on the Republican side.]

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

NOTICE:

W. H. Hagans, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

—Mr. Michael Garrett was in Oakland this week.

—Mr. Thos. J. Stanton returned to his studies in Baltimore Thursday morning.

—Miss Ida Haslam is visiting her parents after an absence of nearly three years in New York.

—Mrs. Rev. B. Ison, Miss Ella Ison and Miss Annie Spedden brightened our sanctum by their presence Wednesday.

—Mrs. Wm. R. Jarboe has opened a milinery and fancy store in the room on the corner of Alder and Third streets, Oakland.

—Mr. John Rice, of Fernleigh Manor, this county, carries off the palm for the highest oats—six feet and six inches.

—FOR SALE.—A good cooking stove — large size, with complete trimmings. Apply at this office. Cheap for cash.

—Mr. Newman Miller, who has spent the past eight years in Kansas, returned to his home in Oakland on a visit Wednesday.

—The Democratic meeting at Offutt's Hall Wednesday evening was well attended, owing largely to the large attendance at court. The meeting was addressed by Hon. Wm. J. Stone, of Missouri, and Col. Douglas.

—The meetings now being held in Oakland under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., and conducted by Miss Jennie Smith and Miss Addie Sherman, are increasing in interest every evening. Sturgiss' Hall is found too small to accommodate the people who desire to attend these meetings.

—Mr. W. H. Thompson, of Pittsburg, has leased Maplewood Cottage, better known as the Commercial House, and will take possession about the 25th inst. He will keep the house open during the entire season, and solicits the patronage of the traveling public.

—Studies commeuced in Massey Hall Preparatory school, Rev. J. Newman, Principal, on Wednesday, with an increased enrollment and higher grade than ever. The prospects for a successful third year are very favorable. Two young ladies in attendance from Ohio, and boarding with the family of the Principal. This school should be liberally patronized by our citizens.

—The safe for our bank was placed in its position in the bank building Monday. It is the Corliss patent, and is as nearly burglar-proof and fire-proof as anything of human construction can be. It would be impossible, in the space at our command this week, to give a description of this wonderful piece of mechanism, but will endeavor to do so at some future time.

—In a shooting affray in Cumberland Sunday, between Wm. Mahoney and Wm. H. Horstman, both were wounded, and Mahoney died Monday morning. An inquest was held Monday over Mahoney's body, and the jury agreed upon a verdict of death from a pistol-shot wound at the hands of Horstman. One or two of the jury favored embodying something about self-defence in the verdict, but were overruled. Horstman has engaged G. A. Pearre as his council.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7¾ P. M., by Rev. J. W. W. Bolton.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M., by Rev. John S. Foulk.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7¾ P. M., by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Home and Day School.

Miss Swan's Home and Day School will open at Mt. Lake Park, Garrett county, Md., Thursday, Sept. 20th. One session a day. Applications should be made at once for conveyance from Oakland. The carriage will leave the stand (near the Baltimore Store) at 8½ A. M.

Mt. Lake Park.

The continued heavy rains have started many more of the people to their homes, yet there are several families who will remain for some time yet.

Our meetings last Sunday were just excellent. Rev. Mr. Shofe, of Baltimore, preached one of the best of sermons in the morning; then in the evening Rev. Mr. Tuttle, of Pittsburg, conducted a very interesting young people's meeting. We will greatly miss these kind and efficient helpers when they are gone.

We are expecting a good time at the pic-nic next Saturday.

Those who are interested in the subject of healing by faith, would do well to make their arrangements to come and attend the week's meeting, commencing here on the 23d of this month, and continuing to the 30th. Miss Harris assures us that this meeting will be nearly, if not quite as good as the Friends' meeting in July. She is succeeding in gathering funds for her large home, for which the foundation was built last fall. We are strongly in hopes that she will be able to raise the amount she wants to start the building this fall, so that she can have the use of it next season.

The Directors expect to have a meeting next Monday.

Miss E. B. Swan's select school begins on the 20th inst. This is what we have wished for for some time. We are glad to recommend this school to any who may wish to give their girls special advantages. J. A. E.

Deer Park.

Two families in our village have within the last week been visited by a sad affliction, in the death of the youngest member in each family—two very sweet and interesting little ones. On Wednesday morning Clerimond, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Graham, died of pneumonia, in conjunction with whooping cough, aged nine months, after an illness of only three days, and on Friday morning, Louise, only child of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Landstreet, and great-grand daughter of Col. E. C. Tillson, died of cholera infantum, also with whooping cough, after only thirty-six hours illness—just one day before her first birthday. Both were taken to Piedmont for burial. The afflicted parents and friends have the sympathy of our whole community.

The cold, rainy weather has taken away many of the summer visitors, and the exodus is still going on.

Miss Minnie Lott is visiting relatives in Fairmont, W. Va.

Frank Schoolfield has returned to Baltimore after his summer vacation.

Harry and John Davis, sons of ex-Senator Davis, Will R., son of Mrs. W. R. Davis, and a son of Mr. DeShield, manager of Deer Park Hotel, leave next Tuesday for the Pennsylvania Military Academy at Chester, Pa.

The Band of Hope meeting last Saturday night was very interesting. Mrs. Dr. Laughlin gave in her resignation as member of the programme committee, as she intends being away this fall and winter.

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Ho! for the Delicious Bivalve.

I take pleasure in announcing to my friends and the public that I will be prepared on and after Saturday, Sept. 15th, to serve Fresh Oysters in any style at my Oyster Parlor, next door to B. & O. depot, Oakland, Md. All persons wishing Oysters in bulk for Friday, 14th, inst., can be accommodated by leaving orders for same with me. Hoping to enjoy the same liberal patronage that I have in the past, I am

Respectfully,
J. M. LITZINGER.

Free Sleeping Car.

To passengers purchasing second class tickets to Pacific Coast points via. Baltimore and Ohio, R. R. for trains leaving Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore and Washington, D. C., Sept. 11th and 25th, October 9th and 23rd. The number of tickets on each trip is limited to twenty-five. So that passengers should make application at once to D. Bride, Passenger Agent B. & O. R. R., Central Building, Baltimore, Md., H. A. Miller, Ticket agent, B. & O. R. R. Wilmington, Del., or to Agent Delawder, Oakland, Md.

Stoves and Hardware.

Just received at J. M. Davis & Son's Hardware Store, fifty heating stoves, of the latest styles, including sheet iron, open front Franklin's, Burnsides, square box stoves for wood, and samples of square stoves for hard or soft coal. Decidedly nobby and unrivaled for beauty and service. Something entirely new. Also a full line of cooking stoves, ranges and Double-heaters. Call and examine before purchasing. Our stock of Hardware is complete in every line. Also a full line of sportsmen's goods, blasting powder, fuse, &c., &c.

An Appeal to Republicans.

MR. EDITOR:—The coming Presidential contest is one of vital importance to the Nation at large, therefore every Republican should at once be determined to enter the ranks and sacredly uphold the noble minded aim of his party to secure to himself and fellow-citizens that happiness which only this course can secure. Don't fail to vote for Harrison and Morton. Go to the polls and cast your honest vote. Don't allow a foreign nation to dictate who shall be our President. Don't allow them through free trade to impose commodities on us when we have ample room and means to maintain ourselves, both in necessaries and luxuries. Let us form a National character and limit immigration. We have opened our arms long enough in receiving the down-trodden of the world. But it is time now we take care of ourselves, in defense of our liberties and of those in our trust. Let us have a navy equal to any or even more formidable, in order to be prepared for emergency. We are not children, but grown up, and certainly should have what other nations deem advisable to have. It would be easy to lay our seaport cities under tribute, so we may as well avail ourselves of this prudent course. We have two honorable men nominated, only needing your vote for the result. Don't allow our fellow-citizens to be reduced to the same level as the European. Don't allow free trade. Now is the time to stop it. Look back on the last four years and see the discontent amongst the workingmen, and now with the addition of free trade who can tell what misery may be wrought. Don't be duped by inconsistencis. Do your duty bravely. Place Harrison and Morton in the chair and save us from outside wolves. And now let me place the question to your feelings and I think you will agree with me that we enjoy more pleasure in the happiness of those near and dear than anything foreign. It should be a pleasure to every true born American to see a fellow-citizen prosperous by fair wages for his industry than otherwise. Let us have protection. Let us have the making of our own wages, and let us have Harrison and Morton. G. S.

Elkins.

The business outlook for this place is much more encouraging now than it has ever been. The demand for houses is greater than the supply, hence new ones will be erected.

A school house is needed badly and we shall hope to have one in the near future.

The Spring Garden Coal and Coke company are busily engaged night and day sinking their shaft. They are now down nearly forty feet. They have been shipping a sonsiderable amount of coal from mines already open.

Mr. Columbus Paugh has purchased a large saw-mill of Mr. L. L. McCrum and is locating it near Mr. Alex Kitzmiller's.

Mr. W. C. Dunnington, of Terra Alta, dealer in organs and pianos, has paid us a visit. Mr. G. W. Moon and Mr. John Ruckman have purchased organs of him, and we understand that others contemplate doing likewise.

There was quarterly meeting held at White Oak Grove the 8th and 9th insts. A large congregation was present, and the Rev. W. J. Sharpes preached four most excellent sermons.

A quarterly meeting will be held here on Sept. 22d and 23d. We understand that Mr. Sharpes will preside at this meeting also. We anticipate a large attendance.

Flatwoods.

Plenty of rain and lots of mud.

Our farmers are delayed in sowing wheat.

Wm. Keller is not well at present.

A large number of our citizens are attending court.

Mr. Amos Skiles is busily engaged in cider making at present,

There will be preaching at Harden's Chapel on Sunday. at 10½ o'clock A. M., by Rev. N. A. Kiracofe. All are invited. Singing School the same day in the afternoon at 3½ o'clock by Mr. Freeman Dewitt.

Mr. Samuel Bowser is visiting friends and relatives at Davis' Mills.

Mr. Alexander Fresh lost a very valuable horse last week while hauling oats in the field. He fell dead from an unknown cause.

Mr. Henry Feik is about finishing his house.

Mr. Henry Feik is ill at present from the effect of rheumatism.

Wanted to Buy!

20 Driving Horses, weighing from 1000 to 1300 lbs. Apply to

D. H. SALOMON,
at Mr. E. F. Droege's, Deer Park.

Sunday School Pic-Nic.

Don't forget the Sunday School pic-nic at Mt. Lake Park Saturday, Sept. 15th. All are invited. Presents for all the children. Miss Jennie Smith and others will deliver addresses.

Circuit Court.

The September term of the Circuit Court convened Monday, with Judges Alvey and Syester on the Bench. Judge Hoffman arrived Wednesday morning.

Mr. Owen Hart was appointed Foreman of the Grand Jury.

At the time of going to press so little had been done, that we think it best not to give any of the proceedings until next week.

Excursions to Cincinnati.

Every Thursday until August 30th, inclusive, the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets to Cincinnati from all points on its lines east of the Ohio River, at rate of one and one-third fares for the round trip. Tickets will be valid for return passage for 15 days, including day of sale.

Cows for Sale.

The undersigned has for sale, at Catonsville, near Oakland, two good Milch Cows. Price reasonable.

9 83t. W. S. STEVENS.

Accident.

Hurrah for Accident! Two schools in session five days every week numbering twenty-five and forty respectively. Accident beats anything in the county for schools.

We are very sorry that our Normal closes so soon as it does.

Mr. Wm. McMillan is home from Kansas. He says the outlook for Harrison and Morton could not be better.

Quite a number of our citizens are attending Court this week.

Mr. Joseph Frantz, of Sang Run paid us a visit this week.

Mr. Wm. Hinebaugh, (our new examiner,) visited Accident last week. He has many warm friends here.

Rev. Mr. Young will be with us next Sunday again.

Mr. Henry Durst has sold his farm and property to Mr. Joseph Smearmund. Mr. Durst expects to stop farming.

The late storms did considerable damage to this community, especially to corn and fruit crops.

Mr. Henry Feigh is convalescing.

Mr. Christian Snyder is very busily engaged in looking up points on free trade in order that he may down Republicans when they speak in Accident this fall.

A Highway Murder.

PARKERSBURG, W. VA., Sept. 6.—Information last night from St. Mary's, a few miles north of here, is that last night Charles Hale, representing the Iron Range Company of St. Louis, was waylaid by a band of robbers and fatally stabbed. A large gash was made in his breast, and his head and body were terribly beaten. It was known that Hale had nearly one thousand dollars in his possession, and the purpose of the assault was evidently robbery. Hale had put the money away before starting from St. Mary's, so that the robbers got no plunder. Hale is expected to die. There is no clue to the robbers.

Mr. Hale is remembered by many of the citizens of this county. During the two months that he was here this spring he made many friends, who will be sorry to read the above. We have not been able to learn whether his wounds proved fatal or not.

Official Vote of Vermont.

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT., Sept. 9.—Complete returns from all towns of the State gives Dillingham (Rep.) 48,380; Shurtleff (Dem.) 19,426; Prohibitionist, 1,299, and scattering, 6. Dillingham's plurality, 28,954; majority over all, 27,659. This is the largest Republican majority ever given in Vermont. The Republican net gain as compared with 1884, is 6,809.

Blaine Sends the News.

AUGUSTA, ME., Sept. 10.—Mr. Blaine has just telegraphed General Harrison as follows:

AUGUSUA, Sept. 10.

Returns up to 9 o'clock indicate that the Republican candidate will have more than 20,000 majority over the Democratic candidate, the largest majority since 1866. Prohibition vote falls off everywhere.

More than Twenty Thousand.

BANGOR, ME., Sept. 11.—364 out of 507 towns give Burleigh 70,750; Putnam, 52,117; Cushing, 2,464. Burleigh's plurality is 18,633, a net gain of 5,799 over the plurality of 1886. The same ratio in the remaining towns will give Burleigh more than 20,000 plurality.

By Their Works Ye Shall Know Them.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—As our Democratic friends never tire of deprecating everything done by the Republicans, and giving unstinted praise to whatever emanates from Democratic sources, they will, no doubt, be glad to have a truthful outline of what the two parties have done for Garrett county since its organization; and in order to make comparisons that will faithfully represent the difference between Democratic and Republican practices, it will be necessary to go back a little beyond the date of the county's organization; as by so doing we get parallel cases, affording a very striking illustration of the tendencies of the parties.

In 1866, the year after the war ended, the Republicans having the ascendency in Maryland, a law was passed providing for a re-assessment of the property of the State. This was especially necessary, as the Slaves had all been made free and were no longer taxable, and the expenses of the State and county governments had to be provided for on a new basis.

Allegany county was divided into two assessment districts; the territory of what is now Garrett county comprising one district, for which a board of assessors was appointed, who, after assessing the property, sat as a board of control and review. The levy list for the following year shows that, in the aggregate, they received for their services, about thirteen hundred dollars. That was directly after the close of the war, during inflation times, when prices were the highest.

Ten years later, the Democrats having resumed control in Maryland, another assessment was ordered. Garrett county had then been organized, and with its low taxable basis and heavy school, road and court expenses, there was every incentive for the most careful and painstaking economy, but how did our friends, the enemy, go about the work of serving the tax-payers. In order to make the offices go round, or as nearly round as possible, two boards of assessors were appointed, and that being deemed still insufficient, another body was appointed called the board of control and review; and for five or six mortal months they hung on to the tune of about forty-five dollars a day, until they had gobbled up the snug little sum of about five thousand dollars of the tax-payers' money, or almost four times as much as the same services cost when done by Republicans.

And when at last those deciples of Democratic reform had finished their arduous labor, consisting mostly of drawing their salaries and having a good time, it was discovered that 1200 military lots, besides a great deal of other land in tracts, and other property had escaped their attention and went unassessed. This is but a single item, but may be taken as a fair example of the sort of regard manifested by our local Democracy for the comon people.

The first two sessions after its organization, Garrett county was represented by Democratic delegations at Annapolis, and this outrageous assessment is the only fruit they bore.

But in 1877, admonished by bitter experience, the people rose up in their might, and elected a solid Republican delegation, to represent the county in the ensuing legislature.

They found the county without local laws, and burdened with debt, and the people groaning with excessive taxes. The Republican members had no axes to grind, no jobs to put through for any body, no appointments to fill, and no places to secure for themselves or their brothers, so they went to work in their plain, unassuming way, and got up a code of local laws for the county. They did what could be done to reduce the burdens of the tax-payers, by reducing the fees and salaries of all the county officials that could properly be reached by legislative enactment.

I may remark here in passing, that no Republican member from Garrett county ever introduced a measure that was tainted with the suspicion of personal favoritism, or that was intended to benefit any individual or set of individuals, at the expense of the people.

At the session of 1878 they also passed the bill authorizing the appointment of commissioners to settle the vexed question of Boundary between Garrett county and Preston county, West Virginia. So it will be seen that about all the really useful legislation that has ever been enacted for the county, was the work of her Republican members.

In the session of 1880 the county also sent a solid Republican delegation to represent her at Annapolis.

At this session the county expenses was still further reduced by the passage of a law, securing from the State, for the first time, an appropriation of nearly $5,000, for the use of the public schools, in lieu of the April installments withheld on account of non-compliance with the act requiring the schools to be kept open seven and a-half months in each year.

These laws, enacted while Garrett county was represented by Republicans, saved the tax-payers a great deal of money, amounting to thousands of dollars in the aggregate, and invites a comparison with what has been done in this direction by our Democratic friends, which subject will be resumed in my next.

Very truly,
W.

Mr. G. W. Smalley, the able London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, summarizes the English view of our Presidential campaign very clearly when he says: "I have not met a single Englishman who does not wish for Mr. Cleveland's election, not one who does not take it for granted, and not one who does not believe that English trade and manufactures will benefit by his triumph." Twenty-five years ago it would have been equally difficult to meet an Englishman at home who did not believe and hope and pray that the war for the preservation of our Union would be a failure. But the rebellion was put down and Mr. Cleveland will be defeated in spite of British opinion.—*Denver Republican.*

Cleveland's long delayed letter of acceptance has just made its appearance, and a hurried reading fails to show any good reason for the long time taken to prepare it. It is rather the plea of the demagogue than the argument of the statesman. It will not help the rapidly-sinking Democratic ship.

Senator Brown, of Georgia, told a friend that he regarded Cleveland as already defeated, unless he would come out squarely for protection in his letter of acceptance, and he had no idea that he (Cleveland) would do that.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

EXAMINATION OF TEACHERS.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 11th, 1888.

An examination of Teachers, for Garrett county, will be held as follows:

AT SELBYSPORT, on Monday, Sept. 24th.
AT GRANTSVILLE, Wednesday, Sept. 26th.
AT ACCIDENT, Friday, Sept. 28th.
AT OAKLAND, October 2d, 1888.

Examination to commence promptly at 9 o'clock A. M.

WM. HINEBAUGH,
9 15 td Examiner.

Estate of E. J. Stone Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Wheeling, West Va., hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the real and personal estate of

E. J. STONE,

late of Ohio Co., W. Va., deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 20th day of March next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of September, 1888.

E. J. STONE,
9 15 3 1044 Main street, Wheeling, W. Va.,

Estate of Samuel Engle, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscribers, of Garrett county, Md., hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Testamentary on the personal estate of

SAMUEL ENGLE,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscribers on or before the 20th day of March next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefits of said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of September, 1888.

RALPH ENGLE, Executor,
9 15 3t Grantsville, Md.

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 3d, 1888.

All persons are hereby warned not to remove any stone from the National Road in Garrett county, or from the Bridges thereon.

By order County Commissioners.

W. H. HAGANS,
9 8 tf Clerk.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon any of my property in any manner whatev.

9 8 3 D. E. OFFUTT.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby warned from Hunting or Driving on the lands under my charge. We have fenced to the new county road, and warn all persons from taking down our fences and running over our lands.

J. H. & C. T. SANDERS.

GEO. P. WHITE, Mt. Lake Park, Md — S. D. WHITE, P.M Frankville, Md.

WHITE & BRO.

NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!

AT FRANKVILLE, MD.

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes
Country produce taken in exchange for goods
Call and see us. WHITE & BRO.
P. O. address, Floyd, Md.

FARM FOR SALE!

For sale cheap, a farm of 305 acres, about 90 acres of which is cleared, and on which are erected a

Two-Story Frame House, Two Stables

and other outbuildings. About 75 acres of the woodland is covered with EXCELLENT TIMBER. The farm is situated two miles from Swanton, B. & O. R. R. About 250 acres is under fence. A young orchard was put out four years ago, and will soon come into bearing.

For particulars and terms, apply to or address

RICHARD CUSTER,
8 25 Swanton, Md

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

SUNSET.

The wild birds sing its vesper song
Which, clear and strong,
Upon the night air's fragrant breath
Is borne along.

The shadows deep and deeper grow;
The winds are low;
The distant mountain-tops have caught
The western glow.

Between the clouds of crimson dye
That deck the sky,
There bursts a light from shining realms
That further lie.

O glory of the dying day,
Fade not away,
But send us, from yon golden heights,
A parting ray!

O day, whose hours were fraught with care,
How wondrous fair
Your close, so full of quiet peace
And beauty rare!

May life's last sunset be as bright,
As filled with light,
Till, in its glory, all earth's cares,
Are lost from sight.

—*Julia E. Goodwin, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

THE PILOT'S STORY.

A Recollection of the River St. Lawrence.

This is the story told me by the Indian pilot of one of the grand steamers that ply the River St. Lawrence, and are known to tourists from Montreal and Quebec to Rimouski:

So you would like to know why I scare at that headland? You notice that cape? Yes, Corlett's Cape, we call it, and a bad place it used to be. You notice the light-house that stands there? Yes. Well, I lived by that headland long before the light-house was built, a matter of nearly fifty years ago. I hate that same Corlett's Cape, though I never heard tell of more than one wreck. It happened after the light-house was built, but the lights were put out, and put out on purpose, too. It's well nigh forty years since, but I remember it as if it were but yesterday.

There was then a little bit of a settlement down near the mouth of the creek, which you may have noticed empties into the river just above the cape. There wern't many people lived there, and the biggest and most important man in the place was Charlie Corlett. He was a North of England man, I've heard tell, and anyhow he owned every acre of land and every stick of timber for miles around. Besides, at that time, Corlett's was the only grist and lumber mill within a hundred miles in any direction. Then he owned a fast little schooner—about the only one that traded to the settlement, making trips up and down the river, between Quebec and the Provinces. Although Corlett was a rich man for those days, he was fond of sailing and had a notion to run the schooner himself. Charlie Corlett would have passed for a handsome man anywhere, and he was, by long odds, the finest built man in the settlement. But Charlie had a terrible temper. He was so used to having his own way that when any thing or any body thwarted him he was a regular devil in his fierce, unreasonable anger.

When the light-house was built a young Frenchman from Three Rivers was put in charge as keeper. He was a fine young fellow, and if he was not so handsome nor so rich as Charlie Corlett, he was liked a good deal better by the boys.

Corlett was some ten or twelve years older than young Hector Baptiste, but, as luck would have it, they both fell in love with the same woman. Indeed, that was hardly to be wondered at, seeing that Lizzie Lenox was the only pretty marriageable white woman in the settlement. Both men loved the girl well and sincerely, and both made her an honorable offer of marriage. Of course Lizzie couldn't marry both of them, and strange as everybody thought it, she chose Hector. The Captain, as we all called Corlett, was furious with rage, and he tried in every way he could think of to induce the girl to change her mind. He argued with her in vain, and then threatened to use his influence with the government to have Hector turned out of the light-house. Then he brought costly presents from Quebec and St. Johns, which Lizzie refused to accept. The simple fact was that Lizzie never liked the Captain, and the more he tried to win her love, the closer she stuck to Baptiste.

I was at that time sailing with Captain Corlett and knew him pretty well. One day he came down to the settlement after a three weeks' trip to Halifax, and found that Hector Baptiste and Lizzie Lenox were married. Although the Captain didn't say very much, I could tell that he took it badly to heart, and I saw a look in his eyes that I didn't fancy very well. Two days later, towards evening, we slipped out of the creek, bound for Montreal. We hadn't got more than a mile past the point when the Captain ordered the mate to down sails and lay-to. He said he had forgotten something and told me to get out the yawl and run him ashore. When we were in the boat he says to me: "Pierre," he says, "I saved your life once, didn't I?"

"Yes, Cap," says I—and he did; he jumped overboard for me when I fell from aloft two years before.

"Well," says he, "one good turn deserves another, doesn't it? Now you just keep to yourself whatever you may happen to see to-night. I'm goin' up to the light-house to settle an old score."

"For God's sake, Cap," says I, "don't do any thing you'll be sorry for!"

"That's all right," he says, "you needn't be afear'd. I'm goin' to give that French puppy a piece of my mind, and perhaps a licking, that's all."

And I think he meant no more than what he said, so I made no answer. I was only a lad, and an Indian at that—he was a white man and my Captain. Besides, as he had reminded me, I owed him my life.

It was about eight o'clock of a September evening. I could see the lantern lights being lit in the light-house, and knew that Hector was there and probably alone—for although there was a small cottage attached to the light-house it was never used as a dwelling. Corlett jumped ashore and bade me wait for him. In the stillness I could hear words that were said. Corlett spoke first:

"You French sneak, I want a bit of reckoning with you!"

"Those are hard names, Captain," said Baptiste, "and I don't like them."

"O, you don't eh? Well, you shouldn't deserve them, then. I don't like having a crawling Frenchman coming up here and stealing away the woman I had intended to marry. That's what you did!"

"Captain Corlett, you lie!"

"For calling me a liar, take that! And for playing dirt on me take that—and that!"

In a moment there was a scuffle up in that little room under the lantern, and the next thing I heard was a splash in the water.

I thought it time to interfere but as I ran the boat aground Corlett jumped in and shoved off. As I opened my lips to speak, he shouted in a terribly excited manner:

"Don't you ask any questions and don't you say a word on ship-board, or I'll shoot you without warning!"

I confess that during that evening I was a coward and was afraid of the Captain in his mad rage. We proceeded on our trip to Montreal, whither we carried a cargo, and started back light. In a week we were again nearing the settlement. It was a squally night, though not very rough, but dark as pitch. The tide was running out and the wind was from the west.

The Captain had been drinking whisky pretty freely all through the trip, and he was in no shape to take the schooner into the creek even in the best of weather. The mate tried to persuade him to keep outside until the morning. "No!" says he, "I'm running this vessel. I'm Captain here, and you fellows will do as I tell you, or I'll know the reason why." With whisky in his head and pistols in his pockets, Corlett was a dangerous customer, and we prepared to make the best of a bad job. We all knew that we were pretty near the headland, but what puzzled the boys was that no light was to be seen. I had my own suspicions but dared not mention them.

"Boys," said the Captain, at last—a little sobered in his efforts to make the creek—"guess we won't try to make it to-night. Keep her off a bit, and go easy down the river."

At that instant I saw a light flashing right ahead of us. It didn't look exactly familiar, but we all took it for the light-house.

"That's lucky," says the Captain. "I thought we were further off shore. Hard a-port!" he shouted. "We'll clear the point in good shape now."

Meantime the wind had been gathering strength and the water was much rougher. We were now spanking along with reefed sails at twelve or thirteen knots an hour.

Suddenly there came a crash. We had run aground on the point, two hundred yards the land side of the light-house! It was such a shock that in ten minutes the schooner was breaking to pieces and sinking. Then it was each man for himself. I was the first to pick myself up on the low rocks and the mate was with me. Soon afterwards three of the boys, which completed the crew, showed up, but the Captain was missing.

The mate told me to go up to the village for help, while he and the others stayed by the vessel. In five minutes I came up to the light which had deceived us all and caused the wreck. It was a large, bright lantern, in the hands of Lizzie—Hector Baptiste's wife!

"Lizzie," I cried, "for Heaven's sake, what is this? Do you know what you have done?"

She did not look her old self at all. She was pale and haggard and was drenched with the spray from the surf.

"No," says she, in a strange tone, not one bit like her old voice. "No; what have I done?"

"Why, girl," I says, "you holding that lantern down the shore put Captain Corlett out of his reckoning, and he ran the schooner aground. What's more, I guess the Captain's drowned."

"Ah!" she says, with a sort of sigh of relief and satisfaction. "Listen to me, Pierre. I intended to wreck Charlie Corlett's vessel. I know it was wicked, but he was wicked and made me so. He killed my poor Hector—why shouldn't I kill him? I expected the schooner would be here to-night—I hoped it would. So I did not light up at the light-house. Instead, I held this lantern up as high as I could reach, where I knew it would fool Corlett. You say he is drowned? Well, I am glad—that is what I wished. Good-night, Pierre!"

As she spoke—before I could interfere—she jumped, lantern in hand, from the ledge of rock on which she stood into the deep waters. I rushed in after her as far as I dared in the swirling tide, and peered into the darkness—but could see nothing of her.

The next morning, except for the wrecked schooner, there was little trace of the storm; and, in the bright autumn sunlight, there came floating along the creek into the quiet settlement, carried by the tide, two drowned bodies. One was Charlie Corlett, and the other was poor Lizzie.

I'm seventy years old, sir, and I've followed the river all my life, passing Corlett's Cape a thousand times—but I can't forget it, I can't forget it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

ARTIFICIAL LANGUAGES.

Rivals of Volapuk That Have Found Admirers in Many Countries.

Every cultivated language shows more or less of art in its construction, but it is unconscious art. Some recent attempts to frame a universal language are made without any concealment of artificial contrivance. The inventors of these strange tongues seem to take pride in their ingenious schemes.

Readers have seen numerous notices of Volapuk, one of the candidates for universal favor. The name illustrates well the formation of the language. It is formed from the German *Volk*, people, and the English word, *speech*. The material is taken chiefly from English, French and German, but the parts are worked down a good deal before they are put together again.

It may not be so generally known that already several rivals to Volapuk have appeared. The most prominent of these is *Pasilingua*, which differs from the former in taking its material from the Greek and Latin languages. Its name is compounded of the Greek *Pas*, all, and the Latin *lingua*, meaning tongue or language. The name indicates a language for all, or the language of all; almost a perfect synonym for Volapuk. A comparison of the two tongues will show wherein they differ. Thus: What o'clock is it? is in Volapuk: "*Dus kimid vinos?*"

In Pasilingua the question is: "*Quota hora er al?*"

Where do you live? is in Volapuk: "*Kiplace lodens?*" in Pasilingua: "*Ubi habitirs tus?*"

Not even do these two complete systems have the field all to themselves. A more recent dialect, for that is what it is, appears under the name *Spelin*. Some explanation may be needed to show that this name is formed from Pasilingua, and has nothing whatever to do with spelling. The syllable *lin* represents in a more lazy way than *lingo* the word *lingua;* but *pe* is a slovenly representation of *Pas*, and the prefix *s* as a sign of a collective noun is no improvement upon the methods of the most highly inflected languages.

There is still another system devised for universal use, which is called *Lingualumina*. This name is clearly descriptive, and means the language of light. Whether it really possesses any light of its own depends upon the acquaintance the person who uses it may have with the languages from which its elements are taken.

In fact, here is the difficulty with every one of the systems proposed. Those who devise them are familiar with all the languages upon which they draw for material, and to their view the meaning of their speech is plain; but those who know only one language find it requires about the same study to learn Volapuk, for example, as to learn a foreign tongue. While these experiments are being carried on, it is encouraging to note that the English language is gaining ground as rapidly as ever.—*Youth's Companion.*

How to Produce Merit.

Misguided benevolence has its well-known faults. We know the benevolence that does not "Help a man to help himself" is not beneficent. We know that nothing is at its best which puts needless obligations upon the beneficiary. We know that to produce merit is at least as good as to find it; that to augment it is better that merely to reward it; that its best rewards are simple recognition, encouragement, and opportunity; and that even in giving these, all gratuitousness is dangerous; and, especially, that there are great risks in all sudden abundance. Benevolence has learned that even in social science there is room and need for sentiment, but that sentiment must follow and obey reason, not lead and rule it. All these things we know by heart, and yet our failures go on. Some say that charity has still too much sentiment. But in fact it has not yet enough. Some say that it has taken on too much science. But really it has not enough. There ought to be no lack of sentiment in the word science. Yet many regard science as something that complicates simple things, whereas it simplifies complex things. If science deals with complex things, so does every other province of human life; but our mental indolence loosely treats complexities as though they were simple, and science as the breeder of complexities. Human benevolence still needs a more scientific thoughtfulness to see complexity of things too often thus far treated as simple, and a greater depth of sentiment to remember it. Our efforts are still crude.—*Century.*

—Miss Multum—"Don't you find it very hard to catch Mr. Warden's expression, Mr. Soley?" Mr. Soley (who is sketching the lawn tennis party)—"Just about as hard as it is to catch trout in Rockaway inlet." Miss Multum—"Why, there is no trout there." Mr. Soley—"I know it."—*Time.*

—A number of ladies in Philadelphia get their bonnets very cheaply by having a clever girl milliner out of employment come to the house. They pay her five dollars a day, and in one day she trims up the bonnets and hats for all the women in the family.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Its Editor Comments on the Bitter and Sweet of Western Journalism.

A DISTINGUISHED CALLER.—We had a call the other day from Major George Devine, a late arrival from the East who is here to look after his mining interests. The Major had on the first real biled shirt we have seen in six months. His boots were also blacked. He sat for two hours and never asked us for a chew of tobacco, a drink of whisky or a free puff. He did't have a gun strapped to his back and he didn't use cuss-words.

We were lonely when the Major went away. Westward the Star of Empire may take its way, and we coyotes out here may get up and howl over the way we rush business, but when an Eastern man drops in here with a clean neck, shaved face and store clothes there's never a one of us who isn't ashamed of his onery self.

AN INGRATE.—Mrs. Major Dubar drove up in front of the *Kicker* office in her dog-cart yesterday and called us out and consigned us to the place which is hotter than this. She talked so loud and so vigorously as to attract a crowd, and it is only due us that we explain. She sent us a poem entitled "When I Am Dead," and expected us to print it. We found it one of the flattest, silliest effusions ever written by mortal hand, but desiring to please the lady we wrote a beautiful poem ourself, placed her title to it, and signed her name as the author. That was why she kicked. She had the nerve to declare that she would hang herself sooner than father our poem.

Great snakes and black bats! but the gall of some persons! Do them a favor and they turn and sting you! Seek to help them up, and they want to crush you down! Mrs. Major Dubar a poetess! We will leave it to any unbiased man or woman in Arizona if she knows rhyme from jack-rabbits! When we chucked her poem into the waste basket and sat down and dashed off a delicious little gem to replace it, we expected a word of gratitude. In its stead we received insults and abuse. Such are some of the trials and heartaches incidents to the publication of a great journal in the wild West.

OUR POLITICS.—We established the *Kicker* as an independent paper—independent in politics, religion, the labor question and all else. We haven't been running it on exactly a Biblical foundation, but we have kept pretty close to the chalk-mark as originally laid down. Colonel Scruggs came in the other day and offered us two dollars to print an article in which Cleveland was called a hypocrite and deceiver. He was followed by Judge Shackem, offering the same amount to print an article in which Harrison was characterized as a thief and a fraud.

Gentlemen, we have got our programme laid out. We ain't purty and we ain't none too good, but we know a brick-bat when we see it. We stand in the middle ground. It ain't our fight. Durn your politics! We've set out to get rich by printing patent medicine ads at thirty cents a yard each insertion, and by making a family paper so chuck full of horse stealings, lynchings, Indian raids, seasonable poetry, household hints and farm experiments that every body is bound to subscribe or burst his biler. Every newspaper has its way. This is our way, and we shall stick to it until we see something better.

SOME STATISTICS.—That fraud upon earth, old Jim Huston, who earns his whisky by acting as correspondent for a San Francisco dish-rag, sent off a letter last week in which he stated that we had been kicked and cuffed all over Arizona. Old Jim is a liar of the first water, as we shall prove! We began our publication May 7th and our little affairs are recorded as follows:

May 7th—Licked on Apache avenue by Colonel Shackem.

May 19th—Pursued by Major Wigfall down Jerusalem alley, but got away.

May 27th—Choked by Tom Dustin at the post office. Not much of a choke.

June 3d—Kicked by Major Rising as we left the Frontier House, but nothing like the kicks of a mule.

June 18th—Had our eyes blacked by Judge Dunn, but it was our own fault in letting him up after we had his head in the gravel.

June 28th—Kicked by Register of Deeds as we came out of Snyder's grocery.

July 5th—Knocked down in Sioux Park by Pete Jackson, but not struck in a vital spot. We have always regretted that we got up and ran away.

July 23d—One black eye, the result of meeting ex-city clerk Bill Reynolds in front of the Palace Hotel. We didn't stop to ask why he hit us.

August 1st—Considerably broken up by a meeting with Colonel Davis in front of our office. We had him down once, but were foolish enough not to hold his nose to the sand.

The above completes the list, and yet old Jim Huston, the sore-footed hyena of the barrens, says we have been kicked all over Arizona!—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The Queen of England never sends her personal correspondence through the regular mail as her subjects do. Every trivial communication, whether of a personal or a private nature, is delivered at its destination by a Queen's messenger. Queen Victoria is the only living sovereign who indulges in this little piece of extravagance at the expense of her subjects. Private and unimportant letters from other potentates are sent like epistles from mere ordinary mortals, by the post

TEMPERANCE READING.

A PLAIN PRESENTATION.

An Appeal to German-Americans to Carefully Consider the American Saloon Question.

The following article is extracted from a somewhat lengthy pamphlet addressed to German-Americans by Albert Griffin:

The practical question for German-Americans to consider is not: "Is the drinking of German beer in Germany a harmless indulgence?" but, rather: "Is it necessary, or even entirely safe, to drink American beer in the United States?" They are now in a very different country from the Fatherland. Our beer is a fourth stronger, our climate is more exhilarating, dryer and thirst-producing than that of Europe, and our customs—notably that of treating—greatly increase the tendency to excess. Let the situation thousands of miles away be what it may, every unprejudiced observer knows that, in this country, the drinking of American beer is apt to create a thirst for more frequent potations or stronger liquors, or both. An occasional glass does the drinker no appreciable harm if he does not acquire a taste for it; but, unfortunately, because of the alcohol in it, the natural effect of even a moderate use of beer is to create a morbid appetite, to supply which the glass a day increases to pints, quarts and gallons. Doubtless, some who are now satisfied with beer would take whisky if they could get nothing else, but it is probable that a vastly greater number now drink whisky who would be total abstainers if they had not commenced on beer, supposing it to be harmless.

Of the thousands of millions of men, women and children who fill drunkards' graves, no one expected at first to lose his or her self-control, but in every city, village and hamlet, and in every age and part of the world, a portion of those who have commenced in moderation have ended in debauchery—and it never can be otherwise. This dreadful appetite does not attack all alike. With some it increases slowly, and with others rapidly. Now it overcomes its victim early in life, and again develops with terrible suddenness as he totters on the brink of the grave. Of a truth, no drinker can ever truly say: "I am safe," until he is dead. And, be he living or dead, the sins of every drunkard are visited in suffering upon others, many of whom are in no way responsible for and have had no control over him.

But admitting for argument's sake, all that is claimed for Germany, I put the question squarely to each and every German-American. "Do you not personally know fellow-countrymen who, in this, their adopted home, drink to excess? Indeed, do you not know that there are myriads of such?" The census of 1880 put the native population of New York City at 727,629 and that of German birth at 163,482. More than two-thirds of the natives had foreign-born parents, of whom forty per cent. were Irish, and even "the simon-pure natives" are here largely influenced by the immense mass of foreigners they mingle with. Nevertheless, the report of the Board of Police Justices for 1886 gives the number of commitments for intemperance and disorderly conduct at: Natives, 15,567; Germans, 3,307. Allowing 18 per cent. for increase of population, this makes one case for about fifty-five natives and one for fifty-eight Germans. Do not these figures demonstrate that there is substantially as much intemperance among the Germans who, it is asserted, "are a temperate people because their chief drink is beer," as among the natives who drink every thing? Grant, if you wish, that those arrested Germans would have continued sober had they remained in Germany; does that help the matter? It makes no difference how their falling away from traditional sobriety is accounted for, the significant fact is that it is a fact that, in this country, the drinking German, like the drinker of other nationalities, is in real danger, and, in a lamentably large number of cases, goes down to ruin.

Assume again, if you will, that, unlike Achilles, the native German has no vulnerable spot; how is it with his children? The German is a remarkably rational race. In the intellectual world it has no superior, but, as proud as it may justly be over its achievement in that field, its crowning glory, and the trait that gives the surest promise of steady progress in all desirable directions, is the strength of the family tie among its members—"the love they have for one another and the sacrifice each is willing to make for all."

My loving German father and mother, I know that it is your heart's desire that your children shall grow into sober, prosperous and happy men and women, and, therefore, not as a controversalist, but as a humanitarian, who is anxious to have every calamity averted from each and every human being, and the largest possible amount of happiness poured into each soul, I ask you to consider carefully (and prayerfully, if you are a Christian) the influence that the drink habit and the drinking saloon upon the American born children of German parents. Stop and think before answering these questions: Is it not true that they take less pride in the Fatherland than in the Great Republic? Are they not inclined to turn up their youthful noses whenever it is intimated that your birthland, or any thing connected with it, is equal to theirs? And are they not more inclined to pattern after those of their companions who are their own countrymen than after those who are not? In short, do they not intimate in words or acts: "I don't care what they do in Germany, for I am an American."

Go a step further. In every community and in every grade of society there are two elements—the better and the worse. No one can tell exactly where the dividing line runs, but all thinkers know it is there, and that it separates boys and girls as well as men and women. What gives the child its permanent bias? Sometimes inherent qualities; but the children of all other races are largely moulded by the doings and teachings of those they associate with, from the baby in its cradle to the grandfather in his old armchair; but especially by those of about their own age. Is not this so? And are your children exceptions to this universal rule? Is it not then a matter of momentous importance that your little lad or sturdy youth shall fellowship with those who will lead away from instead of into dangerous paths? Again, other things being equal, a boy is likely to find the most of his companions among the children of those who belong to his parents' class, or element, or grade in society. There are, of course, exceptions, but this is the rule.

Among the divisions in society one is year by year becoming more and yet more marked. Indeed, every setting sun finds the chasm broader and deeper than at morn. It is the line of demarcation between those who frequent and those who shun the dramshop. Go through the saloons of a city and you will find some honest and intelligent men, with most of the vicious and reckless classes. Indeed, the more upright the man the less likely is he to be found there, while the viler he is, the more certainly and constantly will he be inside the vicious precincts—and it is the regular stayers, those who feel at home among corrupting influences, who make their social and moral atmosphere. Can any one dispute this? Go now among those who shun the saloons and you will find some bad characters, but also the greater part of those who are known as the best men and women in the community. Across the bridge between these opposite elements, people are constantly going, changing sides; but the saloon side generally loses its best and strongest, and takes from the other its weakest and worst. Trace this saloon line through the native-born element, and the number of really upright men and pure women found on the demoralizing side is small indeed, and nearly all of the righteous Lots are children of European parents or residents of very large cities. You may argue that these things should not be so, but they unquestionably are, and, in view of their influence on the destinies of your children, would it not be cruel and wicked to doggedly ignore them? You can stand on either side of the line and help in the work being done where you are, but you can not cause the leopard to change his spots or the saloon-fountain to cease pouring forth its constant stream of physical suffering and moral pollution. Of course, so long as you stand in and for the saloon you will carry about and impart to all you touch its ever increasingly offensive odor, and be, in a measure, responsible for the evils that flow from it. Your son instinctively feels that it can not be wrong for him to go where it is right for his father to be. Is he mistaken? But, whether he is or not, he is likely to go all the same (unless others save him), and thus, becoming the saloon-patronizing son of a drinking father, is firmly planted on the miry side. While there, will he always "slowly sip his mug of beer" in suppositious old country style, with his hail-fellows jeering at him for "a goody, goody, mammy's boy;" or, will he not rather "give the old man the slip, and go with the boys?" Are you so old or clammy that you can not remember the first time some rollicking fellow, a few years your senior, put his arm about you, and, as he led toward forbidden fruit, said: "Go it while you are young, for when you are old you can't;" or something of that sort? If so, may God save your poor boy from the pitfalls, for you can not. Whether you realize it or not, the chances are that, if you defend or patronize saloons your sons will also, but they will do it in the actual drinking American style. Are you still doubtful? Look among the families of your acquaintances and tell me, do you not know that many—very many—sons of German parents or husbands of their daughters follow their fathers into the saloon sober and confident, and come out—no, remain there—wrecks? By all that is holy and human in your natures, I plead with you to open your eyes to the light, instead of closing them. Remember that your children are not now in Utopia, nor even in Germany, but in America; that their characters and habits are being formed by the realities of their actual environments, prominent features of which are the American drink habit and the American saloon, whose influence becomes more and more baleful every hour. In their behalf I beseech you to cast prejudice and sentiment aside and study this Temperance question. Do not rest satisfied with reading documents written for and circulated by liquor makers and sellers, but search for the truth, and resolve that, if you are ever in doubt, you will try to lead your son to the *safest* side. As you love him, do not cause him to take any unnecessary risks.

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

ALCOHOL develops the worst kind of consumption.—*People's Health Journal.*

IN the opinion of Hanlan, the champion sculler, "the best physical performance can only be secured through abstinence from use of alcohol and tobacco."

THE best fire in winter is made up of *exercise*, and the poorest of *whisky*. He that keeps warm on liquor is like a man who pulls his house to pieces to feed the fire-place.

THERE is a hospital in Chicago which contains the following article in its constitution: "All medicines used in the hospital must be prepared without alcohol, and all physicians accepting positions on the medical staff of the hospital or dispensary must pledge themselves not to administer alcohol in any form to any patient in the hospital or dispensary, nor to call in the counsel for such patients any physician who will advise the use of alcohol."

Influence of the Saloon.

There is at present in this great country of ours a power which is not as potent, perhaps, as that of a kingly tyrant, but a power that is more deadly in its influence upon that which is the foundation of all our institutions, the American home. The liquor traffic, the influence to which I refer, has certainly worked its way into the homes; you find the evidences of it in the neglectful father, the brutal husband, the poorly-clad children. I say it is our duty as men who enjoy the benefits of religious and civil liberty to counteract and destroy this influence. I would say in all sincerity to all Temperance men: Keep up the fight in which we are engaged and a brighter day will dawn upon us. When we have achieved the victory all will really enjoy that civil and religious liberty which is the heritage of American freemen.—*J. Washington Logue.*

The International Association.

The International Association, having for its aim the mitigation of the evils of intemperance, is to hold its next session in 1889, at Christiana. Norway is making great progress in the cause of temperance, and restrictive legislation with regard to the consumption of intoxicating drinks appears to have been attended with the most satisfactory results. About fifty years ago the annual consumption of alcoholic liquors per head of the population was estimated at about seventeen quarts; at present it is only three quarts. Sweden is advancing as rapidly as Norway, but there is much greater room for reform. She has succeeded in reducing her annual consumption from fifty-two quarts to about ten quarts.—*N. Y. Post.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Good authorities say the Mexican horse is a serviceable animal, good for long journeys, easy in a canter, intelligent, full of fun at times, but rarely vicious, and could he be domesticated in the United States would be very popular.

—A roaring gas well back of Canonsburg, Pa., is said to have the greatest registered pressure of any in the world. The gas looks like a solid piece of blue steel for some distance after it comes out of the pipe. Solid masonry twelve feet thick surrounds the well to hold the cap on. When in drilling the gas was struck, tools and ropes weighing 5,000 pounds were thrown out as hough they were feathers.

—The following story comes from North Vassalboro, Me.: On Tuesday, the 24th ult., a man died and left a sorrowing widow to mourn his loss. On Wednesday, the 25th, she had filed her intentions of marriage in the town clerk's office. Thursday she followed the remains of her deceased husband to the grave. On the succeeding Monday she was living happily with husband No. 2, and on Wednesday, the 1st inst., the loving couple started on their wedding pilgrimage.

—In a village in Central New York there was a great deal of aristocracy and wealth and eligible matches were scarce, or at least the supply of desirable men was not equal to the number of women, and there was much wire-pulling to bring about results. A little girl, whose father was a widower, used to have her compositions praised by the teacher, who was a well preserved maiden lady. A little schoolmate said to her one day, after hearing it: "If my father was a widower, my compositions would be just as good as yours!" —*Exchange.*

—Not improved workmanship but rapidity is the distinguished feature of the mechanical arts and trades nowadays. An instance of this was noticeable in the experience of a lady who went into an umbrella maker's store one day and asked for an umbrella of peculiar size and make which she wanted to take with her at once to Liverpool. The dealer did not have one in stock but said that he could make one in short order if she would wait. She sat down in anticipation of a dreary afternoon of waiting, but in precisely twenty-five minutes departed with the finished article. It had been made up entire from the raw materials.

—The Boston *Journal of Health* says: "It is recommended that the milk supply of cities, at least in hot weather, be scalded as soon as received by the consumers to prevent it souring. To scald milk properly the following method is advised: Take a thin glass bottle with a rubber cork, fill it with milk nearly up to the neck, and place it uncorked in a kettle of water, which should then be gradually brought to a boil. When steam has commenced to escape from the bottle, cork it lightly and continue the boiling for thirty-five to forty minutes, and the process will be complete. A bottle of milk thus preserved, it is said, will remain sweet a month if kept in a cool place and tightly corked."

REFUSED HIS SALARY.

A Governor of Idaho Who Wouldn't Take Money He Hadn't Earned.

Another distinguished son of Keokuk is Mr. Irwin, who was guilty of an act not many years ago which, if he had been tried for it by a jury of office-holders, would have consigned him to a lunatic asylum for the rest of his life. He awakened an unspeakable horror throughout the entire land. It occurred in this way: President Arthur appointed him Governor of Idaho. He went out there and took the oath of office and remained awhile. Then business matters called him home and detained him there for several months. He found it inconvenient to go back to Idaho, and finally resigned his office. But that was not the worst of it. The horrible part of the story remains to be told. When the checks for the salary were sent him by United States Treasurer Wyman he returned them to Washington with a note explaining that he had been absent from his post and had not performed the duties of his office, and he could not conscientiously accept any pay. The officers of the Treasury stood aghast at such audacity. There was no precedent for the act and they did not know what to do. They returned the checks to Mr. Irwin, saying that in the opinion of the accounting officers he was entitled to the salary of his position until his resignation was accepted. But he was inexorable. He declined to accept the money—which amounted to $2,000 or more—and asked that it be turned into the Treasury or used toward the payment of the public debt. Treasurer Wyman did not know what to do with it, so he put it in the conscience fund. This called out a protest from Governor Irwin, who declined to be classed with repentant thieves and conscience-stricken swindlers, and he suggested that a new fund be started to meet such cases as his own—of contributions from officials who felt that they were not entitled to their salaries. But the Treasury officials smiled at the credulousness of the Governor of Idaho, who seemed to think that his example might be imitated—and they were right. It never has been.

I asked Mr. Irwin about this little affair to-day, and he laid the entire blame upon his mother. He said she was with him when he received the checks for his salary, and she said: "John, it is not honest for you to keep that money, for you have done nothing to earn it." And he saw that she was right. It was the old story. A woman tempted him and he fell. The checks were sent back by the next mail.—*W. E. Curtis, in Chicago News.*

THE CANDIDATE AT HOME.

A Realistic Picture of the Trials and Tribulations of Our Great Men.

"Yes, my dear," remarked the candidate to his wife, as with a weary sigh he removed the wrappers from a large yellow silk pin-cushion with his initials on it, and sent the girl down stairs with $4.82 for the expressman; "yes, I fully appreciate the honor that some of the people of this great and effervescing Republic have done me in nominating me for so high an office; but I could wish that they would be somewhat less impetuous, as it were, in their method of expressing their esteem and admiration."

He here stopped to replace the cover on the box containing the twenty-year-old rattlesnake that had been sent him by a constituent in Wyoming, an act which he performed just in time to prevent the playful reptile from meandering out and making a light lunch of the baby. This done, he resumed, sadly:

"It must, of course, be highly gratifying to any properly constructed candidate to have an enthusiastic people pouring a perfect avalanche, if I may be permitted the expression, of canes, cigar-cases, underwear, beasts of assorted sizes and colors, and other useful articles upon him; he can not but feel proud to think that his house is the objective point of every express wagon in town, and that people all over this great and glorious land are sitting up nights and neglecting their business to make rare and curious articles of *vertu* for him. But in time even this becomes monotonous, and——"

Here the girl came in to say that another consignment of yellow dogs had arrived, and that the expressman wanted eight dollars more. With a sigh the candidate produced the money, and ordered that the dogs be put down cellar and made as comfortable as possible.

"I do not mind dogs so much," he remarked, "but snakes and prairie wolves seem to me in bad taste, and I earnestly deprecate——"

"There's a man down-stairs," interrupted the girl, re-entering the room, and falling over the twenty-pound brindle cat, which a lady in Michigan had sent with her regards and an express bill for twelve dollars, "and he says that he has just named his two-hours' old baby after you, and thought he would come 'round and let you know, so that you would not feel anxious about it."

"This is getting played out," howled the candidate: "I've got no more money to invest in that way, and that settles it. Give him a spoon out of the holder, with my regards, and tell him I'll call 'round and kiss the baby as soon as I get time."

"Say!" remarked his wife with animation: "this paper says that a man named Wellington Hanks, in Keokuk, is making a hair-brush for you to be composed of 11,967 distinct pieces of wood."

"Great guns!" exclaimed the candidate: "Who said I wanted a hair-brush? The idea of sending a hair-brush to a man without a hair on his head! I won't have it——"

Just then the girl entered, and said that a mule of rare beauty had arrived from Arizona, and was waiting his orders and sixteen dollars.

"Slaughter the beast!" cried the candidate wildly, "and tell the expressman to go to! Am I to have no time to think about the tariff and things, and no money to buy food with? I can't even get a chance to write my inaugural address; and the first thing you know it 'll be the fourth of March, and I'll have to stand up there before a perspiring multitude and speak a piece out of the Amateur Orator. I won't——"

He was interrupted by the entrance of a boy with an express package, upon which were inscribed the words "All charges prepaid." As his eyes fell upon the inscription, he uttered a wild shriek and fell to the floor unconscious. For a few moments his woes were forgotton.—*F. A. Stearns, in Puck.*

THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

How Discipline Was Administered to a Suspected Celestial Farmer.

Yesterday news reached the officials here of a summary execution which took place at Ngan-tong-hien, one of the towns belonging to this Fu. A farmer in that district named Pa'n (nicknamed T'oh Chao, because he had only a thumb on his left hand) was said to be the head of a secret society numbering several tens of thousands, in this province and Shantung. As he was constantly going to and fro, and was supposed to be plotting against the Government, two military officers, acting under instructions from their superiors, resolved to arrest him the next time he returned home.

With this purpose in view, they, surrounded his house with a band of soldiers, but on approaching nearer one of the officers was shot dead, and the man broke from the house and fled. He was soon overtaken and disabled by a blow from the other officer's sword, when he was slowly tortured to death by the soldiers gashing his body to pieces with their knives. They then tore out his heart and hung it up on a pole in front of his house to intimidate his followers. Before attempting to escape from the house, the unfortunate victim is said to have killed his daughter, a girl of sixteen years of age, fearing lest she should be assaulted by the brutal soldiers. The surviving officer came yesterday to report the case to the Chun-tai, the Brigadier General, who lives here.—*Pekin Gazette.*

—A Kansas ranchman predicts that cheap beef and mutton of the future will come from the immense grassy plains of Brazil and the Argentine Republic.

RESPONSIBILITY OF CATS.

They Have Been Charged With Nearly All Crimes Known to the Calendar.

A merciful Providence is metaphorically said to have made the back of the domestic cat exceedingly broad, in exquisite adaptation to the moral load which that anatomical structure has to carry. We all know that most fires are due to cats. Cats are culpably careless in the use of matches. Even Messrs. Bryant and May have scarcely been able by their ingenious invention to correct the influences of feline rashness. It is far too common a thing for a cat, after lighting a cigar, to throw a wax vesta or a deadly fusee upon the carpet or the bare boards. These animals will leave candles in immediate proximity to curtains, and forget all about them in an exciting chase after mice that have as much right to live as themselves.

A cat has been known to turn on the gas, and then, hearing a scratching behind the wainscot, to become absorbed for half an hour before applying the flame, with consequences which can be imagined, and, therefore, if Henry James will pardon us for saying so, need not be described. Cats, too, are addicted to the pernicious practice of smoking in bed, especially Persian cats, who can not otherwise perform their allotted task of reading through the "Arabian Nights" twice a year. Now, as it is notorious that no cat will endure a cover to his pipe, we need not point out the great dangers we are in by this unhappy levity. But there is really no end to the responsibility of cats, who are without any sense of shame, and appear to be most imperfectly acquainted with the laws which govern the ignition of inflammable bodies.

How many fires they cause in London from January to December, Captain Shaw alone knows. It is only necessary to mention their too familiar habit of saving themselves trouble by carrying hot coals in a shovel from one room to another, for on this occasion we may avoid the painful topic of the frauds which they too often perpetrate at the expense of the insurance companies. When all these things are taken into consideration we need not wonder, however deeply we may be grieved, at the number of fires whose origin is assigned in official reports to the agency of those noxious and ubiquitous quadrupeds. Cats are a powerful interest, and in the prevailing flabbiness of public opinion, few have the moral courage to speak the truth about them.

Excellent is the spirit of Dr. Low, an officer of the Local Government Board, who merits the respect and gratitude of the whole community for having brought out the facts about cats without flinching. No cat, after the publication of Dr. Low's memorandum, can shelter himself behind the miserable plea of ignorance from the duty of at once answering the charge that whatever may be his recreations and amusements, his serious business in life is the spread of diphtheria. It is the more courageous in Dr. Low to state this because certain Irish-American cats are more than suspected of having attempted to blow up the premises of the Local Government Board with dynamite about five years ago. Undeterred by these lucid memories, Dr. Low charges into the ranks of our feline tyrants with desperate determination. He accuses them, not by insinuation or inuendo, but in plain and unmistakeable terms, of having caused an epidemic of diphtheria at Ealing. The method in which this detestable plot was carried out is truly diabolical.

A number of associated cats, whom Dr. Low, for obvious reasons, abstains from naming, conspired to eat the remnants of the food, and drink the remainder of the milk, which had been served to diphtheritic patients. Thus primed for their horrible work they selected a number of healthy children, with whom they began to play. The children were particularly attentive to the cats, because the cats appeared to be unwell. Such is the lot of children, who never tease animals, though animals are constantly teasing them. We draw a veil over the sequel, merely remarking that Dr. Low, as becomes his high position, has no doubt that the children were infected in this precise way. The germs of infection are, it is to be feared, everywhere, and life would become impossible if we were always speculating on the chances of coming within the grasp of disease. Meanwhile it is desirable that criminal cats should be brought to justice, and that contaminated articles—edible, potable or otherwise—should be destroyed.—*Saturday Review.*

Musical Instruments.

For the fisherman—Castanet.
For the lawyer—Lyre.
For the politician—Organ.
For the whist-player—Trumpet.
For the horse-jockey—Hautboy.
For the toper—Horn.
For the laundress—Flute.
For the pawnbroker—Jewsharp—*Life.*

—In Montana a snake was discovered which could imitate the whistle of the "Bob White" with ease. While it was under surveillance it crouched in the long prairie grass and emitted the call as plainly as any partridge could. Continuing the effort, it soon heard an answer, and a moment later a young partridge alighted almost at its mouth. Quick as a flash it sprang upon its victim; there was a momentary flutter of wings, a stray feather or two, and then the snake remained master of the field. To those who doubt this story the prairie is still shown as proof of the veracity of the narrators.

GREAT STEAMBOAT RACE.

More Than a Million Said to Have Been Staked Upon the Result.

The greatest steamboat race that was ever run in the world was that which occurred in June, 1870, from New Orleans to St. Louis, between the Robert E. Lee and the Natchez. The latter was built at Cincinnati, was commanded by Captain T. P. Leathers, and in June of the above year made the fastest time on record from New Orleans to St. Louis, 1,278 miles in three days, twenty-one hours and fifty-eight minutes. The Robert E. Lee was built at New Albany during the war and was towed across the river to the Kentucky side to have her name painted on her wheel houses, a matter that was deemed prudent in those exciting times. She was commanded by Captain John W. Cannon, who died at Frankfort, Ky., in 1882.

There was great rivalry between the boats, and when the Natchez made her great run Captain Cannon determined to beat it. He stripped the Lee for the race—removed all parts of her upper works which were calculated to catch the wind; removed all rigging and outfit that could be dispensed with to lighten her; engaged the steamer Frank Pargoud to precede her a hundred miles up the river to supply coal; arranged with coal yards to have fuel barges awaiting her in the middle of the river at given points, to be taken in tow under way until the coal could be transferred to the deck of the Lee, and then to be cut loose and float back. He refused all business of every kind, and would receive no passengers. The Natchez returned to New Orleans and received a few hundred tons of freight and a few passengers, and was advertised to leave for St. Louis on June 30.

In the afternoon the Robert E. Lee backed out from the levee, and five minutes later the Natchez followed her. The whole country watched the race with breathless interest, as it had been extensively advertised by the press, and the telegraph attended its progress along the river at every point. At all the principal cities—Natchez, Vicksburg, Helena, and Memphis—people for many miles were present to see the racers pass, and the time of passing was cabled to Europe. When Cairo was reached the race was virtually ended, but the Lee proceeded to St. Louis, arriving there in three days, eighteen hours and fourteen minutes from the time she left New Orleans, beating by thirty-three minutes the previous record of the Natchez. The latter steamer had run into a fog and grounded between Memphis and Cairo, which delayed her more than six hours. It is said that 30,000 people crowded the wharf, the windows and the housetops to welcome the Lee on her arrival at St. Louis. Captain Cannon was tendered a banquet by the business men of the city, and was generally lionized while he remained here.

It was estimated that more than $1,000,000 changed hands on the result of the great race. Many of the bets were withdrawn, however, on the ground that the Lee had been assisted the first hundred miles of the trip by the power of the Frank Pargoud added to her own, and many steamboat men have ever since regarded the Natchez as the fastest boat of the two, but think she was outgeneraled in the race by the Lee. There was so much adverse comment afterward by the press that there has been no attempt since to repeat such a performance.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

MAN'S TRUE CHARACTER.

In Most Instances It Is Called Forth Only by Great Emergencies.

Great emergencies call forth the great soul. War in the twinkling of an eye turns village drunkards and pettifogging lawyers into Generals and statesmen. Love transforms Cymon from a brute into a man. Necessity makes Shakespeare a dramatist; accident reveals Scott his true powers. The most commonplace men and women have passed through the fool's paradise of love, when they were divine beings worshiping divinity, and in that fool's paradise they for a brief moment found their true selves, saw deep into the soul of their consort. That flitting dream was in truth an awakening, the brief opening of the spiritual eye. When the world of facts has passed away, our dreams may remain. The man of common sense asks for realities, the poet knows that only illusions are true. Look you, the man whom you hate are there not women who worship him, children who look up to him? Who sees the true man—you who hate him, or they who love him? Love is a divine delight; it reaches out over and around its object into the illimitable; it is a part of the over-soul of the infinite, of God. Hatred is painful. It strains and racks the body, it blinds the vision, it makes man conscious of his mortal limitations. "Love sees the virtues that are of the soul; hatred only the diseases of the skin." "All men have their faults, and stealing was Bill's," said a weeping widow over the corpse of a desperado shot in attempted burglary. And grotesque, ludicrous as the expression may seem, she was right. She knew that not in the robber, the law-breaker, the outcast, did the real man shine forth, but in those rarer moods of kindliness and generosity when he was the true friend and husband. Perhaps when two enemies, who have refused to see any good in each other on this earth, meet hereafter in another world free from the muddy vesture of decay which clogs their vision here, the first thought of each will be: "Is this the beautiful soul that I maligned and hated?"—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

—Pastures can not be continually cropped without something being returned to prevent loss of fertility.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

An Epitome of the Principal Features of Autumn Fashion Plates.

Directoire gowns and bonnets are very becoming to tall, stately women.

Many of the latest toilets for bridesmaids are quaint and old-fashioned in effect, and many toilets of this description made by London modistes are modeled after dresses popular in the sixteenth century.

Dark-green rough straw hats faced with a shirring of dark-green net, and trimmed with drooping pink gladioli and grasses, are pretty for either morning or afternoon wear in the country during the autumn. Tuscan hats in Directoire style have their ample brims faced with black or dark-colored velvet, and are garnished outside with wreaths of pale-green hops and crimson and yellow nasturtium blossoms, or with chaplets of unripe hazel nuts and foliage.

There is still a rage for plaids, and their reign is likely to prove a longer one than was at first prophesied—extending at least through the fall and winter seasons. Plaided surahs, combined with cashmere or Henrietta cloth, are made up in many stylish ways, long effects being particularly popular. There are brought out attractive patterns in blue and white, cream and crushed strawberry, vieux rose and olive, bronze and amber, pine green and almond, doe color and dahlia, and a host of other novel plaids, barred with hairlines of golden brown, black, cardinal, gold and green.

Mousselaine de soie, a most beautiful diaphanous silk muslin of exquisite texture, is a very fashionable material for dancing toilets. A gown worn by the wife of an army officer summering at Long Branch is made of tea-rose mousselaine de soie figured with tiny pomegranate blossoms and foliage. The dress is made up over a princesse slip of willow-green surah, its sheen but faintly showing beneath the airy silken folds of the transparent muslin. There is a low bodice of the silk, with a high one of the muslin, this V-shape, in the neck. The sleeves are short, and the princesse is demi-trained and artistically draped with the silk muslin.

A dust-cloak is almost indispensable if one would keep the dress fresh when driving or traveling. It is a poor investment to purchase a dust-cloak of cheap alpaca, with the ruche pinked at the edges. The latter is sure to fray and soon look very shabby. It is far better to purchase one of best quality simply hemmed all round. A nun's cloak, Portia pelisse, Irish peasant cloak, or whatever the title may be to a dust-cloak, or however smart or stylish in effect, is not suitable for street wear, though many women appear upon the promenade enveloped in them. Their use is as special and particular as a riding-habit, or should be at least. A plainly made camel's hair, surah, alpaca, or English serge dust-cloak is conveniently carried over the arm at any time for a journey, however long. It is also easily packed, as it is light in weight and does not easily crumple. A fussy over-trimmed dust-cloak, with tags and ribbons flying, is a nuisance, and is not at all in keeping with the uses for which it was designed.—*N. Y. Post.*

A PECULIAR TARGET.

An Amusing, and Yet Thrilling, Shooting Incident in India.

Four Europeans who had been out after tiger in the Maimensing district were returning at the close of a long day, and had almost reached the factory where they were to dine and pass the night, when the Captain ordered a halt. The "line" at once pulled up, and he said: "I hate seeing loaded rifles taken into a house [it was the old muzzle-loading days], more especially where there are children. I propose that we fire ours off." "All right," said another, "but we have not had a shot all day; what do you say to a 'pool?'" "There's nothing to fire at," observed a third. "There's that ghurrah," said the Captain, pointing to an earthen vessel which some ryots who were working at a little distance had as usual brought their day's supply of drinking-water in. "Good," said the fourth, "but, what with bad light and the distance, it's by no means an easy shot. I propose we each put a chick on." "How shall we decide as to the order of firing?" said one. "O," replied the Captain, generously, "commence at your end of the line." The mark was by no means an easy one to hit, for the distance was well nigh a hundred yards, the guns smooth bores, and the light that deceptive kind which one gets just between daylight and dark. But, on the other hand, the hunters were exceptionally good men, all excellent shots, either of whom could hit a running deer from the back of an elephant twice out of three times. "Fire away," said the Captain. No. 1 grazed the right side of the vessel, and it was thought must have hit it. No. 2 went just over it. No. 3 went a little to the left. "Thank you, gentlemen," said the Captain. "I'll trouble you for those twelve rupees." He raised his gun as he spoke, and the next moment the jar was covered with earth; the bullet had cut the ground beneath it. Presently the vessel was seen to wriggle, and then to kick, while a feeble cry proclaimed it to be a baby. Consternation was depicted on every face. The elephants bolted, the Sahibs jumped down and rushed to the spot, the parents running from the opposite direction. The little mite hadn't been touched, and was carried off by the father and mother with great rejoicing. They also took the "pool" along with them, and right glad he Sahibs were, under the circumstances, to part with it.—*Calcutta Letter.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Many farmers who have planted orchards on hill-sides have spent much time resetting and doctoring. Able writers say that a hillside where the water runs off quickly is the very place for the worms to hatch their young.

—A garden trowel, or a round stick about one and a half inches in diameter, and about one foot long, and a cross-piece fastened on top and the other end well sharpened, is a very convenient implement for making the holes in which to set the plants.

—To secure good seed corn for next year the farmer should begin while the corn is growing to make observations. He should note and mark all prominent stalks, as the early maturity, vigor and prolificacy are as important as the germination of the seed.

—It is a Southern fashion to cook green corn in the husk, and I have never eaten any more delicious. Remove only the course outer husks, leaving on the inner ones. Strip these down so as to to remove the silk, then tie them in place again and boil. Serve with a bowl of melted butter and season well with salt and pepper.

—Do not be tempted to grow two plants on the space that should only be occupied by one. An extra undesirable plant becomes a weed, and when the two are of the same kind they injure each other more than if of different species, as they demand the same food from the soil and must struggle with each other.

—Vaseline makes a very clean, odorless application for light harness, riding bridles, saddles, etc. After giving it a chance to dry in, go all over the surface with a rag dipped in the white of an egg. This gives it a waterproof coating that will last for some time and prevents the oil from staining the hands or clothing. Have the leather perfectly clean before oiling.

—The digestive organs soon get out of order when grain is fed to the exclusion of grass or bulky food. This is true of all classes of stock and also of poultry. It is better to feed hay alone than allow a surfeit of grain, especially in summer. A variety of food promotes digestion and prevents disease. It is also more economical to give a variety, as less food is then required.

—Caramels: One and a half pounds sugar, one cup cream, one tablespoon butter and half a cake of sweet German chocolate. Mix all together in a stewpan and cook, stirring frequently until done. Just before pouring it out of the pan, flavor with vanilla or lemon. Pour into a buttered dish, and before it gets perfectly cold, cut into squares by running a knife up and down the dish. It will break nicely when cold.

—Parched rice, is very good in the case of bowel troubles. Roast it to a nice brown, as you would coffee, throw into salted boiling water and cook rapidly until done. Rice water for a drink is made by stirring a tablespoonful of rice flour, wet with cold water, into a quart of boiling water. Season with salt, let it get very cold and flavor with lemon juice or nutmeg, sweetening to taste.

ADULTERATED SPICES.

An Expert Describes the Method of Cheapening Expensive Articles.

"Rice flour and white meal can be mingled with white pepper in reasonable quantities and experts in spices can not detect it," said a leading grocer to a reporter. "In fact, there is no trade in which adulteration for pecuniary profit can be carried on more profitably and with less chance of detection than in spices. Terra alba, a fine marble dust, is exported from Italy to this country in considerable quantities to mingle with white pepper. Mustard mixes with sago flour, rice flour, and a bit of aniline coloring without detriment to the appearance of the mustard. Treat the mixture with iodine and you expose the adulteration; but the average consumer of mustard is not apt to apply that test. The German and French mustards are an interesting mixture. They are compounded of cracker dust, mustard, cayenne pepper, white vingar, oil and sugar flavoring. Old crackers are sometimes baked brown, then ground into dust and mixed with ground cinnamon and nutmeg, and the whole is sold for nutmeg at a price that drives pure nutmegs out of the market.

"Ground pepper is frequently sold for less money than the unground article, which makes the naturally suspicious suspect at once that the ground goods are loaded with pepper dust, which is made from cocoanut shells or buckwheat hulls, charcoal, white meal and mustard bran. Lack of taste is as desirable, in an adulteration of spices as adaptability of color. For that reason the cocoanut shell, ground up very fine, is desirable. Venetian red, salt and white meal can be ground together and made into a valuable addition to cayenne pepper. A dull, red pepper, exported from Africa, is often heavily adulterated with that mixture. It is worth only about 10 cents a pound when pure, but when well adulterated it can be sold to a green dealer and a green trade for genuine Natal pepper, worth from 25 to 35 cents a pound. You can buy ground ginger at almost any store for 7 cents a pound, when the unground article commands 10 cents for the same quantity. That means that the goods offered for 7 cents a pound is a mixture of white meal, starch, cayenne pepper and manilla rope flavored with ginger. The grocery trade, especially the country people, want to see the ginger fibres, and the ingenuity of the dealer supplies them in the form of threads of manilla rope."—*N. Y. Mail and Express*

Sick Children.

When little ones are suffering pain we find the application of hot flat-irons wrapped in old bits of canton flannel (or even the stoves-plates) to their feet, and the spots they complain of, will often relieve them as quickly as they are found to be sweating.

We often make poultices for pain in the side or dysentery pains. "To a teacupful of corn meal or bran add a half-teaspoonful of mustard and as much lard as a small hen's egg, make it with hot water into a smooth mush, spread as thick as a book-back." We prepare a bag the size needed, one side thick muslin, the other very thin, or even doubled fly netting, put the mush in, sew, shut the end, and then spread with a broad-bladed knife; have a strip of flannel (to pin around a baby or young child) to which we baste the corners of our poultice to insure its keeping smooth and close to the skin. Sometimes we add a small handful of hops, if we have them.

If a child suffers from cold feet, get two basins of water, one cold the other very warm, and put its feet first into the cold and then the hot, every minute changing them, and soon it can keep them in the hot water with comfort; then rub them briskly with a soft towel; a little liniment or alcohol will be good.

Children should be taught to tell of aches and pains or slight sore throats, that one can apply simple remedies in time, and advise them as to diet. We often say to our boys, "Perhaps you had better not eat any supper, or only a little bread and milk," and they find it a good prescription. Salt-water gargles in the first stage of sore throat, with a little turpentine or liniment on the outside, may save serious sickness.

I have told before of fat pork for ear ache, but it will bear repeating. Cut a good piece to stop up the opening, with a pointed bit to go inside, and it will relieve ordinary ear ache very soon.

Always keep a child warm and keep out any breaking out; give remedies to bring out whatever eruption is suspected.

We have had trouble with coughs that lemon juice and sugar seemed to relieve better than anything else.

For slight burns on baby's fingers a bit of court plaster will give speedy relief; we always use it. Cuts should be simply tied up tightly to hold the edges together, and covered with court plasters when done bleeding. Young mothers want to put on something to cure, but they err and retard the healing, as any physician will tell them.

A sick child is much more comfortable on a large rocking chair or its bed than in any person's lap, and can be attended to much more easily. Quiet tones of encouragement and steady hands go far with any sick person, and a child is especially sensitive to outside influences. The mother who cannot control herself seldom is fit to attend upon her sick folks, and if she governs them in health she will reap her reward when they obey her in sickness.—*Household.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Pine Extract for Bathing.

It has long been recognized that the atmosphere of pine forests has an invigorating and beneficial effect upon people with weak constitutions, and suffering from pulmonary disorders. At some of the watering places of Germany the very simple prescription of the physician is that the patient should spend several hours a day walking or riding through the pine woods. This simple treatment is sometimes supplemented by the taking of pine baths, and in the case of kidney diseases and for delicate children this is claimed to be very beneficial. The bath is prepared by simply pouring into the water about half a tumblerful of an extract made from the fresh needles of the pine. This extract is dark in color and closely resembles molasses in consistency, and when poured into the bath gives the water a muddy appearance with a slight foam on the surface. The repugnance one feels to enter into such a muddy looking fluid is dispelled as soon as the delightful aroma which arises from the bath is inhaled. Although there may be some doubt whether pine baths act upon the system in any other wise than as a tonic, still as an adjunct to the daily bath, infusion of the pine extract induces a most agreeable sensation. It gives the skin a deliciously soft and silky feeling, and the effect upon the nerves is quieting. It is a matter of some surprise to us that the business of manufacturing and bottling the extract for private use and public bathing establishments has not been tried in this country, where pine forests abound so extensively. The extract when properly bottled and securely corked will not deteriorate for a long time, and the cost for gathering the pine needles and extracting their tarry substance would not be very great, while the demand for it would likely increase to large proportions when the public become accustomed to its use.—*Scientific American.*

A Pious Horse-Trot.

In these days of semi-gambling for the Lord in religious shows, where grab-bags, ring-cakes, post-offices, bean-bag-throwing, and girl-kissing, at a price, are indulged in so frequently, all in a pious way (as the end sanctifies the means), is not too much time wasted? Could not some great, grand scheme be introduced to secure all the money expected by such means at one effort during the entire year?

In the horse-trotting season would it not be well to secure the services of such horses as Maud S., Jay Eye See, and other "good steppers" to trot for the Lord? And as "pool-selling" seems to be sanctioned by high authority, the Churches in certain sections could be pooled and vast sums realized.

I call attention to several desirable attractions of this enterprise.

1. It is, I think, a new thing under the sun. Who ever heard before of "trotting for the Lord?"

2. It would be a *liberal* movement on the part of the Churches and would have a tendency to break down bigotry and superstition.

The Church and the world would decidedly meet on one common level and who knows but that there would be an easier access to the hearts as the pockets of the wanton and the profane?

3, It might have a tendency to ease the conscience of gamblers in general and of horse gamblers in particular. If the owners of the horses have any scruples as to any of the measures used in the years gone by they might be greatly relieved by loaning or giving the services of their trotters for so high and Christian a purpose.

4. Being a well-meant Christian endeavor, doubtless the revenue would be unprecedented.

5. Who knows but that by such promiscuous intermingling of the Church and the world some might be attracted from the horse-trot to the Church-services on Sunday and on other occasions? It might be that a certain class would be attracted to revival seasons and be thus benefitted. Can it be that any of our Methodists will be so squemish as not to sanction a great, general "horse-trot for the Lord?" Why should this be considered any more harmful than other forms of gambling already indulged?—*Northern Christian Advocate.*

"Daniel," remarked the President to his private secretary the day after he had stirred up the country with his retaliation message.

"Yes, sire," responded Daniel, meekly.

"Do you think that war is likely to follow my message?"

"It is not at all improbable, sire. The people appear anxious for it."

"I hope not, Daniel; but if the people are over-hasty and plunge the nation into the bloody vortex, may I, who have done you so many favors, ask one of you?"

"Certainly, sire. I will only be too glad to render you any service. Name it, sir."

"Well, Daniel," — and the Chief magistrate's voice sank—"in case of war, I will need a substitute, and there is no man in whom I could more implicitly trust my war record than you. Will you be my substitute, Daniel?"

Daniel's cheek paled, but his word to his chief had been promised, and, bowing his head, he left the room.

A colored woman named Winnie Johnson, who had been on exhibition at the dime museum on Baltimore street, Baltimore, died Monnay last, quite suddenly. She was a mountain of fat. She was not above the ordinary height, but weighed 850 pounds. A block and tackle was used to put the body in its coffin, place it in the wagon provided to remove it to the cemetery, and to lower it into the grave. The woman was born in Henry county, Va., and was about 40 years old. She was probably the largest human being in the world.

A Scandalous Thing.

Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

We have not noticed any moral mourning in the Mugwump papers over Cleveland's contribution to campaign corruption. They seem wholly insensible to the fact that this is rather the most scandalous thing ever done by a President of the United States.

HOMOEOPATHY.—One cause of the steady spread of Homœopathy is the *Family Medicine Case*, with its accompanying book, for the treatment of various diseases and to meet sudden emergencies. The posessor of one of these cases realizes its great usefullness, tells his friends and sometimes convinces them by curing them and thus Homœpathy spreads. We mail a price list and catalogue of our goods free, BOERICKE & TAFEL, Homœpathic Pharmacists and Publishers. *Established in* 1835. Baltimore, Md., 228 North Howard St. Washington, D. C., 938 F. St., N. W. Philadelphia, Pa., 1011 Arch St., and 1035 Walnut St. New York, 145 Grand St., and 7, W. 42nd St. Pittsburgh, Pa., 627 Smithfield St. Chicago, Ill., 36 Madison St, Cor. Wabash Avenue. *Our medicines by the vial are sold by leading druggists.*

When you say to your wife, "don't fret; I'll be there in a minute," just think that in that minute, over all the world, about eighty new born babies have each raised a wail of protest at being thrust into existence, while as many more human beings, weary with life's struggle, have uttered their last sigh.

According to the United States statistics for 1880, in that brief space of sixty seconds—and the remark is true of every minute in the year—we produced sixty-one tons of anthracite coal, twelve bales of cotton, $66 worth of gold; and turned out in gold and silver coin $121, and sold or gave away forty-two acres of public land. The Duke of Westminster has an income of thirty shillings a minute. As it has taken five minutes to write this article, we have been whirled round on the outside of the earth by its diurnal motion just sixty-five miles, and it isn't a cool day for traveling either. A minute therefore is a pretty important measure of time when one stops to think about it.

I hear, writes a correspondent in the London Figaro, that the famous fortress of Gibralter, deemed so impregnable, is by no means so well-armed as it should be. The fortifications were, when completed, able to defy the then existing ordnance, but guns have improved and the forts are the same. What is worse, however, is the fact that a great portion of the armament of the forts at Gibraltar is of an obsolete description. Even the big 100-ton gun, mounted near the Almeda, is a muzzle-loader, and I am told there are no large breech-loading guns in the fortress. This is not as it should be; we do not hold Gibraltar by favor, and we are not likely to retain it if it is known to be vulnerable to attack.

"Have the prominent Irishmen send congratulations to President Cleveland on his message on the fisheries treaty and get up a demonstration if possible." These were the instructions given by J. B. Townsend, chairman of the Ohio Democratic State Committee, to his confidential agents. This was the plan the Democrats tried to work for getting up a "spontaneous" outburst of enthusiasm over Cleveland's buncome message. But the Irishmen were strangely indifferent. They treated the matter rather with disgust than with enthusiasm. Its purpose, which was to divert attention from the tariff issue, failed.

If You Have a Trifling Cough

Don't neglect it. Use Roger's Specific Cough Cure. It is a sure and speedy cure for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, &c. 25 cts. a bottle.

For Sprains, Burns, Bruises, &c.

Use Roger's Specific Liniment. It has no equal as a cure for Sprains, Burns, Bruises, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Dysentary, Rheumatism, &c. 25 cts.

Dyspepsia and Habitual Constipation

Speedily cured by a few doses of Appetite, the Great Stomach, Kidney and Liver Remedy. Price 50 cts.

Piles! Piles! Piles!

Roger's Specific Cocaine Pile Remedy will cure in a short time the most aggravated case of Itching, protruding, Bleeding, or any other form of Piles. Price 50 cts. a box.

Roger's Sp cific Worm Syrup

Is Pleasant, Safe and efficient. Price 25 cts.

For Chapped Hands, Face, &c.

Use Frangipane Curative Balm, a delightful toilet article for the Hands, Face, Roughness of Skin, Face and Sunburn, Tetter, Pimples Blotches and Skin Diseases. Price 15 cts.

All the above preparations are for sale at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, Oakland, and by druggists and country merchants in all parts of Garrett and adjoining counties.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon any of my property in any manner whatever.

9 8 3 D. E. OFFUTT.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby warned from Hunting or Driving on the lands under my charge. We have fenced to the new county road, and warn all persons from taking down our fences and running over our lands.

J. H. & C. T. SANDERS.

GEO. P. WHITE, Mt. Lake Park, Md — S. D. WHITE, P.M Frankville, Md.

WHITE & BRO.

NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!

AT FRANKVILLE, MD.

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes Country produce taken in exchange for goods Call and see us. WHITE & BRO.
P. O. address, Floyd, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

IF ALL RUN DOWN From the debilitating effects of summers heat; if you can't sleep, have no appetite, lack ambition, and are always tired, you are as much in need of medicine as if sick abed. You need Paine's Celery Compound at this season, when the whole system is debilitated by the wear and tear of work or play in the extreme heat. Can you afford the time and cost of a vacation? Paine's Celery Compound will remove the need of one. It is the only hot weather tonic that has true medicinal value. Compounded from the formula of a successful physician, as a general invigorator it has no equal. When all run down from heat or overwork, remember that Paine's Celery Compound **WILL BRACE YOU UP.**

Sold by all druggists, $1 a bottle. Six for $5.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprs, Burlington, Vt.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil, Paregoric or Narcotic Syrups. Children cry for Castoria. Millions of Mothers bless Castoria.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation; Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation; Gives healthy sleep; also aids digestion; Without narcotic stupefaction.

"I recommend Castoria for children's complaints, as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray St., New York.

They are Growing More Popular Every Day.

WHO?

MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

OF CUMBERLAND, MD.,

The Acknowledged Largest Dealers in Western Maryland,

Who, by their many years' experience in the music business, together with honest and fair dealing, have placed the World Renowned

ESTEY AND CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN

in the leading ranks of all other Organs manufactured. The Estey Organ is well enough known to be appreciated when seen. The Chicago Cottage Organ is gaining a reputation that ere long will place it at the head of the list. It is elegant in finish, exquisite in design. In tone superlatively fine. Standard in construction. Highly ornamented and heavy volume. It is an Organ whose action speaks louder than words, and after one sees and trys this lovely instrument, it always pleases and gives entire satisfaction to the purchaser. We also sell the celebrated

DECKER BROS., WEBER, FISHER BROS., AND ESTEY PIANOS,

—AND THE—

New Home Sewing Machine.

This machine has *no* superior. The cabinet work is of the finest and most artistic made. Its construction is the best and guaranteed not to get out of order. Its attachments are the simplest as well as the most perfect made, and a child can operate it with ease. The attachments are self-setting, requiring no screw-driver, not even a thumb screw. No home is complete without this, the grandest, best and most perfect machine made.

Our terms are made in every instance to suit purchaser, and prices the lowest ever offered for first-class goods in this section. We buy for cash in large quantities from the factories direct, thus enabling us to save the purchaser the ordinary agents commission. A word to the wise is sufficient.

For purchasing write or send for illustrated catalogues, prices, terms, &c., to

MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

Main Office, MEYERSDALE, PA.
Branch Office, CUMBERLAND, MD. 9 17 '87—1y

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ

E. F. STANSBERRY.

—Manufacturer of—

Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,

OAKLAND, MD.

☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.
Nov, 21, 85.—1 y.

VALUABLE

STOCK FARM FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price Asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

TOWN PROPERTY

FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FARM FOR SALE!

For sale cheap, a farm of 305 acres, about 90 acres of which is cleared, and on which are erected a

Two-Story Frame House, Two Stables

and other outbuildings. About 75 acres of the woodland is covered with EXCELLENT TIMBER. The farm is situated two miles from Swanton, B. & O. R. R. About 250 acres is under fence. A young orchard was put out four years ago, and will soon come into bearing.

For particulars and terms, apply to or address

RICHARD CUSTER,
8 25 Swanton, Md

MASSEY HALL PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

School year commences

September 12th, 1888.

Regular and elective courses in all Preparatory Studies. Special attention to English and Commercial branches. The number of pupils is strictly limited, in order to insure the most thorough training and individual advancement.

For terms, hours of study, &c., apply to

REV. J. NEWMAN,
7 7 td Principal.

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE OAKLAND WOOLEN MILLS, OAKLAND, MD., May 1st, 1888.

TO THE PUBLIC:

Having bought the above mill, we are prepared to contract for and purchase Wool, either for cash or exchange for Flannels, Yarns, Blankets, Cassimere, Satinet and Jeans.

Highest Market Price Will be Paid for Wool!

One of the firm will be at Oakland on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY of each week during the wool season. On other days apply to the Foreman, Mr. John C. Trenton, at the Factory.

☞ A liberal patronage is respectfully solicited.

5 A. C. SCHERR & BRO.

D. E. BOLDEN & CO.,

UNDERTAKERS

AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS,

OAKLAND, MD.

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

COFFINS, CASKETS

—AND—

BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS!

—Also a full line of—

FURNITURE,

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and Window Blinds,

And everything usually kept in a First-Class Furniture Establishment

Furniture Rented on easy Terms

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

REPAIR WORK,

PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c.

☞ Also make Furniture to order.

D. E. BOLDEN, & CO.

Feb. 25, '88.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect April 29th, 1888:

GOING EAST.

No. 2		7.41 A. M
No. 38	Accommodation	10.30 A. M
No. 6		11.14 A.M
No. 82	Accommodation	5.05 P. M
No. 4		11.43 P. M

GOING WEST

No. 3		4.49 A. M.
No. 81	Accommodation	9.40 A. M.
No. 5		5.00 P. M.
No. 65	Accommodation	5.41 P. M.
No. 1		9.15 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.

C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed. 12 24 '87

JOHN A. WOLF,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

2 88 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, SEPT. 22, 1888. NUMBER 30.

NEW ADVRETISEMENTS.

KIRK'S

WHITE CLOUD

FLOATING SOAP

—IS—

THE CHIEF

For the Bath, Toilet and Laundry.

Snow White and Absolutely Pure.

If your dealer does not keep White Cloud Soap, send 10 cents for sample cake to the makers.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., CHICAGO.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

☞ Office over Casteel's Drug Store on Main street, Oakland, Md. 2 26 '87.

GILMOR S. HAMILL
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. j e13-1y

J. B. FAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals Also in adjoining counties of West Va.

☞ Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.

Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

FRED. A. THAYER. EDWARD H. SINCELL.

THAYER & SINCELL,
ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 7 '87.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.

July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland. v3n47.

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.
OFFICE IN NYDEGGER BUILDING.

☞ Residence in Dr. Keller Building. Sept. 9, 1885.—1y.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.,

offers his professional services to the people of Oakland and vicinity. 5 5 '88

☞ Office with Dr. J. Lee McComas.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3n48

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dr. Seth Arnold's COUGH KILLER

CURES

Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and Asthma.

PREVENTS CONSUMPTION

Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.

Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, druggist, Oakland, Md. 11 '86 1y

PLANING MILLS.

MT. LAKE PARK, MD.,

ALDERSON & ROBINSON, PROPS

C. M. RATHBUN, Manager.

Manufacturers of and dealers in

Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings.

Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.

☞ Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of mill work. 1 29, '87.

PATENTS!

Caveats, and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE. We have no sub-agencies, all business direct, hence can transact patent business in less time and at LESS COST than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing, or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A book, "How to Obtain Patents," with references to actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address

C. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property.

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

FARM FOR SALE.

A RARE CHANCE TO INVEST!

A farm containing 161 acres, 3½ miles from Oakland, on the West Union Road is offered for sale at a bargain. This is known as the Christian Yutzy farm, has good buildings, is well watered, 100 acres under cultivation and a good grist and saw mill on adjoining land.

TERMS.—One-third cash, the balance in two equal annual payments.

For price and particulars apply to or address

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican office, Oakland, Md.

7 21 6m

Dr. I. D. Newman,
OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence on Mill street, opposite the Helbig bridge

Calls day or night promptly attended to. 3 15 1y.

Store Room for Rent.

The Store Room lately occupied by O. Hart & Son, on the corner of Second and Oak streets, is for rent. This is one of the best stands in Oakland. Terms moderate.

Apply to

MRS. H. A. RASCHE,
2 11 3t Oakland, Md.

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th 1885.—1 y

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

ft 24 DAVID LITTLE.

INVENTION has revolutionized the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. *Grand outfit free.* Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

SOME PLEASANT ROOMS AT

VIRGINIA COTTAGE!

Pure Water, Verandas aand Shade Trees.

☞ Address: P. O. Box 113 6 2 3

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CONSTIPATION

IS called the "Father of Diseases," because there is no medium through which disease so often attacks the system as by the absorption of poisonous gases in the retention of decayed and effete matter in the stomach and bowels. It is caused by a Torpid Liver, not enough bile being excreted from the blood to produce Nature's own cathartic, and is generally accompanied with such results as

Loss of Appetite,
Sick Headache,
Bad Breath, etc.

The treatment of Constipation does not consist merely in unloading the bowels. The medicine must not only act as a purgative, but be a tonic as well, and not produce after its use greater costiveness. To secure a regular habit of body without changing the diet or disorganizing the system

TAKE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

"My attention, after suffering with Constipation for two or three years, was called to Simmons Liver Regulator, and, having tried almost everything else, concluded to try it. I first took a wineglassful and afterwards reduced the dose to a teaspoonful, as per directions, after each meal. I found that it had done me so much good that I continued it until I took two bottles. Since then I have not experienced any difficulty. I keep it in my house and would not be without it, but have no use for it, it having cured me."—Geo. W. Sims, Ass't Clerk Superior Court, Bibb Co., Ga.

Take only the Genuine,

Which has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-mark and Signature of

J. H. ZEILIN & CO

Beauty

Is desired and admired by all. Among the things which may best be done to enhance personal beauty is the daily use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. No matter what the color of the hair, this preparation gives it a lustre and pliancy that adds greatly to its charm. Should the hair be thin, harsh, dry, or turning gray, **Ayer's Hair Vigor** will restore the color, bring out a new growth, and render the old soft and shiny. For keeping the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, there is no better preparation in the market.

"I am free to confess that a trial of Ayer's Hair Vigor has convinced me that it is a genuine article. Its use has not only caused the hair of my wife and daughter to be

Abundant and Glossy,

but it has given my rather stunted mustache a respectable length and appearance."—R. Britton, Oakland, Ohio.

"My hair was coming out (without any assistance from my wife, either). I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor, using only one bottle, and I now have as fine a head of hair as any one could wish for."—R. T. Schmittou, Dickson, Tenn.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor in my family for a number of years, and regard it as the best hair preparation I know of. It keeps the scalp clean, the hair soft and lively, and preserves the original color. My wife has used it for a long time with most satisfactory results."—Benjamin M. Johnson, M. D., Thomas Hill, Mo.

"My hair was becoming harsh and dry, but after using half a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor it grew black and glossy. I cannot express the joy and gratitude I feel."—Mabel C. Hardy, Delavan, Ill. *

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

A. LOEWENSTEIN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Cor. Water and Third streets

OAKLAND, - MD.

I take pleasure in informing my old friends and customers that I have opened up a new

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

in Oakland, and am prepared to do

All Kinds of Work

in my line, at

Reasonable Prices!

☞ All work Guaranteed.

A. LOEWENSTEIN.

Oakland, Nov

J. F. LEWIS,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND PLASTERING LATH!

SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.

Having had Fourteen years practice and experience as a SHINGLE SAWYER, I am confident that I can sell you a better shingle than can be bought any where else in the State for the same price.

3 3 '88 1y *J. F. LEWIS,* Cranesville, W. Va.

Harrison's Letter.

Hon. M. M. Estee and others, Committee, ect.

GENTLEMEN:—When your Committee visited me on the 4th of July last and presented the official announcement of my nomination for the Presidency of the United States by the Republican Convention I promised as soon as practicable to communicate to you a more formal acceptance of the nomination. Since that time the work of receiving and addressing, almost daily, large delegations of my fellow-citizens has not only occupied all of my time, but has in some measure rendered it necessary for me to use this letter as a medium of communicating to the public my views on the questions involved in the campaign. I appreciate very highly the confidence and respect manifested by the Convention, and accept the nomination with a feeling of gratitude and a full sense of the responsibilities which accompany it.

It is a matter of congratulation that the declarations of the Chicago Convention upon the questions that now attract the interest of our people are so clear and emphatic. There is further cause of congratulation in the fact that the Convention utterances of the Democratic party, if in any degree uncertain or contradictory, can now be judged and interpreted by Executive acts and messages, and by definite propositions in legislation. This is especially true of what is popularly known as the tariff question. The issue cannot now be obscured. It is not a contest between schedules, but between wide apart principles. The foreign competitors for our market have, with quick instinct, seen how one issue of this contest may bring them advantage, and our own people are not so dull as to miss or neglect the grave interests that are involved for them. The assault upon our Protective system is open and defiant. Protection is assailed as unconstitutional in law, or as vicious in principle, and those who hold such views sincerely cannot stop short of an absolute elimination from our tariff laws of the principle of Protection. The Mills bill is only a step, but it is toward an object that the leaders of Democratic thought and legislation have clearly in mind.

The important question is not so much the length of the step as the direction of it. Judged by the executive message of December last, by the Mills by, by the debates in Congress and by the St. Louis platform, the Democratic party will, if supported by the country, place the tariff laws upon a purely revenue basis. This is practical free trade—free trade in the English sense. The legend upon the banner may not be "free trade," it may be the more obscure motto "Tariff Reform," but neither the banner nor the inscription is conclusive, or, indeed, very important. The assault itself is the important fact.

Those who teach that the imports duty upon foreign goods sold in our market is paid by the consumer, and that the price of the domestic competing article is enhanced to the amount of the duty on the imported article—that every million of dollars collected for customs duties represents many millions more which do not reach the Treasury, but are paid by our citizens as the increased cost of domestic productions resulting from the tariff laws—may not intend to discredit in the minds of others our system of levying duties on competing foreign products, but it is clearly already discredited in their own. We cannot doubt, without impugning their integrity, that if free trade to act upon their convictions they would so revise our laws as to lay the burden of the customs revenue upon articles that are not produced in his country and to place upon the free list all competing foreign products. I do not stop to refute this theory as to the effect of our tariff duties. Those who advance it are students of maxims and not of the markets. They may be safely allowed to call their project "Tariff Reform," if the people understand that in the end the argument compels free trade in all competing products. This end may not be reached abruptly and its approach may be accompanied with some expressions of sympathy for our protected industries and our working people, but it will certainly come, if these early steps do not arouse the people to effective resistance.

The Republican party holds that a Protective tariff is constitutional, wholesome and necessary. We do not offer a fixed schedule, but a principle. We will revise the schedule, modify rates, but always with an intelligent proviso as to the effect upon domestic production and the wages of our working people. We believe it to be one of the worty objects of tariff legislation to preserve the American market for the American producers, and to maintain the American scale of wages by adequate discriminating duties upon foreign competing products. The effect of lower rates and larger importations upon the public revenue is contingent and doubtful, but not so upon American production and American wages. Less work and lower wages must be accepted as the inevitable result of increased offering of foreign goods in our market. By way of recompense for this reduction in his wages and the loss of the American market, it is suggested that the diminished wages of the workingman will have an undiminished purchasing power, and that he will be able to make up for the loss of the home market by an enlarged foreign market. Our workingmen have the settlement of the question in their own hands. They now obtain higher wages and live more comfortable than those of any other country. They will make choice between the substantial advantages they have on hand and the deceptive promises and forecasts of these theorizing reformers. They will decide for themselves and for the country whether the Protective system shall be continued or destroyed.

The fact of a Treasury surplus, the amount of which is variously stated, has directed public attention to a consideration of the methods by which the national income may best be reduced to the level of a wise and necessary expenditure. This condition has been seized upon by those who are hostile to Protective customs duties as an advantageous base of attack upon our tariff laws. They have magnified and nursed the surplus, which they affect to deprecate, seemingly for the purpose of exaggerating the evil in order to reconcile the people to the extreme remedy they propose. A proper reduction of the revenues does not necessitate and should not suggest the abandonment of the Protective system. The methods suggested by our Convention will not need to be exhausted in order to effect the necessary reduction. We are not likely to be called upon, I think, to make a present choice between the surrender of the Protective system and the entire repeal of the internal taxes. Such a contingency in view of the present relation of expenditures to revenues is remote. The inspection and regulation of the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine is important, and the revenue derived from it is not so great that the repeal of the law need enter into any plan of revenue reduction.

The surplus now in the Treasury should be used in the purchase of bonds. The law authorizes this use of it, and if it is not needed for current or deficiency appropriations the people, and not the banks in which it has been deposited should have the advantage of its use by stopping interest upon the public debt. At least those who needlessly hoard it should not be allowed to use the fear of a monetary stringency thus produced to coerce public sentiment upon other questions.

Closely connected with the subject of the tariff is that of the importation of foreign laborers under contracts of service to be performed here. The law now in force prohibiting such contracts received my cordial support in the Senate and such amendments as may be found necessary effectively to deliver our workingmen and women from this most iniquitable form of competition will have my sincere advocacy. Legislation prohibiting the importation of laborers under contracts to serve here will, however, afford very inadequate relief to our working people if the system of Protective duties is broken down. If the products of American shops must compete in the American market without favoring duties with the products of cheap foreign labor, the effect will be different, if at all, only in degree, whether the cheap laborer is across the street or over the sea. Such competition will soon reduce wages here to the level of those abroad, and when that condition is reached we shall not need any laws forbidding the importation of laborers under contract—they will have no inducement to come, and the employer no inducement to send for them. In the earlier years of our history public agencies to promote immigration were common. The pioneer wanted a neighbor with more friendly instincts than the Indian. Labor was scarce and fully employed. But the day of the immigration bureau has gone by. While our doors will continue open to proper immigration we do not mean to issue special invitation to the inhabitants of other countries to come to our shores or to share our citizenship. Indeed, the necessity of some inspection and limitation is obvious.

We should resolutely refuse to permit foreign governments to send their paupers and criminals to our ports. We are also clearly under a duty to defend our civilization by excluding alien races whose ultimate assimmilation with our people is neither possible nor desirable. The family has been the nucleus in our best immigration and the home the most potent assimilative force in our civilization. The objections to Chinese immigration are distinctive and conclusive and are now so generally accepted as such that the question has passed entirely beyond a stage of argument. The laws relating to this subject would, if I should be charged with their enforcement, be faithfully executed. Such amendments or further legislation as may be necessary proper to prevent evasion of the laws and to stop further Chinese immigration would also meet my approval. The expression of the Convention upon this subject is in entire harmony with my views.

Our civil compact is a government by majorities; and the law loses its sanction and the magistrate our respect when this compact is broken.

The evil results of election frauds do not expend themselves upon the voters who are robbed of their rightful influence in public affairs. The individual, or community, or party that practices or connives at election frauds has suffered irreparable injury and will sooner or later realize that to exchange the American system of majority rule for minority control is not only unlawful and unpatriotic, but very unsafe for those who promote it. The disfranchisement of a single legal elector by a fraud or intimidation is a crime too grave to be regarded lightly. The right of every qualified elector to cast one free ballot and to have it honestly counted must not be questioned. Every constitutional power should be used to make this right secure and to punish fraud upon the ballot. Our colored people do not ask special legislation in their interest, but only to be made secure in the common rights of American citizenship. They will, however, naturally mistrust the sincerity of those party leaders who appeal to their race for support only in those localities where the suffrage is free and election results doubtful and compass their disfranchisements where their votes would be controlling and their choice cannot be coerced.

The nation, not less than the states is dependent for prosperity and security upon the intelligence and morality of the people. This common interest very early suggested national aid in the establishment and endowment of schools and colleges in the new States. There is, I believe, a present exigency that calls for still more liberal and direct appropriations in aid of common school education in the States.

The territorial form of government is a temporary expedient, not a permanent civil condition. It is adapted to the exigency that suggested it, but becomes inadequate and even oppressive when applied to fixed and populous communities. Several territories are well able to bear the burdens and discharge the duties of free commonwealths in the American union. To exclude them is to deny the just rights of their people and may well excite their indignant protest. No question of the political preference of the people of a territory should close against them the hospitable door which has opened to two thirds of the existing States. But admission should be resolutely refused to any territory a majority of whose people cherish institutions that are repugnent to our civilization or inconsistent with a Republican form of government.

The declaration of the Convention against "all combination of capital, organized in trusts or otherwise to control arbitrarily the condition of trade among our citizens" is in harmony with the views entertained and publically expressed by me long before the assembling of the Convention. Ordinarily, capital shares the

(*Continued on 8th page.*)

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

FARMER BROWN'S STORY.

We'd quarreled—wife an' me—about some pesky little thing,
Ez mos' folks will w'en one on um gets off some ranklin' thing,
An' t'other answers sassy with some sneerin' word that's wuss—
I tell ye, mister, 't allus takes a pair tew make a fuss—
An' ez I wuz a-sayin', after we ud had the spat,
We hadn't spoke in more'n a week. By Jingo! think o' that.
I'd got up mornin's jes' the same, an' milked an' done the chores,
An' she'd got breakfast w'iles I wuz a putterin' out doors,
An' every thin' ud gone right on from mornin' until night,
But tew each other we wuz dumb. We knew it wuz'n't right,
Yet nuther ud give in an inch. It allus happens so:
W'en onct old Satan gits a holt he's boun' tew win the throw!
W'en we wuz married, both on us wuz sure that years an' years
Ud make no difference with us. We had no thought o' tears.
I tell ye, though, w'en folks is poor, an' hev tew work an' toil,
It a'n't much of a wonder that their tempers offen spoil;
An' sentiment gits rusty, like, w'en hands grow hard an' rough.
Ez I wuz sayin', poor folks sometimes has things mighty tough!
We'd raised a lot o' boys an' girls, but they hed married off—
Excep' our youngest darter, Jane, who's got a killing cough,
An' our first-born, Ezekiel John, who many years ago
Jes' left one day tew go away. Whar? Wall, we didn't know.
He never took to farmin', an' we called him lazy Zeke.
Though we war mighty lonesome w'en he took his roamin' freak.
He went atore he wuz of age, an' thirty year er more
Had come an' gone w'en one day he druv up to our front door.
We thought him dead. He turned up rich. They call him Guv'ner Brown.
O, yes. That day he come we spoke. I've told it upside down.

—*J. A. Waldron, in Judge.*

FOUND IN AN OLD RUIN.

The Singular Adventures of Paul Limace.

When the widowed mother of Paul Limace died, her uncle and aunt, Mons. and Mad. Gozlin, adopted the little orphan. They lived away down in Bourgogne, France, near the town of Thoissey, on the bank of the Saone. They were well-to-do people, owned a finely-stocked farm, and had no children of their own. Paul was the only relative they knew, so they took great care of Paul, and saw that he had a fine education. When he grew up they put him in care of a pious cure, who prepared him to enter a seminary, for he was to become a priest. A very rigid and correct training had Paul, and he did well with his books and promised to become a learned cleric.

This went on until he was twenty-one. He was five feet ten, well built, healthy and good-looking. For some time he had made up his mind never to enter the clerical profession, and, as soon as he attained his maturity, he told his uncle and his aunt of his determination. They were in a dreadful way over what they considered Paul's defection from piety, and tried hard to dissuade him from his purpose. When they utterly failed they renounced him and told him to depart and shift for himself.

Paul's mother had left 5,000 francs, and he demanded and received what was left of it—675 francs. Then he started to Paris to make a living. He was innocent as to the ways of the world. When he reached the great city he hired a room and read the advertisements in the newspapers. He applied for many situations, but did not succeed. Finally he saw an advertisement which directed those who desired genteel employment and good pay to call at a certain place. Thither went Paul, and found that the advertisers were Richat & Co., who described themselves as commission agents.

Mons. Richat was a short, pompous gentleman, with a large display of shirt front and cuffs, and a clean-shaven face. He sat in the rear of the two rooms used by the firm. Mons. Bichat, the other member of the firm, was a tall young man, with elegant manners and a lovely mustache. He did the talking and received all comers. It struck Paul that it was rather singular that two gentlemen with names so very much alike should have come together into partnership—Richat and Bichat—but still it made no unfavorable impression on his mind at the outset.

After explaining that Paul's occupation—if they came to terms—would consist in copying papers and depositing moneys in the bank and drawing them therefrom, Mons. Bichat said:

"So you see that the position is highly responsible, and in view of that fact we shall pay you liberally—one hundred francs a month. Observe: at the end of each month; that is how we pay. Observe further: to show your readiness to fall in with our usages it will be needful for you to deposit with us a certain sum, which at the end of three months will be returned to you."

Mons. Bichat turned to a pile of banknotes and counted them. Paul mused for a moment and then said:

"How much would you require?"

Mons. Bichat went on counting the notes and took no notice for several seconds. Then he said:

"Ah, pardon! How much did you say you could deposit if we employed you?"

Paul was just going to reply that he had named no sum, but he thought that perhaps, it would be better to allow the gentleman to believe that he was mistaken; and so he replied:

"I think I might deposit two hundred francs."

"A small sum," Mons. Bichat said. "A small sum. Let me speak with my senior."

Mons. Bichat retired into the rear room and stayed there fully five minutes. When he returned he begged Paul to write from dictation, which he did. Then he gave him a column of figures to add and a sum in interest. Once more he retired to the rear room and did not return for fully fifteen minutes. On coming back, he said:

"We have agreed to engage you for three months at a salary of one hundred francs a month, paid as before stated, on your depositing with us the sum of three hundred francs."

Next day Paul came with the money and went to work. A man with a very red face came bouncing into the room about midday and asked for M. Richat.

"What is that?" asked M. Bichat.

"A note made by Francois Richat is protested, and I desire to see the gentleman," said the man.

"Francois Richat! That is very strange," said M. Bichat. "Who sent you hither?"

"I was told this was his business place."

"A mistake, sir. My name is Francois Bichat, and I never made a note in my life."

The man examined the note and Monsieur Bichat and departed. This incident set Paul to thinking. Something happened the next day more singular still. In answer to an advertisement a gentleman came to borrow six hundred francs on security. He deposited some jewels, and signed a note for the amount also. Paul drew up the note. Monsieur Bichat said he would go inside for the money. Presently he returned, holding a paper in his hand all covered with ink.

"You will have to draw and sign another note," said Monsieur Bichat; "my partner, by accident, upset the ink over this one."

Paul saw at a glance that it was not the note which he had drawn, as it was on blue-lined paper, while the paper which Monsieur Bichat held in his hand was white.

"That is not the note," said Paul, innocently; "it was on blue paper."

Monsieur Bichat was evidently confused, and gave Paul a glance that would have come with effect from a brigand.

"Let me see," said the gentleman.

But Monsieur Bichat was too cunning to do that, and, after examining the paper, said:

"Well, now, Paul, you are right. What a funny mistake to make!"

Then he went in and brought out the genuine note, and began to explain how the mistake had occurred.

"By the way," said the gentleman, taking the note and examining it, "you might make the amount 800 francs. The three diamonds I have deposited are worth ten times this sum. Just look at them again."

Monsieur Bichat took the case out of his desk and examined the jewels. The gentleman took the case and held it to the light. Then he put it into his pocket, saying:

"On second thoughts, I don't think I will borrow the money."

Then he tore up the note and went to the door. He stood with his hand upon it, and said:

"That little trick to get two of my notes into your possession didn't work."

With that Monsieur Bichat turned upon Paul like a wild animal robbed of its prey.

"That is your fault, you accursed whelp!" he exclaimed. "Get out at once and never return. I have lost over three hundred francs on this transaction, and I will keep what you have deposited toward making my loss good. Get out!"

And he seized the chair and rushed upon Paul, who would have fought and taken the consequence if Monsieur Richat had not appeared from the inside room and made a rush at him. Paul seized his hat and left the place. He informed the police the next day, but when he went to the number of the street, which he had carefully entered in his book, there was no such persons as Monsieur Bichat or Monsieur Richat, and when he pointed out the right place and found the very offices, an old lady was seated in the back room directing circulars, and in the front room an old gentleman was painting lithographs.

Paul tried hard for several days to get employment, and then, as his money was nearly all gone, he determined to go back to Bourgogne and see whether an old college friend couldn't help him in some way. He had money enough to carry him as far as Dijon, and then he would have to tramp it. He reached Dijon in the afternoon and started at once for the country in the direction of Chalons.

When night overtook him he had traveled some distance. He was tired and saw no place where he could procure shelter. Presently he saw an old ruin on the opposite side of a stream. That would be better than nothing, and he stripped and crossed the water, which was not much above the waist. When he had dressed he went toward the ruin. There was not much of it. It was evidently the remains of an old abbey or chateau, and a carpenter had worked there recently, for there was a bench and shavings lay upon the floor.

Paul made himself a bed on the bench and soon fell asleep. He awoke suddenly, as he supposed, about midnight. He heard voices in conversation. Turning his head in the direction, he saw a light and several forms collected around it. He lay motionless and watched. Presently he saw a man climb to the top of the wall at the end of the ruin. The lantern was handed to him and he disappeared. In a few minutes he returned and then he and three others, as Paul could now distinguish, left the place.

Paul lay thinking what he should do, and fell asleep. He awoke just as day was breaking. He arose and thought of what he had witnessed during the night. He went to the wall and examined it. It was very thick and substantial, despite its evident age. He climbed to the top with ease, and saw what looked like a chimney hole. He lowered himself down gently and found that he was on firm ground. He saw he was in a cell about fifteen feet square. The light was very dim, but as he grew used to it he could distinguish things. On the floor were saddlebags, a pair of stirrups, a large goblet, a small trunk and a leathern bag. The bag was leaning against the wall. Paul took hold of it and found it was very heavy; he opened it without difficulty. It was full of gold and silver coins then in use in France.

Paul climbed from the cell with the bag in his grasp. In the valise he carried there was room enough for the bag, and therein it went. Then Paul started away along the bank of the river. When he came to a bridge he crossed; there was a road, and along it Paul went. As he turned a curve in the road he saw a man trudging along with a pack and a woman following.

When he overtook the woman he found she was a lovely girl of not more than seventeen. He bowed politely to her and wished her good morning. He fain would have walked by her side, for she was very sweet to look at. Her garb was humble but clean, and her air had a charm about it such as Paul thought he had never seen in the bearing of any woman.

When Paul overtook the man he spoke to him in a friendly tone, and the peddler asked whither Paul was going.

"To the nearest place where I can find a breakfast," said Paul. "And you?"

"I and my daughter are looking for that, also," said the peddler.

So Paul walked on with the old man, and then he hung behind and walked the rest of the way to the nearest village with the peddler's daughter. Only she told Paul she was not the peddler's daughter and of no kin to him, the fact being that the peddler had married her widowed mother.

They came to a village betimes, and had breakfast. Paul went into a retired place and examined the contents of the leathern bag. It contained over 3,000 francs. The money was not his, that was certain; but he made up his mind to use it.

He was in love with Annette, the peddler's companion, and resolved not to leave her. He removed the money from the bag and put it in his own valise. Some of it he took out for immediate use. He paid for the breakfast like a lord, and brought away meat and bread and wine from the inn sufficient to last the three a whole day if needs were. Then the peddler went around the village to sell his wares, and Annette was to do the same with the small fancy articles she carried.

After the peddler had started, however, Paul persuaded the girl to stroll around through the woods with him, and, in order to deceive the peddler, insisted on paying Annette three francs for a bauble, so that she might have some money to show the old man as the result of her diligence. In the woods Paul told her how he loved her, and asked her to quit the peddler and go with him.

"I am rich," said he; and he showed her the gold and silver in the valise.

As for the girl, she was as much in love with Paul as he with her. So they agreed that they would wait for the peddler at the other end of the village, as they had agreed, and when he stopped at noon to eat and smoke and take a nap they would go off into the world together. When the peddler joined them and Annette handed him the three francs he was mightily pleased, saying that she had done better than he by over a franc.

At noon they came to a sweet, shady spot back from the road, and thither they went to eat their midday repast. Paul plied the old man with wine, and when he had taken and drank his fill and smoked his pipe he found a snug spot and lay down and slept. Just as the pair were about to glide away and leave the peddler in the lurch he awoke, swearing at the gnats which had disturbed him. Paul sat down beside him and chatted and took out his leathern bag and said:

"See, here is a present for you. You may find it useful, or sell it, if you meet with a good customer."

The peddler didn't much fancy the gift, but on opening it he found a gold coin sticking in the corner, and that induced him to take the bag, with many thanks. Then he lay down once more, and was soon snoring loudly, and Annette cautiously crept into the woods and were miles away when the peddler awoke. But Paul, in a frenzy of love, hadn't observed the way they had taken, and so was afraid to seek the highway, lest they should come upon the peddler. So when night came on, they took their supper at the mossy foot of a tree and passed the night within the shadow of the forest.

As for the peddler, when he awoke, he was wild. At first he thought that the girl and Paul would soon return, but as hours passed away and there was no sign of them, he grew frantic. Then he found Annette's basket under the skin of his pack and he knew that she had deserted him. Presently a body of horsemen came along the road in front of where he had slept. They were riding slowly and looking this way and that, as though looking for some one. When they caught sight of him they rushed their horses at the hedge, cleared it, and were upon him in a minute.

He turned pale with surprise and fear. What did they mean? They soon let him know. They dismounted and seized him. Then they searched him and his pack. In the latter they found the leathern bag.

"Here it is," they exclaimed. "We have caught our man"

And so they carried him off to a neighboring town some miles away and thrust him into jail. In the meantime he had learned that he was arrested as the wretch who had murdered and robbed a small farmer in the neighborhood the evening before. It was no use his denying it. There was the farmer's bag in his possession, and one of the many gold pieces it had contained was still in it. The fact that no more money was there proved nothing, except that he had either hidden the money or given it in charge of his accomplices.

The peddler denied the charge, and told how he came by the bag. At the inn where he and Annette and Paul had breakfasted the officers learned the fact.

"The girl and the young man were his accomplices," said they.

Then they made a search for them all over the country side.

In the meantime something strange had happened to Paul and his companion. Mons. Savieres, the former college associate whom Paul was going to see, was five years his senior. He had entertained a very great affection for Paul, and was very much grieved to find that he had quitted Bourgogne without informing him of his intention. The first notification he had of Paul's absence was received from a notary who knew his relations with Paul. The notary wrote to inform him of the death within three days of Mons. and Mad. Gozlin, and to ask the whereabouts of Paul. Mons. Savieres went to Thoissey and made arrangements for the temporary protection of the dead couple until inquiries could be made for Paul. Savieres, however, had an important contract to attend to, and had to put off his inquiries for Paul for a few days. Now observe what came to pass.

Savieres, who lived at Chalons, was on his way home in his carriage from Besancon, and had reached the village of Seure, where he stopped to bait his horse. Whom should he see standing at the inn door, smoking, but Paul Limace!

The astonishment was mutual. It was increased on Savieres' part when he saw Paul's lovely companion.

"This is my wife," said Paul, "or rather will be my wife."

Paul was grieved to hear of the death of Monsieur and Madame Gozlin, although Savieres informed him that all their property was his. Savieres would hear of nothing but that Paul and Annette should drive with him to Chalons, promising Paul to accompany him subsequently to Thoissey, and see him put in possession of his new estate. On reaching Chalons, Savieres showed Paul the propriety of placing Annette in the care of some suitable person for the present. Paul didn't want to be parted from her, but he yielded to reason at last. In due time Paul was installed in the farm left by his grand uncle, and married Annette.

The secret of the leathern bag he had told to no one. These things happened in 1836, when there were no railroads, and news traveled slowly.

Three months afterward Paul went to Lyons on business. There, in a newspaper, he saw a very long account of a murder committed some time before, for which a peddler had been convicted and was shortly to be guillotined. Imagine his feelings as he read to discover that the peddler was his wife's stepfather, and that he was to be guillotined because there had been found upon him the very leathern bag which Paul had given him, and which had been stolen, full of money, from the murdered man.

Paul started to see Savieres, and made a clean breast of all. In company they went to Dijon, and laid the facts before the authorities. Paul went with the authorities, and pointed out the place where he found the bag.

The result was that Jean Philater and his three servant men were arrested for the murder, for it was shown that the ruin was on Philater's farm, and that he and his men were in the habit of using it for many purposes; and further still, proof was obtained that on the evening preceding the murder they were seen together within half a mile of the scene of the crime. Jacques Crinche, one of the servants, turned evidence against the others, and their conviction was rendered certain. Then the poor old peddler was released, and Paul took him down upon his farm and made him comfortable. Philater and his men were duly convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for life, while Jacques Crinche got off with two years' imprisonment.

Paul restored the 3,000 francs to the widow of the murdered man, and was very fortunate in escaping some slight punishment himself for failing to make known to the authorities the discovery of what was evidently the proceeds of a crime of some sort.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

SAFE WATER SUPPLY.

The Best Cistern Filter and Well-Wall for Farm Purposes.

Properly made, the brick partition wall is, I believe, the best possible cistern filter. It should be thoroughly cemented on both sides for a foot or more at the bottom where the sediment will collect in the side of the cistern to which the water is admitted, and above that use the soft brick for the water to filter through. Such a filter is absolutely perfect. I would make the cistern large, so that a supply can be secured in winter and early spring when the rains are copious and cold and I would have a manhole to each side of it. I recently learned a new method of walling wells, which is cheap, requires no skill, and insures the water against contamination from surface water. Instead of using stone or brick, glazed sewer-pipe is put in with joints cemented. The joints can be made absolutely watertight, and with a well from fifteen to twenty-five feet deep, as is usually the case, if the clay be tamped around the tile, as it should be, it would seem impossible for any leaching from the surface to reach the bottom. For economy, eight-inch tile is generally used, and when these small tile are put in it is well to turn a small arch with brickbats to make a reservoir for water for the tile to rest on. When the well is to be used only for house purposes it is better to dip the water and draw it with a windlass than to pump it. Use a bucket of six inches in diameter, made of heavy tin, with a conical bottom, and arrange it with a piece of strong wire attached to the valve and coming to the top of the bucket so that you can open the valve and allow the water to run into a pail set under it, and there will be no lifting or pouring of the water from the well bucket.

In walling a well with tile or other material great pains should be taken to tamp thoroughly, especially as you near the top. The best clay should be reserved to use at and near the surface, and it should be raised a foot or two above the level and so graded that the water will flow away at once from the well. Another cheap and very satisfactory plan with wells, especially those for stock, in localities where the stone is near the surface, is not to wall at all, but arch with brick, starting the arch on the ledge. I have three wells finished in this way, two of them stock wells ten feet in diameter. In this, as in many other localities, we strike a regular ledge of limestone four to six feet from the surface, and here we cut a shoulder and start the arch. If the ledge is so far from the surface as to bring the top of the arch below ground, a neck of hard brick can be built up to to the surface, and the arch should always be topped out with a large sewer pipe extending a foot or eighteen inches above ground; fit the pipe to the arch with cement so tight that not even a drop of water can enter and then fit a good cover of two-inch boards to the top of the sewer pipe, and you will secure your cistern from all sources. There are wells by the thousand in the country with old rickety wooden curbs, rotten at the foundation, and when the wells are cleaned there is usually found in the foot of sediment the skeletons of rats, dead toads and other things sufficient to turn the stomach of a handsaw. I appoint each reader of this a committee of one to make a careful examination of the well curb and its connection with the wall.—*Waldo F. Brown, in N. Y. Tribune.*

WITCHCRAFT IN MEXICO.

An Old Woman Beaten to Death Because She Practiced Sorcery.

A remarkable criminal case is about to come to trial here which illustrates the survival of the belief in witchcraft in the nineteenth century. The parties and the "witches" in the case are inhabitants of a little town near Capitalo. During the past year an old woman living in the town has been exacting a monthly tax from the fathers of families to prevent her from taking the lives of their children by sucking their breath in some mysterious manner, her pretense being that she was a witch and had a mysterious power over life and death. She lived in a little hut, in which she kept all the paraphernalia of witchcraft—a cat, a broom, a dead crocodile, etc.—and was in the habit of going out on the neighboring mountains and looking for hours steadily at the horizon, and when in town would mystify the inhabitants by making incomprehensible gestures, writing strange characters in the dust, and otherwise terrify the simple villagers.

Recently a child in one family died suddenly, and as the father had refused to pay the monthly tax to this witch, it was rumored that she had bewitched the child, an impression which grew stronger and stronger. Finally the godfather of the child, a man named Medina, met the woman in a street of the village and said to her: "Why did you kill my godchild?" The witch replied: "Because its father did not pay me my tax." "Well, neither will I pay that infamous tax," he replied. "Then," said the witch, "I will kill your child." Medina replied: "Well, you will not kill it, for I will kill you." He then beat the old woman to death, and his act was sustained by the whole village. He has been arrested for murder, and his trial will bring most of the older people of the village to Mexico as witnesses in his behalf. The lawyer for Medina is Emilo Romero.

This case recalls the fanaticism once rampant in the Massachusetts town of Pocasset, and will be the most interesting trial, from a psychological point of view, known here for some time.—*City of Mexico Letter.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Among recent achievements in photography is a portrait copy taken by the light of a Cuban fire-beetle in thirty seconds, and a photograph of the aurora borealis. To obtain the latter had been declared an utter impossibility.

—In England, a fashionable fabric called "imitation Indian muslin" has been found to be so highly charged with arsenic as to render it dangerous to health and life when used either for dresses or other attire, or for curtains. Several seamstresses have been made very ill by working upon it.

—Milk is altered both in taste and appearance by the character of the food supplied to the cows. It is colored by madder and saffron, scented by plants of the onion tribe, and changed in taste by such articles as turnips. Certain food may give it medecinal properties, and milk thus medicated is proposed as a method of treating disease.

—As illustrating the part that labor plays in enhancing the value of raw materials, it is estimated that from seventy-five cents' worth of iron ore may be developed $5.50 worth of bar iron, $10 worth of horse shoes, $180 worth of table knives, $6,800 worth of fine needles, $29,470 worth of shirt buttons, $200,000 worth of watch springs, or $2,500,000 worth of pallet arbors (used in watches.)

—It will probably surprise most people to learn that both cessation of respiration and of movement of the heart are rejected as signs of death by a French lecturer, in considering the precise moment when life ceases. Heartbeats have been known to continue for an hour after the body was beheaded, while, on the other hand, they may temporarily cease in fainting.

—A new alloy discovered by Herr Keith, of Brockenheim, can be used very advantageously in the laboratory to replace vessels or fittings of ebonite, vulcanite or porcelain, as it practically resists the attack of almost all acids and alkaline solutions. This alloy is a bronze, with the addition of lead and and antimony, its composition being as follows: Fifteen parts copper, 2.34 parts tin, 1.82 parts lead, and 1 part antimony.

—Any odd pieces of silver may be utilized, if for plating metallic articles, by placing them in an ounce of nitric acid, boiling them for an instant. The acid having dissolved the silver, throw in a good handful of common salt to kill the acid, then make into a paste with common whiting. The paste is to be applied with wash leather dampened in water. The silver surface will be maintained for years.—*American Stationer.*

SPONGES AT DINNER.

Primitive Creatures That Are All Mouth and How They Feed.

The sponge has an advantage over the coral polyp in its method of feeding. The coral has a large mouth—in fact, like a frog, its head is all mouth. While some fish are greatly gifted in the matter of mouth, the sponge beats them all in being nothing but mouth. Highly organized sponges have hundreds of mouths, or pores, which draw in the water, and thus feed the plant on the organized matter, each hole answering for the purpose of a mouth, while the sponges of low organization have no fixed pores, but possess the curious property of being able to open a mouth or pore at any point where a particle of food appears and attracts the animal. There is no indication of when or where a pore is about to open, for the creature is all mouth, and, whenever its appetite is excited at any point, it simply opens itself and takes in the food that happens to be handy; then shuts up its temporary mouth again until another occasion offers, a state of being which undoubtedly, to the sponge, has its advantages.

The kinds of sponges of commerce are numerous. There are the rough grass sponge, the coarsest variety known to commerce; the Key West sponge; the hedge-hog sponge, found covered with prickly points, whence its name; the wine-colored sponge, the bouquet sponge, so-called probably because its odor when brought up from the bottom is not that of a bouquet; the finger sponge, the smallest sponge, and last and most costly of all, the delicate cup sponge; all of which may be seen for sale, some in stores where the sponge is a specialty and others only in the curiosity shops. In the West Indies the method of sponge-fishing is uniform, a water glass or a large tube with a piece of glass in the bottom, locating the sponges, then a pole armed with a hook being employed to detach and bring them to the surface. In some parts of the world divers find sponge fishing a profitable industry, and descend to considerable distances, bringing up the sponges in their hands and under their arms, but in general the method already described is that employed both in the West and East Indies.

The sponge is not yet cultivated, only because the natural supply is as yet great, and probably will always continue so; because the sponge is of very quick growth, and in tropical seas found everywhere on the bottom. Over 5,000,000 sponges of all sizes and all varieties are every year shipped from the Bahama Islands, bringing in an annual income to the islanders of over $500,000. Should the natural supply of sponges diminish, there is no reason why they should not be raised artificially, as oysters are, and, perhaps, in future, should the demand increase or supply fall off, sponge reservations will be employed, for the uses of the sponge are manifold, and the demand is constantly enlarging.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—We fear that the philosopher who said that ladies who wear unusually rich gowns keep their husbands unusually poor gave voice to a great truth.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—It is not the hand that rocks the cradle, but the hand that never had an opportunity to rock the cradle, that wants to rule the country.—*Nashville American.*

—A Michigan man heard that his grandfather had left him a portion of his fortune, and at the appointed time went to the post-office to get his check. It was for seventeen cents.

—It is all well enough to talk about a needle being lost in a haystack, but it would not be lost long if you ever walk on the hay in your bare feet.—*Puck.*

—Mr. Caudle—"Doctor, I want you to put up a powerful sedative for my wife; give me the best specific for insomnia you know of." Doctor—"What's the matter? Can't she sleep?" Mr. Caudle—"Yes, I guess so; but I can't."—*Burdette.*

—A woman in Georgia, while smoking a pipe, was struck by lightning and killed. Lightning shows very poor judgment, considering the number of boys that may be seen smoking cigarettes.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Fashionable Wife—"Did you notice, dear, at the party last evening, how grandly our daughter Clara swept into the room?" Husband (with a grunt)—"O, yes, Clara can sweep into a room grandly enough; but when it comes to sweeping out a room, she isn't there."

—A Highland custom is that of ushering in the morning by the music of the bagpipe; the piper plays under the windows of the castle and thus arouses the inmates. The American custom of ushering in the morning by the hand organ is equally effective.

—"Look here," said the railroad superintendent to the conductor, "passengers say you are not civil to them." "I'm just as civil as I know how to be," said the aggrieved conductor. "That's just what they complain of," was the reply."—*Boston Transcript.*

—"Accept my hand, Augusta?" And the maiden looked at the hand, which was something smaller than an average sized salt fish, hesitated a moment and then said sweetly: "Isn't there something off, where you take so large an order?"—*Boston Transcript.*

—Magistrate (to prisoner arrested for assault)—"You admit, then, that you pulled your landlord's nose?" Prisoner—"Yes." "Don't you know you had no right to do that?" "No, sir; if I had no right to pull his nose he would have had it down in the lease."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The manner in which the human being progresses in intelligence is very simple and clearly illustrated. Take a child and give it a quarter. He immediately tries to swallow it just as it is. Give a man a quarter and he prudently converts it into a liquid before attempting to swallow it.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—"Ah," remarked the young lawyer, with a blase air, as he waited for his case to be called, "I am so unfortunate in being compelled to wait here so long." "Not at all," said the old lawyer, rising to leave, "you are so fortunate in having the time to wait so long." The young lawyer writhed and the old lawyer went to his office to complete his essay on "Professional Courtesy" in time for the next number of the *Legal Register.*—*Time.*

FOOD IN ENGLAND.

How the Average Briton Lives and Manages to Grow Fat.

An American visitor to England has noticed the absence of a great variety of vegetables at the meals. There are plenty of meats, fish, game, fowls and the animal foods, but the vegetables are few. The list of these are about complete with potatoes, French beans and peas, cauliflower, cucumber, lettuce, radishes and vegetable marrow. These peas are characterized as flavorless little things and the cucumbers as thin and sometimes about a yard long. The lettuce is called the sweetest and best in the world, but the vegetable marrow is insipid, watery and soft, and tastes about like an overripe cucumber.

American peas, beans, cucumbers, radishes and potatoes are said to be much better flavored and to be larger than the English vegetables. Beans and peas come largely from France, and even the strawberries and asparagus mostly from other countries. Green corn is unknown, and turnips, parsnips, squash, carrots and the like seldom reach the table. Tomatoes grow in hot-houses and are costly. Peaches are a great luxury and are worth twenty-five cents apiece. Watermelons are not heard of but muskmelons are imported in small quantities from France.

The English people as a rule eat well and heartily and without much in the way of fancy cooking and, very sensibly, they do not stuff themselves with a lot of rich and greasy food. The Englishman starts in with brandy and soda in the morning and habitually drinks alchoholic beverages with his meals and more or less at other times.

The English beefsteak is generally broiled and is tender and juicy, and the roast beef is uncommonly good, the roasting piece being, not a rib, as Americans sometimes have it, but a very thick porterhouse steak. The domestic beef, mutton, ham and bacon can not be beaten for quality, and are justly entitled to all the praise that has been given to them. The venison is not well flavored, and the birds are hung up until almost putrid. At any rate this is what a traveler says about these things.—*Good Housekeeping.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

KASPER HAUSER.

The Strange Boy of Nuremberg—Sad Story of His Life and Death.

When we learn any thing which interests us very much we are almost sure to wish to repeat it to others whom we think it will surprise and please. I believe we are alike in this respect. Now I have been so interested in what I have recently read and heard of a strange human being who puzzled the world in the first half of the present century that I should like to tell the children about him.

Of course you all know something concerning the old German town of Nuremberg, and probably some of you (I hope a great many) have read Longfellow's poem about the place. This poem is so sweet and beautiful that I have loved the name of Nuremberg ever since the hour of my childhood when I first read it. The town is famous for its manufacture of toys. It was there that watches were first made, and for awhile they were called Nuremberg Eggs.

In one of the quietest streets of this city, sixty years ago, a boy was found whom no one knew, and who could give no account of himself. Not a little boy, almost a young man, for he looked about seventeen years old; but he could walk no better than an infant, and could pronounce distinctly only a few words. He held in his hand an anonymous letter, which was addressed to a cavalry captain of Nuremberg, and which declared that he had been left at the house of the writer when he was a little child. But it did not explain how it happened that at the age of seventeen he was still as ignorant and feeble as he might have been fifteen years before.

The captain to whom the letter was directed knew nothing of the boy, who cried and said he wanted to be a rider and that he had a horse at home. This was about all of his talk that could be understood; when pen and paper were given to him he wrote the name of Kasper Hauser, but could write no other legible words.

Every body was interested in this mysterious stranger. He was taken to the jail, where he was well cared for, and where efforts were made to instruct him. A great many visitors came, who brought him little presents, and he was delighted when some one gave him a wooden horse on wheels.

Every thing hurt the poor creature. Sunlight made his eyes sore, and he could not endure a noise; but he could see in the dark as well as other people saw in the brightest noon.

The jailer and his family were very kind to him, and Kasper was grateful and obedient. He tried hard to learn, and when he became accustomed to his new home he showed interest and curiosity. One day he watched a whitewasher at work; and when, a short time afterward, a snow-storm had fallen, he told his friends that the ground and the fences had all been whitewashed during the night.

As soon as he learned to talk, the burgomaster questioned him about his past life. All he knew was that he had always lived in what he called "a cage," which had a log of wood placed against its only window, to keep out the light. He had wooden horses to play with, and while he was asleep bread and water were brought to him. At last a man came into the cage and taught him to write his name, and also to walk, which up to that time he had never tried to do. Then, one day, the man took him on his back and carried him out into the light. He was led, he knew not how far, until they came to the street in which he was found; there a letter was put into his hand and he was left alone.

He had not the smallest idea who he really was, nor with whom he had lived. It was obvious to every one who saw him that he had been cruelly treated. He bore the marks of blows, and was timid and easily frightened. It would be almost impossible to imagine any one so ignorant as he was, and he felt this ignorance deeply. It is a very sad story this of the boy who tried so hard to be like other people, and who never could be like them. He lived for about a year with a schoolmaster, and became, before long, stronger, both mentally and physically. He was taught to read and write, but there were a great many things which he never could learn; for his mind, having been left so many years without training, had lost power, as will any mind which is not exercised properly.

A great number of people believed that Kasper was the son of noble parents. Perhaps he was a Prince, who had been stolen from his home before he was old enough to remember it. When he was taken to visit a castle he thought he recollected that he had once lived in a building of the same kind; and this strengthened the popular belief that he was some very important person. But no proof ever sustained this opinion.

About three years after his first appearance, an English nobleman visited Nuremberg, and was so pleased with Kasper that he decided to adopt him. After that the young man was much petted and flattered, and it is no wonder that he believed himself a very remarkable being. The nobleman, who was Earl Stanhope, spent a great deal of money upon him, and tried in every possible way to discover his home and parentage. Kasper traveled about Germany, hoping to recognize the place from which he had been brought.

I have a friend, a German lady, whose mother believed that she had seen Kasper Hauser. She was living in Westphalia, a part of the country which is famous for its pumpernickel (a kind of rye bread of which the Germans are very fond) and which is a long distance from Nuremberg. One day a young man came to her house and asked for a meal. There was nothing surprising in this request; almost every week travelers stopped at the door to ask for food and lodging, for the Germans are very hospitable. But this youth attracted her attention because of his shy, awkward manner and the wondering air with which he looked about him. After he had gone the report spread through the town that he was no other than Kasper Hauser, who was traveling in search of his home.

But in spite of all the efforts which were made, no light was thrown upon the mystery of his existence. Yet it was evident that some one, who had reasons for keeping himself unknown to the world, was watching the movements of Kasper Hauser. An unsuccessful attempt to kill him was secretly made about a year after he came to Nuremberg, and four years later the murder was accomplished. He had been for some time a resident of Ausbach, and here, while he was alone in the court gardens, a man suddenly approached and stabbed him. Poor Kasper, mortally wounded, ran to the friend with whom he made his home, and told all that he knew about the attempt upon his life. Every effort was made to bring the murderer to justice, but he could never be found. Kasper lived two or three days and then died peacefully, seeming perfectly willing to leave a world in which there appeared to be for him neither rest nor happiness.—*Catharine S. Holmes, in N. Y. Independent.*

SPIDERS.

Something Concerning Their Structure and Habits—Not so Dangerous as Many Suppose.

Many persons would be ready to affirm that the spider is an insect; but an eminent naturalist has declared that the spider and an insect are very dissimilar in structure, being as nearly alike, in fact, as a cow and a codfish. They have one common feature, in that each wears its skeleton on the outside, with its muscles attached on the inside; but with this kindred peculiarity the resemblance ends.

The spider is divided into two parts; the insect into three. In the spider the head and thorax are combined. Above the mouth, and hanging down in front, are a pair of jaws which contain the poison fangs with which the spider is enabled to secure and kill the insects upon which it preys. Behind these are smaller jaws, which assist in preparing the food for the mouth. The spider has eight eyes, so arranged that they look in different directions.

The spider has four pairs of legs; the insects three pairs. The legs are covered with hair, which differs in length at different periods of life, and which renders service in securing a hold upon the web which it so industriously spins. The thread is thrown off from the little appendages, at the end of the abdomen, called spinnerets. The thread of the spider is composed of innumerable small strands, which may often be pulled apart like the fibers of a rope. One of these small strands is said to be one two-millionth the thickness of a hair; but as hair differs in texture, we may simply conclude that the strands are of surprising delicacy and fineness.

Spiders spin webs throughout their whole existence, and each spider produces three distinct kinds of silk. One kind is very strong, and of this the radiating lines of the web are made. The cross lines are finer, and fastened upon them are many globules of sticky gum. It is said that there are fourteen hundred gummy spots to every inch of web. A scientist drew from the body of a single spider three thousand, four hundred and eighty yards of silk—a little less than three miles. The silk woven from the spider's thread is said to be more glossy and brilliant than of the silkworm. It is sometimes utilized. Stocking have been made of it, and enough was once secured to weave an entire suit of clothes for Louis XIV.

Spiders display great activity, and are not without their share of accomplishments. They run with surprising speed, can climb perpendicular glass, dig holes, spread nets and run down prey. They also swim well, some species spending nearly their whole existence under water. Others have the power to rise higher than any bird. This feat is accomplished by throwing out webs, which are swept upward by heated currents of air.

The female spider is bigger and fiercer than the male, whose devotion she sometimes cruelly repays by quietly devouring him. In one tribe the female is hundreds of times larger than the male.

The mother spider often shows great devotion to her eggs, carrying them about with her enveloped in a silken web, as if very anxious for their safety. The young spider issues from the egg in form strongly resembling the parent spider. It sheds its skin at short intervals of time, until it has reached adult size. The spider can shake off its legs like a lobster. Some species carry their young on their backs, thus making long journeys. Spiders are less dangerous than many suppose, although some of the larger species can inflict serious wounds.—*Our Young People.*

—Teacher—Knipke, who reigned the earlier, Titus or Vespasian? Scholar—Titus. Teacher—Mistake. Scholar (quickly correcting himself)—Vespasian. Teacher (sternly)—Kleemuller has whispered that to you again."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

THE PRAYING MANTIS.

Insects That Assume the Attitude of Devotion in Catching Their Prey.

The peculiar physical characteristics of the mantis have given rise to many weird superstitions. The fore-legs of this singular insect are of such a shape that when they are folded up the insect appears to be in the devout act of praying. This has given credence to many marvelous stories that are related about them. The meaning of the insect's name (mantis) is a fortune-teller. The old Greek Anacron said that the appearance of these insects denoted that spring was at hand, while Cælius, the scholiast of Theocritus, held that they betokened death or famine.

Another and perhaps the true reason why they were called "fortune-tellers," is that their manner of folding their limbs in an attitude of prayer, resembles the manner of the Grecian oracles when they were pouring out their supplications to the gods.

The eggs of the mantis are deposited in a double row, in an orange-colored case resembling fine parchment, and about two inches in length. The young insects bear a strong resemblance to ants, both in the shape of their body and in the agility of their movements.

The mantis is a thorough cannibal; if two insects meet, a combat immediately ensues, and the victor proceeds to devour his vanquished foe.

The Chinese, taking advantage of the pugnacious propensities of the mantis, keep them for fighting, just as we do game-cocks.

Flies form their principal article of food, observation showing that a male will devour four and a female six flies daily.

In catching its prey, the mantis assumes the attitude of devotion and waits quietly for a fly to approach. When one appears, it watches it unremittingly with its baleful green eye, and, if the fly comes near enough, its hitherto folded forefeet are thrown out with lightning-like rapidity and grasp the victim, which is then held between them while it is mangled and devoured.

The Hottentots of South Africa look upon it as an exceedingly auspicious omen if one of these mantis happens to alight upon one of them.—*N. M. Eberhardt, Ph. D., in Chicago Journal.*

Divinity Doth Hedge a King.

It is not safe to help a baby in distress if the baby happens to be a Spanish King. A short time ago King Alfonso XIII. received a present of a new swinging cradle, and was put into it. He didn't like it and cried. Only the nurse and a few special attendants are permitted by law to touch his Majesty, but a man servant who was near at the time, seeing that his King was trying to roll out of the cradle and threatening to hurt himself by screaming, lifted him out. For his zeal and kind-heartedness he was immediately dismissed by the Court Marshal. Luckily the Queen was willing, in view of the extenuating circumstances, to mitigate the man's punishment and gave him something else to do in one of the royal castles, where he could not have any possible opportunity of lifting the King and breaking the law. —*London Letter.*

How to Help Your Digestion.

Almost every day we feel the unpleasant sensations of indigestion. Try ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS and be relieved. J. F. Davenport, of Canarsie, New York, writes:

I have been very much troubled with a violent pain below my chest bone. I was told by several physicians that it was rheumatism of the diaphragm. It resulted from cold and exposure. I had very little appetite and digested my food with great difficulty. I placed one ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER below the breast bone and two on each side. In the course of twenty-four hours all pain ceased, and I was able to eat and digest a good square meal, something I had not done before in two weeks. I got better constantly, and at the end of seven days found myself entirely well. Since then I have used ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS for colds, coughs and pains in my side, and I have always found them quick and effective.

"HAMLET" is a play for all time. It will never give up the ghost.—*Puck.*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

"APPLE-GREEN harmonizes with terra-cotta," says a journal of fashion. But the green apple doesn't harmonize with any thing. Its mission is the discordant.—*Martha's Vineyard Herald.*

THE mermaid's favorite tune—Neptune.

BANANA-SKINS and careless persons continue to throw each other on the pavement. —*Exchange.*

A PHILOSOPHER says: "Every man is occasionally what he ought to be perpetually." This does not refer to the old toper. He is perpetually what he ought to be occasionally.—*Burlington Free Press.*

HE "whoops 'em up"—the cooper.—*Life.*

IT is the sad fate of many journals of today to become journals of yesterday.—*Texas Siftings.*

MOST sea captains are called "jolly old salts," but some of them are rather peppery.—*Ocean.*

NOBODY can paint spirit pictures equal to the artist whose *nom de plume* is Jim Jams.

FARMING is one of the best of occupations for a young man. Even cabbage culture will enable a struggling youth to get a head.—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE forger makes a name for himself by using the name of some one else.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

THE coal-dealer's slate is as much dreaded by those who pay cash as those who do not.—*New Haven News.*

WHEN was Pharaoh's daughter like a merchant in Wall street? When she found a little prophet in the rushes on the bank. —*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

MANY a singer is ambitiously reaching for high "C" while her husband is humbly and obscurely struggling for low, jack and the game.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Harvest Excursions.

The Chicago & Northwestern Railway Company announces a series of harvest excursions to points in Iowa, Minnesota, Dakota and Nebraska, for which tickets will be sold Aug. 21, Sept. 11, Sept. 25, Oct. 9, and Oct. 23, at the rate of one fare for the round trip. These excursions will afford exceptional opportunities for personal inspection of the productive country reached by the Chicago & Northwestern Railway lines. For full information address E. P. Wilson, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

WHY are bakers very self-denying people! Because they sell what they knead themselves.—*Michigan Farmer.*

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PASTE diamonds are so called because people get stuck on them so often.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

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IT is not always the most sensitive baseball player who is the most easily put out. —*Washington Critic.*

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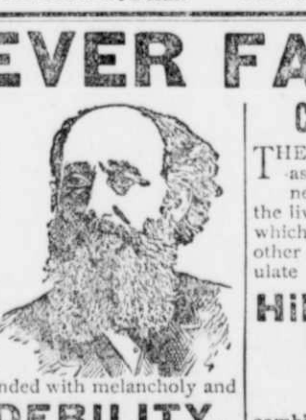

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FOR CONGRESS,
Sixth Congressional District,
LEWIS E. McCOMAS.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 22, 1888.

Lies about Harrison will only serve to draw attention to moral delinquences of the Democratic candidate, and the less said about that the better in decent circles, at least. When we come to recount the moral record of Mr. Cleveland we don't want the children or any ladies around. The Republican party was born of a principle and don't make political capital by mud-slinging. We should think that with the experience of four years ago the Democratic party had learned a lesson, and that principles, not men, if they have any, would be their reliance in this campaign.

Our Democratic friends will not own the name of "free traders," but they argue continually against the policy of protection. Douglas and Stone at Offutt's Hall the other night, both went over the Democratic screed, which they role as a sweet morsel, about the farmer getting up and looking out through a taxed window pane, and going the round of morning chores with everyth ng taxed that he sees or touches. They speak of these things in the sense that they are outrageous, and altogether unnecessary. And after painting them in the most obnoxious colors they say they are not in favor of abolishing them. They claim that they are only 5 per cent better in this respect than the Republicans. They denounce the system as unjust, unreasonable and outrageous, and yet declare themselves in favor of it, bnt just a littte, a very little, less in favor of it, than the Republicans.

Their whole stock-in-trade of arguments is against the protection policy, but they say they intend to stick to it. Really it begins to look like a "condition" that has got hold of them. Well, they are a logical set anyway, and one always feels like making apologies for the things the Republicans had to do to put down the Rebellion and carry on the Government.

He Didn't Know it Was Loaded.

An amusing incident occurred last week at the Democratic meeting at Offutt's Hall. The Hon. Mr. Stone, from Missouri, launched out on his speech in regular spread-eagle fashion, and before going very far with it, he wound up one of his glowing periods with "James G. Blaine." The response was a spontaneous outburst of applause, with a "Hurrah for Blaine." A little later he again pronounced the name of Blaine, which was again promptly applauded. The result was that the speech which followed was one of the flatest, most pointless efforts ever listened to in the town of Oakland; and not much wonder, as a Democratic orator could hardly be expected to be brilliant or instructive, or even amusing when at the bare mention of the name of the great Republican leader, his audience would go off at the half-cock, while the name of the great Democratic mogul produced a silence that was oppressive. It showed that out of compassion for the poor discouraged Democracy, the Republicans had turned out to give them a good send off in Garrett, so that, when they roll up a great big, rousing Republican majority this fall, as they will surely do, our Democratic friends will know there is nothing mean about the Republicans.

Col. Douglas in his speech showed that at some time in its history the Republican party had been guilty of passing an act legalizing contracts with foreign labor, and of encouraging the introduction of foreign labor, to compete with the labor of this country. It was the strongest count in his bill of particulars against the Republican party, but like all the rest of the charges against Republican legislation, it was not so bad when we consider the circumstances. He should have explained that, once upon a time a certain H. Kyd Douglas, with a great many other Democrats, was engaged in an effort to overthrow this government. That from sixty-one till sixty-five the bone and sinew of the land, the great army of workers, left farm, factory, furnace and shop, and it required all those years of sacrifice and toil to suppress the said Douglas and his brother Democrats, and bring them back to their allegiance to the government. That while the workers were thus engaged, it was necessary to secure laborers as well as soldiers, almost any way they could be obtained. That in fact the government was not in a position to be particular. The business then was to suppress the Douglases, and at the same time to carry on the government by every means possible.

Douglas should not be so hard on the Republicans for things they did while he was participating in rebellion against the government he is now so willing to help control.

Lies out of the Whole Cloth.

The statement was made very early in the campaign, in fact most too early, that this was to be a campaign of literature of education, and the great moral campaign of all. Being caught in *flagrante delicto* in the Morery letter forgery, the assurance was given out early that so far as the Democratic party was concerned this thing was to be stopped. Especially was the mud-slinging to be stopped when they came to compare the moral stamina and standing of the rival candidates. But it seems all this high talk was simply a blind after all. The liar branch of the Democratic campaign has began to get in its work, but in such an insiduous way that the work would, it was fondly hoped, not be noticed. Pick up any number you please of obscure country Democratic papers and you will see ear-marks of the "Liar Bureau." It is generally something that Harrison said about the Irish people, or something in favor of the Chinese. Forewarned is forearmed. We expect to write to Chairman Quay at once, and propose the organization of a similar Bureau, and we will then offer to send for "Lying Pete," well known in Garrett county not many years since, and then we will see a circus. Unfortunately Lying Pete, we believe, was a Democrat. There is an old saying, familiar to some of us, which said "fight the Devil with fire," and the best way to neutralize this lying business is to go into it wholesole; and with Pete to act as chairman such a grist could be ground out that would amaze the oldest fishermen. That Harrison ever said that the Irish have no intelligence and that all they are fit for is to shovel dirt, and so on *ad infinitum, ad nauseum*, every man of intelligence knows to be a lie out of the whole cloth, outrageously, maliciously false. General Harrison is part Irish himself by decent, and besides he is a gentleman, a Christian and has too much good sense and good manners to make any such remarks about any people. You insult the intelligence of sensible people by asking them to believe such stuff.

Every one of the readers of this paper have no doubt seen the statement just lately in print of an immense shipment of logs in a raft from Nova Scotia. The first attempt was a complete failure, owing to the fact that rafting longs along the coast had never before been tried. But the last attempt was a complete success, and the arrival of the immense raft in East River, New York, was heralded by booming of cannon and blowing of steam whistles, as the inauguration of a new era in the lumber business. These logs, as raw material, came in duty free, and the prediction has been made that this is only the beginning of a great industry. Give us free trade and our people of Western Maryland will find another industry will at once begin, and that is the shipment of coal in barges. There is a great demand along the whole Atlantic seaboard for free coal, for manufactories, for gas, for coke and innumerable uses. Remove the tariff of 75 cts. per ton and the cost of fuel for these establishments would be cheapened. Do not let any one imagine that the free traders will be satisfied to let coal alone. That was one of the first things aimed at by the Mills bill, but mature consideration counseled free coal must come later. In fact coal was on the free list of the Mills bill as originally drafted. But the election was too near, and in its present modified form the Mills bill is simply an entering wedge for a wholesale application of free trade ideas.

Don't talk about civil service reform to the people of Maryland. Ask any office-holder within your reach, or any word-worker, and he will tell you at once that it is Civil Service Reform humbug. What the Democratic party now wants is votes and money, and the men who do the work are the ones who should have the offices. "To the victors belong the spoils." So it is and so it will be, but don't sail under false colors. The least said about civil service reform the better, to be consistent. We don't suppose that real genuine civil service reformers are in any great majority in either party. What is the use then in trying to deceive anybody with civil service reform talk. Especially to the people of Maryland or Indiana. We have had promises from the stump and press of Maryland enough to reform the whole world, much less the State of Maryland.

A Farmer's Reasons.

The following are the very good reasons given by a Fayette County, Pa., farmer, a life long Democrat, for not supporting the Democratic ticket this fall. Our farmers should read the article carefully, and give special attention to the last paragraph:

I cannot support Cleveland because of his grand mistake in ordering the Democratic party to fight the system of protection *as a party*. Believing as I do, with the Hon. Samuel J. Randall, that the American system of protection is a benefit, directly or indirectly, to every man, woman and child in this great country of ours, I was force either to abandon my honest convictions to vote for Cleveland or vote for Harrison and Morton. I'm for Harrison and Morton. I voted for Cleveland in 1884, but did not vote for free trade, or at least did not think I was doing so at the time. When S. J. Randall was sent into the manufacturing states to tell the people that Grover was as good a protectionist as James G. Blaine, we believed it. Grover had not caught it then, or at least it had not developed sufficiently on the surface so as to be seen. But he has it now, and has it bad, and if he does not make another as big a flop as he did on the fisheries matter, it will prove fatal beyond a doubt.

The influence which caused Grover to adopt such a policy came from the same class of men, from the same section of the country that held the Democratic party on the wrong side of the slavery question for many years. When these gentlemen, born and bred in an atmosphere of free trade, emanating from and originating in the old system of human slavery, I say when these gentlemen had sufficiently inocculated the president with their free trade notions so as to cause him to issue his celebrated cheap-woolen message, they straightway fixed up their pet idea in the shape of the Mills bill, sugar-coated it, labeled it protection and gave it out for credulous Democrats to swallow. Well, they are not all swallowing it just now, in this A. D., 1888.

I am a farmer and will give my support to the policy that will increase the number of consumers of products rather than to that policy which will diminish the same.

The stuff that is scattered to the people now by the Democratic press is enough to disgust any one who will crack the crust of party prejudice and pull the wool out of his eyes, and look at the question with good, sound, common sense.

First, they will deny that it is free trade and then argue free trade pure and simple. They will hug one class to their virtuous bosoms and howl themselves hoarse at another class. They tell us free wool will make higher price for wool and cheaper flannel shirts! They tell us to increase the profits of woolen manufacturers by giving them free wool they will divide with the laborer, but when the profits of other manufacturers are made greater by being protected, the workingmen doesn't get any of it.

Just now they are hard after the farmer, and the poor granger is forced to believe that the Bible history of the origin of man which says "He was made of the dust of the earth" is a mistake, and that he is entirely made out of war tariff tax.

Yes, tax, tax, tax—that's the howl Well, what is the benefit to him to take money out of his own pocket to lessen his tax?

They tell us the farmer is not protected and the consumer always pays the duty. But when we say, "look here, my friend, you say the farmer is not protected?" "Certainly not." "And that the consumer always pays the duty?" "Of course he does." "Well, there is 20 cents a bushel duty on wheat; now does the consumer of my wheat pay me 20 cents? If so, I do not want anything better. I am either protected or the consumer does not always pay the duty." Well, he swallows and spits and says, "I'm for Cleveland, and he's going to be elected, too."

When such a man as Judge Thurman, full of the wisdom of years, will stand before the American farmer and with voice tremulous with age say that protection, under which manufacturing has been built up and made millions of consumers of farm products, does not benefit them, it shows to what deep deceptions they go in order to win. Now, the only argument he attempted to make was that the rate of increase of values of farms has not been as great since we had high duties as before. Well, he is a great man, but he will put mud in our eyes all the same in a campaign. Every school boy knows that when railroads have spanned the continent and opened up that vast territory of cheap lands and free homesteads, that the rate of increase could not be as great under any condition of the tariff.

I lay down a fact that all the free trade logic in the universe cannot upset, and that is: If we *buy* cheap, we must *sell* cheap, as a general law of trade. Then the only effect of lowering duties is to lower values, but not to cheapen. Then what becomes of the mortgaged farms that we hear so much about? Shall farmers advocate a policy that will cause them to raise ½ to ½ more produce to pay one dollar of debt? Certainly not.

J. L. BAKER.

A Great Week for Republicans.

This has been a great and glorious week for the Republicans. We cannot see that the Democrats have any reason whatever for satisfaction with the past six days; in fact, everybody knows they are more divided and discouraged, by far, than they were last Saturday. Then they were foolish enough to believe that the immense expenditure of money and use of Federal patronage in Maine would pull down the Republican majority to about 7,000 or 8,000. Now they are trying to figure down that majority to within 1,000 or so of twice 8,000, but the effort is vain and the figuring absurd.

Take the most conservative estimate of the Maine victory and it was a splendid proof of the fact established by the Oregon and Vermont election, that this is a "tidal-wave" year for Republicans, in which the issue of Protection has united the whole party as it has not been united since the war, and is bringing into the Republican camp scores of thousands of old Democrats who have found that their party is what Mr. Evarts called it—"a denationalized party"—ruled and run by "the Solid South" in the interests of English free trade.

On Monday, too, the Republicans were materially helped by Mr. Cleveland's elaborate and painful attempt to cover over the too plain free trade declarations of his message. While he is not a formidable controversialist, at his best, he is utterly unfitted for the task of concealing his real thoughts, such as they are. His letter betrays to any intelligent reader the undoubted fact that its author would like to be the champion of free trade, while calling it a new style of protection, until, in his second term, he could gradually develop the Cobdenisms that he is ambitious to get embodied in American legislation. His letter has not helped to conceal this manifest tendency of his mind, and it has helped the Republican prospects very materially.

Gen. Harrison's letter of acceptance has been of direct and immense service to the Republican campaign this week. It has defied Democratic criticism and has inspired Republicans with fresh enthusiasm for their leader, by the facility and felicity, the frankness and courage, the lucidity and strength, with which he has handled all the issues of the campaign. Gen. Harrison writes like an experienced statesman and a lifelong student of the history and of the opposing principles and policies of the country. Mr. Cleveland betrays the recency of his consideration of national questions, the crudeness of his political thinking and the prevalence of a peculiar physique over the purely intellectual faculties. Cleveland's letter is already almost forgotten. Harrison's clear, clean-cut, comprehensive epigrams, condensing the results of so much right-thinking into the fewest and plainest words, are travelling all over the country through the newspapers, strengthening Republicans in their convictions and giving them happy phrases for what they had believed or thought. So rapidly, in fact, has the strong and noble personality of our leader been growing these past few days, that the alarmed Cleveland organs are compelled to attach importance to the malignant ravings of the ex-Republican who was the reviler of Garfield and who pretends that he is so afraid Gen. Harrison will make Mr. Blaine his Secretary of State and master, that the Democratic candidates will be afflicted with the "support" of this nurser of old "Stalwart" revenges, who is one of a kind and altogether harmless.—*N. Y. Mail and Express, Sept.* 15.

Little is done in Congress these days except to spring personal difficulties between the members.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Sept. 17th, 1888.—Senator Sherman made a few remarks in the Senate on Friday that started the tongues of all the politicians wagging, and they are still going at a fearful rate. He said that the committee on finance would report a Republican tariff bill designed to protect and further American industries as against the free-trade Mills tariff which was intended to, and did, weaken many industries of the country; that the bill reported would be a careful revision of the tariff laws and of the internal revenue laws; it would give to the men engaged in the arts the use of alcohol untaxed and would sweep away the tobacco tax, giving that great agricultural product fair and free play in this country, but the committee would take its time about it. If the House of Representatives wished to prolong the session until the tariff bill was reported it would have to wait until the committee was ready to report. After having taken months in preparation and passage of a tariff bill it did not rest with the Democrats to charge the Republicans with delay. He asserted that the Republicans would not be hurried in preparing a bill; that they intended to take all the time they deem necessary for the framing of a bill; they did not care how much time it might require; it might as well be undrstood that this was the Republican fiat. Mr. Sherman then intimated that the bill might not be reported until after the Presidential election, in order that the wishes of the people might be known. Should the people vote for free trade by the re-election of Cleveland, then it would be well to give them such a dose as the Mills bill, but should protection be maintained then perhaps the Democrats would be willing to accept the Republican bill. As the speech of Mr. Sherman was the first official intimamation that the Republican tariff bill might not be reported until after the election it created a genuine sensation in Congress. "What effect will it have on the pending campaign?" was asked right and left by Republicans, and after fully discussing the matter the conclusion was generally reached, that it would have no effect at all: the tariff policy of the Republican party is so well known that no tariff bill in detail is needed to define it. What effect this decision will have on adjournment cannot be said just now, but that it will hasten that event cannot be doubted, unless the Democrats by their foolish actions shall make the question one of politics.

The administration is becoming desperate in its efforts to make votes for Cleveland. The latest is an attempt to bull-doze the few Republican clerks in the Departments into using their influence for Cleveland. The officials of the various departments here have made lists containing the names of the Republican clerks, and the clerks have been informed that unless Cleveland is elected they will be discharged. It is hoped by this means to compel the Republican clerks to use their influence in their respective states to get votes for Cleveland. The pressure on clerks from New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana is particularly strong.

Cleveland only found one private pension bill to veto last week.

Cleveland's $10,000 campaign contribution was only a Democratic lie, and now Representative Scott denies that he made a $20,000 contribution with which he was credited. Perhaps the Standard oil campany and the sugar trust contributed so largely to the Democratic corruption fund that individual contributions are unnecessary.

Mr. Lucius B. Swift, of Indianapolis, a member of the executive committee of the Indiana Civil Service Reform Association, testified before Senator Hale's investigating committee last week to numerous violations of the civil-service reform law by Postmaster Jones, of Indianapolis. Jones is only following in the footsteps of Cleveland. "Like master, like man."

Senator Platt is after the copper trust. He offered a resolution, which was passed by the Senate, instructing the Finance Committee to inquire into the facts regarding this trust and to report what legislation was necessary to protect the people from this trust, which is composed entirely of foreigners, and which controls the production of every copper mine in the United States.

The bill amending the inter-state commerce law was passed by the House without a division.

Owing to the lack of a quorum the Senate has not yet voted upon Senator Blair's motion to reconsider the Chinese exclusion bill. If a quorum is present it will be voted on this afternoon. It is believed that the motion will be agreed to.

Cleveland sent to Secretary Whitney to return to this city for the purpose of having him deny the story that had been printed of his intended retirement from the Cabinet on account of his disgust at Cleveland's free trade ideas. After much persuasion Mr. Whitney agreed to announce in a public interview that he would remain Secretary of the Navy until the fourth of March. But he qualified it by saying that it was much against his inclinations that he remained.

The Canadian retaliation bill which was railroaded through the House is now in the hands of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, and it will not be at all surprising if it remains there the rest of the session. There is a growing feeling that it is entirely unnecessary.

General Harrison's letter is spoken of here as one of the best documents of the kind ever written, and that it will gain him many votes cannot be doubted.

Mr. McComas Will Join Issue With Col. Douglas.

Hon. Louis E. McComas is again in his seat in the House. He returned Thursday night of last week from Maine where he had been making speeches and taking an active part in the canvass. At the last meeting of the campaign there he spoke on the same platform with Mr. Blaine and Governor Beaver. Among the many letters he found awaiting him on his return to Congress was one from Col. H. Kyd Douglas, his Democratic competitor for Congress, inviting him to a joint debate on the issues of the campaign before the people of the Sixth District. "I will accept the challenge," said Mr. McComas, "and will notify Mr. Douglas that I will be able to meet him on or about October 22d for a joint debate. I recognize the uncertainty of the adjournment of Congress, but I will consent to the arrangement, nevertheless, and I will propose joint debate with him in all the county towns of the district. I know that often such debates degenerate into personal and acrimonious controversity. I feel assured, however, that the long friendship existing between Colonel Douglas and myself will prevent anything of that sort. I intend to talk about the leading issues of the campaign, but will make the tariff question the paramount one."

The following letter was mailed Saturday by Hon. Louis E. McComas to Col. H. Kyd Douglas, in response to a communication in the matter inviting him to a joint discussion of the tariff issue before the voters of the Sixth Congressional district:

WASHINGTON, Sept. 15, 1888.

My Dear Sir:—I went campaigning in Maine, and returning after that interesting election to this city, I last night received your courteous invitation to a joint discussion of the issues of this campaign. However we may differ in defining the main issues—whether it be tariff and taxation, as you call it, or an exchange of the American protective system for the English system of tariff for revenue only, as I regard it—we agree that the people, more than ever before, desire its discussion.

Congress, I fear, may not adjourn before the middle of October. I cannot control, as readily as you, the time intervening before the election; therefore, I accept your invitation, and will meet you once in each county of the Sixth District, at each county seat, during the week of October 22 to 27, inclusive. Our friends can arrange the order and details of these meetings. I concur with you in the belief that our cordial relations during many years give assurance to the people that those discussions will proceed with decorum and end with mutual good-will.

Very truly yours,
L. E. McCOMAS.

To Col. Hy. Kyd. Douglas.

A dispatch from Wheeling dated Sunday, says: "T. A. Crawford, of the New York *World*, was in the city yesterday. Speaking of his late trip to Europe Mr. Crawford said: 'I went to Europe a confirmed tariff reformer; I returned a protectionist, and if every voter in the United States could take the tour and witness the result of a free trade policy as I did, Harrison would be elected unanimously.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROAD PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that thirty days from the first publication of this notice, the undersigned citizens of Garrett county, will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to appoint examiners to view and locate a public road as follows: Commencing at the Pennsylvania line (District No. 3) and running through the lands of Thos. W. Frost, Israel Glotfelty, Henry Pollman, Geo. Inks and Wm. Bepler, to the National Road, a distance of about two and a-half miles.

THOS. W. FROST,
ISRAEL GLOTFELTY,
GEORGE INKS.

9 22 5

Estate of E. J. Stone Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Wheeling, West Va., hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the real and personal estate of

E. J. STONE,

late of Ohio Co., W. Va., deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 20th day of March next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of September, 1888.

J. T. STONE,
15 3 1011 Main street, Wheeling, W. Va.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

NOTICE!

W. H. Hagans, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

—The public schools of this county will open October 22d, and continue for two terms of fifty-two days each.

—Mr. John Shartzer's family removed to Parkersburg Tuesday, where Mr. Shartzer is engaged in the general mercantile business.

—As I am going to my home in Cambridge, Ohio, next week, I will sell at cost. Give me a call and get a bargain. W. A. WORTMAN.

—Miss Jennie M. Thompson has been appointed first and Miss Mary E. Zinkan second assistant of the Accident school, and Miss H. K. Palmer has been appointed first assistant of Deer Park school.

—The services Sunday night in the M. E. Church will be the last held previous to the annual Conference, and all the members of the church and congregation are especially invited to be present.

—Mr. Jack Larimer, heretofore a strong Democrat, has become nauseated at the hash Mr. Cleveland has sent out for his repast, and will celebrate his change of heart by voting for Harrison and Morton.--*Bloomington Correspondence Piedmont Herald.*

—Mr. Hale, of the St. Louis Wrought Iron Range Co., who was waylaid, stabbed and beaten, and supposed to have been fatally injured, near St. Mary's, W. Va., as noted in our last issue, is now in a fair way to recover.

—Mr. J. Lee McComas, youngest son of D. J. Lee McComas, is quite an artist. After thirteen lessons at the Art School of Mrs. Eva Hubbard, at Mt. Lake Park, the only instruction he ever received, he finished a number of paintings which would do credit to one of greater age and more training. These paintings are on exhibition in the parlor of Dr. McComas where they have been favorably criticised by lovers of art.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7¾ P. M., by Rev. J. W. W. Bolton.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M., by Rev. John S. Foulk.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 7¾ P. M., by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Judges of Election.

The following named gentlemen have been appointed Judges of election, the first named in each district being return judge:

District No. 1—John A. Junkins, Silas Walters, Alfred Garlitz.

2—Alfred Kelley, Wm. Wood Frazee, William Welsh.

3—David Durst, Samuel J. Beachy, John W. Blocher.

4.—Thomas Bartlett, Wm. A. Michaels, Geo. T. Michaels.

5—J. M. Lowdermilk, Michael Menhorn, John L. Richter.

6.—David W. Fraker, Wm. H. Hoye, Peter Echard.

7—Wm. W. Ashby, Wm. Casteel John O. Thayer.

8—Thos K. Harvey, Jonas Yutzy, George T. Ward.

9—Henry Finzel, Henry Blocher, Chas. A. Johnson.

10—Martin V. Flanigan, James L. Paugh, Joseph Lashorn.

11—Wm. H. Jacobs, Elias Merrill, Joseph Warnick.

Delicate Surgical Operations.

A number of delicate surgical operations have been performed in Oakland recently by Drs. J. Lee and H. W. McComas, the first being the removal of the 7th rib from the right side of Mr. H. C. Yeiser, of Cincinnati, O., who had been sent here by his physicians for treatment by Dr. McComas. They also performed for a hairlip on the two months' old infant of Mr. and Mrs. Kamp, of Accident district, this county, and removed a tumor located just over the left shoulder blade and extending into the arm pit from Mr. George H. Gilpin, of near Swanton, this county. These operations all proved successful.

September Registration.

DISTRICT NO. 1.

Registered—Wm. S. Sharpless, F. R. Sharpless, Solomon Tasker, Wm. W, Tasker, Geo. W. Lee, Charles Kent, Wm. Warnick, Otho Paugh, L. F. Harvey, Samuel Moore, Israel Twigg, John W. Bray, Isaac Davis, J. H. Davis, Wm. H. Upole, Benjamin Davis, Jerry Sweitzer, J. W. Johnson, Aquilla Sharpless, Charles Tusing, E. J. Hamill, Elijah Moon, William Poole, L. C. Hamill, Joseph Davis.

Stricken Off.—James Wagner, Wm. E. George, E. J. West.

DISTRICT NO 2.

Amos S. Arnett, Isaac Frazee, Sr., Hamilton Friend, Boyd Frantz, Wm. H. Friend, James Frazee, George W. Friend, W. M. Lowdermilk, Price S. Lish, Resley C. Rush, Wm. M. Fike, of Levi, Henry M. Rumbaugh, Milton, G. Umbel, Isaac T. Umbel, George Umbel, Brison Welch.

Stricken Off.—Benjamin F. Friend Samuel R. L. Kessler, William F. Kessler, Joshua S. Myers, John E. Stone, Levi Vansickel, Lewis Vansickel.

DISTRICT NO. 3.

Registered.—George L. Bender, A. Croft, Norman Durst, John McKenzie, Wm. F. Swauger, Amos H. Sybert, John Swartz, John Schraum, Lewis Warnick, George L. Wilhelm, John Yost, Orman Facenbaker.

Stricken Off.—Josephus Broadwater, Abraham Beachy, Emanuel Beachy, Wm. C. Cunningham, Jesse Chaney, Floyd Crow, Samuel Custer, John P. Cleary, Philip Durst, Samuel Deal, Samuel Engle, Noah S. Garlitz, Alvin F. Getty, George Jackson, Lewis O. Michaels, Milton D. Miller, Henry Merback, Gotfried Merbach, John Merbach, Norman Maust, Nevin R. Maust, John Royer, Henry R. Sheller, Christopher Sahr.

DISTICT NO. 4.

Registered.—J. S. Butts, William Coleman, Harland P. Endler, Hiram E. Calkin, Grant Harshbarger, Christopher E. Hott, Hilary Michael, McClellan Fraley.

Stricken Off.—Andrew Laughlin, John J. Miller, James F. Devine.

DISTRICT NO. 5.

Registered.—Albert N. Hileman, Charles C. Speicher.

Stricken Off.—Melville Coddington, William M. Fike, Martin L. Fresh, David W. Fraker, George Kolb, George W. Reitz, Richard Schlossnagle, Milton N. Sloppy, John J. Schlossnagle, John Swartz, Timothy Miller.

DISTRICT NO. 6.

Registered.—Jacob Echard, Joseph McRobie, Conrad Spiker, William H. Lewis, Samuel R. Savage, Elmer E. Weimer, William Johnson, William H. Durst, Howard Bishoff, David W. Fraker, Robert D. Fries.

Stricken Off.—Jacob Spiker, Edward E. Sollars, Thomas Spiker, Albert H. Welsh, Ashbery Wolf, John A. Porter, William R. Porter, Columbus L. Paugh, John M. Hook, Dennis Frazee, John L. Feigh, Benjamin R. Durst, W. Scott Dewitt, Edward N. Casteel, Andrew M. Collins, John S. Browning, Henry Boettner, Mathias Biddinger, Thomas M. Tencate.

DISTRICT NO. 7.

Registered.—Charles Best, James R. Combs, Edward C. Manown, Silvester Rinard, Peter Young, Charles E. Bowman, David Keefer, George W. Moton, Waring Thomas, Lincoln Young, John S. Combs, William F. King, James C. Peddicord, John C. Yost.

Stricken Off.—Wm. A. Browning, William H. Moore, Calvin H. Glotfelty, Chas. D. Atkinson, Jas. F. Beswick, E. J. Fringer, Bayard T. Keller, Calvin H. Lakin, Thomas B. Philpot, Aliston A. Perry, Aaron Welton, Patrick J. Garrett, Charles H. Jamison, George J. Brant, John Ault, D. T. E. Casteel, Marshal C. Feather, Lawson L. Loar, Joseph Miller, Joseph Painter. William Smouse, Arthur Welton, John Miller. Moses R. Hamill, Thomas B. Thayer, John B. Brant, John L. Dorn, William Junkins, Charles H. Loar, Albert Montgomery, George F. Pfeiffer, William Waltz, Simon Wolf.

DISTRICT NO. 9.

Registered.—Floyd Crow, John W. Learue, Charles O. Michael, Lewis C. Michael.

Stricken Off.—Luther B. Anderson, Charles Brown, Albert A. Blocher, Orman Facenbaker, Jeremiah McKenzie, Sampson McKenzie, Benjamin F. Stokes, William H. Wilson, Charles W. Wilhelm.

DISTRICT NO. 10.

Registered.—Wm. J. Beckman, Thomas J, Garrett, Patrick J. Garrett, Wm, E. George, John E. Latta, Abraham M. Lee, Abraham Lee, Wm. H. Moore, Samuel Rodeheaver, Arthur Lee.

Stricken Off.—John F. Bartley, Richard G. Barke, Henry Babbett, Andrew Brady, Selden E. Flowers, Jos. Friend, of John, Samuel Greene, Robert J. Head, Jacob S. Halferstay, John W. Jankey, John E. Jackson, Elijah Moon, Joseph C. Murphy, Samuel J. Moore, Lafayette Stemple, Albert Steiding, John E. Steiding, Josephus Williams.

DISTRICT NO. 11.

Registered.—Chas. O. Broadwater, Ephraim Broadwater, Peter H. Broadwater, Jarvis Custer, Shadrack S. Garlitz, Stephen Green, John W. Lancaster, Elijah H. Llewellyn, Geo. W. Magruder, John J. Magruder, Jonas E. Wampler, James Warnick.

Stricken Off.—Jonathan Chaney, Benjamin F. Green, Joseph P. Goodwin, Wilson Hurley, Alex McFadden, James Poland, Joseph C. Spiker.

Mountain Lake Park.

Our extremely rainy season appears to be over, at least for the present, and the sun is shining beautifully again.

The Sunday School pic-nic last Saturday was a real success. The people began to come in early and by dinner time there was quite a gathering. The ladies began between ten and eleven o'clock to arrange for dinner. The tables were over fifty feet long. They were nicely decorated with flowers. A beautiful repast was then placed upon then. Miss Jennie Smith then announced that dinner was ready, and requested all the big children to wait until the little children ate their dinner, then if they should behave real well they should be served also. The doxology was then sung and an earnest blessing asked. The little people did nobly, as they had a keen relish for their dinners. We were much pleased to have the children from the Home at Deer Park with us. Just as the older ones were being served the Oakland band arrived, and began playing. They played several beautiful tunes while they were with us. After the dinner was over, the audience was again called to order. Mr. Miller, of Ohio, offered a very earnest prayer, especially for the young people present. Rev. Mr. Tuttle, of Pittsburg, Pa., gave a short but interesting talk on the Iron and on the Golden gates. When he asked at which they would rather enter they all replied, at the Golden. Miss Jennie Smith then gave an object lesson in what she termed a doll baby talk. She held a handsome doll in her arms which she kept crying most of the time, which, with her playful talk, kept the children in almost a constant roar of laughter. She then showed or rather had the children tell her, the difference between them and the doll. How much more they could do in so many ways. Then came the distribution of the candy. Not only were the little people present remembered but many who were unable to come. The day was certainly pleasantly and I believe profitably spent.

We had no preaching on last Sabbath, but the other meetings were all held and were very good, especially in the evening.

Our third meeting begins next Sabbath at eleven o'clock.

The Directors are having a meeting to-day (Tuesday). There are present Rev. C. W. Baldwin, G. C. Sturgiss, C. W. Conner, D. E. Offutt and J. M. Davis, making a full board.

Dr. Logan and Col. Beall made us a visit this week. J. A. E.

The Y. M. C. A. Meetings.

The series of meetings held by the Y. M. C. A., in Oakland, Md., commencing on Friday evening, Sept. 7th, were continued every night during the week following. The closing service on Sunday night was held in the M. E. Church. A sermon was preached by Rev. Shoaf, of Baltimore, to a large and attentive congregation. After services were conducted by Miss Jennie Smith.

There was a good deal of interest manifested in the services from the very commencement and several persons professed conversion and many more were wonderfully blessed and encouraged to take advanced ground and to renew their consecration to the service of the Master. Upon the whole there was no doubt a great work done. Many of our country friends who were in attendance at court took great interest in our meeting, and encouraged us by their presence. As an organization we feel much encouraged by the interest the ministers of the town and the Presiding Elder of the district took in the services, as they were nearly all present and took part in our work. Miss Jennie Smith and Miss Sherman were very faithful in discharging their duties, and were earnest in their powerful exhortations and presentations of the truth as it is in Jesus, the Saviour of the world. Many who were in these meetings will ever remember them and their kindly admonitions with a sacred recollection.

The Y. M. C. A. is under many obligations to Mr. Hagans and his choir, with Miss Susie Hamill, the organist, for their faithfulness in furnishing us with excellent music at every meeting from the first service to the last.

We also desire here to express our thanks to the orders of the Iron Hall and Knights of Honor and Mr. Sturgiss, who so kindly gave us the use of the hall for our meetings. At the meeting on Sunday afternoon there was about thirteen members added to our organization. Their names will appear in our item for next week.

The regular meetings are held in our Hall, in the Pritchard building, on Friday night and Sunday afternoon of each week, and we here extend a most cordial invitation to everybody to attend our meetings, and will always be glad to have our country friends attend when in town. We hope soon to see the business men of our town take an interest in this organization and come up to help us to do the work of a Y. M. C. A. for the boys and young men of the place, in establishing a reading room and other harmless social amusements, to counteract the evil influences prevalent in all communities.

A Singular Coincidence.

The following circumstance will give another score to the oft repeated adage tat "truth is stranger than fiction," and the truth of which the writer can vouch for. One day during July of the present season Dr. A. H. Thaye, of Grafton, and the Rev. Dr. Bolton, of Oakland, dined at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Bowie Johnson. As they were starting to return to Oakland Dr. Thayer made the remark that many years ago when he wa a little boy he attended a school taught in a little log building which used to stand on the road by which thy would pass, and although the old log building had long ago been removed the Dr. said he had a desire to revsit the site upon which it had stood. As they drew near to the place upon which the school house had once stood, and which, by the way, is directly opposite the entrance to Mr. Deberry's farm, they got out of the carriage and securing the horse, proceeded to make observations. Dr. Thayer was pointing out different things and recalling little incidents that had occurred so many years ago, and then he said: "I remember also having a large old-fashioned cent with a hole in, which I lost just about here, I think," and looking down upon the ground, and nearly covered with sand, grass and earth, he saw something which looked like a cent, and which he picked up and there was an old-fashioned cent with a hole in it and covered with age and mold. The Dr. was amazed, but he held on to the old cent, and nothing can make him believe but that this was the very cent he lost more than forty years ago.

Franklin.

Not having seen anything in your paper from here for some time I thought I would send a few notes.

The mines are not working as well this month as last. The month of August was the best that has been made at the mines for a good while.

Mr. Dick Wildman has rented the Fletcher farm, adjoining the place of Geo. T. Michaels, and will combine farming with mining.

Mary A. Grant gave a party to her young friends Friday evening. Dancing and singing was indulged in and a pleasant time was had by all. The party were treated to some excellent music by Prof. Thompson's orchestra.

Miss Bridget McAndrews and Mr. James B. McGraw are to be the teachers of the Firm Rock school this term.

Miss Cross, of Bloomington, spent a few days here with friends.

Col. Douglas, in company with Mr. Browning, paid our town a flying visit Friday. Their reception was cold. They stayed but a few minutes and departed for a warmer clime. Mr. McComas is the favorite here.

Mary A. Grant and Jeanette Morgan, daughter of Judge Morgan, departed for Baltimore Sunday morning to attend the State Normal school, having received a free scholarship from Garrett county.

Free Sleeping Car.

To passengers purchasing second class tickets to Pacific Coast points via. Baltimore and Ohio, R. R. for trains leaving Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore and Washington, D. C., Sept. 11th and 25th, October 9th and 23rd. The number of tickets on each trip is limited to twenty-five. So that passengers should make application at once to D. Bride, Passenger Agent B. & O. R. R., Central Building, Baltimore, Md., H. A. Miller, Ticket agent, B. & O. R. R. Wilmington, Del., or to Agent Delawder, Oakland, Md.

Cows for Sale.

The undersigned has for sale, at Catonsville, near Oakland, two good Milch Cows. Price reasonable.

9 8 3t. W. S. STEVENS.

REPUBLICAN

MEETINGS!

—:o:—

Republican meetings will be held in this county as follows:

ELKINS, MONDAY, OCT., 1,
AT 7 O'CLOCK P. M.

SWANTON, TUESDAY, OCT. 2,
AT 7 O'CLOCK P. M.

ACCIDENT, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 3
AT 7 O'CLOCK, P. M.

Grantsville, Thursday, Oct. 4,
AT 7 O'CLOCK P. M.

These meetings will be addressed by

Hon. L. E. McComas

and others.

There should be good turn outs at these meetings. Give "Little Mac" a rousing reception.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Chairman Committee.

Grand Opening.

We will open this Saturday morning, direct from Philadelphia, a big stock of Hats, Bonnets, Fancy Feathers, Velvets, Plush and ribbon.

400 Fancy Feathers at 8 cents.
300 Fancy Feathers at 20 cents.
Elegant Fancy Feathers at 50 cents.
Tennis Hats, all colors, 65 cents.
Soft Felt, Alpine shapes, 65 cents.

These goods are new and the latest styles.

Are also opening our Fall and Winter wraps.

M. L. SCOTT,
Baltimore Store,
Oakland, Md.

Swanton.

Mr. J. D. Ashenfelter has rebuilt his blacksmith shop.

Mr. Thedore Beckman has purchased a threshing machine.

Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Brady, of Elk Garden, and Miss Emily George, of Barton, were visiting here last week

Mr. C. T. Sweet is now canvassing for fruit trees, He is one of the best salesmen that has ever been in this county.

Mr. Geo. H. McKenzie has moved to Windom.

Mr. J. F. Friend, road supervisor, is at work on the roads.

Ed. Shank, Esq., is preparing to build a new house.

HOOSIER.

Court Proceedings.

The September term of the Circuit Court was still in session at the time of going to press, Thursday morning, and will not likely adjourn until the middle of next week.

Below we give the only cases disposed of which we think would be of general interest:

Elijah M. Friend vs. the County Commissioners. Petition for Writ of Mandamus. Petition withdrawn.

State vs. John F. Wilson. Larceny of watch. Jury trial. Verdict guilty. Not yet sentenced. Townshend for State. Hamill & Semmes for defendant.

State vs. J. Ralston. Assault and battery. Not guilty. Townshend for State. Hamill & Semmes for defendant.

State vs. H. C. Shaw. Violating Local Option law. Jury trial. Verdict guilty. Fined $200 and costs. Townshend for State. Hamill for defendant.

State vs. Wm. Enlow. Obstructing railroad. Jury trial. Verdict not guilty. Townshend and Boyd for State. Thayer & Sincell for defendant.

State vs. A. J. Stanton. Wifebeating. Verdict guilty. Sentenced to six months in jail.

State vs. Benjamin Metz. Killing deer. Jury trial. Verdict guilty. Not sentenced. Townshend for State. Hamill & Semmes for defendant.

Same vs. Same. Assault with intent to kill. Verdict not guilty. Same counsel.

State vs. Arthur Nethkin. Assault and battery. Jury trial. Verdict not guilty. Townshend for State. Hamill & Semmes for defendant.

State vs. Fred Clare. Perjury. Jury trial. Verdict not guily. Townshend and Peddicord for State. Hamill & Semmes for defendant.

Stoves and Hardware.

Just received at J. M. Davis & Son's Hardware Store, fifty heating stoves, of the latest styles, including sheet iron, open front Franklin's, Burnsides, square box stoves for wood, and samples of square stoves for hard or soft coal. Decidedly nobby and unrivaled for beauty and service. Something entirely new. Also a full line of cooking stoves, ranges and Double-heaters. Call and examine before purchasing. Our stock of Hardware is complete in every line. Also a full line of sportsmen's goods, blasting powder, fuse, &c., &c.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

EXAMINATION OF TEACHERS.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 11th, 1888.

An examination of Teachers, for Garrett county, will be held as follows:

At SELBYSPORT, on Monday, Sept. 24th.
At GRANTSVILLE, Wednesday, Sept. 26th.
At ACCIDENT, Friday, Sept. 28th.
At OAKLAND, October 2d, 1888.

Examination to commence promptly at 9 o'clock A. M.

WM. HINEBAUGH,
9 15 td Examiner.

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by George D. White and others. Beginning at the Southeast end of Church street, and running thence through the lands of Mrs. E. A. Kilbourn, Mrs. Maria Davis, F. & C. Felty, S. L. Townshend, Mrs. Max. Klein and James R. Bishop, and intersecting the Ryans Glade road at a point between John A. Delawder's and the line of Mt. Lake Park, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Tuesday, the 30th day of October, 1888, and determine whether the public convenience requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
WM. H. HALL,
WILLIAM CASTEEL,
9 22 5 Examiners.

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by John Blambel and others. Commencing at or near Nutter's, (District No. 8,) on the Wood's road, and running thence through lands of S. J. Nutter, Peter Culp, J. L. Rumbarger Lumber Co., and S. B. Elkins, to Dobbin, on the W. Va. C. & P. Railroad, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located will meet on Thursday, the 1st day of November, 188, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said public road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
J. M. CONEWAY,
J. H. ROTH,
9 22 5 Examiners.

Estate of Samuel Engle, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscribers, of Garrett county, Md., hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Testamentary on the personal estate of

SAMUEL ENGLE,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscribers on or before the 20th day of March next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefits of said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of September, 1888.

RALPH ENGLE, Executor,
9 15 3t Grantsville, Md.

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 3d, 1888.

All persons are hereby warned not to remove any stone from the National Road in Garrett county, or from the Bridges thereon.

By order County Commissioners.

W. H. HAGANS,
9 8 tf Clerk.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon any of my property in any manner whatev

9 8 3 D. E. OFFUTT.

Registration Notice.

(SEPTEMBER & OCTOBER SITTINGS, 1888.)

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned Officers of Registration of Voters in and for their respective election districts of Garrett county, will sit in their respective election districts in said county for three successive days in the month of September, commencing with and including the second Monday of September, that is to say on the

10th, 11th and 12th days of September,

and for five successive days in the month of October, commencing and including the first Monday of October, that is to say on the

1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th days of October,

in the year 1888, from the hour of 8 o'clock A. M. to the hour of 6 o'clock P. M., on each of said days, for the purpose of registering in the proper registries of voters and poll books, all persons qualified to vote in their respective election districts who shall present themselves for registration, and for the further purpose of revising and completing the registry of voters and poll books of their said respective election districts, as provided by Chapter 22 of the Acts of 1882, as amended by Chapter 155 of the Acts of 1888.

The places of sitting of each of said Officers of Registration in their respective election districts on the days named and hours stated is as follows, to-wit:

Election District No. 1, at Swanton.
" " " 2, at Friendsville.
" " " 3, at Grantsville.
" " " 4, at Bloomington.
" " " 5, at Accident.
" " " 6, at McHenry.
" " " 7, at Oakland.
" " " 8, Sept. at Elkins. Oct. at Red House.
" " " 9, at Johnsons.
" " " 10, at Deer Park.
" " " 11, at Gregg's Mill.

All naturalized citizens applying for registration will be required to produce their certificates of naturalization, to the Officers of registration.

Signed.

H. O. HAMILL,
Officer of Registration 1st Election District.
R. E. FRIEND,
Officer of Registration 2d, Election District.
ISAIAH FULLER,
Officer of Registration 3d Election District.
JOHN COLLINS,
Officer of Registration 4th Election District.
HENRY F. LININGER,
Officer of Registration 5th Election District.
N. C. BROWNING,
Officer of Registration 6th Election District.
P. A. CHISHOLM,
Officer of Registration 7th Election District.
HENRY A. SHAFFER,
Officer of Registration 8th Election District.
SAMUEL JOHNSON,
Officer of Registration 9th Election District.
MICHAEL T. BRADY,
Officer of Registration 10th Election District.
JOHN C. CHANEY,
Officer of Registration 11th Election District.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby warned from Hunting or Driving on the lands under my charge. We have fenced to the new county road, and warn all persons from taking down our fences and running over our lands.

J. H. & C. T. SANDERS.

TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE OLD HEARTHSTONE.

The house is shabby, and gaunt and brown;
  Weather beaten and grim indeed;
Its twisted chimneys are tumbling down,
  Its fretted gables have gone to seed;
Its floors are sunken, its doors are shrunken,
  But thro' its windows, bleared and old,
Sweet faces looked in the days gone by;
  And morning's glory, and sunset's gold,
On its worn thresholds used to lie.

Wild grasses creep round the mighty stone
  That once was the altar of home and hearth;
And the winds, with a shrill, disconsolate moan,
  Sweep thro' the chambers of death and birth;
And the shuddering floors, the creaking doors,
  Thrill to the passing of things unseen,
When the ghostly curtains of eve are drawn,
  Or the moon, with a white face, stands between
The gloom of night and the gray of dawn.

But under its hearthstone rude and old
  The roots of my heart strike deep and strong!
Its walls are hung with the purple and gold
  Of dreams, and wreathed with the glory of song!
Rough brambles clamber in hall and chamber;
  But light feet echo along the floors,
And garments gleam when the twilights fall,
  Fair faces smile from the ruined doors,
And white hands beckon, and voices call!

They are the dear lost loves I knew!
  Gone from the valley and shadow of tears,
Still, by memory's golden clew,
  They follow me through the mist of years!
Their soft hands lighten my load, and brighten
  The rugged way of my life I tread,
Through an alien land to a land unknown,
  For the hope and promise of youth he dead
And buried under you gray hearthstone!

—*Emma Alice Browne, in N. Y. Ledger.*

THI-BEIT WANG T'SUE:

Or, the "Dwellers on the Roof of the World."

Something About This Extraordinary People—Their Peculiar Manners, Customs and Religious Rites—The Delai Lamas.

This extraordinary people, the Thibeit Wang T'sue, owe their nationality to a princely Chinese rebel, who on account of some court intrigue took refuge with his family among those mountainous regions now called Thibet. Establishing himself on the Yarling river, he gathered to his standard the wild, hairy, mountain-cave dwellers of this lofty plateau. With the Khuenlun Mountains on the north and the mighty Himalayas on the south, Wong Chou felt himself invincible and impregnable; and so it proved, for this settlement of savages flourished, and in course of time developed one of the strangest civilizations in the world.

In order to understand this people, their manners, customs and religious rites, we must glance at their country. It is the loftiest plateau on the globe, girt with steep barriers and with extremes of temperature, in some parts freezing every night, even in summer, while in others the noon sun is more fierce and scorching than in the hottest regions of Hindostan. From its lofty table-land descend some of the greatest rivers of Asia, the Indus, the Brahmapootra, the Irrawady, the Ganges, the Hohang-ho. At their sources mountains pile upon mountains, some bare and volcanic, others covered with primeval forests, frightfully tangled together with huge creepers, as yet unnamed by the botanist. The highest peaks soar in awful grandeur, vapor-crowned and snow-clad, assuming in the rising and setting sun forms of unspeakable splendor. The annual transformations of this land of mountain and valley are magical; evergreens, ferns, lichens, mosses, thousands of mountain rills, and myriads of flowers fill it with music, fragrance and dewy beauty; in winter storms, darkness, heavy mists and a terrifying silence enwrap the land—now and then this awful silence is broken by avalanches of ice and snow, thundering and booming down the mountains as with the roaring of distant cannon. And above all when night comes on, there is nowhere a land so weird; it is full of milky vapors of serpentine form, of shades and phantoms, inspiring in the minds of its inhabitants a sense of awe, mystery and sublimity. It is not strange that the dwellers on the "Roof of the World" should be what they are—the most superstitious, reverential, religious and credulous people on the face of the earth.

Nowhere, as in Thibet, does Buddhism and its mysterious doctrine of the transmigration of souls hold sway so absolute. The mountain caves are filled with male and female ascetics, who practice the most austere forms of penance, abstinence and self-torture, in order to work out their deification; in what was once the lair of wild beasts, live Thibetian maidens, who for years scourge themselves with bruises, sanctify themselves by continual fasts, prayers and pious meditations, in the hope that they may become mothers to future Delai Lamas; here are convents and monasteries without end, temples, shrines and pagodas without number, filled with pilgrims, saints, sages, magicians, rahats (saints in the various stages of deification), arahats, both male and female. Here is enshrined the great Delai Lama himself, the latest living incarnation of the Buddha, believed in as a veritable man-god, pure, infallible, omnipresent and omniscient, who is worshiped with the most sumptuous of pagan rituals morning, noon and night as a heavenly deity; while on every conspicuous rock and towering peak is cut in huge Thibetian characters the mystical and symbolic prayer offered to this strange man-deity: "Om Mani Padmih Hom."

Amid this grand scenery and these strange ideas of human deification, a Thibetian village makes but a mean appearance. The houses are alike, and each resembles a brick kiln in size and shape, built of rough stones, heaped without mortar of any kind, and on account of the strong winds and terrific storms each has only one or two apertures to admit light and air; on the flat roof are placed piles of stones to support a small flag-staff, from which is suspended a strong rope strung with scraps of religious paper and colored cloths stamped or inwrought with sacred texts from the Buddhist scriptures—for all the world like the tail of a kite stretching to a neighboring roof, and supposed to act as a charm against miasma, walking ghosts and evil spirits.

The Thibetians are pure Mongolians; they have the oblique small black eye, the cone-shaped head, the high cheek-bones, the flat nose, wide mouth, and tawny skin of the Turanian family. But unlike the Chinese, their figures are light, elastic and symmetrical; their young men and women have much more attractive expressions, owing no doubt to their open and generous dispositions. They love music, and everywhere they are heard singing, chanting or humming the wild, plaintive Thibetian airs, which are more rhythmic than those of the Chinese.

Not only is there in Thibet a Delai Lama, but there are several Teshu Lamas or semi-incarnations of Buddha. These act as vice-gerents of the Delai Lama, or Pure Incarnation, in the provinces of Thibet, and receive the homage and offerings suitable to a semi-deity.

The great question of questions in Thibet is to find in what babe or child the pure spirit of Buddha has become re-incarnate. The first condition is that the mother of this extraordinary infant should be one who before marriage has practiced the most austere forms of penance, fasting and prayer, and that the father should be a man of equal piety and faith. The babe itself must show the five supernatural marks on its body: a crescent mark on its forehead, a dimple in its chin, bright glistening eyes, a red spot on its stomach and a similar mark on its right foot. Every male infant born in in this strange country is subjected to the strictest scrutiny.

When several such babes have been heard of, they with their parents are escorted to the city of Lhassa and conducted to the monastery of Lha-Brang, or Sanctified House. This building is regarded as the center and heart of Thibet, from which all the religious life, as well as the main roads, radiate. It is not merely a religious center, for here are the seats of the civil, political and judicial officials of Thibet. Here the chief Lamas of all the monasteries meet, and after a week of fasting, prayer and meditation, each in his appointed cell, they come together in the temple, open to the sky in the middle, towering in many-storied roofs all around, and on its huge gates, standing out in strong relief, colossi of the spirit guardians of the four corners of earth. Here they wait in profound silence the hour appointed for the ceremony of divining in which of the babes the pure spirit of Buddha has deigned to become incarnate.

At sunset these baby-candidates for divinity are ushered with great pomp into the temple; here they are prayed over, then examined as to the accuracy of the supernatural marks. This done their names are written on the backs of artificial golden fishes, which are then cast into a golden urn of water, which stands on the right of the altar-throne of Buddha. Then the chief of the Lamas puts his hand into the urn, and with his eyes lifted up to the blue sky, he draws out a fish and reads with a loud voice the name of the babe. Loud trumpet blasts repeat the name through and through the ancient temple. The parents, overcome with joy, fall on their knees before the wonderful babe and worship it, not doubting its divinity. The other babes are looked upon as semi-incarnations and reserved to become Teshu Lamas.

The next day the sacred babe is carried through the city at the head of a vast concourse of priests and people, with music, shoutings and hymns of joy, and placed in the Potala until he shall have become of age and his mind illuminated with the indwelling spirit of the Buddha. Strange to say this ripening of the spirit of the Delai Lama varies; in some incarnations it takes place at the age of fifteen, in others not until eighteen or twenty. The evidence of this maturity is to be perceived by a certain rare fragrance emitted by the body of the Delai Lama, and an almost profound expression in the eyes.

After his inauguration, the Delai Lama appears at stated times on his various thrones or altars openly to receive the adoration of his fellow-men. But of his private life the public knows nothing. Those whose business it is to wait in private on this strange fiction are vowed to the strictest silence and secrecy. His death, which often happens early in life, owing to the unnatural life forced upon him, is preserved as a secret until a new baby-candidate to divinity has been heard of. His remains are privately burned in the great Lha-Bhrang temple. His ashes are preserved in a golden urn, and his clothes as holy relics of great marketable value, are cut up and sold to the highest bidders.

For nearly a thousand years the kingdom planted by the Chinese rebel, Wong Chou, in Thibet, had remained, it is said, steeped in the grossest superstitions of spirit and devil-worship. It was in the seventh century of our era, the Indian King, Srongdsam-Gampo, for some political cause of offense, invaded the country, took possession of the throne, stamped out shamanisen or spirit-worship, and introduced in its place his own religion—Buddhism; his wife introduced the arts of reading and writing, and caused all the new learning and literature of Thibet to be written in the Sanskrit or, as it is called, the Dewanagri alphabet. Ever since the Thibetian language, though of the Mongolian family, has preserved the Aryan characters.

The Chinese Government has always regarded Thibet with an anxious and jealous eye. They have an ambassador with a strong force resident at Lhassa who are literally spies on the Delai Lama, on the regent, and on the Sema-Delai Lamas, and all report their doings at headquarters. But in the spiritual sense even the Emperor of China is forced to render homage and adoration to the great Delai Lama, that dwells in Thibet.—*Wide Awake.*

MODERN BRIGANDAGE.

A Timely and Emphatic Protest Against the Tipping System.

The growth of the "tip" system in this country within the past few years has been very remarkable. Not many years ago an American was expected to perform the service for which he was employed without extra compensation, and it was only the lower grade of servants and porters that one ventured to reward with a tip. All this has changed very rapidly, and the traveler now finds that nobody will refuse a proffered coin, while very many will do nothing without it. The man who takes for your trunk, the man who handles it at the station, even the man who checks it; the man who receives it at your hotel, and of course, the man who brings it to your room—each one of these expects his tip. And so it goes through the whole round of the summer tourist's experience.

The worst feature of all this is that the system is not only tolerated but encouraged and even forced in by those who profess to offer "hospitality" to travelers—of course for a consideration. When a man goes to a hotel and pays an abundant price he expects to be taken care of and served and defended from extortion; instead, he is, in many cases, systematically robbed. The hotel "stands in" with the porter, the barber, the newsdealer and the other brigands, exacting a high payment from them, and sometimes a percentage of their perquisities, so that the guest is regularly swindled by the consent and co-operation of the landlord.

This is a gross abuse that ought to be stopped. It is not too much to ask that hotels, railroad companies, express companies and other concerns that deal with the traveling public should pay their own servants and not leave them to be paid by their customers. Every one is glad to reward attentive service and to pay for any special trouble taken in his behalf, but no one likes to be made to pay twice for that to which he is entitled of right and to feel when he goes to a hotel as though he were entering a robber's cave.—*Philadelphia Times.*

SHERIDAN'S REVENGE.

Why He Had Fort Leavenworth Reduced to Department Headquarters.

"Some of the stories published about General Sheridan are not exactly accurate," said an old army officer, "though that is not at all unnatural. These tales travel from one man to another and get mixed in transit. The story about his being fined at Leavenworth while he was in command of the fort has variously been told, but the truth appears to be that he was fined for contempt of court. He was subpœnaed before Justice Tholen to appear to answer the charge of assault and battery upon a fellow who had been ordered off the reservation, and who, not obeying the mandate, was knocked off. He lodged complaint against General Sheridan, who paid no attention to the summons to appear before Tholen.

That was before the Legislature of Kansas had ceded jurisdiction over the reservation to the General Government. One day when Sheridan was down town he was caught unawares by a constable, who read the warrant to him and there was nothing to do but obey. The justice, as can be imagined, was full of importance, and his breast swelled when he thought of what a great man he was in having brought one of the big Generals of the war to book. Sheridan was furious and did not deign to set up any defense, the consequence being that he was fined one hundred dollars.

He was so mad at this that he shortly afterwards had the headquarters of the division removed to Chicago, reducing Fort Leavenworth to a department headquarters. Had it not been for this Fort Leavenworth would not have been the headquarters of the division, and even a more important post than it now is.—*Detroit News.*

A Yankee Doctor's Wit.

It is told that while the late Emperor Frederick was in London for the Queen's jubilee, Sir Morell Mackenzie introduced a noted American doctor to him. After a careful examination of his throat, the imperial patient, in his usual cheerful manner, inquired: "I suppose an imperial throat is very much like that of other mortals?" "Well, sir," came the quick reply, "we will try and make it so, at any rate." The then Crown Prince thoroughly appreciated the quick Yankee wit, and, striking his broad chest, said: "But this is all right, is it not?" The Yankee gravely looked the splendid proportions of the illustrious patient up and down, and then deliberately drawled out: "As for the rest, sir, you would make a good American." Fritz's merriment was great, but the German doctors present were aghast at such levity.—*N. Y. Post.*

FUNNY LARRY JEROME.

How the Noted American Joker Amazed Some Thick-Witted Englishmen.

When his friend of many years arranged that hitherto unheard-of thing, an ocean yacht race, in which the Henrietta, the Fleetwing, and the Vesta took part, Larry Jerome begged to be taken on the Henrietta, and was accommodated, going forth on a voyage which many thought to be a pilgrimage of death. Previous to starting Larry bet right and left on the race, and when he came to figure up his bets he found that he was booked to lose, no matter how the race came out. His friend, Mr. Heckscher, took the bets off the joker's hands and by a little scientific work changed the book into a sure winner. Well, the race was sailed and the daring racers were not drowned. They landed in Cowes conquerors and lions, and found all England, which dearly loves pluck, at their feet.

Then Mr. Jerome cultivated the top-notch of British aristocracy with outward devotion and inward chuckling, and had lots of fun at the expense of the thick-witted islanders, who think the whole world worships them. Among his blooded friends was one who had the entree to Osborne, where her Royal Majesty was sojourning at the time. They paid a visit to the palace. In one of the rooms the eagle eye of the joker lighted on some of the royal stationary.

"O," he cried, raising his eye to Heaven, "if I could only have one of those crested sheets to take home to America, how envied I would be there!"

His friend thought the matter could be arranged and soon the joker had his prize. Shortly after this a dinner on one of the yachts was given, and to it a number of Englishmen were invited. Mr. Jerome had written on the royal stationary an invitation to Mr. Lawrence R. Jerome to dine at Osborne with her Majesty, the Queen, and arranged to have it brought into him when the champagne had circulated long enough to make the Englishmen unsuspicious and credulous. As it happened, a real invitation from Lord Somebody was handed to the joker just a few moments before the arrival of the bogus one. He opened it, yawned and looked distraught. "What is it?" asked some one.

"O, only an invitation from Lord So-and-So." The Englishmen stared. Only an invitation! Then came the big envelope with the royal seal and crest. The Englishmen marveled. Mr. Jerome sighed, and with an incomparable air of nonchalance cut the seal and opened the precious missive.

"Well," he said, "this is getting to be a bore."

What was it? O, an invitation from the Queen. An invitation from the Queen a bore! O, well, she doubtless meant kindly, but she didn't know how tired the American was of these little social courtesies; they were beginning to pall upon him. And so for half an hour he ran on, and nearly drove the astonished Johnnies crazy. They never suspected the joke.

There were a couple of Americans in the party who could not make up their alleged minds whether his letter was real or bogus. They tried to pump Larry, and he got on his dignity right away. At length they decided that he really was on intimate terms with the royal family, and as they were anxious to visit Osborne, they asked him to give them the "open sesame." "My dear boys," he said, "there's nothing easier in the world. The Queen is dead stuck on American yachtsmen ever since we came across the pond. All you have to do is to put on your yachting clothes and march up to the palace. As Americans you will be welcomed. Of course, you will find some soldiers at the gate, and they will present their bayonets at your breasts, but that is only a matter of form. Wave them away, tell them you are Americans and march in. They will cause you no further trouble." The two simples followed these directions only too well, and narrowly escaped arrest. When they returned to reproach the joker he met them with a serious countenance. He could not credit their story. "Why, I went in that way," he solemnly asseverated, "and I didn't have a bit of trouble. I went through the Queen's private apartments." Nor could they ever make him confess otherwise.—*N. Y. World.*

Even Love Must be Sacrificed.

On the elegantly upholstered sofa in the parlor of Sir Reginald Muldoon sat his only daughter, Vivian, clasped close to the Sunday vest of Adelbert de Ribbon. The shades of evening had long since ceased falling and all was dark and still save for the ticking of Vivian's Waterbury watch. Suddenly Adelbert, throwing himself upon his knees at the feet of the imperious queen of the 'Steenth ward, exclaimed, in an ace high but piteous voice:

"Darling Vivian, think how I love you and promise that you will be mine! I will make any sacrifice to win you for my wife!"

"Will you buy a base-ball season ticket and take me to every game?" inquired the girl.

"O, that is too much! Any thing but that!" moaned the youth.

"Then away with you!" thundered the noble girl. "Although I love you dearly, I can never be yours."

With a groan of unutterable anguish Adelbert rushed from the house, and the next day the daughter of Sir Reginald was married to the ticket taker at the polo grounds.—*Judge.*

—"A spider," in Newport vernacular, is a high phaeton with a seat for a driver behind and drawn by two horses.

TEMPERANCE.

THE SALOON ON SUNDAY.

Turning the Lord's Day Into the Devil's Day—How It Works in Chicago—Wives, Mothers and Children Numbered Among Its Helpless Victims.

"It is the wife and mother who has to suffer from the Sunday saloon," said Andrew Paxton. "It is the undeserving and the helpless who are made its victims. I remember one particular case of the kind. It was over in the Desplaines street police court. A good-looking young man was in the dock charged with drunkenness and disorderly conduct. His wife appeared against him, a young woman with a baby in her arms. 'A better husband and a kinder father and a more industrious and capable workman never lived than my husband when the liquor is out of him. All through the week we live happily, and he is sober because he is busy. But when the Sunday comes he has time and money, and when he gets drunk he abuses me and the children till he is that stupid he falls asleep. I dread to have Sunday come.' Her name is Mary Rogers. Think of it! In a land called Christian the laws for the protection of the people are ignored, and the Christian Sabbath that most people look to as a day of rest and comfort, a day of rejoicing, is made a dreadful thing and a terror to the helpless. And there are 10,000 such women as Mary Rogers in Chicago. Ten thousand homes where the Lord's day is turned into the devil's day just because the mayor refuses to carry out the plain meaning of the law.

"If you are out on the streets on a Sunday evening in the poorer neighborhoods, notice the ragged children hunting for their father, who is drinking up his wages in the Sunday saloon.

"Poor, little skinny creatures some of them are, afraid almost of their lives to venture into the quarreling, loud-voiced mob. Think what a little child hears in such places. It's all well enough to say that men needn't go to the saloon unless they want to, but think of the demoralizing influence the oaths and obscenity roared out by drunken men have on little children as they are dinned into their ears Sunday after Sunday. What can the Sunday-school or church do to counteract such teaching? It is a common thing to hear little toddlers swear before they can talk plainly.

"It is on Sunday that the most of the drinking is done. Little beer-shops that are tended by one man on the week-day have to hire five and six on Sundays. A lot of loafers hang around lounging on chairs and tables waiting for somebody to come in who can 'buy.' Then all these bummers break for the bar and drink up the wages of the 'producer.' The crowd of loafers is a regular institution at many saloons, maintained for the revenue of the house.

"The most annoying feature of the Sunday saloon is not so much the saloon itself, as the 'can-rushing.' A lot of hoodlums congregate in the alleys and back-yards of houses, and drink and carouse all Sunday long. They swear and use the filthiest language a man can use, and the people living in the rear houses have to endure it. 'We can't help it, sir,' a very nice lady said to me. 'We have no other windows to look out of, and we are forced to hear all that all day Sunday. I dread for the day to come round.'

"Then fathers send their little ones with the 'growler' to the saloon of a Sunday, and lie around the house drunk. The little ones are given a sip of beer, and in many cases are made intoxicated by their own parents, who laugh at their tipsy staggerings. If the little girl who is sent for beer happens to fall and spill the liquor she is beaten brutally. Its a misdemeanor for a child to be in a saloon to get beer, and the child can be arrested, as well as the saloon-keeper who sells it beer or liquor. I wish more people knew it, and would avail themselves of the provision of the law.

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"Is it possible to carry out the law? Why, of course it is possible. If the mayor wanted to, or dared to, of course he could. If he can't, the sheriff can, and Sheriff Matson is responsible if the laws are not enforced in Cook County. If he is helpless, then Uncle Dick Oglesby can be called on. Why, look at Hyde Park. That proves that the Sunday laws can be executed, and if Captain Hunt, with his handful of men, can shut up the saloons in those tough places in Kensington and South Chicago, Chief Hubbard could do the same in Chicago. And he would if the mayor said so and meant it. I believe I could get the signatures of a thousand saloon-keepers to an agreement to close on Sunday if all the other saloons would close.—*Chicago News.*

IS IT A TRITE SUBJECT?

He Who Thinks So Has Not Yet Really Heard the Story in All Its Significance—How It May Become Frightfully New.

A friend of mine asks whether we Temperance people are not afraid of becoming stale—talking, preaching, writing Temperance until the subject becomes threadbare, utterly worn out, until nothing can be done but endlessly and monotonously repeat what has already been told a thousand times.

I answered no. We only regret that we can not tell our story oftener, more fully, and to more people.

Worn out! By no means. As long as rum is wearing us out, wasting life and treasure, ruining us, body and soul, there is no danger that the subject will become trite. Let no one turn away from the Temperance book, speech, or story, with the satiated feeling, "Oh, I have heard that before." The truth is that the subject presents so many aspects, social, moral, scientific, economical, legal, political, etc., etc., that there is not any immediate prospect of the subject being exhausted or worn out. It is only to the most superficial and unreflecting that the subject seems trite and stale. The studious and capable investigator knows well that there are many relations of the Temperance question which are but imperfectly understood by even those who have made of them the most patient and careful study; that it is only within recent years that some of the grossest errors respecting the value of alcohol as a remedy in disease have been fairly exposed, while even yet the most eminent physicians and scientists are in conflict as to the food and remedial value of alcoholic stimulants in certain cases. Even as a beverage, some eminent divines are found standing side by side with vinters and maltsters, contending for the use of these lighter stimulants as both innocent and healthful. And as to its economic value as a taxable, remunerative industry, not to be suppressed but only duly restricted and within these limits to be fostered, one has only to read the daily political press to find out what a muddle and conflict of opinion there is among politicians and financiers. The truth is, that while every body is being hurt by the rum traffic, only a comparatively few know of it, and those who do know are by no means well agreed as to what is best to be done to bring about the remedy.

Then, are there not constantly coming, both from abroad and from among ourselves, those to whom the subject is new, and who need to be taught the first principles of the doctrines, duties, and ways of Temperance?

In nothing are men slower to learn and harder to be persuaded than in the things that pertain to their appetites and social customs. It is here that they need "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little." Nor is there ordinarily any evidence more strong that this work has not yet been done for a man than the presence of a disgusted feeling that it is only the threadbare, old Temperance story. It is certain he has not even heard it, only heard of it. If he has handled, he has not weighed it; if he has located, he has not bounded it; looked over the surface, he may have, but its depths he has not sounded.

Moreover, as long as human hearts are wrung by the evils of intemperance and the souls of men are destroyed by it, so long will it have a present vital interest. Nothing is so old as human sorrow, and yet nothing is so new. It is the oldest story, it is the latest sensation. It is wonderful how fresh and vivid is a suicide, a murder, when it strikes our block or our home. I have just come away from looking upon the face of a suicide. The case was that of a former brewer, the members of whose family attend my church and Sunday-school. To me the scene was sufficiently novel to be "interesting." It is true, my daily paper brings to me, daily, case upon case of this kind. One becomes dreadfully insensible to such repeated horrors. The rope, pistol, dagger become awfully monotonous. But when the sharp pistol-crack, as in this case, breaks in on one's ears who has the story to tell, it is the one unforgetable story of a lifetime.

Is not every story such an one to somebody? Could we bring ourselves so near to our neighbor as to be within sound of every blow or stab or plunge that sends a shudder of despair through a closely-related circle, the one all-inciting cause of these horrors would not be without a fearful, personal interest to us all. The story would be new enough, and the struggle of him who labors to put away the cause of the evil would awaken our sympathy and enlist our co-operation. I repeat it, that the satiated, disgusted hearer of "the old, worn-out, threadbare temperance story," has not yet heard the story at all. He has not pondered it. He has not gotten close enough to the uncounted procession of broken-hearted mourners, who keep up the endless march to the dishonored, hopeless graves of drunkards, to hear their sighs and witness their tears. When, if ever, a common fate shall add him to the number, then shall the story become frightfully new. Until then, let him that hath ears to hear, hear what the Spirit, the voice of humanity and the call to duty saith to every one. But whether old or new, our story or some other one's, let us hear and help until beyond this sighing and crying we hear the harpers with their harps and the "new song."—*Joel Swartz, D. D., in National Temperance Advocate.*

THE manufacturers of Hudson, Mass., have formed a league, and propose to give the preference of employment to good, sober American citizens. They further agree to discharge, when practicable, all men of intemperate or vicious habits, and when that is done the one discharged will not be employed by any member of the league until he shall give satisfactory proof of reform. The result has been good.

IT is little the sign of a wise or good man to suffer Temperance to be transgressed in order to purchase the repute of a generous entertainer.—*Atterbury.*

A RECENT railway disaster on the Mexican Central railway, resulting in thirteen deaths, is said to have been caused by drink.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—"This is a nice box to be in," as the fellow said when he found himself locked up in the refrigerator.—*Danville Breeze.*

—A country editor wrote at considerable length upon "The Future of Hog Raising," and a rival editor advised him not to be so anxious regarding his descendants.—*Texas Siftings.*

—A first class spread at a Chinese restaurant in New York, costs $50, but it includes about forty courses and takes two days to get through with, and is set for a dozen people.

—A Georgia man has a mule that is driven to school of week days, and to church on Sundays, and is so intelligent that if given the reins he will go straight to his destination according to the day.

—Nine years ago a Mrs. Manning, of Paris, Ill., vowed that if her son married a certain young lady who was objectionable to her she would go to bed and stay there until she died. The marriage took place, and the mother, true to her resolution, never left her bed until she was borne to her coffin.

—Wanted to Take a Hand.—Countryman (in front of Stock Exchange)—"What's all that yellin' and shoutin' in there, mister?" Citizen—"Bad break among the 'grangers'; they're being knocked all to pieces." Countryman (whipping off his coat)—"Whoop! lemme git in there an' I 'll do some paralyzin'. I'm a granger myself!"—*Epoch.*

—The Scotchman has long been noted for his fondness for vowels, a peculiarity in language illustrated by the following story: Going by a draper's shop a man noticed a coat and asked: "Aw' oo?" "Aye, aw' 'oo," replied the shopkeeper. "Aw' a' 'oo?" was the next question. "Aye, aw' a' 'oo," was the reply. In English the dialogue would have referred simply to the fact whether the coat was all wool and all one wool, the answer being "yes" to both questions.

—An experienced shoemaker says that blacking greatly shortens the life of shoes. As blacking can't very well be dispensed with, though, he advises that the shoes, or rather those parts which are polished, be liberally rubbed with oil. Such treatment, about once every two weeks, or thereabouts, but after the blacking has first been scraped off, will, he says, not only make the leather more pliable, and consequently easier on the foot, but materially curtail the shoemaker's bill.

—A traveler from Iceland asserts that the people of that country are so honest that crime is almost unknown. They never lock their doors, and but two cases of thieving are known to have taken place within many years. One was an Icelander who had broken his arm, and whose family in the winter were suffering for food. He stole several sheep and was finally detected. He was at once put under medical care for his injury, provisions were furnished for his family, and in time he was given work. This was his punishment. The other case was a German who stole seventeen sheep. He was in comfortable circumstances and the theft was malicious. His punishment was to sell all his property, restore the value of his thefts and leave the country, or be executed. He left at once.

ODD WEDDING RINGS.

How the Natives of the Upper Congo Country Dispose of their Savings.

Lieutenant von Francois, the African explorer, has recently described a strange custom among the Bayanzi, who live for many miles along the Upper Congo. The custom would seem to make life a good deal of a burden to their married women. Brass rods, which are the favorite currency in the country, are welded into great rings around the necks of the wives. Many of these rings worn by the women whose husbands are well-to-do weigh as much as thirty pounds, and this burden must be carried around by the poor women as long as they live.

"Frequently," says Lieutenant von Francois, "one sees a poor woman whose neck is raw and sore under the heavy weight, and in places the skin is rubbed off by the ring. This is a sure sign that the ring has been recently welded around her neck, for after a time the skin becomes calloused, and then the strange ornament produces no abrasion. But the weight is an inconvenience. They never get used to it, and it is a perpetual tax upon their energies. In every crowd of women may be seen a number who are supporting the ring with their hands, and thus for a time relieving their weary shoulders of the heavy burden. It may be said that with every movement of their bodies the rings give them discomfort.

"A ring is never put around a woman's neck until she is believed to have attained her full physical development. Once on it is no easy matter to get it off. The natives have no such thing as a file, and though they can hammer a lot of brass rods into one it is very difficult for them to cut the thick mass of metal in two. Women who increase largely in flesh after the rings have been fastened on their necks are in danger of strangling to death, and instances of this sort have been known to occur.

"Yet these women regard the cumbrous ornament with pride, imagine that it enhances their importance and beauty, and wear the burden with light hearts. Brass is the money of the country, and by putting it around their wives' necks the men are pretty certain that it won't be stolen or foolishly expended. But it is an odd and cruel sort of a savings bank."

CANADIAN INDIANS.

Their Home Life Described by an Observing American Traveler.

The inmates of this Indian home were the strangest part of the scene. The tidy women were squatting on the floor, some cross-legged like Turks, others sitting on one foot as a cushion, or on their toes turned inward under them, or on their knees and heels. They were quite erect, yet easy, in these attitudes, as comfortable as we are upon luxurious furniture.

One of them changed her dress by detachments at my elbow. The men were waiting for dinner; one slept curled up in a heap near the wall; another sat flat on the floor by his wife; and the other two lay stretched across the opposite end of the lodge. The children showed a remarkable capacity for stowing themselves away in grotesque shapes in nooks and corners, whence they stared at me with black, bead-like eyes as expressionless as those of animals. Meanwhile the people kept up a general conversation in their own tongue; their voices were low, even in laughter, and expressive of a kind and considerate nature. You notice a good deal of abruptness in their talk, but this is due to their language, in which you hear many inarticulate grunts, short, brusque inflections, and long, disjointed, unmelodious words. But when they talk French, which the most of them understand, their speech is quite agreeable. I tried in many ways to engage the squaws in conversation in this tongue, but they turned to me a deaf ear, or else their husband's. It seems that the missionaries advise the tribe to have but little intercourse with whites; they will often pretend not to understand you, or will grant your request without replying to your speech.

The dinner meanwhile had been prepared by one of the squaws. She set out a number of plates on the floor, and Louis invited me to eat of their stewed ducks. I accordingly settled from the chest where I sat to the floor. Only the men came to the meal; for it is a custom among them to serve the men first; the women, having less exposure and travel to endure in winter, consider their needs as secondary; they will absolutely fast when provisions are scarce. And yet, notwithstanding their extra nourishment, in times of starvation the men always succumb first. We helped ourselves from the kettle; and when we had finished, two of the men rolled up into heaps and went to sleep. The women, children and dogs then gathered about the dishes. Each one had an attendant dog at her elbow, ready for any emergeacy. The meal was social and pleasant, with good-natured talking, and manners quite deferential. But the dogs were an aggressive element. They were eager and unscrupulous; if a hand remained too long away from the plate a dog captured the contents. Now and then a yelp, or a crescendo of ire on the word "ahnis," broke the the calmness of the conversation. The dog of the prettiest maiden kept advancing his nose toward her plate, and she kept pounding his head with her spoon till he concluded to retreat. Another cur sat very quietly for some time beside a child; but at last he rose in open rebellion. I rushed to the plate. The child screamed, spoons flourished in the air, and screams resounded; and finally the dog settled back on his haunches with a revengeful snarl. When the women had finished their meal they sat still and let the dogs struggle over their laps, and take possession of the entire culinary department. After setting things to rights the women resumed their sewing on the floor, and I left them chatting away the afternoon, more happily than many of our care-worn house-keepers in their palaces of taste and educated discontent.—*C. H. Farnham, in Harper's Magazine.*

SPOOKS AND SPECTERS.

Anecdotes Which Explain the Cause of Their Departure.

Men now living can remember when every town in New England had several haunted houses and a score of ghosts. But some night the ghosts went away never to return. Perhaps these anecdotes, taken from the "History of Weare, N. H," may explain the cause of their departure.

One night John Hodgdon, a strong-nerved, clear-headed man, was riding home on horseback from Hillsborough. The night was dark and windy, and as Hodgdon came near his farm, he looked over into a cornfield, and saw, standing upon a knoll, something that for a moment made his flesh crawl. It stood still for a moment, then it disappeared, with a weird sound, and again returned to the knoll. The farmer soon recovered from his foolish fright, dismounted, climbed over the fence, and walked to the knoll. He found that his men had left a large basket in the field, which the wind blew up from a small hollow upon the knoll; then when there was a lull it would roll back.

An old shanty in the town was troubled with ghosts. Rappings were heard in an unfinished room over the family living-room. A strong-minded woman, Mary Peaslee, visited the shanty to hear the ghostly rappings. Shortly after her arrival, she heard, overhead, bump, bump, bump, then rap, rap, rap. She placed a ladder and went up into the unfinished room, where she found an old hen, whose feet and legs had been frozen. It could not walk without falling, and the falls made the bumping noise. The raps were caused by its picking up something to eat. That ghost was laid by carrying the hen to the room below.

In another haunted house there were queer noises and strange objects were seen flitting by the window. After several days, these wonders ceased, and then some one ventured into the uninhabited house. He found a dead cat, left alive by the former occupant. The cries and the efforts of this cat to get out had suggested a ghost.—*Youth's Companion.*

AN EX-SENATOR'S STORY.

He Tells How He Made the Lucky Hit of His Social Life.

"I shall never forget a voyage I made from Glasgow to New York nearly twenty years ago," said the Hon. Archibald Linn, ex-Senator from Maine, who spent a few days in Detroit not long since.

"The ship surgeon," said Mr. Linn, "came to me one afternoon quite late, and taking it for granted that I could sing, asked me to take part in a concert that evening."

As I understood it was to be a purely amateur affair, somewhat of a burlesque nature. I was not aware of any concert company being on board. I readily agreed to do my part and did not give the matter another thought until we had assembled in the cabin for the performance.

The first number was a piano solo by a little Frenchman with long black hair, and a mustache out of all proportion to his size.

I was surprised, for it struck me that his playing had a very professional air about it; but when the next number—a solo by Miss Clara Louise Kellogg—was announced, I could hardly believe the evidence of my own ears. I sat as in a trance and heard:

"Way down upon the Swanee Ribber."

Then I had no more doubts, and I would have given something to have had a big wave come and wash me out of that salon.

The next number was mine. I did not know one key from another, but I went desperately to the piano and sat down.

I rolled up my cuffs, ran my hands through my hair, brought them down on the keys with a crash! bang! and then struck off noisily into an imitation of runs, trills and arpeggios.

I happened to glance aside just in time to see a look of professional horror on the little Frenchman's face as he rose and rushed from the room.

I was down for a song and sing I must, so I began:

"Sandy he belonged to the mill
And the mill belonged to Sandy still."

There was a discouraging silence but I kept on bang-crash:

"For Sandy he belonged to the mill
And the mill belonged to Sandy still."

I announced the number as I went on and I hadn't reached the third verse when peals of laughter and shouts of applause greeted me. The absurdity of it had struck the audience with full force.

I bowed my thanks, saying as I did so: "Please do not interrupt me; I have only begun," and I think I must have sung twenty verses to the ever-increasing applause and amusement of my audience, when I stopped with a grand flourish on the instrument.

I afterwards became well acquainted with Miss Kellogg and she said to me one day before we parted company:

"Mr. Linn, I was fairly worn out with laughing at your song. I wish you could be induced to repeat it. I don't know when I have enjoyed any thing so much."

And I have always remembered it as the lucky hit of my social life.—*Detroit Free Press.*

ABOUT PHOTOGRAPHERS.

The Trials and Emoluments of a Very Profitable Business.

There are 15,000 photographic establishments in the United States at the present day. They furnish employment to about forty thousand people. When it is remembered that fifty years ago there was not a camera in the world it will be seen how rapid the growth has been.

Photographers are frequently puzzled to find means of disposing of the many toilet articles which ladies leave behind them in the dressing-room. Paints, powder, false hair and chamois skin do not retail at a very profitable price second-hand. A Philadelphia photographer has established a counter where he sells these articles as a sort of annex to his regular business. The "goods" are fixed up, put into new boxes, and sell nearly as well as when new. Of course the ladies never return to claim the property.

Photography on a small scale and with amateur equipments, is now a favorite pastime with Englishmen of leisure. Even the peers have taken up the craze and carry their cameras with them to the race-tracks, cricket matches, and rowing regattas—everywhere in fact where a pretty picture may be caught. The spectacle of a member of parliament on a crowded race ground planting his tripod and aiming it at some famous horse or noted jockey must be rather strange, but according to an eastern correspondent it is not a rare one.

Almost every photographer's studio of any importance in the country has, at one time and another, been visited by some notable people, and there are not a few in the business who can tell very amusing stories about the whims of greatness when it sits for its picture. Politicians and members of the legislature are not, as a general thing, hard to please, as they are almost all so used to the proceedings that they grow careless about it, but actors, ministers, literary people, and artists are in bad favor with the knights of the camera.

One of the most troublesome features of the photographer's profession is the business he gets from people who want their pictures to look a great deal prettier than they do. They want the wrinkles taken out, the warts removed, the nose straightened, and the cheeks made plump and smooth. It was one of this class who tried to get out of paying a New York photographer because a wart which he had requested should be removed was taken out of the picture. For some whim or other he was not suited with the likenesses and so refused them for the very thing which he had requested. The threat of a suit brought him to terms.—*Chicago News.*

THE POULTRY YARD.

How to Manage It so as to Derive a Fair Percentage of Profit.

The keeping of poultry, which has been called by some a small business, is nevertheless an occupation of considerable importance, and one that demands the close attention of all who engage in it, and in which we may not be ashamed to engage. Many wise and knowing ones have talked, and written, and given us good counsel about it with good effect, as much improvement has been made in the last few years. This employment is greatly helping to feed the world, and it helps support a large number of men and women. If we count up the many little flocks of poultry scattered among a farming community, we shall at once see that a very large capital is employed. The first thing necessary is a house large enough to accommodate as many hens and chickens as are to be kept. The house should be as near frost proof as well can be and quite smooth, so as to be whitewashed with ease. Let there be a feeding room and a roosting room. The feeding room should be well littered with chaff, or [illegible] clover hay. In this scatter small grain in winter to make the fowls scratch by exercise. I would have the roosts made with perches on the sides five feet high and under these I would have boxes to catch all droppings, which if saved will be easily cleaned out, and thy should be cleaned twice each week. Have the door so placed as not to sting into the roost under the perches. Have a compost heap where all the cleanings of the house may be put.

Choose a good kind of fowls to keep. Let there be the most scrupulous neatness in all that pertains to the business. Prepare nests for laying and hatching fowls with lime or ashes and soil mixed and place them near the ground. A little chaff may be used in the nests. Let the nests be cleaned out often. I prefer nests out of the house for hatching, as if not done too early in the season eggs seem to hatch the best on the ground.

There should be charcoal and lime in some places under shelter at which the fowls may work as they choose. Use carbolic acid in the roosting room for a disinfectant and for destroying lice. Or use coal oil and sulphur. For food give nothing unwholesome. Fresh meat should be given at least once a week. In winter I prefer for morning a mixture of wheat, oat and barley meal made into a mush and given hot, with potatoes and other vegetable food also hot, for change every few days. Give corn toward night as a warming food. When chickens are to be fattened more corn should be used. Wheat and corn and oat meal will be good for young chickens. Bread crumbs are good. A little salt in the food for both old and young is needed occasionally. Pure water is indispensable at all times of day. If chickens are raised in coops, let them be moved to a new spot every day, and if cold a little straw should be under them. Let out the mother hen with her chickens after a few days, on all warm and dry days that they may gather food for themselves. Gravel should be always near for their use. Give all the good broken bones on the farm, but I would not buy ground bones, as they are not all wholesome unless saved and ground by reliable men. Oyster shells are of great value. Suffer no in and in breeding; better send away for stock so that pure blood may be kept pure.

The crossing of two valuable kinds may for a time be advisable, but our best kinds had better be kept pure by somebody, and those who keep good and pure stock will be the ones that will make the most money. Artificial nest eggs had better be used and all eggs taken care of at night. About making this business profitable I would only say, let no one think of becoming sudddenly rich by keeping fowls. Although a man may follow the best modes of keeping poultry, yet it will be found a slow process of making money. Still, something can be made by the farmer in this, as he has the material at hand with which to carry it on. He also needs quite a number of fowls for his own use, but many do not think it worth while to give attention to these helpers that they need. There may be a few that will make considerable by going largely into this business, but more will fail by not attending strictly to business.—*Cor. Ohio Farmer.*

The Perfect Farm Hog.

A committee of experts at the American Swine Breeder's convention gave the following as a standard of a hog best fitted to meet the requirements of the market: "Such a hog must have a short head, heavy jowl and thick, short neck; ear small, thin and tolerably erect, but is not objectionable if it droops slightly forward. It must be straight on the bottom from the neck back to the flank, let well down to the knee in the brisket, and possess good length from head to tail; back broad and slightly curved or arched from the shoulder to the setting on the tail; ribs rather barrel-shaped; tail small. The hams should be long from the back to the letting off at the loin, and be broad and full; shoulders not large, and yet sufficient to give symmetry to the animal; hair smooth and evenly set on; skin soft and elastic to the touch; legs short and small, set under the body, and the space between wide; a good depth between the bottom and top of the carcass."

—Through a lawyer may be long-winded his business is usually brief.—*Texas Siftings*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Fresh lard is recommended as a remedy for warts on horses. Three applications, it is claimed, will cure any case.

—A lot of guinea fowls are as good as a watch dog. The appearance of a prowler about the premises sets the whole brood to chattering, and thereby the family are roused to the fact that something unusual is going on.

—Nothing better aids economy than keeping an exact account of the expenditure. It is surprising how really well it is possible to dress on a small amount, provided the little things are looked after, and nothing is bought unless paid for at the time.

—To disgust rats and mice away from a building make a strong solution of oxalic acid and soak newspapers in it until they are in a pulpy condition: cram this into the holes through which the rats or mice pass, and they will get such sore mouths and feet that they will give the holes a wide berth.

—Pans of water placed in fruit and berry patches will keep birds from eating the fruit. An English naturalist claims that the reason birds eat cherries and strawberries is because in the blazing heat they get dreadfully thirsty. If the birds can easily get at water they soon leave off taking the fruit.

—An easy way to prevent horses from jumping fences is to put a strap with a ring on it around the near fore leg, above the knee, and a surcingle or belt, with a ring, around the body. Then by a short strap or piece of rope attach the two rings so as to make a harmless yet perfectly effective hobble.

—The successful farmer must be a good business man. There is as much in the selling of farm products as in the raising, so far as the profit is concerned, and, in order to sell well, the farmer must understand value, and be reasonably well posted in business matters.—*Home, Farm and Field.*

—Many a good apple orchard has been injured because a few worthless wild cherry trees were permitted to grow and provide headquarters for the caterpillar. In every community where the authorities have enterprise enough to demand the destruction of weeds, the roadmaster should be made to destroy all wild cherry trees.

—There is nothing more highly relished by hogs than charcoal. They will help themselves to it, and it will prevent disorders of the bowels. The best mode of giving it is when it is fresh, and if placed in a fire and heated occasionally it will be more serviceable. It corrects the acidity of the stomach, and as it is cheap a supply should be kept constantly in each pen.

—Potted Ham: Take one-half pound of lean ham, one-half pound of fresh butter, a pinch of ground nutmeg, a little cayenne pepper and a pinch of white pepper. Pound the ham smooth in a mortar, add the pepper and nutmeg, rubbing them well into the ham, then add the butter, rubbing them well together. Next place in the jar and run melted butter over the top and seal.

—The small moth millers appear in May and later, and fly about seeking a place to deposit eggs. The eggs soon hatch, and during the summer the larvæ feed upon the woolen fabric or furs on which eggs are laid. In the fall they go into the pupa state, from which they emerge as moths in due time. Some very particular housekeepers whip carpets both spring and fall. But in rooms little used one beating, or a careful examination and use of preventives around the edges, should suffice.

PRESERVING THE FROG.

How to Take Care of Cushions Beneath the Feet of Horses.

If, in seeking a horse, we take up the foot and find the frog well-preserved; the cushion, so to speak, wide, full and soft, the probability is that the remainder of the foot will be in good order. There may be an exception to this in the case of a used-up horse having been turned out to pasture for a period long enough to permit the frog to take on new growth. If the frog be fully protected and well maintained, the hoof will be found but little, if at all contracted, for the very good reason that the hoof can not readily contract if the frog be up to its normal size in every way. But it is the smith, the horse-shoer, who ruins the frog; that is, very many of them do this. During the many years that the writer has driven horses, he has always made it a rule to be present during the shoeing, and has never permitted more than the slightest trimming of the frog, nothing more than the trimming off of insignificant parts, already nearly detached. The smith can mutilate and seriously damage the hoof by the use of the rasp; but, fortunately, the frog is proof against attacks by this instrument, and even the knife requires to be sharp, else the peculiar nature of the frog will resist. Fever in the feet is a prolific source of injury to the frog, and should be overcome at the earliest possible day. Confinement upon a dry, plank floor is damaging by keeping up too complete a state of dryness. Cutting the frog away at the time of shoeing, then setting the foot upon caulkins, in such manner as to prevent the frog from pressing upon the ground, will, sooner or later, interfere with its development and usefulness. The most important function of the frog is to lessen the shock to the foot in its contact with the ground. This being the fact, it should be so maintained, and the shoe be so constructed that at every step the frog can come in for a fair share of the pressure upon whatever substance the horse is required to tread.—*Rural New Yorker.*

GO SLOW, YOUNG MAN.

It Is Those Who Can Wait and Work Who Succeed in Life.

"Give to each proportioned thought its act."—Hamlet. Which simply means "go slow," and when in a hurry wait until your hurry is over.

A "proportioned thought" is a clear thought. It is the plan which one sees perfectly outlind in his or her mind, as you may see on paper the architect's plan for a building. To carry out this "proportioned thought" in the mind with the body, it is necessary to go slow in order to get ahead fast.

Let us, then, learn to imitate Nature. The sun never hurries while setting. Neither does a hen. Both set in harmony with Nature's laws. Were the sun in as chronic a condition of hurry as are one-half of us miserable sinners, we should have sunrise half an hour after sunset and no night to sleep in; were hens in as great a hurry about setting as we are about living, there would soon be no broods of chickens brought to light, and with the failure of chickens there would soon be failure of eggs!

What if Mother Earth hurried her orbit 'round the sun, and completed a year in six months? Would she be any better off or we be any better off with rent doubling up on us?

Go slow. It's the old hunter who kills the most ducks, because he waits for hours where they come to feed instead of rampaging over miles of country like the young man searching for ducks to shoot and showing the ducks himself and his gun and what he's after. Hurry reveals lots of secrets which, from a business and most practical point of view, it pays better to keep to yourself. Hurry shows your opponent your cards and your "hand" in your face. What is time good for but to use to think in, and isn't time money?

Go slow. It's the little touches, the merest "dabs," the finest possible shadings of the picture that produce the "effect," and these, on the artist's part, are the result of study, time, repose, deliberation. The artist paints his mood of mind as well as the picture. He must not even move his brush or mix his colors in a hurry. There's a thought in every shading and an idea in every hair's touch of his brush and these can't be transferred to canvas at at 2:40 break-neck pace.

Go slow. Ideas are not hatched by straining and grabbing for them. They come to you when the mind is in a mood to receive them. You would call a farmer a fool to throw his seed on unplowed ground a month before the proper season for planting because he was in a hurry for the crop. There's a vast amount of human effort made about as sensible.

Go slow. Many of the things a man hurries after are not worth the hurrying for. A young man was once in a great hurry to get married. He got married. Within a year's time he was in as great hurry to get unmarried. Soon he was in as great a hurry to get married again. But this is no way to rush into such a serious and important business. Had he gone slow at the start he would probably have saved himself lots of trouble, expense and sad experience.—*Prentice Mulford, in N. Y. Star.*

TWO GREAT SOLDIERS.

Field Marshals Von Moltke and Blumenthal at a Railway Station.

At the height of the munching of sandwiches and the quaffing of beer, an old man, with a face like shriveled parchment, a spare figure, and a benevolent smile, tottered through the door-way. It was Moltke. The instant he appeared every military man in the room shot to his feet as though blown from a gun. Officers of the highest rank stood at attention as a common soldier does at the appearance of his commander. The famous Field Marshal saluted in return, but with an indescribably meaning smile as he put his two fingers to his forehead. Then sat down like the rest, bared his head for a breath of air, and, waving his hand comprehensively around the room, smiled and nodded in a cheerful and suggestive way. The pantomime said as plainly as words could have done: "Thanks. Sit down. It is very warm." Then Von Moltke laid his famous Field Marshal's baton—which is not such a gorgeous bauble after all—on one of the tables, straightened his back, and, seizing a glass of beer that was held out to him, drained it to the dregs. A man of evidently high rank in the army stepped forward while Von Moltke was drinking the beer, and, raising the baton from the beery table, held it reverentially to him. He evidently regarded the emblem of too exalted a nature to permit of its contact with a beer-soaked table, but Moltke had apparently forgotten all about it, for when he boarded the train half an hour later, the officer still walked behind carrying the symbol of the highest post of the greatest army in the world.

The only other Field Marshal in the German army, Blumenthal, exhibited a like disregard for his own baton, which, by the way, was given to him by the Emperor immediately after his accession to the throne. Blumenthal had handed his coat to one of his aides, his hat to another, and his baton to a third, when he entered the restaurant for a glass of beer early in the day. From that time he paid not the slightest attention to his three aides, but sat solemnly in the corner wagging his head in a melancholy fashion, and pounding the table vigorously as he whispered in the ear of an Austrian Prince. Both of the great Field Marshals wandered off when the train came into the station, but the instant they left the dining room they found guards of honor in every direction, and passed through long files of officers in the customary pose of military homage.—*Blakely Hall's Berlin Letter.*

(Continued from 1st page.)

losses of idleness with labor; but, under the operation of the trust in some of its forms the wage-worker alone suffers loss, while idle capital receives its dividends from a trust fund. Producers who refuse to join the combination are destroyed, and competition as an element of price is eliminated. It can not be doubted that the legislative authority should and will find a method of dealing fairly and effectively with these and other abuses connected with the subject.

It can hardly be necessary for me to say that I am heartily in sympathy with the declaration of the Convention upon the subject of pensions to our soldiers and sailors. What they gave and what they suffered I had some opportunity to observe and in a small measure to experience. They gave ungrudgingly; it was not a trade, but an offering. The measure was heaped up, running over. What they achieved only a distant generation can tell. Without attempting to discuss particular propositions I may add that measures in behalf of the surviving veterans of the war, and of the families of their dead comrades, should be conceived and executed in a spirit of justice and of the most grateful liberality, and that in the competition for civil appointments honorable military service should have appropriate recognition. The law regulating appointments to the classified civil service received my support in the Senate in the belief that it opened the way to a much needed reform, I still think so, and therefore cordially approve the clear and forcible expression of the Convention upon this subject. The law should have the aid of a friendly interpretation and be faithfully and vigorously enforced. All appointments under it should be absolutely free from partisan considerations and influence. Some extensions of the classified lists are practicable and desirable, and further legislation extending the reform to other branches of the service, to which it is applicable, would receive my approval. In appointments to every grade and department fitness, and not party service, should be the essential and discriminating test, and fidelity and efficiency the only sure tenure of office. Only the interests of the public service should suggest removals from office. I know the practical difficulties attending the attempt to apply the spirit of civil service rules to all appointments and removals. It will, however, be my sincere purpose, if elected, to advance the reform.

I notice with pleasure that the Convention did not omit to express its solicitude for the promotion of the virtue and temperance of our people. The Republican party has always been friendly to everything that tended to make the home life of our people free, pure and prosperous, and will in the future be true to its history in this respect.

Our relations with foreign powers should be characterized by friendliness and respect. The right of our people and of our ships to hospitable treatment should be insisted upon with dignity and firmness. Our nation is too great both in material strength and in moral power to indulge in bluster or to be suspected of timorousness. Vacilliation and inconsistency are as incompatible with successful diplomacy as they are with the national dignity. We should especially cultivate and extend our diplomatic and commercial relations with the Central and South American States. Our fisheries should be fostered and protected. The hardships and risks that are the necessary incidents of the business should not be increased by an inhospitable exclusion from the near-lying ports. The resources of a firm, dign fied and consistent diplomacy are undoubtedly equal to the prompt and peaceful solution of the difficulties that now exist. Our neighbors will surely not expect in our parts a commercial hospitality they deny to us in theirs.

I can not extend this letter by a special reference to other subjects upon which the Convention gave expression. In respect to them, as well as to those I have noticed, I am in entire agreement with the declarations of the Convention. The resolutions relating to the coinage, to the rebuilding of the navy, to coast defences, and to public lands, express conclusions to all of which I gave my support in the Senate. Inviting a calm and thoughtful consideration of these public questions we submit them to the people. Their intelligent patriotism and the good Providence that made and has kept us a nation will lead them to wise and safe conclusions. Very respectfully,

Your Obedient Seryant,

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

A man can never be happy unless his first objects are outside of himself.

Temperate anger well becomes the wise.

Daily Vows.

1. I will recollect every day that I am mortal, and that in this life I am to prepare for eternity.

2. I will consider myself as accountable to God for the right use of my time.

3. I will take the Bible as "a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path," and will pray for the Holy Spirit to teach me, and to impress all his truths on my heart.

4. I will keep sacred the Lord's day, and faithfully attend on the worship of God.

5. I will "keep the heart with all dilligence," when all things go well with me, and in time of trouble,

6. I will make it my constant endeavor to do all the good I can to all with whom I am connected.

7. I will not eat or drink any kind or quantity of food that I have reason to believe will be hurtful to health, or unfit me for the duties of life.

8. If I am tempted to anger or to speak hastily, I will take time for reflection.

9. I will live under a deep conviction that I am a sinner utterly unable to save myself, and will trust in Christ alone for the pardon of my sins and the salvation of my soul.

10. Under a sense of my own weakness, I will daily pray for the spirit of God to make me holy in soul and body.

11, I will strive after holiness of heart and life, through the knowledge and love of my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

12. I will continually look forward to the pure, perfect and lasting enjoyments of heaven.

Pearls of Thought.

Bad temper is its own scourage.

Where necessity ends curiosity begins.

Keep cool and you command everybody.

Sometimes a noble failure serves the world as faithfully as a distinguished success.

The happiness or unhappiness of old age is often nothing but the extract of a past life.

Men seldom improve when they have no other models than themselves to copy after.

There are impracticable and speculative minds that would pave the cloud instead of the streets.

Every man's life lies in the present, for the past is spent and done with, and the future is uncertain.

The fire-fly only shines when on the wing. So it is with the mind, when once we rest, we darken.

Idleness is the hotbed of temptation, the cradle of disease, the waster of time, the canker-worm of felicity.

Errors such as are but acorns in our younger brows, grow oaks in our older heads, and become inflexible.

The experiences of each year of our lives ought to enable us to live each succeeding one better than the last.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

---

(1) Get a good start in the morning by having time for prayer when you rise. (2) Put the word of God in the right place. Feed upon it. Make yourself a Bible and Prayer Union. (3) Pray for what you want. Talk the day's business over with the Lord. (4) Get a dinner-time for the soul. Don't go on from morning to night without a few minutes of spiritual retirement in the middle of the day. It is common-sense that baffles the devil. (5) End the day well. Review it and call your sins by the right name. Have straightforward dealings with the Lord. Don't confess sins you have not committed.—*Mark Guy Pease.*

On the eve of the Maine election Democrats at the National headquarters declared that the Republican majority would be cut down to 7,000. Some careful Republicans said the majority would not go beyond 10,000. The most sanguine put it at 15,000. It appears from the vote that the people have taken it into their heads to upset the calculations of the most experienced politicians.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

The Republican campaign in Maine was a vigorous one, as the result shows. One of those whose effective speeches aided in the glorious result was Mr. McComas, the Republican Congressional candidate in the Sixth Maryland District, whose eloquence and thorough knowledge of the tariff has earned him a National reputation.

HOMOEOPATHY.—One cause of the steady spread of Homœopathy is the *Family Medicine Case*, with its accompanying book, for the treatment of various diseases and to meet sudden emergencies. The posessor of one of these cases realizes its great usefullness, tells his friends and sometimes convinces them by curing them and thus Homœpathy spreads. We mail a price list and catalogue of our goods free, BOERICKE & TAFEL, Homœpathic Pharmacists and Publishers. *Established in* 1835. Baltimore, Md., 228 North Howard St. Washington, D. C., 938 F. St., N. W. Philadelphia, Pa., 1011 Arch St., and 1035 Walnut St. New York, 145 Grand St., and 7, W. 42nd St. Pittsburgh, Pa., 627 Smithfield St. Chicago, Ill., 36 Madison St, Cor, Wabash Avenue. *Our medicines by the vial are sold by leading druggists.*

Gathered Treasures.

Discontent is the echo of unbelief.

Our virtues spring from our needs, our vices from our luxuries.

Every day is full of a most impressive experience.

Somebody has said, "the home asylum is the heart of God."

No fountain so small but that Heaven may be imaged in its bosom.

Little duties are golden sins to fasten the mantle of God's love securely about us.

An ounce of generous praise will do more to make a manyour friend than a pound of fault.

Riches take wings, comforts vanish, hope withers away, but love stays with us.

When the good mandies the tears are shed, which he in life prevented from flowing.

There are words that can seperate hearts sooner than sharp swords.

Our prayers are sometimes best answered when our desires are most opposed.

By trusting your own soul you shall gain a greater confidence in men.

The quality we call moral courage is necessary to finish success.

The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us.

By degrading the female character men most effectually degrade their own.

Enough of the Battle.

An old colored man was over a portion of the battle field of Chickamauga with me, and he seemed to know so much about the battle itself that I finally inquired:

"Were you on the ground during the fight?"

"Deed I was sah. I lived right ober yonder, by dat field."

"How did it begin?"

"Wall, sah de Yanks cum up an' de rebels cum up. It looked to me like dar was gwine to be a scrimmage an' I took a seat on dat ar' fence you see ober yander. I seed de Yanks scootin' around, an' de rebels scootin' around an' I was just gwine to call to the old woman dat I 'spected der'd be a fout when a big cannon went boom! an' a big ball cum along knocked down fo' miles of dat fence' an' de next thing I knew it was three weeks later an' I was working fur my bo'd an' clos' ober in Knoxville."

"What became of the old woman?"

"Found her seben months later in Kentucky, an' she hadn't got done wid the hysterics yit. Tell you boss, I doan' want ter hev' to save dis Union again!—"*Detroit Free Press.*

If You Have a Trifling Cough

Don't neglect it. Use Roger's Specific Cough Cure. It is a sure and speedy cure for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, &c. 25 cts. a bottle.

For Sprains, Burns, Bmises, &c.

Use Roger's Specific Liniment. It has no equal as a cure for Sprains, Burns, Bruises, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Dysentary, Rheumatism, &c. 25 cts.

Dyspepsia and Habitual Constipation

Speedily cured by a few doses of Appetite, the Great Stomach, Kidney and Liver Remedy. Price 50 cts.

Piles! Piles! Piles!

Roger's Specific Cocaine Pile Remedy will cure in a short time the most aggravated case of Itching, protruding, Bleeding, or any other form of Piles. Price 50 cts, a box.

Roger's Sp cific Worm Syrup

Is Pleasant, Safe and efficient. Price 25cts.

For Chapped Hands, Face, &c.,

Use Frangipane Curative Balm, a delightful toilet article for the Hands, Face, Roughness of Skin, Face and Sunburn, Tetter, Pimples Blotches and Skin Diseases. Price 15 cts.

All the above preparations are for sale at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, Oakland, and by druggists and country merchants in all parts of Garrett and adjoining counties.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby warned from Hunting or Driving on the lands under my charge. We have fenced to the new county road, and warn all persons from taking down our fences and running over our lands.

J. H. & C. T. SANDERS.

GEO. P. WHITE, Mt. Lake Park, Md — S. D. WHITE, P.M Frankville, Md.

WHITE & BRO.

NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!

AT FRANKVILLE, MD.

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes Country produce taken in exchange for goods Call and see us. WHITE & BRO.

P. O. address, Floyd, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

It Saved my Child's Life.

"When my child was born, the doctor ordered one of the other Foods. She ate that until she nearly died. I had three doctors, who said the trouble was Indigestion, and ordered the food changed to Lactated Food. It saved my child's life, and I owe you many thanks for it. I regard your Food as invaluable, and superior to all other artificial food for babies.

MRS. A. J. BENFIELD, Boston, Mass.
15 Indiana Place.

LACTATED FOOD

150 Meals for $1.00

FOR INFANTS and INVALIDS

THE PHYSICIAN'S FAVORITE.

Possesses many Important Advantages over all other prepared Foods.

BABIES CRY FOR IT. INVALIDS RELISH IT.

Perfectly Nourishes a Baby with or without the addition of milk.

Three Sizes. 25c. 50c. $1.00.

A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids," free.

It Has No Equal.

"We are using in our nursery (containing forty infants) your Lactated Food, and find it far superior to all other food which has been used during the past ten years that I have been visiting physician. The Sisters of Charity, who have charge of the institution, say it has no equal."

W. E. DE COURCY, M. D.,
St. Joseph's Foundling Asylum,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil, Paregoric or Narcotic Syrups. Children cry for Castoria. Millions of Mothers bless Castoria.

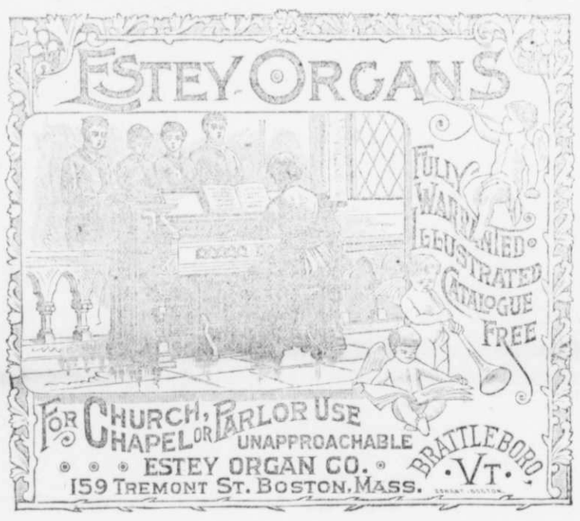
Castoria cures Colic, Constipation; Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation; Gives healthy sleep; also aids digestion; Without narcotic stupefaction.

"I recommend Castoria for children's complaints, as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray St., New York.

They are Growing More Popular Every Day.

W H O ?



MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

OF CUMBERLAND, MD.,

The Acknowledged Largest Dealers in Western Maryland,

Who, by their many years' experience in the music business, together with honest and fair dealing, have placed the World Renowned

ESTEY AND CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN

in the leading ranks of all other Organs manufactured. The Estey Organ is well enough known to be appreciated when seen. The Chicago Cottage Organ is gaining a reputation that ere long will place it at the head of the list. It is elegant in finish, exquisite in design. In tone superlatively fine. Standard in construction. Highly ornamented and heavy volume. It s an Organ whose action speaks lowder than words, and after one sees and trys this lovely instrument, it always pleases and gives entire satisfaction to the purchaser. We also sell the celebrated

DECKER BROS., WEBER, FISHER BROS., AND ESTEY PIANOS,

—AND THE—

New Home Sewing Machine.

This machine has *no* superior. The cabinet work is of the finest and most artistic made. Its construction is the best and guaranteed not to get out of order. Its attachments are the simplest as well as the most perfect made, and a child can operate it with ease. The attachments are self-setting, requiring no screw-driver, not even a thumb screw. No home is complete without this, the grandest, best and most perfect machine made.

Our terms are made in every instance to suit purchaser, and prices the lowest ever offered for first-class goods in this section. We buy for cash in large quantities from the factories direct, thus enabling us to save the purchaser the ordinary agents commission. A word to the wise is sufficient.

For purchasing write or send for illustrated catalogues, prices, terms, &c., to

MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

Main Office, MEYERSDALE, PA.

Branch Office, CUMBERLAND, MD. 9 17 '87—1y

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, read r, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch 281, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ

E. F. STANSBERRY.

—Manufacturer of—

Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,

OAKLAND, MD.

☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.

Nov. 21, 85.—1 y.

VALUABLE

STOCK FARM FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 165 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price Asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Oakland, Md.

TOWN PROPERTY

FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MASSEY HALL

PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

School year commences

September 12th, 1888.

Regular and elective courses in all Preparatory Studies. Special attention to English and Commercial branches. The number of pupils is strictly limited, in order to insure the most thorough training and individual advancement.

For terms, hours of study, &c., apply to

REV. J. NEWMAN, Principal.

7 7 td

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE OAKLAND WOOLEN MILLS, OAKLAND, MD., May 1st, 1888.

TO THE PUBLIC:

Having bought the above mill, we are prepared to contract for and purchase Wool, either for cash or exchange for Flannels, Yarns, Blankets, Cassimere, Satinet and Jeans.

Highest Market Price Will be Paid for Wool!

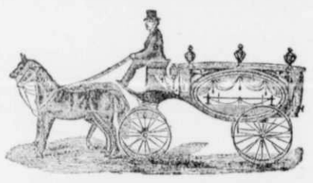
One of the firm will be at Oakland on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY of each week during the wool season. On other days apply to the Foreman, Mr. John C. Trenton, at the Factory.

☞ A liberal patronage is respectfully solicited.

5 A. C. SCHERR & BRO.

D. E. BOLDEN & CO..

UNDERTAKERS



AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS,

OAKLAND, MD.

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

COFFINS, CASKETS

—AND—

BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS!

—Also a full line of—

FURNITURE,

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and Window Blinds,

And everything usually kept in a First-Class Furniture Establishment

Furniture Rented on easy Terms

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

REPAIR WORK,

PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c.

☞ Also make Furniture to order.

D. E. BOLDEN, & CO.

Feb. 25, '88.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect April 29th, 1888:

GOING EAST.

No. 2	7.41 A. M
No. 38—Accommodation	10.30 A. M
No. 6—	12.14 A.M
No. 32—Accommodation	5.05 P. M
No. 4	11.43 P. M

GOING WEST

No. 3	4.49 A. M.
No. 31—Accommodation	9.40 A. M.
No. 5	5.00 P. M.
No. 65—Accommodation	5.41 P. M.
No. 1	9.15 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS, Manager.

C. K. LORD, General Passenger Agent.

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HARTLEY & Co., Portland, Maine.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed. 12 24 '87

FARM FOR SALE!

For sale cheap, a farm of 305 acres, about 90 acres of which is cleared, and on which are erected a

Two-Story Frame House, Two Stables

and other outbuildings. About 75 acres of the woodland is covered with EXCELLENT TIMBER. The farm is situated two miles from Swanton, B. & O. R. R. About 250 acres is under fence. A young orchard was put out four years ago, and will soon come into bearing.

For particulars and terms, apply to or address

RICHARD CUSTER, Swanton, Md

8 25

JOHN A. WOLF,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

2 88 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, SEPT. 29, 1888. NUMBER 31.

NEW ADVRETISEMENTS.

KIRK'S

FLOATING SOAP

—IS—

THE CHIEF

For the Bath, Toilet and Laundry.
Snow White and Absolutely Pure.

If your dealer does not keep White Cloud Soap, send 10 cents for sample cake to the makers.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO.,
CHICAGO.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and West Virginia.
☞ Office over Casteel's Drug Store on Main street, Oakland, Md. 2 26 '87.

GILMOR S. HAMILL
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,
Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

J. B. FAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals Also in adjoining counties of West Va.
☞ Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.
Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

FRED. A. THAYER. EDWARD H. SINCELL.
THAYER & SINCELL,
ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 7 '87.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OAKLAND, MD.
OFFICE IN NYDEGGER BUILDING.
☞ Residence in Dr. Keller Building.
Sept. 9, 1885.—1y.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

OAKLAND, MD.,
offers his professional services to the people of Oakland and vicinity. 5 5 '88
☞ Office with Dr. J. Lee McComas.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3n48

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.
JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dr. Seth Arnold's COUGH KILLER

CURES
Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and Asthma.

PREVENTS CONSUMPTION

Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.

Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, druggist, Oakland, Md. 11 '86 1y

PLANING MILLS.

MT. LAKE PARK, MD.,

ALDERSON & ROBINSON, PROPS

C. M. RATHBUN, Manager.

Manufacturers of and dealers in

Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings.

Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.

☞ Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of mill work. 1 29, '87.

PATENTS!

Caveats, and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.
OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE. We have no sub-agencies, all business direct, hence can transact patent business in less time and at LESS COST than those remote from Washington.
Send model, drawing, or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.
A book, "How to Obtain Patents," with references to actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address
C. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

ANDREW J. HARNE. AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property.
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

FARM FOR SALE.

A RARE CHANCE TO INVEST!

A farm containing 161 acres, 3½ miles from Oakland, on the West Union Road is offered for sale at a bargain. This is known as the Christian Yutzy farm, has good buildings, is well watered, 100 acres under cultivation and a good ghrist and saw mill on adjoining land.
TERMS.—One-third cash, the balance in two equal annual payments.
For price and particulars apply to or address
JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican office, Oakland, Md.
7 21 6m

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.
Office and residence on Mill street, opposite the Heibig bridge
Calls day or night promptly attended to.
3 15 1y.

Store Room for Rent.

The Store Room lately occupied by O. Hart & Son, on the corner of Second and Oak streets, is for rent. This is one of the best stands in Oakland. Terms moderate.
Apply to
MRS. H. A. RASCHE,
2 11 3t Oakland, Md.

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.
ANDREW J. HARNE.
Oakland, May 19th'1885.—1 y

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."
ft 24 DAVID LITTLE.

FREE $85 solid GOLD WATCH Sold for $100 until lately. Best $85 watch in the world. Perfect time-keeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Case. Elegant and magnificent. Both ladies' and gents' size with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one FREE. How is this possible? We answer—we want one person in each locality, to keep in their homes, and show to those who call, a complete line of our valuable and very useful HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES. These samples, as well as the watch, we send free, and after you have kept them in your home for 2 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property; it is possible to make this great offer, sending the SOLID GOLD watch and COSTLY samples free, as the showing of the samples in any locality, always results in a large trade for us, after our samples have been in a locality for a month or two we usually get from $1000 to $5000 in trade from the surrounding country. This, the most wonderful offer ever known, is made in order that our samples may be placed at once where they can be seen, all over America. Write at once, and make sure of the chance. Reader it will be hardly any trouble for you to show the samples to those who may call at your home and your reward will be most satisfactory. A postal card on which to write us costs but 1 cent and after you know all, if you do not care to go further, why no harm is done. But if you do send your address at once, you can secure FREE one of the best solid gold watches in the world and our large line of COSTLY SAMPLES. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address GEO. STINSON & CO., Box 812, PORTLAND, MAINE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TAKE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

FAULTLESS FAMILY MEDICINE

"I have used Simmons Liver Regulator for many years, having made it my only Family Medicine. My mother before me was very partial to it. It is a safe, good and reliable medicine for any disorder of the system, and if used in time is *a great preventive of sickness.* I often recommend it to my friends, and shall continue to do so."
"Rev. James M. Rollins,
"Pastor M. E. Church, So. Fairfield, Va."

TIME AND DOCTORS' BILLS SAVED by *always keeping Simmons Liver Regulator in the house.*

"I have found Simmons Liver Regulator the best family medicine I ever used for anything that may happen, have used it in *Indigestion, Colic, Diarrhœa, Biliousness*, and found it to relieve immediately. After eating a hearty supper, if, on going to bed, I take about a teaspoonful, I never feel the effects of the supper eaten.
"OVID G. SPARKS,
"Ex-Mayor Macon, Ga."

☞ ONLY GENUINE ☜
Has our Z Stamp on front of Wrapper.
J. H. Zeilin & Co., Sole Proprietors,
Price, $1.00. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Long-Standing

Blood Diseases are cured by the persevering use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

This medicine is an Alterative, and causes a **radical change** in the system. The process, in some cases, may not be quite so rapid as in others; but, with persistence, **the result is certain.** Read these testimonials:—

"For two years I suffered from a severe pain in my right side, and had other troubles caused by a torpid liver and dyspepsia. After giving several medicines a fair trial without a cure, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was greatly benefited by the first bottle, and after taking five bottles I was completely cured."—John W. Benson, 70 Lawrence st., Lowell, Mass.

Last May a large carbuncle broke out on my arm. The usual remedies had no effect and I was confined to my bed eight weeks. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Less than two bottles healed the sore. In all my experience with medicine, I never saw more

Wonderful Results.

Another marked effect of the use of this medicine was the strengthening of my sight."—Mrs. Carrie Adams, Holly Springs, Texas.

"I had a dry scaly humor for years, and suffered terribly; and, as my brother and sister were similarly afflicted, I presume the malady is hereditary. Last winter, Dr. Tyron, (of Fernandina, Fla.,) recommended me to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and continue it for a year. For five months I took it daily. I have not had a blemish upon my body for the last three months."—T. E. Wiley, 146 Chambers st., New York City.

"Last fall and winter I was troubled with a dull, heavy pain in my side. I did not notice it much at first, but it gradually grew worse until it became almost unbearable. During the latter part of this time, disorders of the stomach and liver increased my troubles. I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, after faithfully continuing the use of this medicine for some months, the pain disappeared and I was completely cured."—Mrs. Augusta A. Furbush, Haverhill, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

A. LOEWENSTEIN, MERCHANT TAILOR,

Cor. Water and Third streets

OAKLAND, - MD.

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All Kinds of Work

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Oakland, Nov

J. F. LEWIS,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

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SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.

Having had Fourteen years practice and experience as a SHINGLE SAWYER, I am confident that I can sell you a better shingle than can be bought any where else in the State for the same price.
J. F. LEWIS.
3 3 '88 1y Cranesville, W. Va.

The Will Was Found.

Edward Stanhope, after graduating from Harvard and spending five years on a pleasure tour in Europe, was called home by the sudden death of his father, to find that he was left penniless to hammer out his own living.

He had been educated to be a gentleman and therefore no business man wanted him. At last, when all hope was ebbing away, he happened to attract the notice, one day in the street, of a Boston merchant named John James Martyn. After some questioning, Mr. Martyn engaged him to teach French and German to his invalid daughter, who had gone for her health on a Virginia farm.

In his bluff way the merchant asked Stanhope to promise on his word that he would not make love to Rena, his daughter. "She is too young to be anything but romantic," he said.

So it was that Edward Stanhope came to be a member of the Martyn family, and though Serena's aunt, Mrs. Conyar, regarded him askance at first, she was compelled to own that he was a young man who knew his place.

The daughter, a wilful little blonde of 16, was a bewitching pupil, but though wonderfully quick in catching the conversational language, was stubborn about rules and routine. "I want to read and talk," she would say, "and I won't learn whole pages of horrid verses and rules."

So they read and talked, and Stanhope, in spite of his resolutions, soon found himself hopelessly in love with his pupil.

It was a year before matters came to a climax. Rena had been ill, and in her delirium her aunt heard words that warned her to send Edward Stanhope away, unless they were prepared to give this one pet idol of the household to his loving care.

Twas not in Mr. Martyn's nature to trifle in matters, and he sent for Edward Stanhope to his private sitting room as soon as he understood the case.

"I find we must part," he said very gently, "and I regret it deeply; but I will send you to Boston as our corresponding clerk, if you will accept the position."

"Part! Go to Boston!" cried the young man.

"Is it not best for you?"

"Yes. You are right! You have guessed, then, the secret I thought I had guarded so well."

"That you love Rena?"

"Yes. Let me tell you my story, Mr. Martyn. You think I am a presumptive fool, but perhaps you will change your mind. I am a gentleman by birth, but my parents were lost at sea when I was a boy. One of the passengers on the steamer saved my life and brought me to his home. His own wife and child were lost, and he became fond of me. He was wealthy, and adopted me, giving me his name and leading me to suppose that I would be his heir. It was wronging no one, as his nearest relation was a nephew, who is immensely rich and has lived for years in California. There was no expense spared in my education, and yet I was taught nothing practical, no trade, no profession by which I could earn my bread. When I left college my benefactor, whom I had called father for many long years, took me abroad, and we traveled together for four years. Then for the first time we separated, as he grew homesick, and I was wild to visit eastern lands. He returned home, almost forcing me to join a party who were bound to oriental countries. After a year or more of travel I went to Paris to find a summons, two months old, to return to America. When I reached my old home my dear adopted father was dead, and I was thrust into the world penniless. The lawyers who attended to all my benefactor's legal affairs told me there was surely a will, leaving me everything, but it could not be found. The nephew claimed the entire estate, and sold the old homestead. I left Norwalk stunned, and came to my old home, to find it in the possession of a stranger.

"Bless my soul! Your adopted father's name didn't happen to be Wainwright, did it? This didn't happen to be the homestead, eh? And your name isn't Edward Wainwright, is it?"

"You knew me, then?"

"Not a bit of it. But why didn't you tell your name, instead of masquerading under another one?"

"My name is Edward Stanhope. When I lost all else Mr. Wainwright intended to give me, I gave up the name I held only by his adoption."

"Oh, that's it. Well, Mr. Stanhope, I had not been here a month when I found the will of Mr. Wainwright in that queer old desk in my bedroom. Rena wanted the desk, and when we emptied it we found this important document behind one of the drawers, very snugly hidden, but quite accidentally, I judge. I sent it to your lawyer, who informed me that young Wainwright had disappeared.

"The property is mine, then?"

"Yes, I suppose there will be some delay about selling the house again, and it is a bother to me, since I really feel at home here."

"But why need you sell it again? You know my love for Rena. If she will listen to me now that I dare speak—"

"Oh, yes, bless me, how forgetful I am! Yes, yes! You won't want that position of corresponding clerk?"

"But I will never forget the kindness that offered it to me."

"Yes—yes—and you won't take my little girl quite away from me. The house is large enough for all of us."

There was a "nine days' wonder" when the missing heir appeared, but Rena "listened when Edward dared to speak," and when the "prince came to his own again," a sweet-faced princess reigned at his side.

Coming to Close Quarters.

Five minutes private, personal entreaty will often accomplish more in winning souls to Christ than five months of public preaching. Close action is effective. A pistol at a man's head is more dangerous to him than a hundred cannons thundering at him two miles away. The preaching may mean any one or no one in the crowd; but when you talk to me, you mean me. David might have listened calmly to long exhortations and pious counsels without number, but Nathan's "Thou art the man!" cut him to the heart and brought him to his knees.

Preaching often runs all around men and all over them, like a bucket of water sprinkled over a pile of corked bottles. Personal effort uncorks the bottles one by one, puts in a funnel, and pours them full of water.

"But I do not know how to talk to people personally about Christ and salvation." Confessed ignorance is a good preparation for learning. How will a man know anything unless he is taught? You can talk to people about rain, sunshine, crops, weather, fires and the news of the day—"out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh"—why not read God's word, pray for his Spirit and pour out that when it burns within?

Study your own heart. Know yourself and you will know others. Talk to others as you used to wish some Christian to talk to you. Seek God's direction. Speak when he gives the word, and wait and pray till it comes. Do not talk when you have nothing to say, nor bore people with endless exhortations and dry disputes. Observe, think, pray and act.

"Yes, but it is such a cross!" Ah, you do know how to do it, but are not willing to try. Well, the rod is heavier still, and the rod may yet make you love the cross. You must learn to bear the cross if you would be Christ's disciple. A word spoken for Jesus may cost you a momentary struggle, but it may also win a soul to God and open to you a well-spring of joy. Try it.—*H. L. Hastings.*

"Yes," he said, "life is so lonely." "It is lonely sometimes," she answered. Wouldn't it be sweet to have a little cottage covered with ivy and honeysuckle and rose bushes?" "Oh! wouldn't it?" "And when a fellow comes home tired, from business, to have a nice little wife meet him at the door with a kiss?" "Y-e-e-s." "And then the summer nights, the windows open, the sunset just giving light enough in the cosey parlor, and—you—I mean a wife at the piano singing in the gloaming. It would be lovely." "I—think—it—would—be—nice." And then——" At this point a careworn woman came around the corner with a pair of twins in a perambulator. A dead silence fell upon the summer air for a little. Then they changed the subject.

Counsel (to witness)—"Is it possible, Uncle Rastus, that you would swear to what you know is not true for a single paltry dollar?" Uncle Rastus (indignantly.)— "No, sah! de gemman guv me two dollars."

Constitution for Republican Club.

ART. I.—NAME AND OBJECT.

SEC. 1. The name of this organization shall be THE . . . REPUBLICAN CLUB, of . . . .

SEC. 2. The object and purpose of this Club shall be to strengthen the Republican party organization, and promote by all legitimate agencies the success of the Republican party and its candidates, thereby exerting the most potent influence in behalf of good goverement.

SEC. 3. This Club shall not be used in any way to further the interest of any candidate for office previous to nomination, but shall reserve its force to be exerted in behalf of all candidates nominated by Republican Conventions.

ART. II.—MEMBERSHIP.

Any person over eighteen years of age, who is a Republican, and in hearty sympathy with the principles of the Republican party, and a supporter of its candidates, shall be eligible to membership of this Club.

ART. III.—OFFICERS.

The officers of this Club shall be a President, a Vice-President, a Secretary, a Treasurer and an Executive Committee of five, of which the above officers shall be members *ex-officio.* All officers shall be members of the Club, and shall be elected by ballot at such time as may be prescribed in the by-laws.

ART. IV.—MEETINGS, ETC.

SEC. 1. The Regular meetings of this Club shall be held at . . on . .

SEC. 2. Five members shall constitute a quorum at any regular or duly called special meeting of the Club.

ART. V.—BY LAWS, ETC.

SEC. 1, All by-laws and resolutions of this Club shall require a majority vote of the members present at any regular meeting for their adoption.

SEC. 2. Amendments to this constitution shall only be made upon previous notice of one week in writing, and shall require for their adoption an affirmative vote of two thirds of the members present at a regular meeting, and two-thirds affirmative to be not less than one quarter of the members of the Club. Provided, that no amendment shall at any time be made that will conflict with the provisions of the constitution of the Republican League of the United States, or the Republican League of the State of Maryland.

ART. VI.

This Club shall become and be a member of The Republican League of the State of Maryland, and be in all things subordinate thereto.

Desperate and Deliberate.

Soldiers willingly take the ordinary chances of battle, knowing that only one bullet in two or three thousand has its billet. But their courage is tried when ordered to assault works from which their fellows have been repulsed again and again. Each man realizes that his chance of surviving is so slight that it behooves him to prepare for death.

At such times veteran troops become desperate and deliberate, and enter upon the attack with the feelings of the gladiators, who cried: "Hail, Cæsar! We who are about to die salute the!"

In the June Century General Horace Porter sketches a striking case of this sort of courage, which he saw displayed at Cold Harbor.

The Union soldiers had been repeatedly repulsed in assaulting earthworks, and had lost heavily each time. They had become impressed with the conviction that such attacks meant certain death.

A dangerous assault had been ordered at daylight the next morning. That evening the men were seen with their coats off, writing their names and home addresses on slips of paper, and pinning these slips upon the backs of their coats.

They were going to the next mornings work, without a hope of surviving; but anxious that their friends at home might learn their fate, they were taking measures for securing the recognition of their dead bodies upon the battlefield.

"Such courage is more than heroic; it is sublime."

"As you can only be a sister to me," he said, in broken tones, "will you let me kiss you good night?" She shyly said she would. Then he folded her in his strong arms, and gently placing her head against his manly breast, he kissed her passionately. "Mr. Sampson," she said, softly, "this is all so new to me, so—so different from what I thought it to be, that if you will give me a little time to—to think it over, I—I may—" But let us withdraw from the sacred scene.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

MY FORMER SELF.

I know thee not, my youthful friend!
And yet I think that I can trace,
As wistfully I gaze and bend.
Something familiar in thy face—
Methinks I've seen thy ruddy cheek,
Thy brow unwrinkled, fair and high,
Thy pleasant smile that seems to speak,
Thy dark brown hair—thy sparkling eye!

When did I know thee? Thou art fair—
And I am frail and full of woe,
My aching brow is seamed with care—
'Twas surely in the long ago!
How changed am I! while thou 'rt the same
As when I knew thee fresh and young;
Love in thine eyes, a living flame,
And tuneful witcheries on thy tongue!

Thy heart was strong, thy step was light,
Ambition frolicked in thy brain,
And dared to dream of dizzier height
Than mortal effort could attain.
Thy fancies wandered unconfined,
Wild as the storms on mountain crest,
And free as gentlest summer wind
That wantons on the ocean's breast.

Time seemed before thine eager eyes
To stretch illimitably long;
For toil, for pleasure, for emprize,
For conflict of the right with wrong.
Such fate as failure never loomed
On thy horizon's distant scope,
And all things possible assumed
The living forms of Love and Hope.

All this thou wert, and more than this!
When we were comrades stanch and true,
And never dreamed that present bliss
Could change its texture or its hue;
Never, oh never, dreamed that years
Could put disunion 'twixt us twain,
And teach me amid groans and tears,
That *thou* and *I* had lived in vain!

Time has rolled on, and thou art left
A dream—a thought—and nothing more;
Of all thy former force bereft,
A broken billow on the shore!
While I, or what in days long past,
Was like to thee in face and form,
Float like a leaf upon the blast
Of Death's inevitable storm.

Vain are regrets! All blooms decay,
That fruits may follow in their stead;
And fruits must perish in their day,
That seeds may live when fruits are dead.
Our seed-time may be here on Earth,
Our Harvest is in Heaven above
A second and immortal birth
In God's Eternity of Love.

—*Charles Mackay, in Youth's Companion.*

A MAKE-BELIEVE STORY.

A Clever Woman's Ruse with a Supposed Detective.

George Dunlap was hurrying through the railroad station at Springfield to catch the train for Montreal. He was a little late, and the knowledge of this fact so heightened the susceptibility of his nerves that, when a tall woman with her arms full of parcels fell heavily against him, dropping her parcels, some of which burst and scattered their contents in every direction, only the sense of the politeness due to her sex kept him from using an ejaculation that would at least have expressed great impatience. She had clutched him nervously as she slipped and he supported her a moment while he inquired if she was hurt.

"I don't know," she said, panting, "I turned my ankle—I feel terribly jarred."

When she recovered herself sufficiently to stand without his help, he could do no less than to offer to gather up her parcels, and he had the satisfaction of feeling that he was doing his duty, and seeing his train steam out of the station at one and the same time.

"Well, as I have lost my train——" he began, as he stood holding some of her bundles in his arms.

"Was that your train?" she exclaimed, still visibly agitated. "It was mine, too, I think—I am not sure—I am a stranger, I want to go to Hartford."

"This was not your train then," he answered; "yours starts from the other side."

"I was late, I had no time to get a ticket. What time does the next train go to Hartford?" she murmured, brokenly, lifting appealing eyes to his.

"I will find out for you," he said, feeling quite compassionate toward her, though she was neither young nor pretty, and therefore had no legitimate claim to a stranger's protection.

He conducted her to the waiting room and presently returned from the ticket-office with the information that she would have to wait over three hours—until after dark in fact, for the train.

"Three hours alone!" she exclaimed, with an unconscious naive stress on the "alone" that Mr. Dunlap found very interesting.

"I, too, must wait until evening for my train," he said smiling, "and as it rains so that we shall have to stay in the depot, if you will permit me to sit here, I will do myself the pleasure of waiting with you for a time at least."

"You are very kind," she answered simply, moving some of her bundles so that he could sit closer to her than he had perhaps at first intended, "and that, too, after my awkwardness made you miss your train. You heap coals of fire—which ought not to be the less hot because they are getting rather trite—chestnut coals in fact, if you will pardon the expression—upon my head."

Mr. Dunlap had already made up his mind that she was neither young nor pretty; he now, as she looked at him with a bright audacious smile, revised his opinion to the extent of adding that she looked interesting.

She was tall, slender and very thin; with sharp, old features, but her eyes, he decided, were her strong point, they were so changeful in expression and exhibited the different phases of her emotions with such an intensity, such a singleness of purpose from the appealing gaze of a frightened, helpless child, to the humorous quizzica, glance she had thus given him.

"Will the delay incommode you very much?" she added, seriously.

"I did think it was quite necessary for me to be one of the passengers on that particular train, but now I am not sure. I think I shall be happier here."

"I hope you will forgive me," she said, gravely, ignoring the implication of the last remark.

"I most certainly shall if you continue to be as agreeable as you have already been," he said, with a boldness which even some ordinarily polite men will use toward a woman they meet under unconventional circumstances.

She colored deeply, and he felt that he had risked losing her society by his last remark. For a moment she looked very grave and nervously fumbled with the leaves of a book she held in her hand. Then she seemed to him to swallow her annoyance and take a sudden resolution. It was as if she said to herself: "Life is too short and the periods spent in waiting for trains too long to waste the one and prolong the other by servile deference to useless conventionalities."

"I hate waiting in railroad stations," she said, presently.

Mr. Dunlap lived back among the Berkshire hills where the only communication with the outside world was by means of a rickety, rumbling, clattering old stage which connected his town with the nearest railroad station.

He had never traveled much, his temporarily deferred journey to Montreal was a great and unprecedented event in his life. He was a country farmer of very moderate means, but for all that, he had read, he had observed, he never doubted but that he was much more a man of the world than others who had had much better advantages for becoming so. The very bulk of his conversation was carried on in the common vernacular, but he felt that he could be courtly and ceremonious to the last degree. When he read a sentence that seemed to him to be the thing in the way of polite repartee or gallant address, he reread it until he had made it his own. That sort of thing was doubly effective, he thought, from a man who commonly used the old-fashioned Yankee dialect. It gave him the effect of being conversant with several languages.

"I have sometimes found it rather dull waiting here, but to-day I quite reckon on it," he replied, with his most polished manner."

"Did you ever try to make the time pass away by imagining the pursuits and destinations of the various persons you see around you?" he added.

"No," she added, quickly. She still seemed nervous from her shock. I should think it would be very interesting. Let's begin now."

Mr. Dunlap looked helplessly around the room.

Their few fellow travelers seemed of a hopelessly neutral, non-committal cast of countenance.

"Nobody here looks ez ef they'd ever done any thing of much account an' couldn't ef they set out to," he said, after a pause. "I tell you what less do," he added, brightening, "less put ourselves inter a story. To begin with, we met by chance, the usual way, an' while settin' here I take an awful shine to you. What d' yer say?" and he nudged her in what he considered a jocose but not indelicate manner.

She had looked at him sharply as he dropped into his ordinary habit of speaking, and then apparently made up her mind that he was acting some part.

"Don't you think that the beginning would lack originality just a trifle?" she suggested. "There are so many stories that begin just that way. Now, perhaps, if I fell in love with you it would be less obvious."

Mr. Dunlap had an idea that she was laughing at him.

"Such things ez that hez ben known to happen," he said rather sulkily.

"O, certainly!" she assented. "I have heard of such instances, but we must imagine some rather unusual causes and circumstances—for instance, suppose that I am married——"

"Be you?" he asked abruptly; "I took you for a single woman."

"This is a make-believe story," she answered with a bright, mischievous smile.

"It's gittin' rather common for married women to fall in love with other men, now-a-days," he observed, rather revengefully.

"I accept your objection," she said; "but of course there must be 'attenuating circumstances,' as some one says. My husband, for instance," she added, with a far-away, inscrutable look, "we'll suppose, for sake of argument, is cross—brutal to me. He strikes me on the slightest provocation."

"Git out," murmured Mr. Dunlap, with sympathetic incredulity.

"He takes delight in thwarting all my wishes, he makes my life wretched. I meet you—you are kind and don't swear at me when I tumble against you, and you pick up my bundles, which is something so foreign to all my experience that I fall in love with you at once. But of course I don't know it, people are not apt to know those things—in stories—so I don't dream of it. Then by a series of coincidences which couldn't happen anywhere except in stories—we'll fill in the details after we've sketched out the plot—we met accidentally several times, and all the time out of deference to the opinions and prejudices of the reader I still don't suspect the state of my feelings, and you of course are equally in the dark.

"Well, now, about that time, something must happen to reveal to us as by a lightning stroke that we love one another, for by this time you, moved by the spectacle of, not beauty in distress, but by more distressing exhibition of ugliness suffering a trifle more than her just deserts, are feeling that pity that is said to be akin to a commoner sentiment.

"Now we must find some situations that will reveal all this to us without shocking the delicacy of the most rigidly conventional reader, who must be made to see and admit that we couldn't have done differently.

"Let me see, the presence of death generally comes in to countenance people in similar situations."

"We might be drowning," suggested Mr. Dunlap. "You fall in, I rush to save you, you know, an' jist ez we was sinkin' for the last time, while every thing in our past lives was a comin' up before us, we both remember the time when I rescued your bundles and then it comes to us both that we love each other. Folks couldn't find no fault with that, couldn't they?"

"Well, no," said the lady, thoughtfully, "I don't think the most rigid moralist could object to two people finding out that they love one another when they are sinking for the last time with their lungs full of water, and the proverbial straw of the drowning man is slipping from their nerveless grasp. But what I object to is that it makes the story too short. I haven't suffered enough yet to satisfy the practiced reader. We must be brought near enough to the verge of this world so that we feel ourselves beyond the reach of ordinary regulations and still be left with articulation enough to reveal our innoxious love. Then there must be a rescue and resuscitation for the purpose of overwhelming us with shame, contrition and remorse."

"Somebody can come along and pull us out of the water," suggested Mr. Dunlap, who felt that he was not contributing his share to the story, "and bring us to by rolling us on barrels."

"Rolling on barrels may be the scientific method of resuscitation, but science is notoriously unavailable for poetic purposes. Besides," she continued, with extreme gravity, "it seems to me that two well-meaning persons like ourselves are going to suffer sufficiently from our consciences without the additional anguish of being rolled on barrels. Let us be 'just before we are generous,' even in punishments. Now, I think, as our acquaintance began in a railway station, we might preserve the unities by mixing up the railroad with our affairs whenever we can. A railroad accident at this point is necessary to the evolution of the story. Can you arrange one that will be about what we require?"

The lady had been talking so rapidly that Mr. Dunlap had followed her in rather a gasping condition. This would never do in a man who prided himself on his conversational ability, and he dashed boldly into the breach.

"The train must be derailed and thrown down a steep embankment. We are caught together under the seats and debris. (Mr. Dunlap rhymed this word with remiss), and to add to the horrors of the situation the car takes fire from the overturned stove, and there we are! I clasp you in my arms and say 'I would save you if I could, darling, but as I can't we will die together;'" and he paused for breath, convinced that he had established his reputation as a man who could say "pretty things as well as the next one when he took a notion to."

"That's it exactly," replied his companion. "I murmur some appropriate reply and just as the fire is getting so uncomfortably hot we hardly know where we are, some one breaks in the window and rescues us. I am so mortified at my ill-timed confession I don't know what to do, and you say that as we can never forget our declarations, suppose that we go to Europe together. Now there's a strong situation. A horribly brutal husband in the background and love and Europe urged upon my acceptance. Europe, that I have always passionately longed to see and the man I love to go with me—ah——"

She drew a long breath and her keen, restless eyes grew soft with a look of inexpressible gentleness; her odd, anxious features wore an expression of infinite yearning and tenderness.

Though not vainer than the generality of men, Mr. Dunlap felt that perhaps this story was not wholly a make-believe as far as her love for him was concerned. It was barely possible that she had fallen in love with him at first sight and was making up this story to test his feelings. He was strangely moved and murmured: "And we go to Europe and are happy forever after."

"No, indeed," she exclaimed, "that would never do. Have you forgotten the scandalized reader at this point? No, I refuse sadly but steadfastly, and turning with a look of stern resolution and renunciation I part from you forever, to go to look after my fellow-travelers who are less mortally wounded than myself. The bored reader lays down the book and says with a yawn that the story didn't come off well. The husband ought to have died."

The short rainy afternoon had drawn to a close, and the lamps about the station were all lighted.

"Well, I have had a pleasant afternoon but I suppose it's most time for us to part," said Mr. Dunlap.

"Yes," she answered, sadly.

The sparkle had all died out of her face and tones; she looked worn, discouraged and woe-begone. Her companion was more and more convinced that her story wounded on her love for him and the fact of an inhuman husband. He was filled with pity, but could think of nothing to say.

"It'll be rather dismal going to Montreal in the dark," he said, after a pause "I had counted on seeing something of the country."

"Why not wait till to-morrow or next day?" she asked, with suppressed eagerness.

"O, I must go," he answered, vaguely.

She looked down at the floor for some time with a look of inexpressible sadness. She seemed trying to make a difficult resolution. At last she looked up with a strange, inscrutable expression, and said in a low, forced tone:

"Please don't go for a day or two I want to see you again. I can't bear to think that after this pleasant afternoon we must part, never to meet again. Can't you stay in Springfield until day after to-morrow, and meet me again here, in the afternoon?"

Mr. Dunlap hesitated. His companion was pale and trembling.

"What'll your husband say?" he asked, after a pause.

"My husband," she exclaimed, in a startled manner, as if she had forgotten his very existence. "O, it's about that and other things that I wish you to advise me," she went on with terrible earnestness. I am in a great deal of trouble. I want to tell you about it. You look kind, you can help me if you only will."

Mr. Dunlap knew perfectly well that it was very imprudent to make an appointment with an entire stranger, but as he was equally sorry for her, and sure of his own ability to take care of himself, he gave the required promise. A look of inexpressible relief came over her face and her eyes filled with tears.

She thanked him fervently, begged him not to trouble himself to see her to the train, and after a warm pressure of his hand disappeared.

Mr. Dunlap's pity for her did not prevent him from the disloyalty to her memory of searching his pockets to see if any of his valuables were missing. Finding them all intact he went to a hotel to await the appointed day.

When the designated time arrived, Mr. Dunlap, though he had thought constantly of the fair unknown in the interval and had mixed up the thoughts of her with his conscientious study of the city so that about all the view he had been able to see from the Armory tower was the vision of a bright-eyed woman making violent love to himself, and had studied the architecture of the public library with the question: "Is it ever justifiable to get a divorce for intolerable cruelty?" uppermost in his mind, was still unable to arrive at any definite answer to either supposition.

He strolled aimlessly up and down the platform, now and then stopping to peer furtively into the waiting-rooms.

"I will tell her," he finally decided "that this is very sudden, but that after long and careful deliberation, I have decided that, though I appreciate her kindness and the confidence she has reposed in me, I have conscientious scruples against marrying a divorced woman, but that I will be a brother to her."

There had been no definite time set for the meeting, and Mr. Dunlap began to grow impatient. Suppose that she had decided on renunciation instead of leaving that agreeable duty to him! He acknowledged that if she had come to a realizing sense of her forwardness in making an appointment with a perfect stranger, it was perfectly right and extremely proper, but it was very tiresome and stupid wandering about a smoky old railroad station, waiting for a person who had not a sufficient sense of moral obligation to keep her engagements. He was rapidly growing ill-humored when he met Fred Richmond, an acquaintance of his who was beginning to do quite a little in detective work. Richmond accosted him jovially, and, turning around, walked along with him. Dunlap was rather impatient at the interruption. He thought Richmond would be a much more pleasant companion if he had not been so exclusively enthusiastic on the subject of detective work, so inclined to manifest a hardiness toward any thing that was not closely connected with this hobby.

"You have no sympathies with any thing but sleuth-hound instincts," he had told him once, and Richmond had laughed and said that in order to be successful one "must whoop on his own side."

"That was a fine piece of work capturing Williams, the absconding bank cashier," he began at once, as they walked along together.

"I saw something of it in the papers, I believe," Mr. Dunlap responded indifferently.

"I think sometimes that you think the whole business of mankind is to detect or be detected."

Richmond laughed. "Well, I confess it does look so sometimes from my point of view," he said. "People are concerned in these things more than they always know. Do you know yet how closely you were mixed up in Williams' capture?"

"Me mixed up!" said Mr. Dunlap, staring.

"Yes, you," returned the other; "it's too good to keep now it's all over with. Anna Brown, the girl I saw talking with you the day before yesterday, must have caught on the fact that some one was lying for Williams, for I saw her loitering round here for an hour or two before the train for Montreal started She didn't see me watching her, mind you, but she was studying time-tables and looking this way and that, and I made up my mind she had some scheme for hindering the process of law. She just worshiped Williams, and she's just that kind of a woman that would go through fire and water for the man she loved."

"Isn't she married, you say?"

"No, never was. He never cared so much for her, but he made her think so, I suppose He was the cashier in a big bank and she a poor girl who worked here in a button shop, though she had a good education and is smart as steel. Well, he must have confided his trouble to her so's she could help him, and a mean trick it was, too, for he had it all planned out to meet another woman in Canada and they were to be married and go to Europe. Probably he made Anna think he was going to marry her and take her to Europe. She doesn't know any thing about the other one. Well, I saw her sauntering around here day before yesterday, and I made up my mind she meant to help him get off. I had put a detective on every train that went out that day, but I thought that that was the one he would take. Just as I was passing her I said to a fellow that was with me, just as if I didn't know she could hear, "that's the most famous detective in the country, and pointed to you. She didn't seem to notice, but I watched her and saw her stop you and make you lose your train as cleverly as could be. She probably thought that it hadn't got out much and that if she could detain you a day he'd get off. "But, bless you, the fellow I put on the train hooked on to Williams before they got out of the State. She's smart, and when I saw her talking to you I made up my mind that you wouldn't get away that day. She's quite equal to making love to you or any other man to keep you away from her lover. O, you needn't look so mad! I'm not going to ask you about it. I'll bet if she did no one could tell it from the genuine article. The joke of it is that she's so proud she'd rather have died than done it if it hadn't been for him. It'll be rather rough on her when she finds out about the other woman."—*Ethel Gorman Clarke, in Hartford Times.*

HOW GAS IS MADE.

A Simple Explanation of the Manufacture of Illuminating Gas.

How few people can intelligibly explain some of the most ordinary things in every-day life. An official of the city gas works was heard to say not long ago that if he might judge by the number of times he was asked for information, not more than two people in ten know how common illuminating gas is made. They all seem to understand, he said, that it comes out of soft coal, but they are ignorant of the process by which it is extracted. We do not doubt this at all, for, as we have said to you several times, it is the very common things that we are apt to overlook in our search for information. You will understand, therefore, why we select subjects to talk about with which you and everybody else ought to be familiar.

Now, let us give you a very simple explanation of gas-making. Break up a piece of bituminous coal into small fragments and fill the bowl of a clay tobacco pipe with them. Cover the mouth of the bowl with wet clay and then thoroughly dry it. Put the bowl of the pipe into a fire where it will get red hot, and you will soon see a yellowish smoke come out of the stem, and if you touch a light to the smoke it will burn brightly, for it is nothing more nor less than the gas from the coal.

You can purify and collect this gas in a very simple way. Fill a bottle with water and turn it upside down in a bowl of water. You know the water will not run out of the bottle because the air pressure on the water in the bowl will prevent it. Put the end of the pipe-stem under the mouth of the bottle, and the gas will bubble up through the water into the bottle, gradually displacing the water, and if the pipe were large enough to make a great deal of gas, the bottle would be entirely filled with it.

You have seen the immense quantities of coke which they have at the gas works; that is what is left of the coal after the gas has been burned out of it. Coke is carbon, only a small part of what was in the coal having gone off with the gas. Take the clay covering off your pipe and you will find the bowl filled with this coke.

Now, that is precisely the way gas is made in large quantities at the gas works. Instead of pipe bowls they use big retorts, and these are heated red hot by furnace, for the fire must be outside of the retorts. Heating coal red-hot in a closed retort is very different from burning it in the open air. A large pipe from the retort carries off the product of the coal, consisting of steam, tar, air and ammonia, as well as gas. The ammonia and the tar go into tanks, and the gas into coolers, and then over lime, which takes up the acids in it into the immense iron gas-holders which you have seen at the works.

These holders are open at the bottom, and stand, or rather swing, in tanks of water, being adjusted by means of weights. As the gas comes into them they rise up out of the water, but the bottoms are always submerged, so that the gas can not escape. The large gas-pipes, or mains, as they are called, connect with the holders and conduct the gas through the streets to the houses where it is used. The pressure is given to the gas by the weight of the iron holders, which are always bearing down on the gas they contain.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—It is safe to say that thousands of horses die annually, literally burnt out with too much of a grain diet, and too little of a cooling one. It may confidently be asserted that if more turnips, cabbage, potatoes and beets were fed them with their grain, they would last longer and be freer from disease. And the same rule applies to all animals fed on grain.—*American Farmer.*

—There's nothing like leather, excepting, of course, the upper crust of the young wife's first pie.—*Journal of Education.*

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Some Lively Excerpts From a Wide-Awake Frontier Publication.

ADVICE GRATIS.—We have a word or two of advice to those people who are canvassing the town for subscriptions to build a church. Get your congregation before you get your building. We've taken the town directory and gone slap through it from cover to cover, and we haven't lighted on the name of one single individual who has got religion enough to drive a mule forty rods.

We refused to chip in for a church, but will contribute ten dollars to get Lampas Jake, the revivalist, down here. We want him to come here and tell the people that they are the meanest, wickedest, low-down, shack-nasty lot of heathens in America, and that not one of them stands any more show of getting to Heaven than a jack-rabbit does of outrunning chain lightning. If Jake can knock any of the dirt off and get down to the cuticle and scare thunder out of enough citizens to hold a prayer meeting, we'll go in for a church building with a whoop.

SOCIETY NOTES.—Mayor Jim Gibbons and wife, of Jerusalem Hill, are vacating in the mountains. These are the only two inhabitants who are able to take an outing this summer, and they couldn't have gone if they hadn't dodged a dozen creditors and borrowed seven dollars of us. We'll bet four to one they beat their board bill when they get ready to return.

TO THE TRADE.—The *Kicker* would be willing to take a column advertisement from some Eastern drug house in exchange for one hundred pounds of insect powder and one hundred blow-guns. There seems to be a nervousness on the part of our people against casking our local druggists for the stuff, but there would be no hesitation in calling at this office. As the publisher of a family newspaper we seem to beget confidence. Please leave your orders at an early date.

GO HENCE!—The lop-eared monstrosity who claims to edit the *Prairie Star* has been so jealous of the phenomenal success of the *Kicker* that he hasn't enjoyed his whisky for the last three months. In his last issue he claims that our circulation does not reach 150, and that we are carrying sixteen columns of dead ads. We hereby publish our affidavit that our circulation is 153 copies weekly, and constantly growing, and as for dead ads, that's our business. We have discovered that the people of this town can extract more comfort out of a patent medicine ad than from a two-column sketch by Trollope, and it is our business to please the masses.

A REMINDER.—Our birthday occurs next week Friday—that being our thirty-fifth—and any little reminder sent in by the public will be warmly appreciated. We stand in need of shirts, socks, neckties, collars, etc., and it has been suggested that the ladies organize and contribute to a generous outfit.

Some of our friends declare that, in view of what the *Kicker* has done for this locality, a purse of $100 should be presented to us by the men. We should be thankful, of course, and more thankful, if it was made $150. An editor should be modest, however, and we simply throw out these few suggestions without any thought of being personal.

P. S. We wear a No. 15 collar and the shirts should be full in the back.

MORE WIND.—Prof. Rose, who hit this town last spring to get up a class in music, and who has been here on his uppers ever since, doesn't like our way of dealing with him. Because we suggested last week that he quit dead-beating and pick up the pick or shovel, he is around town calling us a fugitive from justice, and asking why the police don't do something.

Gently, Professor. When we left Xenia, O., the sheriff patted us on the back and lent us half a dollar. We are the only man in this town who doesn't turn pale when the stage comes in, and the only one who doesn't break for the sage brush when it is announced that the United States Marshal is here. We ain't rich or pretty, but we are good, and the Professor is barking up the wrong tree. We don't bear him any ill-will, but the Professor must retract his statements about us or we'll drop a line to Pinkerton asking if Yaller Jim, alias Prof. Rose, isn't wanted somewhere.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Where the Quail Belongs.

An Austin teacher was instructing his class in natural history.

"To what class of birds does the hawk belong?" he asked.

"To the birds of prey," was the reply.

"And to what class do the quail belong?"

There was a pause. The teacher repeated the question:

"Where does the quail belong?"

"On toast!" yelled out the hungry boy at the foot of the class.—*Texas Siftings.*

—There is almost as much pathos as humor in the following story of an Albany boy of tender years: Shortly after his mother's death with his father he visited her grave, being carried there by a horse which had recently been bought by the father. The husband, standing apart, was naturally in a contemplative frame of mind, and the boy, when unable to stand the oppressive silence any longer, lifted his childish voice in an interrogative tone and said: "Ma, we've got a new horse."—*Albany Journal.*

—The deadhead that the eater is like a successful prediction—he has come to pass.—*Boston Bulletin.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A promissory note is one of those things that will mature just as well without being hung out in the sunshine.—*Duluth Paragrapher.*

—Husband—"I think we had better give up our pew in the church for a while my love." Wife—"Why?" Husband—"I am going in the coal business and I hate hypocrisy."—*Binghamton Republican.*

—The wearing of tights is said to be injurious to health, and still any one who takes even a casual look at the "girls" in the spectacular show can see that the practice doesn't shorten life.—*Somerville Journal.*

—At the police court; the Judge questioning a witness—"Your name?" "Josephus Horther." "Your age?" "Forty-three." "Your profession?" "Dramatic author." "That is not a profession; it is a disease."—*Truth.*

—A man who was struck by a two-inch stream from a fire engine the other day has prepared a bill for the Legislature, requiring all fire companies to confine themselves to the use of soft water.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—A Georgia negro had just paid the last dollar on a mule he bought, when suddenly the creature died, leaving him a financial wreck. Being condoled with, he replied. "Well, his time come ter go, sah, an' I radder him dan me."

—"I confess that I am not indifferent to you," she said with an assumption of shyness, "but I am afraid that my papa will think I am not yet of a proper age to marry." "Nonsense," he argued, passionately, "I've known women sixty and seventy years old to marry."—*Time.*

—When a freight agent tells you that your trunk is waxing shaky, and needs a strap, ask him if he has any straps for sale. If he says he has, you may rest assured your trunk is all right and doesn't require one any more than a country dentist needs a diploma.—*Puck.*

—"When are you going to make me that promised visit, Marion? Soon, I hope?" "I am afraid not, dear. I invited a hired girl to come and stay with me last week, and I shall have to stay at home and see that she has everything to make her comfortable."—*Judge.*

—"O, John," said Mrs. Bjones, "I have just found the most beautiful receipt for currant jelly." "Well, I wish you'd find a receipt for your dressmaker's bills." "O, no, John dear. That is not necessary. I always have Mme. Brunetti make my dressmaker's bills for me."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—A popular sleepyman was greatly bored by a lady who admired him without reserve. "O, my dear Mr. X," said she, one Sunday afternoon, "there isn't any harm in one loving one's pastor, is there?" "Certainly not, madame," replied the worthy cleric, "not the least in the world, so long as the feeling is not reciprocated."

HANDKERCHIEF TALK.

Explanations Which May Help the Inexperienced Over Hard Places.

When the fat man ties his around his neck it signifies that the weather is warm and he has a new collar on.

When the pretty girl suddenly makes a grab for her handkerchief and clasps it to her mouth, it means that she wants to sneeze.

When the whittling fiend binds his around one of his fingers, it signifies that his knife has slipped.

When a girl drops hers in the street when there is no dude in sight, it denotes that she has been carrying too many articles in her hands.

When a man comes out of a side entrance on Sunday wiping his mouth with his handkerchief, it is a sure sign that he has been spending money.

When a flash youth takes a gentleman's handkerchief out of his pocket in a crowd, it signifies that he will never see it again.

When the young widow carries a handkerchief with a very heavy black border, it is safe to bet that she will remarry before the year is out.

When a lady and a gentleman are together and the lady takes his handkerchief out of his pocket and uses it, there can be no doubt that they are married.

When a man buys any of those three-cent handkerchiefs from the street peddlers it means that he is stuck.

The old colored lady carries her handkerchief tied around her head.

The dude's silk handkerchief is always worn so that the corner sticks out.

When a man suddenly feels a heavy cold coming on, it means that that is just the very time he left his handkerchief at home.

When a man bets a box of handkerchiefs with a lady and happens to get them, it signifies that he is a very lucky man.

When a strange man wakes you up in the middle of the night and pokes his handkerchief down your throat, it is a sign that he is robbing your house.

When a woman carries her handkerchief in her hand she does not always wish to cry or flirt, but probably has no pocket in her dress.

When an actress displays a lace handkerchief on the stage, it is a sure sign that she is portraying the part of the queen.

When the street Arab grabs at your pocket and makes you believe he has stolen your handkerchief, it signifies that it is April fool's day and that you are the fool.

When you see a man rush down from the top floor of a flat in a hurry to reach his office and then suddenly put his hand in his pocket and run up-stairs again, you may bet your pile that he has forgotten his handkerchief.—*Judge.*

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

THE ROCKING-HORSE TRIP.

My pony has a pretty head
And a very dark brown mane,
And is a faster trotting-horse
Than grandpa's heavy cane.
His name is Billy Button Budge,
And he and I to-day
Must take a trip, and it is time
That we were on our way.

The sewing-machine is a buzzing Mill,
That has so nice a wheel,
Where I must go for a bag of flour
And a half-a-peck of meal.
At Book-Case Corner I will stop
To get my papa's mail,
And at the Center Stand I'll ask
What fruit they have for sale.

A pound of tea to Betty Brown
I'll not forget to take—
She lives down in the narrow lane
The chairs and table make.
Then at the grand Piano Hall,
Some music I must hear,
While pony stands all safely tied
To the rack so handy near.

Then half way—at the Sofa Inn
Some luncheon we will eat,
And Budge shall have his hay and oats,
And I'll have bread and meat.
Waste-basket manger ready stands—
Where pony always feeds,
And scuttle-trough is ever full
Of all the drinks he needs!

Bay-window Market I must see
With all its flowers fair,
And order too a gay bouquet
For sister May to wear.
A trot we'll have all up and down
The carpet's flowery Park,
And yet get home to Mother's Chair
Before 'tis very dark.

—*Baby Land.*

DOING FOR MOTHER.

The Experience of a Little Boy Who Made Himself a Comfort and a Blessing.

"I can't find my glasses, George. Do you see them anywhere?"

"Seems to me you're losing something 'most all the time," said George, rather fretfully.

"So it does. Perhaps they are under the pillow, or, perhaps, they have fallen on the floor."

With a very bad grace George shook up the pillows and looked on the floor. "No, I don't see them," he said.

"O, here they are under my shawl. Now, dear, hand me your jacket to mend. And see, my work-basket is a little beyond my reach."

"The boys are waiting for me to go berrying with them," growled George.

"Well, I am sorry to keep you, but I'm afraid you'll have to run up to the machine drawer for a bit like this jacket."

The scowl on George's face deepened as he went up stairs, not with a run, but with slow, unwilling feet. "Is there any thing else you want?" he asked, in an injured tone, as he brought her the piece. She did not answer at once, and as he looked at her face he saw that her lips trembled and tears were in her eyes.

"No, dear," she presently said, taking his face between both her hands and giving him a very tender kiss. "I hope you will have a very nice time. It is a beautiful day to be out, isn't it?"

A sudden thought struck sharply to the boy's heart. It had never before occurred to him how hard it must be that his mother never could go out; that for three years she had been lying in that one room. "O mother," he said, "I wish you could go out. I'd be glad to stay in if you could."

"You dear boy," she said, kissing him again. "Hurry away now. I can't go, but it makes it a great deal easier to stay when I know you wish I could."

"Does it really?" he said, wistfully.

"Yes, really."

"Hurrah, George," called the boys, and he went out.

But he did not join in the frolic with his usual headlong eagerness. His head was so full of thoughts of a kind very unusual to him that there seemed something lacking in the brightness of the sunshine and the softness of the summer wind. When the boys reached the berrying-ground they separated more or less in search of the red, ripe fruit, and George several times found himself alone and able to go on with his thinking.

"I don't believe I've been a very good boy to mother," he said to himself. "I know I haven't. I'm always in a hurry to get out, and I grumble when she wants me to read to her, and make a fuss when she can't find things. If I had to stay in bed all the time I guess I'd lose things worse than she does. I mean to help her every day. I'll go every morning and find all her things for her and put 'em on a chair by her so they won't get lost again. Goody, though! I know what I'll do that's better than that." He gave such a jump as nearly to upset his pail of berries. His new thought took such hold of him that he had to sit down and give his full attention to it for awhile, and then the boys were astonished at hearing him propose to go home. As none of them were inclined to leave the berries so early he went by himself. "I'm going to do all I can for mother, truly I am," he said to himself, "but I'm not going to begin all at once for fear she should guess what's up."

He carried her a saucer of his berries, and the next day and for several days afterward waited on her kindly and carefully in the morning, and then kept a good deal away from her through the day, fearing that she might read in his face that he had a wonderful secret.

"What is George about that I see so little of him?" his mother asked of Susan, the woman who took care of the house. "Is he away from home so much?"

"O no," said Susan, "he's about here most of the time and is as busy as a bee, but there's no tellin' what he's up so. It must be some new caper, for he thuts himself up in the tool-house and won't let nobody go in. Mischief hatchin', like enough."

Susan was a good, faithful woman, but not at all given to putting things pleasantly or cheerfully.

George worked away for several days, at the end of which he came to his mother's room, looking as if he had a great weight on his mind. "Mother," he said at length, in a tone which showed her that he had paid no attention to what she had been saying, "wouldn't you be willing to let me have these little pictures in my room?" He pointed to two which hung close beside her above her bed.

"Why, Georgie, do you really want my pictures? I'm very fond of them, you know, and like to have them here."

"I'd like to have 'em for awhile, anyway," he said.

"Then you shall have them, of course, dear." But the words were said a little regretfully, and she looked hurt and sorry as George, without saying any thing more, carried away the pictures, for there were not many pretty things in her room.

She was awakened the next morning by a slight noise and, opening her eyes, caught sight of George bobbing below the foot of the bed as if anxious to escape her notice.

"Is that you, George?" she asked.

"Yes, mother," he said, coming to kiss her, looking as if very much puzzled what to do. "I say, mother, you've waked up too early. Won't you please to shut your eyes again and make believe you're asleep yet?"

She did as he asked, and for a few moments could hear him making some quiet movements. Then he cried:

"Wake up, mother!"

She opened her eyes to see him standing at the foot of the bed watching her face with a pleased, expectant look. Something on the wall close beside her drew her attention and she turned her head that way. "O!" she exclaimed, in great surprise and pleasure at sight of a bracket-shelf which hung within easy reach of her hand.

"I made it every bit myself," said George, his face beaming still more brightly. "All except those little bits of fancy doings glued on, and I worked for half a day in Billy Dyer's carpenter shop to pay for 'em. I gilded 'em myself, and I bought the staining stuff and stained the rest of it. It looks almost as nice as a bought one, doesn't it, mother?"

"Ten times nicee to me, dear—"

"And see, mother, here's the place for your work-basket, and here are your glasses and your books. Plenty of room for every thing you want. You won't have to keep hunting for your things any more. Oh, I forgot to tell you about the cord and tassel. Susan helped me twist it up out of red worsted last night. She promised she wouldn't tell you for any thing, and I've promised to make her one to keep her things handy, and she's as pleased as she can be, and says I'm a tip-top boy."

"I think Susan is right," said mother.

But George rushed from the room before waiting to hear more, returning in a moment with hammer and nails.

"Did you really think I meant to take away your pictures, mother?" he said, laughing in great glee. "You see, I couldn't make out how I was to get my bracket hung without driving in nails and letting the whole secret out. So I made believe I wanted the pictures. Now I'm going to hang 'em over here."

"You are the dearest comfort and blessing in the world," said his mother, when at length he came and bent over her. "I shall never look at your bracket without a happy thought of your kind thought of me. And I shall never take a thing from it without being glad because of your dear hands putting it here for me."

The crowning point of George's surprise came in his going out and gathering some flowers to put in a tiny vase to be placed on the bracket. "I'll bring fresh ones to her every morning," he declared to himself. "I never felt so glad about any thing in my life. I'm going to keep on doing things for mother—see if I don't."—*Sydney Dayre, in Interior.*

Tommy's Lesson.

I thought when a boy was big enough to have a slate and book and go to school, he was big enough to take care of himself, and go the way he wanted to. So I did not go straight down the road, as my mamma told me, but I climbed the fence to go across the field. By and by something said: "Bow-bow-bow!" and there was a big dog running right at me. Didn't I run! That dog almost caught me before I got to the fence, and I tumbled over and scratched my arm and broke my slate and tore my collar; so I had to go home to mamma.

She said: "Ah, Tommy, boy, people never get too old to go in the right way instead of the wrong one. The straight path is the right path. Remember that!" And that is all the lesson I learned in my first day at school—'cause I didn't go.—*United Presbyterian.*

—An old negro in Birmingham, Conn., drank down a pint of molasses almost at a swallow the other day, and then followed it up with a quart of the saccharine fluid, to the great delight of the crowd who watched him. He poured the molasses down his throat as easily as a thirsty man would swallow as much milk.

—Trying to keep cool.—Old Mrs. Bentley—"Jane, where did you hang that new thermometer?" Jane—"Jist outside the winder, mum." Old Mrs. Bentley—"Well, gracious, Jane, bring it into the sittin' room at once, an' close the blinds. D'ye want to roast us to death?"

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Before manures can produce their full and profitable effect upon the soil, the land must be made dry by drainage or other means.

—The foolish farmer plants his crops by zodiacal signs; the wise farmer plants his when the weather is suitable and the ground is in good condition.

—As a rule those crops pay best that require the most care and attention. The brains and the labor are what sell in the markets in the shape of the crop.

—A horseman of experience says that the use of lard between the hair and the hoof is an excellent remedy for quarter cracks or other imperfections in the hoof.

—A piece of pumice stone as large as one's fist soaked in coal oil and wired to a pole makes a good torch for burning insect webs out of fruit trees. A piece of soft brick may be used if pumice stone is not at hand.

—Egg Cakes: Three well-beaten eggs poured over one pint of fresh bread crumbs. Season with pepper and salt. Mix well but do not mash the bread; drop carefully in spoonfuls in hot lard and fry.

—If the currant bushes have failed to bear well, trim up well and then stir the soil well around them and apply a good dressing of manure. By securing a strong vigorous growth of a few good sprouts, a fair supply of fruit may be secured.—*Western Plowman.*

—An Arab rule for selecting a good horse is to measure him from the tip of the nose to the top of the withers, and from the latter point to the root of the tail. The longer the first measurement is in proportion to the latter the better the horse.

—The cutting-box saves waste of food. All food should be cut, which better enables the farmer to mix it with ground grain, and thereby rendering it more palatable. All provender fed in this uncut condition is subject to loss. Much of it is thrown on the floor and trampled, while portions will be uneaten. The saving of food will more than pay for the labor of cutting it.

—Stewed Mushrooms: Put into a stew-pan a quart of cleaned mushrooms, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, 1 tablespoonful of salt, one-third of a teaspoonful of pepper and 1 tablespoonful of flour mixed with half a cupful of cold water. Cover the stewpan and boil gently for five minutes, stirring frequently. Serve very hot. Some think the dish will be improved if they add a teaspoonful of lemon juice just before removing the mushrooms from the fire. Stock may be used in place of the half cupful of water and will produce a better flavor.

—A Tea Dish: Peel and slice tart cooking apples, and stew with the smallest amount of water possible, to keep from burning. Put through a collander, sweeten, and flavor with lemon. Put in the center of a glass dish when cold. Make a boiled custard of a pint of milk, yelks of four eggs and white of one; sugar to sweeten and lemon flavoring. When cold pour over the apple. The whites of eggs beat to a stiff froth, add a tablespoonful of powdered sugar and pile roughly over the top of the custard. Serve as soon as possible.—*Rural New Yorker.*

THE POULTRY BUSINESS.

No One Needs Fail in It If Diligent, Punctual and Enterprising.

That the hen was specially designed for the farmer, has always been a pet theory of mine, and every intelligent poultry-man knows that there is an abundance of evidence to substantiate this belief.

When we consider that almost every product of the farm is keenly relished by the fowls, that on the farm they can obtain a greater and more wholesome variety of food than in any other place, and that the barn-yard and the broad fields affording ample opportunities for exercise and insect hunting, are sources of inestimable pleasure and profit to the feathered stock, we can not fail to see how well the farm is adapted to the wants of the fowl.

Still, among the few farmers who keep poultry, there is a comparatively small number who go into the business to any extent, and it is only in exceptional cases that they meet with more than ordinary success.

There are many reasons to which may be attributed the failure of farmers to succeed with poultry in the past. One of the principal ones is their abhorrence for any thing new. I do not wish to imply that poultry-keeping is something "new" by this statement, but that going into the business on a large scale is of recent date. Many farmers think that if a business isn't as old as the constitution, it is a little unreliable. So they have left it to their more enterprising city and village brethren to take the cream of the business and reap the gilt-edged profits from the new breeds of high-priced fowls.

Their adherence to the belief that the "old hardy dunghills" were safer investments than the new-fangled varieties, has been another hindrance to their progress.

Neglect to feed regularly, leaving the fowls to roost in apple trees or on the wood-pile over night, failure to keep a fresh supply of water on hand at all times, and adherence to the "dunghill" or mongrel varieties, are not circumstances favorable to successful poultry-keeping.

To succeed with poultry on the farm, as in all other places, it is necessary first to erect comfortable quarters; second, to select sound birds of a pure strain adapted to your wants, climate and surroundings; third, to give them the care and attention regularly which they deserve, even if the plow stops a moment.

With diligence, punctuality and enterprise as watchwords, no one need fail in the poultry business.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

Courting In New Hampshire.

A widower near Meredith, who was very anxious for a new wife, had been directed to an elderly maiden in an adjoining town. Arriving at her door the following conversation took place:

He—Is this Miss Hannah Prescott?

She—It is, sir.

He—Well—er, you've—er been—er recommended to me—er. Would you like to change your situation—er?

She—No, sir; I'm very well satisfied with my situation. Good day, sir.

He—Good day.

THERE is more mischief wrought by overworked jaws than overworked brains.—*Western Plowman.*

WE are credibly informed that all the best base-ball coaches have waggin' tongues.—*Time.*

Their Only Medicine Chest.

DEERLODGE, MONTANA, Dec. 16, 1885.

I have been using BRANDRETH'S PILLS for the last thirteen years, and though I have had nine children, I have never had a doctor in the house, except three times, when we had an epidemic of scarlet fever, which we soon banished by a vigorous use of BRANDRETH'S PILLS. I have used them for myself, two or three a night for a month, for liver complaint, dyspepsia and constipation. In diarrhœa, cramps, wind colic, indigestion, one or two BRANDRETH'S [illegible] the children at once. A box of [illegible] the medicine chest we require in [illegible]ouse. We use them for rheumatism, colds, catarrh, biliousness and impure blood. They never have failed to cure all the above complaints in a very few days.

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THEY who is "brought up by hand" consids the path of early life a slippery one.—*ake's Magazine.*

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For Sciatica.

NEW CURRENT TESTIMONY.

7 Yrs. Chicago, Ill., May 21, 1888. I as given up by doctors 3 years ago and had to a crutch for Sciatic Rheumatism; suffered abo 7 years; first application St. Jacobs Oil relief; two bottles cured. GEORGE A. ROSE.

Bed-ridden. Beaver Dam, Wis., May 19, '88. Sing of 1887 was taken with Sciatica, suffered months; was confined to bed; tried several docs without benefit. Used St. Jacobs Oil and wasured. JANNETTE WEBER.

Lameness. Utica, Fulton Co., Illinois. The or four years ago was taken with lameness in h; was in bed part of time; tried several doc-t without benefit; was cured by three or four applations of St. Jacobs Oil. WM. HARPER.

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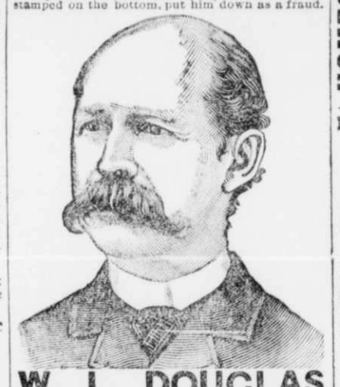

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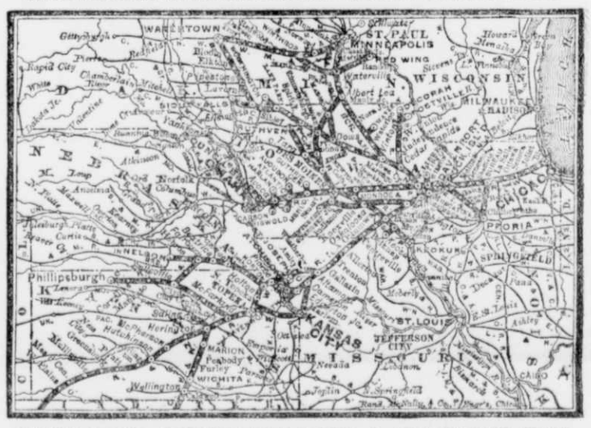

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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
LEVI P. MORTON,
OF NEW YORK.

FOR CONGRESS,
Sixth Congressional District,
LEWIS E. McCOMAS.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 29, 1888.

The average Republican plurality on Governor in Maine for the last twenty years, beginning with 1868, has been 13,229. The present plurality of 18,495 is a gain of 5,266 over that average.

A. M. Clapp, a distinguished Republican, of Buffalo, says: "I have known New York politics for more than half a century, and at no time since 1840 have I known the political pot to boil as fiercely as now." He further says: "That unless all indications are fallacious, we shall carry the State by more than 30,000 for Harrison."

Mr. McComas opened his campaign in Allegany county Wednesday evening, at Mt. Savage. He will be in Allegany county the balance of the week, and on Monday night will open the campaign in this county at Elkins. He will be accompanied by C. W. McKeehan, an eloquent orator of Philadelphia, who will speak at all the meetings in this county.

Lumber.

Democratic campaign orators will soon be telling the people of Garrett county that the Mills bill puts lumber on the free list, and lumber now must get cheap and thousand upon thousands of new houses must go right up if the Republicans will only stand back and let the Mills bill become a law. How much cheaper, we would like to know, and who is complaining about the price of lumber. Ask any saw-mill man of Garrett county about the actual profits in the business and where he, his men and his horses would be left granting the price to be still lower. Cheapness, cheapness, is the great cry of the Democracy. Reduce the tariff and everything will be cheaper. Reduce the price of lumber. Then, logically, reduce the price of labor. Reduce the price of labor and the laborer must be at a disvantage, or he must buy cheaper. Well what must he buy cheaper? Why, what does he buy for his family? Wheat? Yes. Buckwheat, meat, clothing? Oh, yes. Well, but they must come down. The laborer, you know, won't get as high wages, but you know, they say, he will buy so much cheaper. Well, how much cheaper? Ask our friend, the farmer, can he raise these things? Where are the profits to our farmer with wheat much less than a dollar per bushel? How much less can he afford to sell his wool? One man and a dog, they say, can herd 5,000 sheep. Yes, that is all right. That is just what they do in Australia and Cape Colony, but not in Garrett county. Our sheep and wool cost all they bring, and so it is all the way through. We don't want cheap times. We want good times, with all kinds of business booming, all at work that want work, new enterprises springing up, new coal mines, new saw mills, new work shops and manufactures. We want our children at school, we want them well clothed, we want them to breath the very air of freedom, be they rich or poor. The pauper slavery of England and Europe, the enforced slavery of the South we want nothing to do with. High wages brings good times always. The people of Garrett county have minds of their own, the slave whip has been cracked over our heads but never again. The laborer is worthy of his hire. Degrade labor and you degrade the country.

The very best thing that can happen the Democratic party at the present time is a signal, an overwhelming defeat at the hands of the American people. They have had a glorious opportunity but failed to realize it. With a President in the White House, a majority in Congress, and a solid South, they had a chance to show the people of the country that they were willing to let by-gones be by-gones. Coming into power with every branch of the government in the highest state of efficiency—postal, treasury, Indian department and everywhere things run on a business basis—a high class of officers everywhere, competent men in every position in the gift of the people. This they found, this they acknowledge they found. In four years what do we find. The postal service simply outrageous. The New York *Evening Post*, Democratic, the Philadelphia *Record*, Democratic, *Harper's Weekly*, Cleveland and free trade, in their last issues say the affairs of the postoffice are muddled generally, and they acknowledge that so far as the Postoffice department is concerned it is no credit to the Democratic party. Wholesale stealing of registered letters acknowledged, but great efforts made to shut it up until after the election. The Indian department full of corruption and the religious denominations generally who had charge under Republican rule are protesting against the character of government employees. Civil Service Reform a by-word. Withal this the party is barely in power until the South is put in the saddle—the Speaker of the House a Southern free trader, the Chairman and majority of Ways and Means Committee Southern men and free traders, a Southern man on the supreme bench. It looks as though a little good fortune had spoiled the whole party. One man has kept his head, Randall of Pennsylvania, who we all saw set aside, ruled out of his party and called a Republican, because, forsooth, a protectionist. Better counsels would have said go slow. Don't alarm people too hastily. Policy would have said the same, but policy and good counsel were given the winds, and now, just as sure as night follows day, the next occupant of the White House will be a Republican. Republican it will be for years to come, and the men who have "ditched" the Democratic party will take a back seat. Free trade in the United States is going to get a black eye that will last it for many generations to come, and a host of honest Democrats are going to say amen.

Why We Feel Sure.

Four years ago the Republicans were still in power. The cry "turn the rascals out," "purify the service," "give us a change," the divisions in the party, all combined to give New York to the Democrats. What do we find now? An united Republican party, the soldier vote solid for Harrison, the Democrats divided among themselves, papers supporting Cleveland are all free trade papers, the Democratic protectionists lukewarm. Besides this, Cleveland's free wool message alone will insure us enough votes to carry the State. His pension vetoes will give the Republican party enough votes to carry the State. His battle-flag order, and many other things alone will insure his defeat. New York is sure for the Republicans for another reason: We have from that State the candidate for the Vice Presidency, a man above suspicion in every respect and who alone has it within his means to carry the State if there is any virtue in haying a barrel. New York is sure for another reason: Buffalo alone, which gave Cleveland a good majority four years ago, has repudiated him and is conceded will go at least fifteen hundred majority for Harrison. New York is sure for another reason: Conkling is dead—peace to his ashes. Blaine is not the candidate. That alone will give us enough votes to carry the State. New York is sure for another reason: Dr. McGlynn's party will have a ticket of its own and will also vote for Miller for Governor. Remember, a change of six hundred votes carried New York. Another reason why we will carry New York, and a very good one: The Democratic campaign is managed by Brice and the Republican campaign by Quay. Another reason is, and the best reason of all: The people of the North are protectionists—protectionists to the core. We have the advantage now in arguments.

Protection to American labor sounds well, is well, and the American people are going to endorse it at the polls.

The Average Humbug.

Talk about the "deadly parallel," it is nothing compared to the average humbug. Newspapers quite frequently nowadays will take the utterance of some prominent man made years previously, and set it up in small type, opposite in the same column place his more recent utterances on the same subject. It is done to show his own contradictions. Again they will take a new poem by some distinguished author for which he has been getting great praise, and then just opposite they will place the same poem almost word for word, but written years before by someone else. It shows the author who has been doing the stealing in bad plight. It has well been called the "deadly parallel." In the same category we might class the "average humbug," about which we have heard so much, and about which we are no doubt fated to hear much more.

Let us see once how this average business works. Col. Douglas, the Democratic candidate has told us that the average reduction is 7 per cent. The tariff on rice, according to the Mills bill, is 100 per cent. On bagging it is nothing. Rice is raised in the South. Bagging is made in the North. There you have two articles. Average reduction 50 per cent. Again sugar is left at 68 per cent, Tin plate is made free. Guess we must divide that to get an average, making 34 per cent on tin plate and sugar. What nonsense. The plain facts are averages won't work on the tariff. If you take it off of my product altogether, [illegible] does it help me if you place 900 or 1000 per cent on something else? The people of Garrett county are not to be fooled in this way. The Mills bill has made pretty nearly everything produced in the North either free or lowered the tariff, and by keeping it high on Southern products imagines people will be satisfied with averages. The assault on the industries of the North was all along the line. The same old slavery bait the slavery of cheapness, the slavery of the laboring man. When will the Democrats of the South realize that slavery is dead.

Democratic Economy

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—The county election of 1881 resulted favorably to the Democratic legislative ticket, giving them control of the law-making power for the county, which they have held ever since.

The session of 1882 opened somewhat inauspiciously for Democratic hopes and aspirations; but as we shall see, they were equal to the occasion, and availed themselves of the full benefits of their opportunities.

The unchanging purpose into bleed the people for the benefit of the party, and this year was no exception to the general rule.

When the Legislature assembled, and the delegates looked round to see what could be done for the benefit of the faithful, it was found that the Republicans had about all the county offices, and it was not the time for a new assessment; but they were Democrats to the manor born, and very naturally did what was to be expected of them.

Within the limits of the county a solitary Democrat held an office, the Crier of the Court, whose salary might be effected by legislation; and while all the Republican county officials were serving for small pay, they passed them by, and raised the salary of the Democrat.

Just now, our Democratic friends are talking a great deal about taxes; and it really seems funny—it must be a coincidence or something—but whenever a Democrat introduces a bill to change the salary of a Democrat, his pay invariably goes up; but when he changes the pay of a Republican official, the Republican's salary always goes down.

The Republican members from Garrett reduced the salaries of the Republican county officials, in the interest of lower taxes, and for the good of the people; but when your Democratic law-maker undertakes to legislate on the momentous question of salaries, it don't work that way. It goes up for the Democrat or down for the Republican.

It is a heads-I-win, tails-you-lose sort of a game, as played by them.

The fact is the breed of Democrats indiginous to the soil of Garrett, believes in a great big lot of fat offices, made fat by fleecing the people, and an equal number of lean Democrats to fill them. So when a Democrat gets an office they increase the pay, and when a Republican gets elected to the same office, they reduce it, and when there are not offices enough to go round they have a patent on the creation business, and know what to do in the premises.

Having increased the pay of the only Democratic official in the county, and realizing the inadequacy of such an effort, and also their responsibilities as Democrats; and realizing the additional fact that Democratic offices were somewhat scarce in the county that year, they concluded to create a couple of new offices, which would always be filled by Democrats.

They accordingly formed two new election districts out of the territory of the older ones, which necessitated the appointment of two Democrats (not necessarily, but always Democrats,) as registration officers. This, with the pay of the offices of the election, involves additional expenses on the county, amounting to about $200 per annum.

There could have been no conceivable motive for the formation of the new districts only to create offices to be filled by Democrats.

District number one was nicely situated, with the polling place in the center, and with roads converging from every quarter; but it was so divided that the polling places are now more difficult of access than before. But they do this to help the party. They have been strengthening the party in this way in Garrett so much that the old thing seems to be on its last legs.

It requires immense boodle to keep it in hailing distance of the Republicans now. It is the recognized party of plunder in Maryland, and whether people of Garrett know, as I intend they shall, the criminal disregard they uniformly manifest for popular rights, the honest Democrats will abandon the old hulk, as sailors would a sinking ship, and vote hereafter, regardless of party, for honest men and decent measures.

Yours truly,

W.

A Tariff Speech.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Sept. 24.—Yesterday was Chicago day with Gen. Harrison. In the morning and early afternoon he was occupied receiving callers. The commercial callers did not arrive until 4 o'clock. They came by special trains in two sections, and were accompanied by the Second Regiment Band, of forty pieces. Two hundred members of the Columbia Club escorted the visitors up town. They numbered 600, and displayed great enthusiasm as they marched to General Harrison's residence. Each drummer carried a large red, white and blue parasol, waving them up and down and cheering almost constantly. The streets along the line of march were crowded with spectators, who gave the Chicago boys a generous greeting as they passed. It was after 5 o'clock when the Harrison residence was reached, and a large crowd had preceded them. As the General appeared on the steps he was tendered an ovation. Col. H. H. Rude, of Chicago, delivered the address on behalf of his associates. After welcoming his visitors, General Harrison said:

"It is gratifying to be assured that you propose to bring your influence into the great contest which is now engaging the interest of our people. The intelligence and energy which you give to our commercial pursuits will be a most valuable contribution to our cause. [Applause.] The power of such a body of men is very great. I want now to introduce to you for a moment another speaker—an Englishman. Within the last year I have been reading, wholly without any view to politics, the story of our diplomatic relations with England during our Civil War. The motive that most strongly influenced the English mind in its sympathy with the South was the expectancy of Free Trade with the Confederacy [Cries of 'That's right' and 'Give it to them'], and among the most influential publications intended to urge English recognition and aid to the Confederates was a book entitled "The American Union," by James Spence. It was published in 1862, and ran through several editions. Speaking of the South, he said:

"No part of the world can be found more admirably placed for exchanging with the country the products of industry to mutual advantages than the States of the Union. Producing in abundance the material we chiefly require, their climate and the habits of the people indispose them to manufacture and leave to be purchased precisely the commodities we have to sell. They have neither the means nor the desire to enter into rivalry with us. Commercially they offer more than the capabilities of another India, within a fortnight's distance from our shores. The capacity of Southern trade when freed from restriction, may be estimated most correctly by comparison. The condition of those States resembles that of Australia, both non-manufacturing countries, with the command of ample productions to offer in exchange for the imports they require."

The author proceeds to show that at that time England's exports to our country were only thirteen shillings per capita of our population, while her exports to Australia were £10 per capita. Let me now read you what he said of the Northern States:

"The people of the North, whether manufacturers or ship owners, regard us as rivals and competitors, to be held back and cramped by all possible means. [Applause and cries of 'That is it' and 'Give it to them.'] They possess the same element as ourselves—coal, metals, ships, an aptitude for machinery, energy and industry, while the early obstacles of deficient capital and scanty labor are rapidly disappearing. [Applause and a voice, 'Exactly.'] For many years they have competed with us in some manufactures in foreign markets, and their peculiar skill in the contrivance of labor-saving machinery daily increases the number of articles they produce cheaper than ourselves. [Loud cheering and a voice, 'We will knock them out again.'] Thus to one part of the world our exports are at the rate of £10 per head, while those to the Union amount to but 13 shillings per head. [A voice, 'That is too much.'"]

"I have read extracts because they seemed to me very suggestive and very instructive. The South offered free trade to Europe in exchange for an expected recognition of their independence by England and France. [Cries of 'You are right.'] The offer was very attractive and persuasive to the ruling classes of England. They took Confederate bonds and sent out armed cruisers to prey upon our commerce.."

"They dallied with Southern agents, fed them with illusive hopes and thus encouraged the South to protract a hopeless struggle. They walked to the very edge of open war with the United States, forgetful of all the friendly ties that had bound us as nations, and all this to gratify a commercial greed. We may learn from this how high a price England then set upon free trade with a part only of the States." [Applause. A voice, "We remember it."]

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Sept. 24th, 1888.—Senator Allison, in reply to a question, said that the caucus of Republican Senators which was held on Saturday discussed everything bearing on the "order of business" of the Senate, but that nothing definite was done—in fact, no vote was taken upon anything. The caucus was called for the purpose of getting a general expression of opinion on certain subjects. While no vote was taken, it was virtually decided that the tariff bill should be reported after the hearings in regard to the sugar trusts are over; also, that Senator Sherman's bill against trusts should be passed at an early day; likewise, the bill to admit Washington Territory as a State.

Senator Plumb to-day called up his bill forfeiting certain lands granted to the Northern Pacific Railroad.

The Chinese Government has, by its rejection of the treaty, recently ratified by the Senate, helped Cleveland out of a very embarrassing position in regard to the Chinese Exclusion bill just passed by Congress. This bill was prepared by Representative Scott—Cleveland's chum—and was passed by the House in about thirty minutes, without debate or objection, the day after news of a reported rejection of the treaty reached this country. Several days later a cablegram was received from the United States Minister to China, saying that the treaty had not been rejected, but its consideration had been postponed. Mr. Cleveland and Secretary Bayard then both took the trouble to repudiate the action of Mr. Scott in railroading the bill through the House, both of them being of the opinion that no legislation should be taken until the Chinese government had taken some official action on the treaty. The anti-Chinese fever was too much for the Senate, and the bill was passed by it, though not without protests. It was placed in Cleveland's hands Friday, and bets were offered here that he would veto it, but on Saturday the official news of the rejection of the treaty by the Emperor of China was received at the State Department. Now, of course, the bill will be signed. The treaty having been rejected, some such law is a necessity, and everybody is in favor of it, and I only mention the matter to show Cleveland's good luck in getting out of an embarrassing position.

Senator Chandler will to-morrow ask the Senate to pass his resolution providing for an investigation of the Louisiana election.

No pension for Mrs. Sheridan will go through the House at this session. Two men have made themselves conspicuous in opposing this measure. They are Kilgore, the House bully, an ex-rebel from Texas, and Cheadle, a copper-head Democrat from Indiana, both of whom have objected in every conceivable manner to the consideration of the bill giving a pension to the widow of "Little Phil."

Mr. Kilgore has become a chronic nuisance. Representative Dougherty, of Florida, asked unanimous consent of the House for the passage of the joint resolution, which had already passed the Senate, appropriating $100,000 for the relief of the yellow fever sufferers. Kilgore objected, thus preventing the passage of the resolution for the present.

The House bill making the Agricultural Department an executive department under the control of a secretary of agricultural has been passed by the Senate, with the section transferring the weather bureau to the new department struck out.

The complaints against Postmaster Judd, of Chicago, one of Mr. Cleveland's early appointments, finally became too many and too strong even for Cleveland to stand. He has nominated for the position W. C. Newberry, president of the Iroquois Club, a well-known political organization of that city.

The big Harrison and Morton campaign ball, which was a notable feature of the great Blaine reception in New York, will be rolled to this city next Friday. It will be met by all the Republican clubs in this city and rolled to the Republican National League's headquarters, when a mammoth political meeting will be held. From here the ball goes West, through West Virginia, Ohio and Indiana.

Senator Stewart has introduced a bill regulating the presentation of bills and joint resolutions to the President, for the action of the acting chairman of the House Committee on Enrolled Bills in pocketing the Chinese bill after it had passed both Houses, and refusing to present it to the President until he got ready, has brought out the fact that there was no rule or law to regulate such presentations.

On Thursday the Senate Finance sub-commitee will hear some witnesses relative to the great copper trust.

The House Committee on Public Lands has made a favorable report on the Senate bill to declare a forfeiture of the Outonagon and Brule River (Michigan) railroad land grant, with an amendment including the grant to the Wisconsin and State Line Railroad.

Senator Sherman's resolution providing for a general investigation of the commercial and political relations existing between this country and Canada and England will probably be voted upon this afternoon. If it passes, which is very probable, it will prevent the Canadian retaliation bill from ever being reported to the Senate.

Representative Dingley, of Maine, who is considered to be one of the best posted men in Congress on the political situation, is confidently predicting that Harrison and Morton will carry every Northern State and West Virginia.

There are allegations of fraud and favoritism in the purchase of seed made against the Agricultural Department. Senator Hawley has offered a resolution providing for an investigation of the matter by the Senate Committee on Agriculture.

Senator Sawyer, of Wisconsin, will retire from public life at the end of his present term. He will then be seventy-seven years old.

Cleveland is Repudiated.

NEW YORK, Sept. 25.—The *Tribune* publishes over two pages of names of Democrats in New York who have openly avowed their declaration to vote against Cleveland. Following is the *Tribune's* introduction to the publication. It tells an eloquent story:

A revolt of the most determined and widespread character exists in the ranks of the Democracy of this State. It is largely, though not entirely, due to the position taken by President Cleveland and his part yon the tariff. The defection extends throughout the State, from Rouse's Point to Buffalo and from Lake Erie to the sea. It is much greater, or more pronounced, in some places than in others, but there is scarcely a village or township where, if there is not open revolt of the ablest men in the party, there is unmistaken evidence of an intense dissatisfaction, which is likely to prove as disastrous to the Democratic ticket in November as the more outspoken opposition. All along the Hudson river and through the Mohawk Valley, where are located so many vast manufacturing interests; in Washington, Steuben and the other wool and potato growing counties; in the mining region of the north; in the lumber districts that border on the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario; around the salt wells in the central countries, and throughout the broad farming territory of the west and south there is such a repudiation of the free trade administration by life-long Democrats that in some sections it amounts to a political revolution.

The Republican Tariff Bill.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25.—The Republican Senators have at last put into shape a tariff bill that they feel they can go before the country with. Senators Allison, Aldrich Hiscock and Jones, the Republicans of the sub-Finance Committee have completed their work, and to-day they reported the bill to the committee. The bill will not be made public at present, as it is deemed best to allow the Democrats time to prepare a minority report. When this is done—probably in two weeks—the bill will be at once reported to the Senate.

The caucus last Saturday decided that the bill should be debated and an attempt made to pass it now. If this cannot be done the Republican Senators will oppose all efforts to adjourn. If, however, the bill is not acted upon by the 20th or 25th of October, a recess for about four weeks will be taken. This is the Republican programme, and the leaders say it will be adhered to.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

NOTICE!

W. H. Hagans, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

—Mr. and Mrs. M. Cullen are in Oakland.

—Mr. J. A. Grant and family returned to Oakland Monday night. They don't like California as a home

—Married, at the home of the bride's mother, near Cranesville, W. Va., Thursday, Sept. 20th, 1888, by Rev. W. J. Sharpes, Rev. Dexter B. Orr and Miss Ida F. Wolf.

—Mr. Issac A. Rinker, who lives near Dobbin, W. Va., has purchased a new Fearless Threshing Machine. We wish Mr. Rinker good luck, and plenty of threshing to do.

—Tuesday morning Revs. W. J. Sharpes, J. W. W. Bolton, H. E. Friend and —— Dean, and Mr. S. L. Townshend left Oakland to attend the W. Va. Annual Conference of the M. E. Church, which met in Fairmont Wednesday. The Conference will last over Sunday.

—The September term of the Circuit Court finally adjourned Saturday. John F. Wilson, found guilty on the charge of the larceny of a watch was sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the county jail, and Benjamin Mestz was fined fifty dollars and costs for killing deer.

Dedication.

The German Baptist Brethren will dedicate their new church house, Pine Grove, near Deep Creek Bridge, on the Sang Run road, on Saturday, October 6th, 1888. Love Feast at early lamp lighting. A general invitation is extended.

Cash For Produce!

If you want money for eggs, chickens, butter, &c., go to Chas. F. White, who is buying for John Shartzer, and will give you highest cash prices. Don't sell your chestnuts until you see him.

Military.

Company B, of Oakland, participated with the Second Battalion in the Pittsburgh Centennial on Thursday. The Company left Oakland Tuesday in command of Capt. P. A. Chisholm and Lieuts. Jamison and White, with about thirty-five in the ranks, and accompanied by Col. Wardwell and the following members of his staff: Capt. T. J. Peddicord, Q. M., Capt. R. T. Browning, J. R. P., Capt. E. H. Sincell, Com., and J. C. Peddicord, Q. M. Sergt.

Change in Grantsville Meeting.

After our paper was printed last week we were notified that the hour of the Grantsville meeting would have to be changed from 7 P. M. to 1 P. M., owing to a previous engagement at Frostburg for that evening. Remember, the meeting at Grantsville will be at 1 P. M., Thursday. Addresses will be delivered by Hon. L. E. McComas, our candidate for Congress, and Mr. C. W. McKeehan, of Philadelphia.

Swanton.

Mr. "Somebody," of Grantsville, in last week's *Democrat*, seems to be in trouble about "Temperance Republicans," and asks how "free whiskey will go down with them," and then advises them to vote for Cleveland, &c., and snow free whiskey under. As a temperance man I fail to see how the cause of temperance can be advanced by voting the Democratic ticket. The Democratic press just after the Chicago convention set up the howl of "free whiskey." The third party organs and orators reiterated the charge, and have been working the racket for all that it is worth ever since. Now if there is a free whiskey party in existence that is the Simon pure Democratic party. If we go back "befo' the wah" we find whiskey free then. You could buy whiskey for 5 cents per pint and you had to pay 15 cents per yard for calico. Under Republican rule you had to pay 50 cents per pint for whiskey and bought your calico for five cents. Your party howls about the "poor man's blankets," yet under your pure unadulterated Democartic government you paid 5 cents per pint for your whiskey while the "poor man's blanket" that now sells for $1.90 in 1860 sold for $3.50. Other grades of blankets in proportion. As temperance Republicans we cannot take your advice. While we know that there are many true temperance men in the Democratic party. Men who have stood up and fought manfully for the right. Who deserve great honor and praise for the battle they have fought, yet, after all, we have to remember the fact that there is *not* a *Democratic* state in the land that has constitutional prohibition. Every State that has declared by the vote of its people in favor of prohibition is a Republican State, and yet you would have us vote against this party in favor of the Democratic, free trade and all. We cannot do it, and more, let every voter read the Republican and Prohibition platforms and then read section 40 of the Mills bill, endorsed by the Democratic party, and then see what party is in favor of free whiskey. Your party has also placed every product of the field, the forest and the mine upon the free list, and the question is not free whiskey, but free trade, and Mr. "Somebody," we cannot see it just as you would like to have us, and therefore shall vote for protection to home industry, by voting for Harrison, Morton and McComas.

Col. E. C. Tillson was on a visit to Mr. Jos. Foster last week.

Mr. Jos. Foster was on a business trip to Cumberland this week.

Let everybody come out and give "Little Mac" a good reception next Tuesday night, October 2d, and hear the issue eloquently discussed by this champion of the wealth producers of the land. HOOSIER.

Y. M. C. A.

The series of meetings in Oakland under the direction of the Young Men's Christian Association, had the effect of attracting attention to that organization, and at the regular monthly meeting Friday evening of last week the following new members were admitted:

Active—Dr. S. Townshend, Messrs. R. G. Anderson, Jas. A. Hayden, G. M. Mason, A. C. Brooke, F. D. Brooke.

Associate—Mr. John S. Combs, Mrs. J. Lee McComas, Mrs. Jas. A. Hayden, Mrs. W. H. Hagans, Mrs. W. J. Sharpes, Mrs. J. T. Mitchell, Miss Georgia Taggart, Miss Lillie Sharpes, Miss Fannie Johnson, Miss Nettie Kepner.

Honorary—Rev. W. J. Sharpes, Rev. J. W. W. Bolton, Rev. J. S. Foulk, Rev. S. F. Hipkins, Rev. G. W. W. Amick, Rev. John M. Davis.

It is proposed to secure a more commodious hall for the use of the Association and in the near future to establish a reading room.

Elkins.

Hon. Louis E. McComas will be here Monday evening, Oct. 1st, at 7 o'clock, to discuss the issues of the day. His many friends from far and near will flock to hear the distinguished speaker upon the great importance of protection to American industries, and other vital questions.

The Spring Garden Coal and Coke Co. struck cool with their shaft at a depth of about 42 feet. The thickness is aboyt six feet where the shaft is sunk, but it is thought to be the eleven foot Thomas vein. We understand the company is preparing to put in machinery and mine extensively.

Mr. L. L. McCrum, who lost heavily by the late flood, is raising his store house up about 3½ feet. He is also going to improve by completing the structure.

Mr. S. C. Baker, who sold his property, intending to leave us, has since purchased another lot and is going to erect a new house thereon and remain in Elkins.

Quarterly meeting here which closed Sunday night was quite a success. Rev. J. M. Davis, of Oakland, in the absence of the Presiding Elder, Rev. W. J. Sharpes, presided at the conference, and preached Saturday night and Sunday morning very acceptably to a good audience. Mr. Sharpes, who went to Davis to hold quarterly meeting, returned Sunday night and closed our service by preaching an excellent sermon.

Sunny Side.

The people of this very quiet community are in a state of good health, also in good spirits and about all of one mind.

Reports say that some of our people have been slightly interested, of late, in certain points of law. The motives of our people are always good and doing good seems to be their chief aim. It has been remarked that Sunny Side may yet give to the legal profession her brightest son.

The Sunday School at this place is in a most excellent condition, which is very encouraging indeed to all who have the welfare of their children at heart.

Certain ones of this place are thinking of changing their surroundings by selling out and seeking homes elsewhere. Not but what everything moves pleasantly and merrily along here, but a change is desired by some. Be assured, however, that they will not locate in Pike county, Ky., neither will they seek homes in Logan county, W. Va. W.

September Registration.

DISTRICT NO. 8.

Registered.—David O. Roth, Harry B. Neall, Joseph L. Eliason, Jas. D. Harvey, Thomas C. Nine, Solomon Gross, William I. Brown, Merritt Wilson, Rob't. E. Chambers, James N. Male. Charles H. Jamison, George W. Gross, John W. Lewis, Franklin Lawton.

Stricken Off.—Charles Best, Peyton Lish, Abraham M. Lee, Alex. M. Chisholm, William Shrout, Chas. G. Stahl, James Nydegger, Abraham Lee, Samuel Montgomery.

FOXTOWN, MD., Sept. 21, 1888.

MR. EDITOR:—My patience is about gone. I have tried hard to keep up my spirits with the hope of much good spirits for myself and the boys hereafter. After writing you the other time I invited in all the boys, and amongst others a good many Republicans came to see me, who got very friendly all at once. There has'nt been a day for three weeks that I hav'nt had a lot of company, and to tell the truth, my wife is getting tired of it, and that is what bothers me the most. It is bad enough for the boys to come in, eat up my bread and meat and spark the girls—the Republican boys I believe are the worst after the girls—but worse than all is the old woman gives me a regular round about it every night, and so between the boys, the girls, my old woman and the hard times, I am about lost to know what to do. From the outlook around my home I believe everything is going Democratic this fall, but my wife says she believes they are just fooling me after all, but the girls they are on my side anyhow.

Well, last week, for a change, I shouldered up my gun and went down to George's Creek to spend a few days with a couple of old friends, and there everybody said McComas was sure and Harrison was sure and that they didn't believe Douglas would spend a cent more than he had to, and that Gorman had'nt much to do with the campaign money, and that I would better send them Republicans about their business. But that is easier said than done, and so you see I am in trouble. Even the girls are now talking about protection to home industries, and the Democrat boys are mad, and the buckwheat got frosted and all around it looks discouraging. Well if it wasn't for Chauncey I would about give it up. He says I must cheer up, that we will get there all right, and that everything is to be cheap if the Democrats get in, and if the Republicans get in tobacco and whiskey is to be cheap, so I must keep up my spirits and do all I can to help the party. But I tell you it is pretty hard to meet with so many discouragements all at once. Chauncey says I will get a good office some day if I will only have patience. So the girls say, but the way the victuals, coal oil and hay disappears on Saturday nights fairly makes me groan. Another thing that bothers me is the offices are about all filled and I've got a notion not to go to the election at all. Now, Mr. Editor, my address is Foxtown. I may go to the election and I may not. Baughman and Dick came to me two years ago, and I can tell you they are gentlemen. I won't write any more. You see how it is yourself. Good-bye for this time.

OLD HICKORY.

P. S.—Don't forget my address is Foxtown, Garrett county, Maryland.

Mountain Lake Park.

As the meeting was announced we met at eleven o'clock. Just at the hour we began singing "Come thou fount of every blessing," Miss Harris come in followed by Miss Carrie Judd and Miss Sisson, who had arrived on the evening train Saturday night. After singing "Down at the cross" Miss Carrie Judd gave us a Bible reading, and a most excellent talk on faith's way. Then at three o'clock an experience meeting was held, in which quite a number took part. Then at night Miss Sisson gave us a Bible reading on what could be accomplished by faith, which was very interesting and instructive. Several asked for prayers that they might be enabled to accomplish all that they should by faith. On Monday a very interesting meeting was held at three o'clock, addressed first by Miss Judd and Miss Sisson. In the evening Miss Jennie Smith gave an earnest Bible reading on the vine and the branches, placing most stress on the word "abiding." Miss Sisson then followed in her lively, earnest way. At the close of her address there were quite a number rose for prayers that they might have this "abiding" and the "not afraid" in their experience.

Tuesday afternoon Miss Sisson conducted another very interesting Bible reading. Then at seven-thirty Miss Carrie Judd gave us another of her beautiful and earnest talks and illuminated Bible readings. Miss Huntly, Miss Judd's companion in work, and Miss Emma Brooke have charge of the music, and are doing excellent service.

The Community By-Laws go into effect Oct. 1st. The officer who has had charge of the grounds is selected to carry out the new laws.

J. A. E.

The Brydon Injunction Case.

Judge Duffy yesterday filed his opinion in the case of Thomas Gemmel, of London, England, and Malcolm Sinclair, of Cumberland, Md., against Henry G. Davis & Co.; William A. Brydon, president of the North Branch Railroad Company and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company.

The case had continued for several years and was argued before Judge Duffy, sitting as of the City Circuit Court, for 29 consecutive days during the months of June and July last. W. Harbury and W. Irving Cross appeared for Gemmel & Sinclair, William A. Walsh and John P. Poe for Brydon, and exGovernor Pinkey Whyte for the Davises.

The suit was to dissolve an injunction in a case which grew out of a contract made by Brydon with the Baltimore and Ohio, in which the latter were to supply the North Branch Company with coal for three years. Brydon signed the contract individually; the Baltimore & Ohio did not fulfill its contract and Brydon sued, recovering $75,000.

Gemmel & Sinclair, as stockholders in the North Branch Company, claimed that the award should go to that corporation. In dismissing the injunction, Judge Duffy decided in favor of the complainants, and that the company is entitled to the award, and not Brydon individually. The injunction was to restrain the collection of the money, it having been assigned to Henry G. Davis & Co. individually by Brydon.

There was also a petition for counsel fees, which the court dismissed, and the case now goes to the auditor for an account.

Judge Duffy's opinion was an exhaustive one, covering 44 pages of closely written foolscap.—*Baltimore Herald, 25th.*

Free Sleeping Car.

To passengers purchasing second class tickets to Pacific Coast points via Baltimore and Ohio, R. R. for trains leaving Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore and Washington, D. C., Sept. 11th and 25th, October 9th and 23rd. The number of tickets on each trip is limited to twenty-five. So that passengers should make application at once to D. Bride, Passenger Agent B. & O. R. R., Central Building, Baltimore, Md., H. A. Miller, Ticket agent, B. & O. R. R. Wilmington, Del., or to Agent Delawder, Oakland, Md.

Last Notice.

John Shartzer will be in Oakland Friday and Saturday, Oct. 5 and 6. All parties knowing themselves indebted to me must settle. Otherwise will be sued.

JOHN SHARTZER.

—1,000 pheasants wanted at Felty & Co's., Railroad street, near Depot. 9 29 tf.

General Harrison's Wisdom.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 16.—General Harrison's entire time to-day was occupied by visiting delegations, the presence of so many old soldiers in the city holding their reunions during the continuance of the State fair adding to his callers. To-day the veterans of the Seventh Cavalry called on him, and to them he made a short speech. In the afternoon he addressed a delegation from Irequois county, Illinois, and one from Laporte county, Indian, the two assembling together at the park. The speech on this occasion was the most important of the day. In the course of his remarks the General said:

"You have not, I think, in this campaign heard any Democratic speaker admit that even a low protective tariff was desirable. Those who, like Mr. Randall, have in former campaigns been used to allay the apprehension of our working people by talking protection, have been silenced. On the other hand, the Republican party declares by its platform, and by its speakers that a protective tariff is wise and necessary. There is the issue; make your own choice. If you approve by your votes the doctrine that a protective tariff is public robbery, you will expect your representatives to stop this public robbery, and if they are faithful they will do it—not 7 per cent. of it, but 100 of it. [Applause and cries of 'That's it.'] So that I beg you all to recollect that you will vote this fall for or against the principle of protection. You are invited to a feast of cheapness. You are promised foreign-made goods at very low prices, and domestic competing goods, if any are made, at the same low rates. But do not forget that the specter of lower wages will also attend the feast. Inevitably, as certain as the night follows the day, the adoption of this policy means lower wages. Choose, then, but do not forget that this cheapening process may be pushed so far as to involve the cheapening of human life and the loss of human happiness." [Applause.]

Referring to the surplus, he claimed the Democrats did not know what to do with it, and, therefore, deposited it in certain national banks. The Government gets no interest on it, but it is loaned out to citizens at interest. One of the proper methods for the use of this surplus would be the purchase of bonds with it, which would restore it to the channels of trade.

Continuing, he said: "It is not whether we will purposely raise money to buy our bonds at a premium—no one would advise that—but will we so use a surplus that we have on hand and cannot lawfully pay out any other way. Do our Democratic friends propose to give the banks the free use of it till our bonds mature or do they propose to reduce our annual income below our annual expenditure by a revision of the tariff, until this surplus is used, and then revise the tariff again to restore the equilibrium."

A Flopper Who Counts.

FINDLAY, O., Sept. 24.—Hon. George L. Converse, heretofore a Democrat and ex-Congressman from the Capitol district of this State, and the confidential friend of the late Samuel J. Tilden, has agreed to address the Republicans of this city in the interest of Harrison and Morton, on a date yet to be fixed. Converse, it is said, has been disgusted with the Democratic administration because its tariff notions are not in accordance with his.

REPUBLICAN

MEETINGS!

—:o:—

Republican meetings will be held in this county as follows:

ELKINS, MONDAY, OCT., 1,
AT 7 O'CLOCK P. M.

SWANTON, TUESDAY, OCT. 2,
AT 7 O'CLOCK P. M.

ACCIDENT, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 3
AT 7 O'CLOCK, P. M.

Grantsville, Thursday, Oct. 4,
AT 1 O'CLOCK P. M.

These meetings will be addressed by

Hon. L. E. McComas

our candidate for Congress, and

C. W. M'KEEHAN,

an eloquent orator of Philadelphia

There should be good turn outs at these meetings. Give "Little Mac" a rousing reception.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Chairman Committee.

Grand Opening.

We will open this Saturday morning, direct from Philadelphia, a big stock of Hats, Bonnets, Fancy Feathers, Velvets, Plush and ribbon.

400 Fancy Feathers at 8 cents.
300 Fancy Feathers at 20 cents.
Elegant Fancy Feathers at 50 cents.
Tennis Hats, all colors, 65 cents.
Soft Felt, Alpine shapes, 65 cents.

These goods are new and the latest styles.

Are also opening our Fall and Winter wraps.

M. L. SCOTT,
Baltimore Store,
Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 24th, 1888.

A competitive examination will be held in the Office of the Board of School Commissioners of Garrett county, on the

10th Day of October, 1888,

at 2 o'clock P. M., for one free scholarship in Western Maryland College.

WM. HINEBAUGH,
Secretary.

EXAMINATION OF TEACHERS.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 11th, 1888.

An examination of Teachers, for Garrett county, will be held as follows:

At SELBYSPORT, on Monday, Sept. 24th.
At GRANTSVILLE, Wednesday, Sept. 26th.
At ACCIDENT, Friday, Sept. 28th.
At OAKLAND, October 2d, 1888.

Examination to commence promptly at 9 o'clock A. M.

WM. HINEBAUGH,
9 15 td Examiner.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Order of Publication.

Emma H. McFerren vs. Josiah Witt, Sarah Witt, Michael Witt, Martha E. Witt and Catherine Witt.

No. 452 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

The object of the bill of complaint in this case is to procure a decree for the sale of certain lands therein described and make distribution of the proceeds among the parties to said cause.

The bill alleges that the complainant is seized and possessed of a two-thirds interest in a tract of land known as "Recourse," containing 116 acres, situated in Garrett county, Maryland, which is valuable on account of its minerals and timber. That the other one-third interest is owned or claimed by Sarah Witt, wife of Josiah Witt, and Martha E. Witt, wife of Michael Witt, in severalty, all of whom are non residents of the State of Maryland. That said lands are incapable of advantageous partition among said owners; but that it would be to their advantage to have the same sold under a decree of this Court, the proceeds of such sale divided among the owners according to their respective interests. And that said Catherine Witt also a non-resident, at one time appears to have owned one-half of said third, and on the first day of January, 1874 executed a mortgage upon the same to said Martha E. Witt, for $505.71, which is recorded among the land records of Allegany county, Md., and unreleased so far as the records show.

It is thereupon this 24th day of September, eighteen hundred and eighty-eight, adjudged and ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett county as a Court of Equity, that the complainant by causing a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of this bill to be inserted in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Md., once a week for four successive weeks, before the 27th day of October next, giving notice to the defendants in said bill, and warning them to appear in this Court in person or by solicitor on or before the 27th day of January next, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree shall not pass as prayed.

E. Z. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test:
9 29 4 E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

CHEAP RATES

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EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by John Blambel and others, Commencing at or near Nutter's, (District No. 8,) on the Wood's road, and running thence through lands of S. J. Nutter, Peter Culp, J. L. Rumbarger Lumber Co., and S. B. Elkins, to Dobbin, on the W. Va. C. & P. Railroad, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located will meet on Thursday, the 1st day of November, 1888, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said public road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
J. M. CONEWAY,
J. H. BOTH,
9 22 5 Examiners.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon any of my property in any manner whatev

9 8 3 D. E. OFFUTT.

Registration Notice.

(SEPTEMBER & OCTOBER SITTINGS, 1888.)

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned Officers of Registration of Voters in and for their respective election districts of Garrett county, will sit in their respective election districts in said county for three successive days in the month of September, commencing with and including the second Monday of September, that is to say on the

10th, 11th and 12th days of September,

and for five successive days in the month of October, commencing and including the first Monday of October, that is to say on the

1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th days of October,

in the year 1888, from the hour of 8 o'clock A. M. to the hour of 6 o'clock P. M., on each of said days, for the purpose of registering in the proper registries of voters and poll books, all persons qualified to vote in their respective election districts who shall present themselves for registration, and for the further purpose of revising and completing the registry of voters and poll books of their said respective election districts, as provided by Chapter 22 of the Acts of 1882, as amended by Chapter 155 of the Acts of 1888.

The places of sitting of each of said Officers of Registration in their respective election districts on the days named and hours stated is as follows, to-wit:

Election District No. 1, at Swanton.
" " " 2, at Friendsville.
" " " 3, at Grantsville.
" " " 4, at Bloomington.
" " " 5, at Accident.
" " " 6, at Sang Run.
" " " 7, at Oakland.
" " " 8, Sept. at Elkins, Oct. at Red House.
" " " 9, at Johnsons.
" " " 10, at Deer Park.
" " " 11, at Gregg's Mill.

All naturalized citizens applying for registration will be required to produce their certificates of naturalization, to the Officers of registration.

Signed.

H. O. HAMILL,
Officer of Registration 1st Election District.
R. E. FRIEND,
Officer of Registration 2d, Election District.
ISAIAH FULLER,
Officer of Registration 3d Election District.
JOHN COLLINS,
Officer of Registration 4th Election District.
HENRY F. LININGER,
Officer of Registration 5th Election District.
N. C. BROWNING,
Officer of Registration 6th Election District.
P. A. CHISHOLM,
Officer of Registration 7th Election District.
HENRY A. SHAFFER,
Officer of Registration 8th Election District.
SAMUEL JOHNSON,
Officer of Registration 9th Election District.
MICHAEL T. BRADY,
Officer of Registration 10th Election District.
JOHN C. CHANEY,
Officer of Registration 11th Election District.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

CAP AND BELLS.

Too oft in merry moments I had written mocking rhymes,
And, strange to say, the editors had printed them at times.
The rhymes, whose worst ambition was a moment to beguile,
The kindly reader greeted with a calm, indulgent smile.

Then, wearied with such jesting, I aspired to higher things;
I started up Parnassus' steep, but found the journey hard,
And dining at the Half-way House must suit full many a bard.
I searched my inmost being's depths, its sacred hidden springs,
And with my heart's blood in the words I spake with prophet voice,
Swept back the Future's misty veil, and cried, "O World, rejoice!"
I touched on Darwin's mighty truths—the glorious race to be—
And wrapped the whole in mazy waves of echoing melody.

My song appeared. Up, up I soared on white, aspiring wings.
Alackaday! the cap, the bell, about the jester clings;
The haunting halo round the brow a doubtful glory flings.
Deep in my writhing heart was plunged a sudden, venomed fang;
Ah me! a shout of laughter from the guileless reader rang!

—*Charlotte W. Thurston, in Harper's Magazine.*

BLACK ART IN INDIA.

A Country Where Sorcerers Live and Thrive.

There is scarcely a village in Eastern and Southern India that does not possess its witch, to whom terrible powers are attributed by the popular mind. The witches, they say, can suck the blood of healthy children; and the anxious mother directly she sees the witch approach, catches up her child and mutters some charm to save the dear one from being sucked to death. Of course the best antidote to the occult influence of the dreaded hag is the gift of a few copper coins or some sort of alms. But there are other means employed to counteract their malignity. They are sometimes detected by salt being placed on their heads, which causes them to turn round and mutter incoherent syllables. Sometimes the trembling mother spits on the head of her child, or gently bites his little finger, in order to render him witch-proof. No woman of the lower orders who lives in a village infested by a witch would venture to leave her house with her child until she had made herself and her child safe by putting a certain mark on his forehead.

There are various modes of treatment for persons supposed to be under the influence of a witch. The forehead of a child suffering from illness brought on by a witch's curse is sometimes marked with burnt tumeric. Often the mother, muttering some spells, sprinkles water over her child and rubs his forehead over with burnt wicks of earthen lamps fed with mustard oil. Sometimes branches of particular trees are waved over the patient, who is made to chew the leaves of plum trees. But should these simple remedies fail, as they often do, to produce any effect on the bewitched child, what would happen then to the poor sufferer? There is no need to be in despair in this matter, for, as the dock grows side by side with the nettle, so in India there lives close by the witch the sorcerer, the practitioner of the black art, who is always called in when the simple remedies fail.

Like the witches, the sorcerers are believed to possess great occult powers; but, unlike the former, they often use their skill for beneficent purposes. The common sorcerers in India are a people of very low caste, or no caste at all belonging mainly to the aboriginal races who are still outside the pale of Hindooism. Their treatment, though often violent, does not in modern times result in death, as it did in some authenticated cases which happened years ago. The sorcerer, taking his place in front of his patient, with flowers in his hand and a lamp and incense burning before him, gives burnt tumeric and charmed mustard seed to the bewitched person to smell, and dashes cold water with violence upon his face. Sometimes the treatment of the patient at the hands of sorcerer vicariously tortures the witch. Thus it is said that in one instance, upon the sorcerer squeezing the juice of a certain plant into the eyes of a bewitched child, the witch immediately complained of pain in the eyes, which she lost, and the child was cured.

By far the most formidable magic powers are, however, attributed to a class of Brahmins, who are, par excellence, the professors of the black art in India. The Brahmin sorcerers are versed in the practice of the spells and charms which, with the accompanying rites, are described in the Sanskrit books, called tantras. The key-note of these is struck in a well-known couplet, which, done into English, runs thus: "The whole world is in the power of the gods, and the gods are in the power of magic; magic is in the power of the Brahmins, and therefore the Brahmin is himself the god." It must not be forgotten, however, that in spite of this oracular deliverance, and the systematization of the magical spells and charms in several Sanskrit treatises and their commentaries, the Brahmins themselves acquired the black art from the wild aboriginal races of India.

Of the six modes in which the Brahman sorcerer can influence his neighbors, four are malignant, one is doubtful, and one only is beneficial. The four malignant operations are the causing of death, the destruction of property or mental capacity, the stoppage of physical or mental action, and the causing of feuds between friends. The art of bringing an individual completely under the control of the expert is the neutral operation. The only branch of white magic discussed is the power of relieving a sufferer from disease or the hostile influences of the stars and other heavenly bodies.

A severe and prolonged probation must be undergone before a man is considered competent to commence the practice of the magic art. He must go through a course of recitation or cabalistic words, consisting of unintelligible Sanskrit roots, and of repetition of the name of the deity to be conquered about a million times. Special hours are assigned for the performance, special postures of the body, special diet, and a specially appointed space, beyond which the probationer is not allowed to go until the process of initiation is finished. Of course, all of this has to be accompanied with handsome offerings to the deities and the Brahmins, and substantial feasts to the latter.

Of the six magical arts, the one most frequently practiced in India in modern times is that of the neutral "subjugation." Certain ingredients are prescribed for this operation. A small piece of the frontal bone of a man, the fruit of the poisonous plant dhatura, camphor and honey are to be taken in proper proportions and well mixed together, and the forehead is to be painted with the compound before the wearer may bring under his influence and control the mind of any person whom he fears or loves. Other nostrums, similar to the ingredients in the witches' cauldron in "Macbeth," increasing in complexity and gruesomeness as the higher departments of the black art are reached, are to be found in the Sanskrit treatises.

Now, to give you some examples of the practice of the dreaded art in India of the present day:

A few days ago the father of a Government official in the neighborhood of Calcutta suffered from malignant fever, which increased so rapidly that he suspected the evil influence of some of the inmates of his family. He therefore sent for an exorcist, who on arriving, told the sufferer that the culprit was a young man living at the time in his house, and under great obligations to him. The patient, greatly astonished to hear of such base ingratitude, at first declined to believe the accusation. The youth, however, at once confessed his guilt, stating that he had at one time learned certain incantations which, when called to mind in the sight of any one suffering from illness, would infallibly aggravate it. The efficacy of these spells was, however, by the advice of the sorcerer, destroyed by their being whispered into the ears of a goat, and no obstacle then remained to the patient's recovery.

The jealousy of rival practitioners sometimes leads to tragical results, as the next illustration will show. A man who had studied the black art at Kamroop, in Assam, with the most celebrated performers, witnessed a performance by a famous sorcerer at another place some years ago, and, after it was over, he muttered certain charms through which his rival lost his way on leaving the house, fell down and vomited blood. But the occult powers of the latter enabled him to detect his opponent, and he determined to revenge himself. A few days afterward his enemy was entering a temple with some cobras around his neck, which he had caught in the jungle and charmed into quiescence. The sorcerer destroyed by incantations the influence of the charms, and the cobras bit his enemy, the Kamroop magician, fatally.

Very recently the water in a certain pond belonging to a zemindar of high standing and wealth having run low, a staff of coolies under an overseer were employed to draw water into it from an adjacent tank. But, notwithstanding the use of the usual hydraulic apparatus and great exertions of the men, the water would not rise beyond the root of a certain tree on the bank. Further efforts were made without success. The contractor refused to continue the work, as he suspected sorcery. Induced to resume it, he shortly after lost his wife and one of his sons through fever. Finally he was himself seized with fever, and he dreamt that a Brahmin ghost was living under the tree, and that it was against the ghost's wishes that the water should rise beyond the root of the tree. The zemindar, on being informed of these facts, at once stopped the work. These well-authenticated stories will indicate the extent to which even educated persons in India are affected at this day by the dread of the black art.—*London Standard.*

Renting Bridal Outfits.

A matrimonial discovery on the East Side is that of a store kept by a woman who, as a feature of her business in ladies underwear, rents out the linen portions of bridal outfits. She enables a girl of moderate resources to go on a tour or to spend the honeymoon in the town, happy in the wearing of those portions of a trousseau as elegant as might content a Fifth-avenue belle. Fine textures, elaborate embroidery, and all the whimsical frills known to lingerie, are at her command or rental. At an outlay of $5 or $6 she can buy a month's use of these beautiful and soul-satisfying garments. The proprietor said that she was doing well in that line. She had in stock a dozen outfits, as cheap as $2 to as dear as $10 per month, and most of the time they were hired out. She altered them to fit her customers, and freshened them up by new embellishments as fast as they showed wear. —*N. Y. Sun.*

SEEKING SYMPATHY.

How One of the Sweetest Sentiments of Life is Frequently Abused.

Among the desires that sometimes claim satisfaction, without regard to the happiness of others, is that of sympathy. Now, of all the pleasures of life sympathy would seem to be one of the sweetest and purest. It unites brethren and friends in the closest bonds; it lifts burdens, soothes sorrow, multiplies joys and promotes human brotherhood. Flowing naturally from warm and loving hearts into grateful ones, it blesses both giver and receiver. It is the living spark which kindles all sorts of benevolent enterprises, builds hospitals, schools and churches, promotes reforms, draws men away from vice and guides them into paths of virtue and self-respect. Yet this beneficent factor in human life is not unfrequently abused by those who selfishly seek it. Not to mention those who try to awaken it in others for the sake of the material benefit which may come to them, there is a large class of people who crave it for its own sake as a sort of indulgence, which they think they must have at whatever cost to others. They are never content unless some one is condoling with them and pitying them, and the more sympathetic people can induce their friends and neighbors to feel the better satisfied they are. So sweet a morsel do they find this to be that they treasure every ament, so as to recount it; they dwell upon their disappointments, their trials, and their woes, cherishing the memory of them to pour them into the ears of every willing listener and to compel him to feel something of the suffering which they so diffusely portray as their own. Of course this process leads insensibly to great exaggeration. Such is the action of the mind, that whatever is dwelt upon exclusively assumes magnified proportions; and a slight headache or other physical discomfort, which might be forgotten amid pressing interests, may become almost unbearable when allowed to occupy all the thoughts. Much more is this the case with mental anxieties or troubles, and, be they slight or severe, the habit of brooding over them always augments their hardship. In recounting them to one whose sympathy is hoped for the tendency to further exaggeration is increased, and very often the listener is made to feel a sympathetic pain, which is really far greater than that which has been inflicted for his benefit. Certainly nothing could injure the cause of the sympathy more than such fraudulent and mean attempts to obtain it. Its power lies in its perfect freedom and in the reality of the suffering which it seeks to relieve. When it is wasted on sham afflictions or drawn out by selfish angling for it, there will always be a reaction and a hardening of the heart. Much sympathy is thus crushed out of existence that would otherwise be permanently active in blessing the world. Those who seek in this way for sympathy in all their real and fancied troubles are adding to the distress of human life, instead of to its happiness. When they meet with any good fortune they seldom call upon others to rejoice with them. Their joys they are content to monopolize, but their troubles of every kind they want to share. With one of a generous and noble spirit it would be exactly the reverse. He would bury his griefs in his own bosom, hide his pain whenever it was possible, be mostly silent about his diseases, his disappointments, his annoyances, his trials; but, on the other hand, he would delight in emphasizing all that was glad and beautiful and bright, that others, too, might partake of his pleasure. Montaigne says: "I daily endeavor to shake off that childish humor and inhumane conceit which causeth that by our griefs and pains we ever desire to move our friends to compassion and sorrow for us, and with a kind of sympathy to condole our miseries and passions. * * A man should, as much as he can, set forth and extend his joy; but, to the utmost of his power, suppress and abridge his sorrow." There are enough clouds in every life to make each generous person anxious not to increase them by adding his own, but to chase them away, as far as possible, by spreading abroad all the sunshine that enters into his life to cheer and bless mankind. And the sympathy which he would not strive to obtain, but which he was always willing to bestow, will be extended freely and unasked, and he will gratefully receive all the comfort and cheer which it so plentifully bears.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Wife and Home Maker.

"The most perfect home I ever saw was a little house into the sweet incense of whose fires went no costly things. A thousand dollars served as a year's living for father, mother and three children. But the mother was the creator of a home; her relations with the children were the most beautiful I have ever seen; every inmate of the house involuntarily looked into her face for the keynote of the day, and it always rang clear. From the rosebud or clover leaf, which, in spite of her hard housework, she always found time to put beside our plates at breakfast, down to the story she had on hand to read in the evening, there was no intermission of her influence. She has always been and always will be my ideal of a mother, wife and home-maker. If to her quick brain, loving heart and exquisite face had been added the appliances of wealth and enlargements of wide culture, hers would have been absolutely the ideal home. As it was, it was the best I have ever seen."—*The late Helen Hunt.*

TRAVELING WITH A SHOW.

The Return of the Prodigal Son of the Nineteenth Century.

The boy who ran away from home to travel with a circus is slowly and painfully making his way back to the paternal roof tree. He is out of funds, for it hasn't been a good year for circuses, and he has to walk when he can't steal a ride on a freight car.

Things haven't turned out just as he expected when he joined the show at Schedam Hollow. It hasn't been one continual round of Arabian nights, fairy scenes and spangles for him, as he expected it would be. His ambition to be a circus boy was inflamed when he first saw the colored posters displayed on the weather-stained sides of the old blacksmith shop at "The Corners" while on his way to school. Then the street parade in the village added to his yearnings, and by the time the canvas was spread on a vacant lot back of the tavern he was satisfied that nothing but a life of mingled spangles and sawdust could ever satisfy him.

He got in that night by doing some little jobs for the boss canvas man, and he thought it was paradise, indeed, although an old man sitting beside him said it couldn't compare with the circus Dan Rice used to bring along in the fifties.

But it was a good enough show for this boy in the eighties, and that night after the performance was over and the canvas taken down and loaded on wagons, he hid under a wagon seat and was carried away with the rest of the parahernalia. Thus runaway boys, like vagrant dogs, follow off a show and find some place to burrow in. They get to be useful, too, sometimes, boys and dogs. Some of the most successful showmen in the world have commenced just that way.

But the boy of whom we write doesn't seem to have been cut out for a showman, somehow. He hadn't the necessary enthusiasm for the profession. The "get there, Eli," wasn't in him. He soon tired of roughing it, and longed for the good things of his father's table and his snug cot in the attic. He had been kept at all sorts of drudgery ever since his presence with the show was detected. He had been cuffed by rude hostlers, bounced off wagons by grouty drivers and ordered around by everybody. One night he was jolted off the pole wagon when asleep and nearly killed.

When he joined the show he expected to be dressed up in tights and put in the ring to ride a bareback act. If not that he would be put in the band to play the snare drum. But instead of that he was made to assist the cook and bring water to the elephant. He wasn't even advanced to property boy. And now he is going back home over mud roads, penniless and penitent with all his bright delusions destroyed.

He found that actual show life differed greatly from what his imagination had painted it, as indeed is the case with all the golden dreams of youth. When does reality equal human fancy?

We hope the boy will reach home safely at last, bearing useful lessons from his hard experience in traveling with the show.—*Texas Siftings.*

ALMOST A PAPER AGE.

One of the Greatest Factors in Modern Industrial Development.

The president of the American Paper Makers' Association has collected reliable data showing that the paper trade which stood twenty-first in rank among American manufacturers in 1880, is now fourteenth, and that the capital invested has nearly doubled in the last eight years. The annual product has far more than doubled in quantity, and in spite of lower prices is 75 per cent. greater in value. The number of employes is 40,000, against 24,500 in 1880, and the wages paid are more than twice the total in the last census year. The average per day for each worker was then $1.13, and now it is $1.50. These statistics simply demonstrate what every observing person must have noticed concerning the fast growing importance of paper as a factor in modern industrial development. Our age has been called the age of steel, the age of glass, the iron age, and has been christened from other great industries, but at the rate paper is booming the next generation may see a paper age. When one considers the enormous importance of paper as a means of disseminating intelligence it can scarcely be ranked, even now, second to any other branch of manufactures in worth to mankind. It is used for making car wheels, lining walls, for numerous household utensils, and in a constantly multiplying list of arts and industries. We may yet see buildings wholly of paper erected in the ordinary course of business. The world reads more than ever before, and the material on which books and periodicals are printed is bound to become more and more a vital element in the civilization of the age, whether it finds many new channels of usefulness or not. Paper may crowd brick and wood and metal out of some fields now occupied by them, but if not it is sure of a vast and increasing demand in its own peculiar sphere.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Might Overtax His Brain.

Mr. Isaacstein (to school teacher)—How vas dot leedle Jacob getting on mit arithmetic.

School Teacher—He is doing nicely, Mr Isaacstein; he is in percentage now.

Mr. Isaacstein—Vas dot so? Vell, don'd you teach dot poy noddings less than von hundret per cent. He vas too young yet to study very hard.—*N. Y. Sun.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

DEACON R——'S MISTAKE.

The Overwhelming Shame and Disgrace Which Came to Him and His Family.

Had Deacon R—— been a man of less prominence in the village it would have mattered little as to the manner of life lived by himself and family; but when a man is singled out by his fellow-citizens to represent them in the law-making bodies of the country, as well as a leader in the church and in society, his doings and sayings, all his omissions and commissions, are noted and commented upon. Deacon R—— was a man of more than ordinary ability. Genial and kind in his intercourse with his neighbors; broad in his views, liberal with his means and of boundless hospitality. His constancy as a friend was a marked trait in his character, while his kindness to the sick and poor called down many a blessing upon his head. But to his Christian brethren there was a blemish that sadly marred the life of this, otherwise, good man. On the great question that has become such an important factor in the social and political equations that are taxing the wisdom of the wise to solve, his influence was plainly on the side of those who maintain that the abuse of strong drink should not be urged against its use; and holding such views he did not scruple to set wine and ale upon his table, to use it himself, and allow the same freedom to his children.

It was in the winter of 18— when the great Temperance revival swept over our land, that the village of B—— had its stagnant life stirred to the depths by a wave of reform that came to it in the mighty upheaval. Large and enthusiastic meetings were held in the churches, pledges were circulated, and much earnest work was done by the friends of the cause. It was a matter of surprise that Deacon R's youngest daughter was a constant attendant at these meetings, and surprise deepened into wonder when she openly allied herself with the Temperance people, by signing the pledge and throwing all the ardor of her young life into the cause.

The morning following this bold step when Nannie came down to breakfast, her pleasant good morning received a very chilly response from her father, and as soon as the blessing was asked, he said to her: "I am very sorry indeed that a child of mine should find it necessary to join in with a lot of fanatics, who, because they are too weak to control their appetites, bind themselves by a solemn pledge neither to touch, taste nor handle, but since you have confessed your weakness we will try not to throw temptation in your way, and will therefore drink our wine after you retire from the table."

Nannie's face crimsoned at this biting sarcasm, but she replied, very quietly: "You know, papa, I never drink any thing but water, but I wanted to lend my little mite of influence against this dreadful curse. I fear it will yet bring us sorrow, for, oh, papa—Charlie—do you think Charlie was quite temperate when he was home last, papa?"

"Come, come, daughter, it is rather presumptuous in you to criticise your brother who is older than you, and entirely competent to take care of himself. Let us hear no more of this." Then in a more kindly tone: "You are at liberty to do as you like about this teetotalism, but remember the same liberty must be accorded to the other members of the family. As to Charlie, young men will sow their 'wild oats,' but you will see that your brother will make a man to be proud of; so don't bother your little head about reforming those who are older and wiser than yourself."

A few months later an event of considerable importance to Deacon R's family furnished an occasion on which the deacon's theory as to moderate drinking received a most damaging blow. The thirty-third anniversary of his marriage came in the holidays, and it pleased the deacon to celebrate the event by giving a party such as had never before gathered in B——. Invitations were issued for several hundred guests, and when the evening arrived, the well-filled rooms of their spacious residence suggested that few had failed to avail themselves of this opportunity to congratulate the worthy couple who were now beginning to travel the down grade that leads so rapidly to old age. Seated in a conspicuous place in one of the brilliantly lighted parlors surrounded by their friends and neighbors, their faces beaming with serene enjoyment and the content arising from conscious integrity duly appreciated, while their beautiful and accomplished daughters received and entertained the guests, the scene was one to gladden the heart of any one.

Both Mary and Nannie R. possessed in a large degree the rare tact of making each particular guest feel that he, or she, was especially welcome, and of harmonizing any discordant elements that might be brought together in so promiscuous a company as one meets at a large party in a small place. Their entertainments were always voted a success; and judging from the gay throng that now filled the house with mirth and good cheer, this one would be no exception.

"Have you seen Charlie?" whispered Nannie as she passed her sister in the wide hall that led into the room where their parents sat. "O Mary! see—he is—" and as she stopped, her cheeks blanched and she tottered and fell against the stairway. Hastily recovering herself she passed up the stairs, and Mary turned to see the brother advancing, or rather staggering, towards where his parents sat, with a vacant leer on his fine face that but too plainly told he was intoxicated. When he had pushed his way through the crowd that was about his father and mother, he made an obsequious bow, extended his hand, and in a loud voice made a silly speech full of extravagant expressions of love and veneration for his "honored parents." Had a thunderbolt fallen upon these wretched parents they could scarcely have seemed mere completely and suddenly turned to stone; but from between the white, set lips of the father came the command to leave the room and the house.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the inebriated youth. "The Governor (hick) is a little (hick) erratic this evening, (hick)!" and bowing again in the same obsequious manner he staggered from the room, and some of his companions hurried him away until reason returned, and with it a sense of the overwhelming shame he had brought upon the parents whom he did in truth respect, and the sisters whom he devotedly loved.

How often does rum cause the cheeks of innocent sisters to tingle with the blush of shame, pierce the hearts of fond mothers, and plow deep furrows on the brows of kind fathers, and yet we are called fanatics when we earnestly entreat all, especially the young, neither to touch, taste nor handle the accursed stuff.—*Union Signal.*

UNWILLING TO COME OUT.

The Danger Confronting Young Men—Their Eyes Should Be Opened.

"Hark! what is that?" Quicker and faster rang the bell in the fire tower. Open the door and listen. There go the horses, and every body gets out of the way as soon as possible.

Yes, there was a fire. I followed the crowd that windy evening and soon found myself in front of a large livery stable.

Hay and straw are fearfully combustible and the flames were spreading with appalling rapidity. There were several horses in the stalls when the alarm was sounded, but one by one they had been led out, till now only a single span was left.

But the flames were on three sides of them. A kind hand was tugging at each halter to lead them away from the impending crash. But they would not stir. They glared with fascination at the bright flames creeping nearer and nearer, but they refused to move. In rushed a man with a blanket and wrapped it around the head of one of these noble horses.

"Back," said he, and now the horse obeyed him. Over the head of his mate went another blanket, and in two minutes more both the handsome fellows stood outside the burning building. A very narrow escape, for just as they passed out of the broad open door on to the street the roof fell in, and there was a mass of roaring flames right where a moment before they had been standing, reluctant to move from the place of danger.

That danger they of course could not understand. There was a charm in the bright flames, and the horse that you could have forced to leap into a precipice you could not have forced to come out of that burning building. The horses, with the flames all about them, needed to have their eyes closed that their lives might be saved. Men sometimes need to have their eyes opened to save them from a fate as fearful as that which threatens a horse when the flames are threatening his life. How hard it seems for them to come out and stand where there is safety.

Hark, again. This time it is not the ringing of a bell that I can hear. We are on the street standing by an open door, and we can hear the clink of glasses, for we are looking into a saloon. And what do we see there? Not two horses but two young men, hard colts their comrades call them. They are in far greater danger than the horses in the burning stable were. Flames are all about them—yes, within them, for they have swallowed freely what the Indians rightly call fire-water. Like the horses they, too, are fascinated. They see no danger where they are. More than once their mothers have led them away from this fearful place. But they soon return. What will their fate be? Worse than that of the horses would have been had no kind friend covered their eyes.

The trouble with the young men is that their eyes are covered—so covered that they might as well be blind. What they need is to have their eyes opened to their danger. What would you say if the smoke and flame of a burning stable were going up every night in every village in our land? You would cry for help to put out those flames, and you would yourself do all you could to extinguish them.

But worse than that, in almost every village in our land there is a saloon where vile men are setting the souls of our young men on fire of hell.

What have I painted these two pictures for? This is my object. Some dear boys who have never seen the inside of a saloon may read what I have written, and resolve as they have never resolved before that they will not enter any place where liquor is sold. I shall rejoice if any young reader of mine shall say to himself: "I propose to keep out of such places."

—*Egbert L. Bangs, in Christian at Work.*

SIR ANDREW CLARK says that more than three-fourths of the disorders in what we call fashionable life arises from the use of alcohol.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A soldier who was seen to take off his cap while using the telephone, informed a questioner that he did so because he was talking to his superior officer.

—The man who finds fault with every thing, usually does so because he wants to get even on the amount of fault that is found with him.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—An even temper laughs at the thermometer, and better is a flannel shirt with coolness and contentment than a sealskin overcoat with a forward mind. —*N. Y. Sun.*

—"Cholly—"I say, Binx, did you ever witness a burial at sea?" Binx—"No, never saw a burial, but we had a wake behind us all the way over last trip."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—"It takes a year, my dear," said an old lady to a bride of a couple of months who was anxious about her husband's affection, "to know a man—and then you know nothing about him."

—Doctor (to patient, who complains of a great number of troubles): "What a splendid fund of health you must possess, my dear madam, to maintain it against so many attacks."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

—The young lady of Fon du Lac who heard that bathers at the seashore were required to wear trunks purchased two extra Saratogas for the purpose.—*Northwestern.*

—Some of those old saws have a great deal to answer for. For instance, if somebody hadn't once said, "It is never too late to mend," probably a good many people would not be postponing the process so long.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

—A certain means of stopping a dog fight or loosening a vicious dog's hold upon any thing is showering something over the animal that will produce sneezing. Be his will power ever so strong the motion of sneezing involuntarily opens a dog's jaw. Pepper answers very well, but snuff is the best, as it can be used without limit.

—"Why can't they make these dummies more lifelike?" said a facetious fellow, halting with a friend in front of a clothing store on Market street and slapping a figure a vigorous blow on the cheek. The "dummy" turned suddenly, let fly his left, and the facetious man went down on the pavement as though struck by a lightning express.—*Philadelphia Times.*

—"I left the business long ago," said the ex-umpire, "but it seems to follow me still, even to my own home." "How is that?" asked his auditor. "Well, my son works in an iron mill and my daughter is a fine young lady. I go home at night and find my boy on a strike and my girl gone on balls and parties. Even my wife gives me chicken wings—foul tips, you know." And the old umpire sighed.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

—One night at a meeting a negro prayed earnestly that he and his brethren might be preserved from what he called their "upsettin' sins." "Brudder," one of his friends said, "you ain't got de hang ob dat ar word. Its 'besettin',' not 'upsettin'.'" "Brudder," replied he, "if that's so, it's so; but I was prayin' de Lord to save us from de sin ob 'toxication, an' if dat ain't a upsettin' sin, I dunno what am."

—A girl who by chance was compelled to wash her face with the juice of a watermelon found it so soothing that she continued it and to her joyful surprise discovered that her freckles were disappearing. She applied the new wash with more vigor than ever, and soon they were entirely gone. This makes the even 1,000 things which are said to be sovereign remedies for freckles.

—New York dame—"I thing you Chicago married folks ought to live together, if only for appearances' sake. Just think what an awful reputation all these divorces give your city?" Chicago dame—"Well, you see Chicago has no nearby summer resort to which all the married women can go every spring and not see their husbands oftener than once a month, as you do in New York, you know."—*Omaha World.*

—Judge (to prisoner who has just been brought into court)—"What is your name?" Prisoner—"Billings." Judge—"Where are you from, Mr. Billings?" Prisoner—"I refuse to state, as such information has nothing to do with the case." Judge—"But we will compel you to state, sir." Prisoner—"That will be a dangerous proceeding, I assure you. I shot a judge once." Judge (musingly)—"The prisoner is from Kentucky."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—Telephone operators receive lots of queer, foolish and funny calls everywhere. But a fellow here gave the exchange a good one the other day. He rang up and called for "the wagon yard." When asked "What wagon yard?" replied: "Why! the one I left my wagon at." Of course he got it. Another chap the same day, called for "the depot," and when the operator wanted to know what depot, sang out: "Say, can I come down there with my trunk and valise and go?" The operator told him "Yes," and he undoubtedly went.—*Portland Transcript.*

—"Ethel," asked a Lewistown mother of her daughter as the fair young girl sat down at a late breakfast in her morning gown, "did George leave any package for me last evening?" Ethel blushed and said falteringly: "Why, no, mamma! What made you ask?" "O, nothing; I only heard him say at the door as he said good-bye, 'Now, here is one more for your mother,' and I didn't know but it was that pattern for lace lambrequins that his mother has promised me." Ethel said nothing. —*Lewistown Journal.*

ART AND HUMANITY.

Man the Grand Ideal in the Grandest Works of Painters and Poets.

As with pictures, so with poems. The poet's office is to be a voice, not of one crying in the wilderness to a knot of already magnetized acolytes, but singing amid the throng of men and lifting their common aspirations and sympathies (so first clearly revealed to themselves) on the wings of his song to a purer ether and a wider reach of vision. In the great poets there is an exquisite sensibility both of soul and sense that sympathizes like gossamer sea moss with every movement of the element in which it floats, but which is rooted on the solid rock of our common sympathies. Paint us an angel, if you can, with a floating violet robe, and a face paled by the celestial light; paint us yet oftener a Madonna, turning her mild face upward and opening her arms to welcome the divine glory; but do not impose on us any æsthetic rules which shall banish from the region of art those old women scraping carrots with their work-worn hands, those heavy clowns taking holiday in a dingy pot house, those rounded backs and stupid, weather beaten faces that have bent over the spade and done the rough work of the world, those homes with their tin pans, their brown pitchers, their rough curs and their clusters of onions. In this world there are so many of these common, coarse people, who have no picturesque sentimental wretchedness! It is so needful we should remember their existence, else we may happen to leave them quite out of our religion and philosophy, and frame lofty theories which only fit a world of extremes. Therefore let art always remind us of them; therefore, let us always have men ready to give the loving pains of a life to the faithful representing of common things—men who see beauty in these commonplace things and delight in showing how kindly the light of Heaven falls on them. And such men will always represent the higher art of their day. It is in vain that we look for genius to reiterate its miracles in the old arts; it is its instinct to find beauty and holiness in new and necessary facts, in the field and roadside, in the shop and mill. Proceeding from a religious heart it will raise to a divine use the railroad, the insurance office, the joint stock company, our law, our primary assemblies, our commerce, the galvanic battery, the electric jar, the prism and the chemist's retort, in which we seek now only an economical use. What a more than regal mystery encircles the poorest of souls for us! Well said St. John Chrysostom, with his lips of gold: "The true Shekinah is Man." There is but one temple in the world, and that is the body of man. Bending before man is a reverence done to this revelation in the flesh. We touch Heaven when we lay our hands on a human being. The greatest of the works of man is a less thing than the meanest man, for the meanest man has within him passions and emotions, and high longings and strivings which no art can fitly interpret. The real value of the Iliad or the Transfiguration is as signs of power; billows or ripples they are of the stream of tendency; tokens of the everlasting effort to produce, which even in its worst estate the soul betrays.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

TOOTH-PICK CHEWING.

A Feminine Habit Almost as Disgusting as the Mastication of Gum.

Do you ever chew a toothpick? Really, my dear, if you are addicted to that ungraceful habit let me plead with you to stop it at once. There are lots of ladies to be seen, especially on Dearborn street, every noon time, pursuing this highly indigestible and unbecoming course of diet, but I think if the greater part of them actually stopped to consider how course and unfeminine an appearance it gave them they would abandon the practice. Smiles that you flash at a friend from behind a toothpick are apt to lose their glamour on the way. It is all very well for you and for me to fall back when we are criticised upon the childish and defiant "I don't care!" We know we *do* care. There is not an Eve's descendant among us, from little Miss Katurah, yonder, in the glory of her sixteen years, down to the most faint and withered rose-leaf of a blessed grandma, who is indifferent to a decent man's or woman's good opinion. It was born in us, my dear, like the taste for sugar and the love of having our own way, and until you find a bird forgetting how to build its nest, or a honey bee how to sip a rose, you will never find a true woman who, deep down in her heart of hearts, cares nothing for the approbation of mankind There are nickel-plated creatures who do not, made with steel springs like my old Waterbury blunderbuss yonder, and labeled as women, but they don't count in this estimate. I refer to feminine women, contradictions, caprices, bewilderments and all! "While you are about it," suggests some one over my shoulder, "say some thing about gum-chewers." My dear, haven't I? For two mortal years haven't I wrestled with the queens who make fair the "garden of girls to abandon that idiotic, purposeless, unbecoming practice, and what avails it all? Every day I sit in the company of charming young women, meant by Heaven to be lovable and kissable and sweet, but who, half of them, by reason of contortions, self-imposed, transform themselves into mouthing lunatics. If I had a girl who chewed gum, I would put her in a convent. But if I had a mother who chewed gum I would sell myself for the price of a pint of buttermilk.—*Amber, in Chicago Journal.*

THE FRENCHWOMAN.

Mrs. Leslie Says She Is Far Less Romantic Than Her American Sister.

Curious as it may seem in a nation so highly and in many respects so artificially civilized, the virtues which we find most conspicuous on French soil are those which in the United States are as conspicuously absent. Filial piety, the absence of which is mourned by nearly every American father and mother to-day, still forms the substratum of the best qualities to be met with among the French in every rank of society. It is not only the devotion of a son to his mother, a feeling which in France is so unfortunately mingled with sentimentality as to have lost, in the eyes of most people, all the merits it might originally have possessed; but the obedience and respect of a son even to a bad father is taken for granted, and the most tyrannical abuse of paternal authority is not considered in the least as abrogating filial duty.

The Frenchwoman often seems what she is not. When bent on amusing herself—and it is through the medium of this mood of hers that we generally weigh her character and judge her actions—she leaves, it is true, all care at home and enters upon the business of pleasure with the spirit of a child.

But it is unjust to call her frivolous and idle on this account. Perhaps no women are such industrious and serious workers as those of France. The material prosperity of their country is certainly largely attributable to their admirable capacity for making themselves useful in all departments of life from which they are not shut out by walls they can not hope to scale—walls which they show their practical wisdom by not trying to pull down.

The typical Frenchwoman's character is not deep, but it has been traced out by nature with no unsteady hand. Her spirit of independence, her comparative freedom from that timidity which is often represented as a charming weakness of the sex, have enabled her to conquer much of the ground that belongs traditionally to man, simply qualifying herself to compete with him industrially and intellectually in a multitude of ways. She likes to be self-reliant, and to feel that in case of need she can do battle with the world.

Although Frenchwomen generally marry early and under conditions of parental influence which invest the act of putting on the bridal veil with about as much sentiment as that of taking to their first long gown or gathering up of their girlish tresses into a maidenly coil of plaits, the majority of them make good wives, and still better mothers.

The Frenchwoman is not, perhaps, the most affectionate of spouses, but in her devotedness to her children she is not to be surpassed, while the interest she takes in her husband's work and her desire to help him for the common good, throw into bold relief the strongest side of her character. If he is a doctor, she will make out his bills for him; if a tradesman, she will look after the accounts and preside over the till; whatever his occupation, she will lend him a helping hand.

What I wish to lay stress on is the fact that the Frenchwoman, although extremely emotional at times, in the ordinary business of life looks at nothing through a purely romantic and sentimental medium. It is this peculiarity which marks the chief distinction between her and the American woman. The latter is just as passionate, but she is less practical.

There is a dreamy sentimentality in the nature of our American woman that easily and frequently merges into religious melancholy—a malady almost unknown in France. From maidenhood to old age her views of life are romantic. Even after much misfortune and disappointment, she rarely sees things as they really are. Consequently, she is not the helpmate in a material sense that the Frenchwoman is.

But the deficiency is abundantly made up in other ways. It is the exception when she loves her children more than her husband, while the Frenchwoman's affection for her offspring is generally all-absorbing. The sentimentality of the American woman is at once her strength and her weakness. It is her strength because it is intimately associated with strong religious instinct and reverence for moral principles which color all her thoughts and direct her conduct. It is her weakness, because it is apt to make her rely too much upon others and to cause her to hope when she should act. —*Frank Leslie, in Philadelphia Press.*

The Value of Apples.

Speaking of apples, Prof. Faraday says: "There is scarcely any article of vegetable food more widely useful and more universally liked than the apple. Let every family in autumn lay in from two to ten or more barrels, and it will be to them the most economical investment in the whole range of culinary supplies. A raw, mellow apple is digested in an hour and a half, while boiled cabbage requires five hours. The most healthful dessert that can be placed on the table is baked apples. If taken freely at breakfast, with coarse bread, and without meat or flesh of any kind, it has an admirable effect on the general system, often removing constipation, correcting acidities and cooling the febrile conditions more effectually than the most approved medicines. If families could be induced to substitute the apple—sound, ripe and luscious—for the pies, cakes and candies and other sweetmeats, with which the children are too often stuffed, there would be a diminution of doctors' bills sufficient in a single year to lay up a stock of this delicious fruit for a season's use.

SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE.

Why the Latter is Essential to the Preservation of True Personality.

There can be no adequate comparison between society and solitude. Though most persons will prefer the former and a few, perhaps, the latter, no wise person will choose either as a permanent state. It is together, or rather in alternate action, that both yield their richest benefits. Society stimulates the thoughts, invigorates the purposes, gladdens the heart and brightens life. Solitude strengthens, confirms and matures all these results. Or, rather, this is what each may do for him who uses them aright. For it is not the simple condition of being alone, or with others, that will produce any good effect. Much social life, so called, merely fritters away the time, fills the mind with puerilities and the life with folly. Much of the solitude endured on compulsion is only productive of restlessness and *ennui*, or only serves to nourish envious thoughts and bitter memories. But whoever has learned so to live in society as to bless and be blessed will feel the need of certain seasons of perfect solitude. Then it is that he may gather up his forces, examine his resolves, review his past and prepare for his future. It is well that men should influence one another in their business and their homes in the intercourse of chance acquaintance and the close ties of friendship. This it is that keeps them from growing narrow and bigoted in their own opinions, and draws them together in love in friendship, in a common patriotism and a human brotherhood. But this constant influence needs to be balanced by a firm individuality, a manly self-respect and steady adherence to the principles that appeal to each one's sense of right. Unless there are times when the man retires voluntarily from all human sight, where no public or private pressure can sway him, where his own thoughts, his own feelings, his own conscience may assert themselves, unrebuked and unassisted, he can never preserve that personality which is or should be, the core of his being. Many a man has been drawn into snares that have proved his ruin, simply from not having pondered over the matter in solitude. Offers have been made and opportunities presented that looked specious and plausible enough while the glow of enthusiasm illuminated them, and which have been first eagerly embraced and then bitterly regretted. A quiet hour of solitude might have cooled the heated imagination, discovered the weak spot in the enterprise and averted the catastrophe. Or a strong temptation to some questionable action or some doubtful indulgence is presented to the social man, and he yields and sinks in the moral scale, when, had he retired alone and listened to the still, small voice, he might have spoken to him there, he might have been saved from the fatal step. So there are afflictions that must be wrestled with in secret, or they will triumph over manhood; and there are even joys with which no stranger may intermeddle.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

BIRDS AS PROPHETS.

Feathered Foretellers of Storms, Dry Weather and Frosts at Night.

The saw-like note of the great titmouse is said to foretell rain; that of the blue-tit, cold.

Various proverbs would seem to indicate that the cry of the owl, if heard in bad weather, foretells a change.

Herons, says an old author, flying up and down in the evening as if doubtful where to rest, "presage some evil approaching weather"—a legend as old as Virgil.

In Germany dwellers in the country lack faith in the skylark as announcing fine weather, but when the lark and the cuckoo sing together they know summer has come.

In Hampshire swans are believed to be hatched in thunderstorms, and it is said that those on the Thames have an instinctive prescience of floods. Before heavy rains they raise their nests.

In the south of France so much store is set by the wisdom of the magpie, that if it builds its nest on the summit of a tree the country folk expect a season of calm, but if lower down, winds and tempests are sure to follow.

The abhorrence in which mariners hold the swallow-like storm petrel is well known. Its appearance is believed to denote wild weather. This little bird is the Mother Cary's chicken of sailors, and is also called storm finch and water witch.

Concerning gulls in general, children who live by the sea say: "Seagull, seagull, sit on the sand; it's never good weather while you're on the land;" and fisher folk know that when the seamews fly out early and far to seaward fair weather may be expected.

When rooks fly high and seem to imitate birds of prey by soaring, swooping, and falling, it is almost a certain sign of coming storm. Staying in the vicinity of the rookery, returning at midday, or coming to roost in groups are also said to be omens to the like effect.

The constant iteration of the green woodpecker's cry before the storm has given it the names of rain bird, rain pie, and rain fowl. Stormcock is a provincial name shared by this bird and the missel thrush, the latter often singing through gales of wind and rain. Storm bird is also applied to the fieldfare.

To Scotch shepherds the drumming of the snipe indicates dry weather and frost at night, and Gilbert White remarks that woodcocks have been observed to be remarkably listless against snowy, foul weather, while, according to another author, their early arrival and continued abode "foretells a liberal harvest."—*N. Y. Sun.*

SECRETS OF THE SEA.

The Fate of Ships that Have Mysteriously Disappeared.

A ship leaves port apparently in good condition, her cargo well stowed, her spars sound, and generally well found. After that nothing is ever heard of her, and conjecture is vain. A sudden squall may have taken her aback and sent her to the bottom stern foremost, or she may have foundered in a gale after all her boats had been destroyed, or her boats may have got away and perished one by one on the wide ocean plains. Sometimes, but rarely, there has been a mutiny and massacre, and the survivors may have made their way to some tropical island, there to live as "beach-combers" or turn savage with the savages.

When fire occurs at sea on a merchant vessel, unless the weather is very bad at the time, the crew generally succeed in getting away. A mutiny may be followed by the burning of the ship as a means of destroying criminating evidence. In the China seas there are still some pirates, and a vessel becalmed in the neighborhood of some of the islands scattered in groups there might incur the danger of attack by the wicked-looking junks that are usually concealed in the passages between the islets. In such case if there were no fire-arms on board it might go hard with the ship's company, but a good supply of shotguns or rifles in the hands of white men is usually a guarantee against Chinese pirates. Still, many vessels have met their fate in that unlucky region, and nothing has remained to tell the story. Typhoons, too, are doubtless responsible for not a few mysterious disappearances of vessels, and once in a while probably a waterspout bursts over a ship and sinks her suddenly with all hands. In the Indian Ocean furious squalls often come up at night with a swiftness very menacing to any heavy-sparred clipper slipping along with studdingsails set alow and aloft, and here again is a possible cause of destruction, and one which might overtake the most cautious skipper if his officers were less sedulous in consulting the glass.

Occasionally the mysteries are presented in the most bewildering way. Such a case was that of a vessel which, several years ago, was found drifting with all sail set and not a soul on board. All her boats were on the davits, the materials for a meal were in the galley coppers, the chronometers, compasses, charts and instruments were in the cabin, but no ship's papers. The name on the stern was painted out; nothing had been left by which to identify her. Yet all these precautions had been taken deliberately, while the final evacuation seemed to have been effected with a suddenness suggesting mortal panic. The men's things were all in the topgallant forecastle; the captain's and officers' effects were all in their respective cabins under the poop. The whole appearance of the vessel indicated that her people had left her on the spur of the moment, driven by some overmastering impulse or fear. She had encountered no bad weather since the desertion. Her yards were braced up as for a trade wind, and there was no disorder on her decks or down below. No line of writing was found to give a clue to this dark secret of the sea, and to this day it has remained an insoluble puzzle to every seaman acquainted with the facts. Sad and mysterious as are disappearances such as that of the Faragut, it must be admitted that there is something even more perplexing in the discovery of derelicts abandoned so incomprehensibly as was the vessel here referred to. It should be added that she was not leaking, nor were her spars sprung or strained, and no reason could be perceived in any thing about her for the disappearance of her crew and officers.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Cocoa-Nut Culture in Florida.

It is probable that the cultivation of the cocoa-nut for profit will always, in Florida, be confined to the region on the Keys and mainland south of the Caloosahatchie river, though the palm will continue to be grown for its great beauty, or a chance crop of nuts, in protected spots, even as far north as the latitude of Tampa and Cape Canaveral. The cocoa-nuts produced in Florida are a trifle smaller than those of the tropics, and are not considerd so valuable for seed, hence most of those used for planting are procured from Central America, more especially from the Bay Islands (Utilla, Banaco and Buatan) and mainland of Honduras. The nuts that have not sprouted on the voyage are sometimes planted in nursery beds and transplanted when a year or eighteen months old. Only a small per cent. fails to germinate, though sometimes the sprouts are a year or more in appearing. The distance apart at which they are planted varies from fifteen to twenty-five feet; twenty feet is the usual distance. The only cultivation given on the Keys is the occasional cutting of the weeds and undergrowth in the spring and fall. There is a popular saying that a bearing cocoa palm will produce one nut for each day throughout the year, but this is a little overdrawn, the best trees producing about two hundred nuts per year.—*American Agriculturist.*

A Common Rule Reversed.

"My calling," said the letter-carrier, "differs materially from all others."

"In what way?" asked his friend.

"Most people get their walking-papers when they are discharged, don't they?"

"Yes."

"Well, I got mine when I was appointed."—*Chicago Tribune.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Prof. Rogers, of England, has invented a solidified gas which can be immediately volatilized for the special use of balloonists.

—Mr. Edison says that 3,000 volts of electricity, alternating 500 times per second, will kill a man beyond power of resuscitation. Salt bandages on the wrists will faciliate the process.

—An important invention in railway practice is the method of welding steel rails by electricity, recently patented by a Baltimore electrician, by which track-layers are enabled to lay a continuous rail.

—It is stated upon medical authority that readers should refrain from damping their fingers in turning over the leaves of library books, as this is a sure way to attract any stray bacilli that may be lurking around.

—Prof. W. Ramsay suggests that color-blindness is probably a defect of the brain instead of the eye. It is analogous to the dullness which prevents a person from distinguishing an octave's difference between two musical notes, though both notes are heard, there being no deafness.

—Mr. Kergovatz, a chemist of Brest, electrotypes bodies after death. By his process the body is encased in a skin of copper, which prevents further change or chemical action. If desired, this may again be plated with gold, or silver, according to the taste or wealth of the friends of the deceased person.

—The manufacture of counterfeit implements of the stone age seems to be becoming quite an industry. A recent deception, detected at the Smithsonian institution, consisted in chipping away parts of genuine spear or arrow-heads, and selling the mutilated flints at a greatly increased price as rare and curious.

—An instrument called the osteotome has been invented as an improvement over the tedious and clumsy surgical methods of cutting through bones by means of saws and chisels. It is practically a circular saw revolved at very high speed by an electric motor. An ingeniously devised shield, which passes around the bone to be operated upon, protects the surrounding flesh from injury.

—Saccharin, the newly discovered organic chemical compound, which is so many hundred times sweeter than sugar, is no attraction for flies, bees or other insects. Perhaps their instinct teaches them that it is no use as a food, and even injurious as a flavor. It will probably take man a long time to find out by scientific methods whether it is a good and safe article of diet for him. —*Foote's Health Monthly.*

—French chemists now obtain from the essence of birch bark, by rectification, an essential oil which possesses among other properties that of being fatal to insect life, and an electrically insulating tarry substance; and these two products are so treated and combined with other substances as to produce an anti-oxidizing compound and an insulating material capable of the same applications as ebonite.

—A medical journal states that new experiments have changed old theories upon the best methods of treating frost bites. A physician froze sixty dogs into a condition of completely suspended animation; twenty of these were treated by the usual method of gradual resuscitation in a cold room, and of these fourteen perished; twenty were treated in a warm apartment and eight of these died; while of the remaining twenty, which were put at once in a hot bath, all recovered.

HOPEFUL INVALIDS.

The Effect of Different Ailments on the Disposition.

A gentleman, not a physician, who has made observations on sick people and the effect of different ailments on the disposition, indulged in this explanation to me: "You can set it down almost as a certainty that any person with lung trouble is 'always going to get well.' Any person with heart trouble is continually 'not going to last long.' The man with one lung gone and the other affected, with every one of his friends fully convinced that he can not live six months, will tell his physician and his wife that he knows that he will get well, and with this hopeful spirit he will spend all he has and borrow more to travel in different climates, and finally come home to breathe his last. The man with heart ailments of any kind has 'no heart left.' He mopes. He has no hopes and very little ambition. He is not dangerously affected. His physicians tell him to go on with his work, not get over excited, and he will live to play with his grandchildren. He looks well enough, and those who see him idle call him lazy. He is more to be pitied than the consumptive, for he may live a good lifetime and yet in his mind and feelings he is not bold enough to count on a year. Since hearing this analysis of ailments I have made an observation myself. A young man with Bright's disease has been told by the best physicians that he can not recover. At the consultation they told him that his "age was in his favor." He has forgotten every thing else they said. He keeps on in business, though he is not able to get to his office more than two hours a day. When asked about his prospects of recovery he says: "O, I'll be all right again. The doctors say my age will help me out. If it were not for my bad feelings I am as well as ever I was!" He will suffer every thing but death one minute, and the next he will be telling his people funny stories or playing on the piano. In the classification above made this young man and his disease belongs with the consumptives, where there is all hope until the death.—*Chicago Journal.*

MADE OVER.

"Hannah," said Farmer Hull, as he hustled into the farm house kitchen, "be you expectin' a letter ?"

"No," answered his wife promptly. "who's writ ?"

"I dunno, onless it's that high-flyin' sister of yours, Julyett what's-her-name. Like enuff she is tired of livin' starched up in the city—tain't enny place for real human folks, enny way—an' so she's comin' here to make us a visit."

"Do she say so ?"

"Law sakes, no. Et warn't put in the law an' comman'ments when we were married that you was to open my letters, nor me yourn. Take an' open it yourself."

So Mrs. Hull opened the letter and began to read it.

"Jest as I remarked," said the old man, "ain't it, Hannah ?"

"No," said Mrs. Hull, handing him the letter. "Es I make it out, it's just the other way. Juliette wants us to go an' visit her. She says she'll stan' the expenses, an' is jest sufferin' for some body to make over. Now, what does she mean ?"

The old farmer read the letter with much care and painstaking.

"Go! me go a-visitin' whar they eat breakfus in the middle of the day and wear their Sunday close the hull week ! I raythur guess not. But, mother, if you want to go, that's anuther thing. You kin hev the money the old mare fetched—you nigh about raised Bet ennyway. I'll gin ye thet,"

"There's my black alpaccy," said Mrs, Hull, thoughtfully. "It's as shiny as silk. But, laws, it won't be much in the city. I've heerd that the shop girls there wear real silk an' satin every day."

"Poor things," said her husband ; "it must be dretful to hev to dress to death all the time. Where's the ink horn ? I'm goin' to write to the children thet their ma's goin' a visitin'."

After manifold preparations Mrs. Hull was ready to go and visit her stylish sister, the rich city widow.

The first thing her sister said to her was "Hannah Hull, you're a fright, I must make you over.

"Why, Juliette. I think you're real mean," said Hannah, with some spirit. "I paid 60 cents a yard for this alpaccy, and my bunnit cost nearly $5."

"Don't say bunnit for goodness sake. You have no style. You lived down on that old farm till you look 100."

"I be over 50, Juliette, but then I'm only two years older'n—"

"Hush ! Never say anything about year age. It isn't polite. Hannah, I must make you over. You won't be the same woman,"

Mrs. Hull made such a long visit that her husband became uneasy. The doughnuts and pies were giving out, and besides he was lonesome. He wanted his Hannah home again. He didn't hanker after the city, but he made up his mind one day that he would go and bring his wife home.

"The old gal will be glad to see me," he said to himself, "It's most killed her I expect by this time, sittin' up so straight and eatin' all her vittles with a fork, an' bein' away from me. I'll be bound it will give her a turn to see me."

It did. The sister had tried the glass of fashion and the mould of form with wonderful effect on Hannah. She had also introduced Mrs. Hull into "sassiety."

When Mr. Hull arrived he was shown into a darkened parlor by a smirking maid.

"Have you a card, sir ?" she asked pertly.

"I don't play keerds," said the old man, reprovingly. "You jest tell Hannah there's a gentleman here to see her."

"Beg pardon, sir."

"You needn't. You haven't done nothin'. Jest go and tell Mrs. Hull there's a gentleman kem to see her."

The girl went, and the old man chuckled to himself. He wore his store clothes and had a baggy carpet sack in his hand. His gray locks hung about his face and made it picturesque.

The door opened and a strange lady entered with a very pink and white complexion. She wore a voluminous blue silk dress, and walked on shoes that were mounted on French heels. Her hair was a wicked yellow.

"Hannah didn't say anything about enny other woman a-visitin' here. Who kin she be ?" he said to himself.

As the strange lady advanced at a queer hippity-hoppity gait, something in her presence grew familiar.

The old man got to his feet and leveled one hand oves his eyes.

"Good mornin', ma'am," he said hesitatingly. "I was expectin' to see my wife—Hannah. I kinder thought you might be her sister. I ain't seen her in a good many years, but she ain't ez young ez you be."

A shrill affected laugh, that died a falsetto shriek, greeted him.

"He don't know me! Juliette, come here. Dan'l don't know his own wife !"

The old man looked at her attentively.

"Yallar nair on a woman of 50 ? Red roses in her cheeks like a girl of 16 ? Where's the old woman that was my wife—Hannah ? I don't want no ballet dancer in her place."

"I've tried to be fashun'ble," moaned Hannah, sinking into a heap upon the floor.

"I've spent hundreds of dollars on her," exclaimed her sister, as she looked on, "and this is your gratitude."

"You've made a chromo of her," persisted Dan'l, "look at that ha'ar."

"It's a pompadour," sobbed Hannah.

"It looks wuss than a barn door ; an' look at her cheeks !"

"Bloom of youth—$1 a bottle," grumbled Juliette ; "she's made over."

"Hannah!" exclaimed her husband severely, "I'm ashamed of you !"

"So be I," sobbed his wife, "but if you live in the city you must do as the city folks does."

"Whar's your new alpaccy thet you thought good enough for the Presydint's wife ?"

"In the cluset upstairs."

"Get into it and wash the yaller outer your gray ha'ar, and the red offen your cheeks, an' kim home! Oh, Laud ! kin you ever show yer face at conference meetin' agin ?"

"Dan'l's a crank," said Juliette to her weeping sister upstairs as she tried to soothe her.

"No, he ain't ! an' I wus a fool to think I could be made over ! Sakes alive, how glad I am ter get inter my own shoes again."

When Hannah entered the parlor again she was clothed and in her right mind. Her husband beamed upon her.

"Gol ?" he exclaimed, "I've got her back ! It's the old gal herself this time, as nat'ral as life an' as purty es a pictur' ! It's the children's mother. Hurry up now an' doan git left. I shan't take a spec of comfort till I get you safe down hum agin on the old farm."—*Detroit Free Press.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Free Trade in England.

There are two sides to the free trade question in England. The majority of the British are undoubtedly free traders, but there is a very large minority, even in England, of men who do not believe in the British system. It is true that English goods are sold in most of the world's markets, partly because the cost of production in England is low, and partly because the English control the carrying trade of the world to a great extent, and English ships can carry English goods everywhere. But this low cost of production has been attained at what an expense ! The condition of the average British wage-earner was faithfully portrayed in our columns last Saturday by Mr. Nathaniel McKay. The workingmen and women of England, as a rule, have all they can do to keep body and soul together, and that by the very hardest and most unremitting labor.

But low as are the wages of the British workingmen, the cost of production of some things is lower still in Belgium and other European countries, and English producers are suffering from Continental competition. It is natural that under such conditions a demand should arise, among employers and employed, for protection, and there are several organized bodies of opponents of free trade, the most considarable of which are the Fair Trade League and a workingman's association that numbers already 5,000 members. One of the leaders of this last named organization, Mr. H. J. Pettifer, of London, an electro-plate worker, is now speaking in New England, on the invitation of the Home Market Club, of Boston. Of the effect of foreign competition upon English workmen he says :

"Foreign competition works them a direct injury by reducing wages, and keeping the men out of employment, especially in the agricultural districts. Foreign competition has in the last ten years thrown about 2,000,000 acres of arable land into pasture and that means, I should think, a difference of about £1 an acre in wages alone and throwing perhaps 100,000 men out of work. Then the men came up to the towns to look for work, and made it bad for us. We give foreign competition the credit for pretty much all the distress there is in England at present, and we reckon there are about 9,000,000 wage-workers, men, women and children, out of employment."

Free Trade has not been an unmixed blessing to England by any means ; as her workingmen become better educated, they see what is the matter, and are beginning to demand protection for their industries. They see that the condition of the American workingmen is much better than theirs. An ordinary mechanic here, says Mr. Pettifer, can live as comfortably as the foreman of a shop in England ; and if our people were not wasteful, living here might be had at about the same actual cost as in England, and of course at a relative cost, compared with wages, a great deal less than the English.

The more this question is looked into, the more it will appear that our unique position among the nations of the earth, as regards the average comfort and plenty in which our people live, is due largely to our protective tariff, and the less reason will be found for throwing away our advantage in order to come to the British level.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

HOMOEOPATHY.—One cause of the steady spread of Homœopathy is the *Family Medicine Case*, with its accompanying book, for the treatment of various diseases and to met sudden emergencies. The possessor of one of these cases realizes its great usefullness, tells his friends and sometimes convinces them by curing them and thus Homœpathy spreds. We mail a price list and cataloge of our goods free, BOERICKE & TAFEL, Homœpathic Pharmacists and Publishers. *Established in* 183. Baltimore, Md., 228 North Howard St, Washington, D. C., 938 F. St., N. W. Philadelphia, Pa., 1011 Arc St., and 1035 Walnut St. New York, 145 Grand St., and 7, W. 42nd St. Pittsburgh, Pa., 627 Smithfield St. Chicago, Ill., 36 Madison St, cor, Wabash Avenue. *Our medicies by the vial are sold by leading drugists.*

The office of liberality consisteth in giving with judgment.

Give your tongue more holiday than your hands or your eyes.

No place, no company, no age, no person is temptation free.

Without devotion to home there can be no devotion to country.

Knowledge is dearly bought if we sacrifice to it moral qualitis.

Mrs. Quiver (waking in the night) —John, I'm sure there's burglars downstairs. Mr. Quiver (sleepy)—Stuff! Let 'em burgle. Mrs. Quiver—O John! didn't you promise at the altar to protect me? Mr. Q.—Bah! And didn't you promise to obey me? It's a stand off.

If You Have a Trifling Cough

Don't neglect it. Use Roger's Specific Cough Cure. It is a sure and speedy cure for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, &c. 25 cts, a bottle.

For Sprains, Burns, Bruises, &c.

Use Roger's Specific Liniment. It has no equal as a cure for Sprains, Burns Bruises, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Dysentary, Rheumatism, &c. 25 cts.

Dyspepsia and Habitual Constipation

Speedily cured by a few doses of Appetite, the Great Stomach, Kidney and Liver Remedy. Price 50 cts.

Piles! Piles! Piles!

Roger's Specific Cocaine Pile Remedy will cure in a short time the most aggravated case of Itching, protruding, Bleeding or any other form of Piles. Price 50 cts. a box.

Roger's Sp cific Worm Syrup

Is Pleasant, Safe and efficient. Price 25 cts.

For Chapped Hands, Face, &c.,

Use Frangipane Curative Balm, a delightful toilet article for the Hands, Face, Roughness of Skin, Face and Sunburn, Tetter, Pimples, Blotches and Skin Diseases. Price 15 cts.

All the above preparations are for sale at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, Oakland, and by druggists and country merchants in all parts of Garrett and adjoining counties.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

GEO. P. WHITE, Mt. Lake Park, Md. S. D. WHITE, P. M. Frankville, Md.

WHITE & BRO.

NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!

AT FRANKVILLE, MD.

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Country produce taken in exchange for goods Call and see us. WHITE & BRO.
P. O. address, Floyd, Md.

ROAD PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that thirty days from the first publication of this notice, the undersigned citizens of Garrett county, will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to appoint examiners to view and locate a public road as follows : Commencing at the Pennsylvania line (District No. 3) and running through the lands of Thos. W. Frost, Israel Glotfelty, Henry Pollman, Geo. Inks and Wm. Bepler, to the National Road, a distance of about two and a-half miles.

THOS. W. FROST,
ISRAEL GLOTFEL
GEORGE INKS.

9 22 5

Estate of E. J. Stone Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Wheeling, West Va., hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the real and personal estate of

E. J. STONE,

late of Ohio Co., W. Va., deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 20th day of March next ; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of September, 1888.

J. T. STONE,
153 1014 Main street, Wheeling, W. Va.

E. F. STANSBERRY.

—Manufacturer of—

Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,

OAKLAND, MD.

☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.
Nov. 21, 85.—1 y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A PERFECT COMBINATION

Of harmless vegetable remedies that will restore the whole system to healthy action, is absolutely needed to cure any disease "for the disease that affects one organ weakens all." Paine's Celery Compound is THIS PERFECT COMBINATION. Read the proofs !

"I have suffered terribly from nervousness and kidney trouble. I bought two bottles of Paine's Celery Compound, and oh, how it did help me! I have so much faith in your medicine, for I know what it did for me."
Ontario Centre, N. Y. MRS. J. J. WATSON.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

"For five years I suffered with malaria and nervousness. I tried Paine's Celery Compound, and I can truthfully say that five bottles completely cured me. I cheerfully recommend it, for I know it to be a good medicine."
CHAS. L. STEARNS, Letter Carrier, Station B, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CURES ALL NERVOUS DISEASES,

Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Piles, Liver Complaint, Kidney Trouble, Female Complaints, and all diseases arising from Impure Blood.

$1, six for $5. WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Props., Burlington, Vt. **For the Nervous,**

$1, six for $5. See that each bottle bears the Celery trade mark. **The Debilitated,**

$1, six for $5. WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Props., Burlington, Vt. **The Aged.**

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil, Paregoric or Narcotic Syrups. Children cry for Castoria. Millions of Mothers bless Castoria.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation ; Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation ; Gives healthy sleep ; also aids digestion ; Without narcotic stupefaction.

"I recommend Castoria for children's complaints, as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D. 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray St., New York.

They are Growing More Popular Every Day.

W H O ?

MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

OF CUMBERLAND, MD.,

The Acknowledged Largest Dealers in Western Maryland,

Who, by their many years' experience in the music business, together with honest and fair dealing, have placed the World Renowned

ESTEY AND CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN

in the leading ranks of all other Organs manufactured. The Estey Organ is well enough known to be appreciated when seen. The Chicago Cottage Organ is gaining a reputation that ere long will place it at the head of the list. It is elegant in finish, exquisite in design. In tone superlatively fine. Standard in construction. Highly ornamented and heavy volume. It is an Organ whose action speaks lowder than words, and I after one sees and trys this lovely instrument, it always pleases and gives entire satisfaction to the purchaser. We also sell the celebrated

DECKER BROS., WEBER, FISHER BROS., AND ESTEY PIANOS,

—AND THE—

New Home Sewing Machine.

This machine has *no* superior. The cabinet work is of the finest and most artistic made. Its construction is the best and guaranteed not to get out of order. Its attachments are the simplest as well as the most perfect made, and a child can operate it with ease. The attachments are self-setting, requiring no screw-driver, nor even a thumb screw. No home is complete without this, the grandest, best and most perfect machine made.

Our terms are made in every instance to suit purchaser, and prices the lowest ever offered for first-class goods in this section. We buy for cash in large quantities from the factories direct, thus enabling us to save the purchaser the ordinary agents commission. A word to the wise is sufficient.

For purchasing write or send for illustrated catalogues, prices, terms, &c., to

MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,
Main Office, MEYERSDALE, PA.
Branch Office, CUMBERLAND, MD. 9 17 '87—1y

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by George B. White and others, Beginning at the Southeast end of Church street, and running thence through the lands of Mrs. E. A. Kilbourn, Mrs. Maria Davis, F. & C. Felty, S. L. Townshend, Mrs. Max. Klein and James R. Bishop, and intersecting the Ryans Glade road at a point between John A Delawder's and the line of Mt. Lake Park, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Tuesday, the 30th day of October, 1888, and determine whether the public convenience requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
WM. H. HALL,
WILLIAM CASTEEL,
9 22 5 Examiners.

VALUABLE

STOCK FARM FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby warned from Hunting or Driving on the lands under my charge. We have fenced to the new county road, and warn all persons from taking down our fences and running over our lands.

J. H. & C. T. SANDERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MASSEY HALL

PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

School year commences

September 12th, 1888.

Regular and elective courses in all Preparatory Studies. Special attention to English and Commercial branches. The number of pupils is strictly limited, in order to insure the most thorough training and individual advancement.

For terms, hours of study, &c., apply to

REV. J. NEWMAN,
7 7 td Principal.

Estate of Samuel Engle, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscribers, of Garrett county, Md., hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Testamentary on the personal estate of

SAMUEL ENGLE,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscribers on or before the 20th day of March next ; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefits of said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of September, 1888.

RALPH ENGLE, Executor,
9 15 3t Grantsville, Md.

TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE !

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

D. E. BOLDEN & CO.,

UNDERTAKERS

AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS,

OAKLAND, MD.

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

COFFINS, CASKETS

—AND—

BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS !

—Also a full line of—

FURNITURE,

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and Window Blinds.

And everything usually kept in a First-Class Furniture Establishment

Furniture Rented on easy Terms

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

REPAIR WORK,

PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c.

☞ Also make Furniture to order.

D. E. BOLDEN, & CO.
Feb. 25, '88.

NOTICE !

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 3d, 1888.

All persons are hereby warned not to remove any stone from the National Road in Garrett county, or from the Bridges thereon.

By order County Commissioners.

W. H. HAGANS,
9 8 tf Clerk.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect April 29th, 1888 :

GOING EAST.

No.	2	7.41 A. M
No.	58—Accommodation	10.30 A. M
No.	6	11.11 A. M
No.	82—Accommodation	5.05 P. M
No.	4	11.43 P. M

GOING WEST

No.	3	4.49 A. M.
No.	81—Accommodation	9.40 A. M.
No.	5	5.00 P. M.
No.	65—Accommodation	5.41 P. M.
No.	1	9.15 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.

C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

FARM FOR SALE !

For sale cheap, a farm of 305 acres, about 90 acres of which is cleared, and on which are erected a

Two-Story Frame House, Two Stables

and other outbuildings. About 75 acres of the woodland is covered with EXCELLENT TIMBER. The farm is situated two miles from Swanton, B. & O. R. R. About 250 acres is under fence. A young orchard was put out four years ago, and will soon come into bearing.

For particulars and terms, apply to or address

RICHARD CUSTER,
8 25 Swanton, Md

JOHN A. WOLF,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

2 88 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, OCT. 6, 1888. NUMBER 32.

NEW ADVRETISEMENTS.

KIRK'S

FLOATING SOAP
—IS—
THE CHIEF
For the Bath, Toilet and Laundry.
Snow White and Absolutely Pure.
If your dealer does not keep White Cloud Soap, send 10 cents for sample cake to the makers,
JAS. S. KIRK & CO.,
CHICAGO.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and West Virginia.
☞Office over Casteel's Drug Store on Main street, Oakland, Md. 2 26 '87.

GILMOR S. HAMILL
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,
Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

J. B. FAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals Also in adjoining counties of West Va.
☞Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.
Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

FRED. A. THAYER. EDWARD H. SINCELL.
THAYER & SINCELL,
ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 7 '87.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.
OFFICE IN NYDEGGER BUILDING.
☞Residence in Dr. Keller Building.
Sept. 8, 1885.—1y.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.,
offers his professional services to the people of Oakland and vicinity. 5 5 '88
☞Office with Dr. J. Lee McComas.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodehea ver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.
JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dr. Seth Arnold's COUGH KILLER

CURES
Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and Asthma.

PREVENTS CONSUMPTION

Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.

Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, druggist Oakland, Md. 11 '86 1y

PLANING MILLS.

MT. LAKE PARK, MD.,
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J. F. LEWIS.
3 3 '88 1y Cranesville, W. Va

CAUGHT IN A STORM.

"We might just as well have been standing behind the counter in New York all these ten days," sighed Barbara Hale, "for all the out of-the-way adventures we've had!"

"Who wants out-of-the-way adventures?" said Dorcas Dunn, scornfully.

"Behind the counter, indeed!" chimed in Mary Vannecker. "Can you breathe in clover-scented air like this behind the counter? Can you get a mountain view like this from Sixth avenue? What more would the girl want, I should like to know?"

Barbara sighed once more, and took her head.

"It is all so tame," said she. "It isn't what I expected at all."

The three girls—Barbara, Dorcas and Mary—were sitting on a side hill, under the shade of a grand old cedar tree. Barbara, who had once taken a quarter's lesson's in drawing, had a sketch-book in her lap, and was trying—with but ill success, it must be owned—to reproduce the lovely, ribbon-like curves of the river that wound its way through the valley below.

Mary had her needlework in her lap, and Dorcas with her hands clasped under her head, had long given up all attempt to read the paper covered novel that she had brought with her.

"The sky and the sunshine are so much better!" she said.

They were three shopgirls—bright, ambitious, spirited young things, full of life and aspirations, even though they were kept down by the force of circumstances; and they had clubbed together their slender resources, in order to enjoy their vacation to better advantage.

Dorcas, the business member of the firm, had bought an excursion ticket first, and traveled out to Schepp's Valley to see what could be done. But it is needless to say that the hotel and boarding-house prices were far beyond their simple means.

"Is there no place," said she, "where we could obtain one room and the very simplest fare, for less money?"

"You might try Old Man Morris's," said the portly dame who kept the Valley House. "It's a quiet place, and Mrs. Morris she ain't no great of a cook, but there's them as has boarded there, I'm told."

"Where is it?" eagerly asked Dorcas.

And the lanlandy went to the door to point out a slender blue thread of smoke that was curling up heavenward from a mass of woods on a distant hill, and once more Dorcas set forth on her pilgrimage, this time with undoubted success.

She engaged one room. The board, to be sure, was plain, the bed a coarse husk mattress, with a blanket spread on the floor for Dorcas herself, the furniture home-made and unpainted. But there was a grove of pine woods in the rear; the blackbirds piped their silver flutes all day long, and the bees darted in and out of the red lilies by the garden wall, and our three heroines believed themselves to be in Paradise.

But even as Barbara Hale thus bewailed herself, a portentous shadow crept across the sun, and looking around, they saw that a mass of livid purple thunder clould had piled themselves up along the western sky, while distant mutterings, and now and then a sudden flash, announced the coming of a storm.

Dorcas sprang to her feet. Barbara began hurriedly to fold up her sketching apparatus. Mary put her thimble and scissors in her pocket.

"We must get home as quickly as possible!" cried all three.

But in availing themselves of a "short cut" across a patch of woods, they got hopelessly lost. The sun set behind the purple battlement of clouds, the dusk fell rapidly in these dense woods, and the rain began to patter down in huge drops.

Barbara, the aspirant after adventure, began to cry.

"We are lost! said she.

"Lost! Nonsense!" said brave Dorcas. "When I can see the railway track shining down below. Who ever got lost close to a railway line? Let's make for the track.

"And get run over," lamented Barbara.

"Not likely, when there's only one train a day, and that at noon," laughed Dorcas. "If we walk along the railway line, we must come out somewhere, don't you see?"

"And besides," added Mary, "there is a little ruined cabin not far from here, where the railroad flagman used to live before they changed the location of the station. I remember Mrs. Morris showing it to me once."

"Oh! oh!" shrieked Barbara, "I couldn't go there! The flagman was killed on the track. There's a g-g-ghost there!"

"Would you rather stay here and be drenched through with rain?" severely demanded Mary.

"Or struck with lightning?" added Dorcas.

And the upshot of it was that the three fugitives took refuge in a miserable old shanty close alongside of the railroad track, where weeds were growing up through the cracks of the floor, and a plentiful portion of rain came pattering through the leaks in the roof, while the old stone chimney, all settling to one side, looked as if no stroke of lightning could harm it very much.

"But it's some shelter," said Mary, cheerfully. "We'll stay here until the shower is over, and then make the best of our way home."

The shower, however, showed no indication of abating in its vigor. The rain still poured down in sheets; the thunder still bellowed through the rocky gorge where the cabin had been built; the lightning still lit up everything with sudden spurts of blue flame, like pantomime effects.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" said Barbara wringing her hands; "it must be mid-night!"

"It can't be but nine o'clock yet," said Mary.

"And I'm so hungry! Oh, how I wish I hadn't eaten the last of those sandwiches! Oh, oh! what is that?" fluttered Barbara.

An unusually vivid electric flash had revealed something white and spectral at the window. All three girls jumped at once.

"The ghost! shrieked Barbara, stopping her ears and shutting her eyes as tight as was practicable.

"A stray white cow," suggested Mary.

"A young man in a flannel tennis suit," said Dorcas, the closest observer of all.

"Don't let him come in," said Barbara. "We shall be robbed and murdered!"

"Not while we are three to one," said composed Dorcas.

And at the same moment a voice sounded hurriedly at the door:

"Please, may I come in. I know it seems intrusion, but it's raining a deluge, and I'm wet through."

"Come in by all means," said Mary.

And the ghost entered, dripping like a fountain.

"All in the dark?" said he groping his way.

"There are no gas jets here," said Dorcas, ironically.

"But we might have a little blaze of sticks," hazards the new arrival, shaking himself like a Newfoundland dog. "I saw by that last flash of lightning that there was a heap in the corner, and I've got my match box intact."

"Oh, that would be splendid!" cried Dorcas, who was wet and shivering.

"And I've got some fish on a string outside, and we could have some supper," suggested the ghost, cheerfully.

"I'm so-o-o hungry!" wailed Barbara.

The stranger was evidently used to mountain camping. He had a fire kindled in no time, and the fish, cleaned by aid of his pocket knife and washed in one of the pools outside, were presently broiling over the coals, emitting a most savory smell.

"You must be a good genius!" cried Mary.

"I'm only a tramp," said the ghost. "And I'm ever so much obliged to you young ladies for letting me in!"

"We couldn't have kept you out if we had tried," said Dorcas, frankly.

"You don't think I would have thrusted myself in here against your wishes? Even a tramp wouldn't do *that*," said the young man.

The sticks blazed cheerfully up; the ghost economised them to keep the flames alive as long as possible. He told thrilling tales of his experience in these woods; he made himself a most agreeable companion.

"Are you from the Valley House? asked Dorcas.

"No; I am camping just where it happens."

"Oh!" said Mary. "Then you are poor, like us? We are shop girls, on our vacation."

"For, she said to herself, "I'm determined he shall not take us for other than we are.

"And," observed the ghost, "I should think you were having a very jolly time of it! A little more trout, Miss—Miss Hale? And how did you come out in these wildernesses?

So then, of course, little Barbara, who was generally spokeswoman of the assemblage, related all her efforts to secure summer board.

"You see," said she," Mr. Archer pays us so small a salary that we haven't much margin for luxury,"

"He ought to pay you more," said the ghost. "I'm in business myself. I know how it is. People can't be expected to live on nothing."

"I do believe," cried Dorcas, "you are the tailor's young man from Cut & Fitt's, next door to Archer's! I thought I had seen your face before! But if you ever get to the head of the firm—and a man can achieve almost anything he pleases—do pay your employes a decent sum!"

"I will," said the young man in the white flannel tennis suit.

And he spoke as if he meant it.

And then Dorcas discoursed still more learnedly about the rights and wrongs, the injustices and petty trials of life behind the counter.

"We are ladies, you see," said she, and we expect to be treated like ladies. But I suppose you have your troubles, too."

"Lots of 'em," said the young man gazing absently into the fire. "Every one has, I suppose."

So that they all became great friends.

At midnight the rain ceased, and the moon burst in a flood of glory on the dripping scene.

"We can go home now," said Dorcas, clapping her hands. "And I dare say, young man," with a pretty air of patronage, "Mr. Morris could make you up a bed on the kitchen floor at our house, without charging you so very much for it."

"I should be delighted if he could," said the young man, meekly.

And so it was arranged.

The girls made an extra toilet next morning, to meet the "ghost," as they called him, at the breakfast table.

But to their infinite disgust he was gone when they descended.

"Ye see," said Old Man Morris, "that there white flanning suit o' his'n had shrunk up with the wet so it wasn't fairly presentable, and he just cut across lots afore daybreak, an' cleared out."

"I told you so," said Barbara. "He was a ghost, and being such he dissolved into thin air at cock-crow!"

"And I have put on my blue cambric gown," sighed Mary.

"And my hair was crimped so nicely," said Dorcas.

"But he gave me this 'ere said Old Man Morris, displaying on the horny palm of his hand a gold half-eagle.

"Rather extravagant for a tailor's clerk," said Mary.

"That is just the class of people who don't know how to spend money properly," said Dorcas, loftily.

"I thought he was very nice, "said Barbara, "and I thought, perhaps, he was going to be the beginning of an adventure."

September set in, sultry as the tropics this year, and the three girls returned to Archer's great store with unwilling footsteps.

But the cashier met them with a smiling face.

"I've received instructions, said he "to raise the salaries of all the girls in this department ten per cent. Young Mr. Archer himself told me to do so."

"Young Mr. Archer?"

"There he is now!" said the cashier.

And the next minute the hero of the rainy night had come up, and was shaking hands with them.

"Then you are not the tailor's young man after all?" said Mary, a little taken aback.

"Did I say I was?" said Archibald Archer.

At the end of the autumn little Barbara Hale had a confession to make.

"Girls," said she, when I though that young Mr. Archer was going to be the beginning of an adventure, I was right. He has asked me to marry him, and when we go on our summer vacation next year we shall go together!"

And mary and Dorcas kissed little Barbara, and congratulated her from the very bottom of their hearts.

"This," said they, "is an adventure worth having."

No soul can preserve the blood and delicacy of its existence without lonely musings and silent prayer, and the greatness of this necessity is in proportion to the greatness of the soul.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE HARVEST.

I watch the golden billows awaiting the sickles keen,
While the corn stands waiting yonder, a splendid, glittering sheen;
I hear the reapers coming with merry shout and song,
Then I see the billows falling in solid ranks along.

The grain not only falling, but the tender flowers, too,
And with them tares and thistles are scattered through and through;
For the reaper reaps a harvest that is heavy for the blade,
While the voice of the master calleth: "It must not be delayed!"

And thus is the mighty harvest in all our glorious land—
The reaper blithe and happy, there is joy on every hand;
For toil is sweet to the faithful, reward will come at last,
So the reaper sings and labors until daylight hours are past.

I see the harvest over, and mountains of golden grain
Await the thresher's pleasure, and it shall not wait in vain;
For I hear the hum of engines and clatter of turning wheels—
Let us wait a moment—linger—and see what this reveals.

You know what we see, good farmer, in fields now brown and bare;
Where the grain is kept from the thistles—from thistle and from tare;
And only the grain is wanted, the thistles are cast away,
While the flowers that died and withered shall bloom another day.

I see another harvest in the grain fields of this life—
The wheat is bent and shaken with labor sore and strife;
But the reaper cometh often, with footsteps soft as air—
He takes the grain and flowers, the thistle and tare.

The harvest is ever ripening to the reaper's subtle breath—
To the knife of the silent reaper, whose mystic name is Death;
And we know not the hour of his coming, whether at night or day,
Nor why he should spare the thistles and take our flowers away.

In this living and mighty harvest we are grain or worthless chaff;
We can not serve two masters—God wants no work by half.
And I pray, when the harvest is over, at the gamering of the wheat,
I, with the grain and flowers, may kneel at the Master's feet.

—*Gay Davidson, in Good Housekeeping.*

A RACE FOR LIFE.

Thrilling Adventure With Ravenous Wolves in Norway.

A Feud Caused by a Love Affair Settled Amid the Howling of Wild Beasts —Rescued at the Eleventh Hour.

Where the fir trees began to grow less closely; where, between their tall trunks and in their black foliage, gleamed a few crimson splashes of fire as the sun sank below the horizon; where the snow lay deep and unspotted, save by the multitudinous prints of their own restless feet—there, on the outskirts of the forest, at the wane of day, the wolves were gathering themselves together. Hungry they were, and eager for work to begin. There was no play among them no leaping over one another's backs, or wrestling or growling pretenses at fighting. They were on business—the first business of life; to keep life; and to keep life if you happen to be a wolf, means hard work and plenty of it, with but little time to spare on the amenities of existence.

And now their old gray leaders—warriors who have survived many a scene of death and disaster to man and wolf—leap out together from the woods upon the darkening plain. They raise their noses, sniff the wind and shake themselves. One yawns and stretches his paws, while a puff of hot breath rises from his tongue, and, as he shuts his narrow jaws with a snap, sharp canine teeth, white as the snow itself, glisten in the dusk.

Then begins that long, slouching, tireless trot, that infernal gallop which beats horse and man and all things living for combined speed and endurance. The pack covers nearly five and twenty square yards of snow and settles into its stride, each beast moving and turning in unison with the rest, as a flight of birds mysteriously wheels in air. They are Norway wolves these, and experience has long since taught them what work will be necessary before supper and a return to their forest fastnesses.

Note what happens almost at the start. One lithe brute suddenly slips and strains his leg. Fearfully he glances at his companions on the right and left, but as yet they know not of the accident. All too soon, however, the pace tells upon the injured animal. Nature asserts herself in the great gray wolf, his eyes glow like red-hot embers, his sinewy leg gives under him, he howls his farewell to dear life, and his place in the ranks know him no more. But the maimed creature's sufferings are over almost instantly, for the fittest alone survive in a pack of wolves. A ravenous fighting mass of fur and legs and teeth closes in upon him, and he is gone, leaving no monument more enduring than drops of his own hot blood, which have fallen and melted for themselves deep holes in the trampled snow.

Then forward they sweep, the cannibals, on the best possible terms with one another, and feeling as you would feel after anchovy, or an olive, or some such preliminary to some important gastronomic efforts.

But now, ahead, there stands a solitary tree, naked save where, on its topmost branches, the dark pine-needles mingle in one shapeless clump, or where, lower down, dead cones still cling to the parent bough. In the rough bark at its foot are flecks of wool; but the sheep which rub themselves there in the summer are far away now.

Something of greater interest meets the wolves here. Along the snow at the base of the tree and running at right angles to the course they have till now been taking extend two parallel lines, cut by the irons of a sledge. One vehicle alone has passed since the snow last fell, but it appears to have gone by quite recently, for the scent is strong and the pack take it up without a moment's halt. Now supper becomes a probability, for where there is a sledge there is a horse, perhaps two; where there is a sledge there is also a man, possibly more than one.

Have you ever heard the howling of wolves?

I have, seated in a comfortable place of entertainment, with my mind at ease and certain knowledge that many iron bars separated me from the invisible howlers. Even under these circumstances the sound was one that made me turn cold and wonder how nature had produced anything so hideous. It is like nothing but itself; you can not compare or contrast it with any other cry of living things; a gale of wind in the rigging of a big ship at sea is the nearest approach to it I know. Thin, hollow wails of sound grow and swell and burst into one demoniac howl that embodies in its volume every conceivable note of despair and eternal torture. Then the crescendo dies—sometimes as though suddenly strangled, more often in long drawn shrieks that fade upon the ear. There is music in their cadences at times; those that I heard were fairly in tune—but such a tune, such a droning, fiendish whirling blast of melody it was. If the nether world has its own music, that music should be the howl of hungry wolves—the frantic chorus whose culmination is death to flying singers, or fleeing audience, or both.

So much for the wolves I know; so much for wolves whose hearts are broken and whose sides have ached often enough under the heavy whip of their master. So much for the tame wolves who do clumsy tricks and have learned the beauty of obedience, forgetting, at the same time, the watchword of all wolves, that union is strength. Return we to my pack, which is moving like one big machine, and the component parts of which are together giving tongue.

The snow, for them, is in perfect order; but somebody ahead may perchance find his horses crushing through the thin frozen surface at every stride. The darkness suits the hunters well, but somebody ahead may be praying for that moonlight which, at present, only shows silver fringes on a black cloud. To them, their wolf music is their dinner gong; but somebody ahead may hear nothing more beautiful than his own passing bell in the distant ululations, rising and falling and coming over the snow.

Fortunately thought and a pen travel quicker than even gray wolves; therefore—though not knowing with certainty whether it can catch us again before the end of the story—we will leave the racing pack and draw level with the sledge.

Here it is, sure enough, plowing through the snow and spinning out those two parallel lines as it goes. The stout brown horses are galloping steadily and the solitary man sitting behind them does not use whip or word at present. He must be some miles nearer home ere the last struggle begins, and he not only knows the road well, but can also guess with tolerable accuracy at the distance which still lends enchantment to the wolf music in the darkness behind him. Physically, Rollo Svantsen is a typical Norwegian—strong and in the prime of life. He has been in passing peril from the wolves before to-day; the rug now wrapped about him, one corner of which flaps and rustles in the snow, is made of wolf skins. To-night he appears anxious, however; his horses are powerful but not fleet, and in his judgment, when the journey is ended, there will be a very short quarter of a mile between his sledge and its pursuers. As though to encourage him, the moon at last rises free of the far-stretching cloud that, till the present, has hidden it. A clear white light floods the darkness, and the snowy plain begins to widen out upon every side as the driver, rising in his seat, casts one searching glance ahead, looks to the fastening of a big leathern bag which is tied to the floor of the sledge, and then gazes long and carefully behind him. Yes, there they are, just a little dark shadow on the waste, a shadow which one less experienced might have overlooked altogether, but a shadow that is moving hardly less quickly than those cast by the rack of broken clouds, drifting across the moon.

What Svantsen had seen in front of him was a black line on the horison and a tall finger post, still far ahead, where two roads met. What he had *not* seen, was a figure on foot, traveling toward the same black line upon the horison.

The pedestrian is moving but slowly, and has very little more running left in him. The snow retards every step, and clogs in lumps upon the heels of his boots. There is no track to go by, but he keeps straight as he can for the tall finger post. To reach the black line before those flying feet in the rear have closed with him, is, he knows, impossible; and yet he staggers forward. He can not help himself. The instinct of self-preservation would make him struggle on even though safety were a hundred miles distant instead of scarce five. And on he will drag his tired body till he drops, or till the wolves put him down.

Then comes—think of it—the sound of sledge-bells in his ears, the one earthly melody he knows that, in his present sore strait, can mean succor and salvation. He heeds it not at first. The Norwegians are a superstitious folk, and our poor wretch thinks that the night demons are abroad, dancing in the drifting snow-wreaths, laughing at his agony and tuning the distant howlings into the sound of bells.

Sledge-belis do not always make music. There is nothing to suggest pleasure and plumes and nodding of proud equine heads in the harsh jangle that now rushes down upon the traveler. Svantsen's horses have long since caught the distant chorus and their ears are beginning to lie back and their necks to stretch out. Jangle, jangle, thud, thud, thud, go hoofs and bells. A hot steam streams away from the animals, and the bright red ray of a little lamp in front of the sledge casts a glow upon their sweating flanks. The driver is standing up now, and unwinds the lash of his long whip. His hat is off and he looks with a frown behind him. To us, horses and man and vehicle seem but the incarnation of flying terror; to him on foot, a chariot sent straight from God.

And thus they meet, these men, than whom Norway could not show two enemies more bitter. They are dwellers in the little village of Joksdal, in Finmark, the most northern division of Tromso, or Northern Norway. There had their fathers lived before them, and there had Svantsen, rich, proud and the autocrat of his birthplace, cruelly wronged Eric Skien, a young herdsman and a poor one.

An old, stale story it was of two men loving the same woman. Young Eric had been every thing to her until the other came creeping into her heart, ousting the old love and replacing it with one ten times as powerful. She dare not tell her betrothed, and upon the eve of her marriage Svantsen had stolen the girl away with her own consent, married her in a distant hamlet, and then, returning, braved the black storm of rage that swept over him. All believed this step to be one of most lawless abduction upon the man's part, and he only thinking for his wife and her reputation, was content that in such a belief Joksdal should remain. Eric Skien, however, was wiser. He had long noted the change in his sweet-heart, and the blow did not fall so heavily upon him, therefore, as his friends supposed. He was a good-hearted, easy-going, loutish fellow, not over-quick of comprehension, but a popular man among his comrades and one with a kind soul in him. That he would nurse his revenge until it grew into something strong and terrible, and could walk alone, was the general opinion in Joksdal. But Skien breathed no word of his future intentions to any body, and went on living and working tamely enough, though with most of the laughter and rough frolic blotted out of his life. It is improbable that he would ever have seriously set about retaliation or gone far out of his way to get it. Dwellers in northern lands, all things being equal, are not so fruitful of violence and the knife as hot-blooded men of the south. Nor have they quite such keenness and capability for suffering or joy. Their sensibilities are somewhat more blunt, and there is more prose and less poetry in their lives, less sunshine and more hard work. I speak, of course, of the lower social classes; Skien was a shepherd; Svantsen, the keeper of a small inn.

And now—a year after the catastrophe—they meet, the one flushed and hot and nearly spent with his hard running, the other cold and white, and with all his wits about him. Skien, thinking to see a friend, looks up at the man in the sledge. As he does so, anxiety changes to incredulous and savage joy; the howl of wolves falls unheeded upon his ear, he clutches hard at something hidden in his belt and shows his teeth. The other, with an iron hand upon the reins, checks for an instant his flying sledge and keeps pace with his old enemy. One of the struggling horses, arrested in his fight for life, neighs and plunges to be free. The bells clash and jangle; for a moment the hungry throats behind are silent; over all the moon shines bright and cold, bringing out every detail of the scene as clearly as daylight could.

Rollo Svantsen speaks first.

"Ah, friend Skien, thou wilt have to go at a greater pace than thy present jog if Joksdal is to see thee again. Graabeen (wolf) travels a world faster and is now nearer to thee than thou art to home. Wilt deign to accept a seat? If so, it is at thy service."

"At last we meet then," gasped the other. "I had rather seen thee than the true friend and strongest horse in Norway last thou art in my hand, Rollo Svantsen. Nay, stay thy horses, or I will do evil to thee."

Fool! Thou do it? Couldst thou up me a year ago? Then think not to hold back these mad brutes here by an act of mine."

For answer Skien leveled a pistol at the head of the horse nearest him. The barrel flashed in the moonlight like a knife, and Svantsen, choking in his throat the cry of horror that rose in it, pulled at the reins, and nearly overturned the vehicle he drove.

"This is no time for jesting man!" he cried "Leap by me, and do it quickly, or we shall both be lost."

"And why not? Thou hast left me nothing to live for. Every thing that was good to me in the world hast been taken by thee; now it is my turn, and I could slay thee, but that I had rather leave to those behind."

While the horses were nearly dislocating his shoulder joints Svantsen made an answer:

"Think not that I fear death any more than thee. If thou willest that but one of us shall reach his home I care not. I plead not for my safety least of all at thy hands, but others plead for it. The past is past, the wrongs I have done to thee are past, and past atoning. Slay me if thou wilt, it is but justice; but be generous in thine hour of triumph. Save thyself, Skien, I implore it and see that what is in the sledge be given to those I leave behind. Declare, when questioned, that I fell from my place and thou couldst not stay the horses to save me."

So he spoke, and a great wave of feeling passed through the other's mind. Never had his heavy brain been so stirred, never before had the possibility of nobler and heroic actions entered them. Like a dream picture, as his enemy's words fell upon his ear, he saw the girl at home nursing her baby, saw the sledge dash through the village street, saw the husband reel into the strong outstretched arms of his friends, and the wife's cry of thankfulness to God. That was all; no vision of his own figure in the story obtruded itself. A flash of lightning could not be quicker than the thought, as it filled his brain, and transformed every ambition, passion, desire.

"True," he said, "I have no quarrel with those in thine home. Thou art a husband, a father—I had forgotten. Get you gone, Svantsen; my eyes are opened now and I see far ahead. Fly, man, while there is yet time; take these pistols with thee, too, and remember in the days to come there was no evil between us at the end. Go, I say, the horses are killing themselves."

He held up the weapons, and finding that the driver was too occupied to take them from him, placed both pistols at his feet in the sledge as Svantsen answered:

"Sayest thou this?" he cried. "By Heaven, Skien, such an enemy as thou makest is worth a thousand friends. Leave thee, man? Never! Mount, I command it; else I will shoot these frantic beasts myself. God willing, we shall yet sleep in our homes to-night; if not, then together here."

Eric hesitated for a brief moment. The thought of a great sacrifice was strong within him, but his old enemy would not be denied. His will was as powerless as the other's, and most assured both men must have perished had not Skien relented. At last, therefore, yielding to Svantsen's entreaty, he crawled exhausted on the hinder seat of the sledge, and not a moment too soon, the men were whirled away together.

(Read without haste the above dialogue, if timed, would be found to take two and a half minutes. In fact, however, it barely occupied two.)

Five short minutes later the wolves arrived upon the spot where the snow is trampled and Skien's footmarks cease. Now they are racing, for the quarry shows up black and clear against the snow, little more than a mile ahead.

Let us once more hunt with the hunters and watch them as—their feet falling like the pattering rustle of rain—they come on, one hustling against another. Their mouths are open, the hair upon their backs is beginning to stiffen and stand on end, their phosphorescent eyes are fixed upon the flying sledge. A long stern chase it has been, and it seems like to meet with a grand reward, if all goes well. So yard by yard they get upon better terms with the vehicle. True, the black horizon gradually changes into irregular outlines of a pine forest; true, also, beneath the trees, gleam sparks of red and yellow fire that suggests human habitations; but Joksdal is distant a mile yet, whereas three hundred yards alone separate wolves and men. Now, a long pull, a strong pull, a pull altogether, and then—supper!

Like the bellows of a forge sob the horses and need not the heavy whip, though that now and again hisses in the air over their heads. Great jets of steam burst from their gaping nostrils, and they show the blood-shot whites of their eyes. Since Skien got upon the sledge not another word has been spoken. Svantsen drives with magnificent nerve and judgment, keeping the horses steady, but getting every inch out of them he can. If either comes down it must mean certain death to all. Skien sits crouched up at the back of the sledge with his face to the oncoming multitude and a pistol in each hand. Nearer get the wolves and nearer. They are now going about twenty yards in a hundred quicker than their prey. The big sledge-rug manufactured from skins of their defunct kindred, is thrown to them; but what are dead wolves' coats as an article of food compared with the shining sides of those galloping animals, now only fifty yards in front? It hardly stays them for a moment.

Joksdal is still nearly a quarter of a mile off. Svantsen jodels, and the clear notes go echoing forward to the village and back to the wolves. They give tongue again in answer and strive each to be alongside the horses before the other. That last long-drawn howl may save the sledge, for it has told those at home every thing. Svantsen sees lights flashing in the distance and knows that doors are being opened, dogs let loose, and guns hastily snatched from their places. Twenty-five yards only now between the sledge and the foremost wolf. Skien cocks his pistol, and keeps cool as a statue. Graabeen, No. 1, is a grand, determined fellow, believe me. They look at one another, the man and brute, and there is more expression now in the wolf's face than in the man's. One reckoning without his host, his shark's eyes glittering like stars, is divided between an attack upon Eric or the horses. The human being feels a pistol trigger under each forefinger and waits; for it will not do to miss. Twenty yards, eighteen, fifteen—then Svantsen shouts to his comrade:

"The dogs are coming!"

Skien does not answer, and keeps his eye upon the foremost wolf. Ten yards off he is now. The deep baying of big dogs and the shouts of men mingle with the cry of the wolves, the snort of the horses, and the bells ringing on over everything. Then Skien feels the sledge slacken speed and raises his arm not a moment too soon. Graabeen No. 1 sees a stream of fire dart toward him, feels a terrible blow in the chest and falls, writhing, bleeding and gnashing his teeth in the cold snow. Some among his companions stop to do the last honors to their old leader, but more than half keep on. Skien shoots another, and hurling his pistols with tremendous force among them, breaks the leg of a third. Svantsen gives the horses their heads and strikes at the long gray brutes now streaming up on either side. Here come the dogs fast, fresh and full of fighting. Twenty there are, if not more, all eager for a tussle with the universal enemy. They rush into the wolves, and at the same moment one of the horses comes down with a crash, struggles upon his knees, falls again, shrieks, tries in vain to rise and rolls over, beaten upon his side. The other, breaking his trace and lashing out, comes near braining his driver, but instead catches a wolf which has jumped at Svantsen fair in the chest, and hurls him back five yards. Skien has wound his coat round his left arm and uses a knife with his right. The freed horse, with a dozen wolves leaping at its head, runs straight into the rescuing party. Then torches gleam and men yell and fight hand-to-hand battles with gaunt, draggled brutes that snap at their throats, fill the air with the strong vulpine smell of their kind, and when a blow gets home, howl and kick out their lives in the reddening snow.

It was a notable and terrific battle while it lasted, and forms topic for conversation to this day in Joksdal. Half the dogs were killed, and more than one brave man who rushed to the rescue will carry deep tokens of the fight to his grave. Svantsen came worst off. His left arm was badly torn, and one bite in his throat must have been fatal had the brute who made it jumped a little stronger. Skien fought like a demon, and escaped marvellously, with scarce more than an ugly scratch or two. One horse died where it fell, the other escaped with its life, but was ruined for all practical purposes. Svantsen's wife, however, looked to it that the excellent beast should live the remainder of his days in honored idleness.

And the wolves, though decisively beaten, can not be deemed disgraced. Upon the field they left four and twenty slain and some eight or nine wounded to the death. Deeply dejected, torn, maimed, and exhausted, the survivors got back to their desolate forest homes; and, maybe, the God that sees fit to let them live, provided an adequate meal before the moon had set.

For, mark you, those wolves, without exactly appreciating the fact, had achieved a great and splendid work. They had brought to the surface much that is noble in human hearts; they had, in two short minutes, done that which years of time might not have done; they had destroyed a bitter feud and built upon its ruins a friendship which will stand while the friends have life.—*Longman's Magazine.*

THE SERVANT'S DUTY.

How He Assisted His Master to Get Rid of Troublesome Petitions.

Political office, like every thing else in this world has its drawbacks and discomforts. The highest seats are not always the most softly cushioned. It is a fine thing, no doubt, to be followed by men's eyes, to hear one's name on everybody's lips; but it is not so fine a thing to have one's steps dogged day and night by crowds of curious gazers and applicants for all sorts of possible and impossible favors.

One of the worst trials of a Governor, especially if he be Governor of a large state, like New York, is connected with the pardoning power. There are always some thousands of wretches, either in prison or on their way thither, and among them are sure to be several whose crimes are bringing them to the gallows. A considerable part of this whole number have relatives or friends whose hearts are set upon securing "executive clemency." The great American people are always ready to sign petitions—ministers, lawyers, prosecuting attorneys, judges, jurors and everybody else—and the distracted Governor often finds himself in a hard place.

Governor Seward, of New York, had a painful experience of this kind soon after his inauguration. A well-dressed, lady-like woman came to his house beseeching pardon for her husband, who, by the way, had been sentenced to State-prison for beating her. She would not take no for an answer, and remained the whole evening, pleading her case again and again. Finally, seeing the Governor inflexible, she threw herself at his feet, and, with hysterical sobs, declared that she would never rise till he granted her request.

At this point, while Mr. Seward was vainly trying to quiet her, the door opened, and, to the Governor's surprise, there stood his black servant, York Van Allen, overcoat and cap on, and lantern in hand.

"What do you want, York?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," replied York, with characteristic deference, "but I thought de time had arrived when you wanted me."

"Want you? What for?"

"Governor Clinton used to allers tell me I was to take 'em away when dey began to go on like dat," pointing to the kneeling woman, "and Governor Tompkins too, sir, allers."

Greatly to the Governor's relief, the lady, like York, seemed to take it as a matter of course. She rose from her knees, adjusted her bonnet and shawl at the mirror, made her courtesy, and withdrew under the escort of the negro and his lantern.—*Youth's Companion.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Paper is made out of the cedar chips of pencil manufacturers, which is useful for preserving carpets and other woolen goods and furs from the attacks of moths.

—It has been demonstrated in France that electricity can be effectively used "for aging whisky and maturing wine." It seems that all that is necessary is to pass a strong electric current through the whisky to be aged or the wine to be matured, and the work is done.

—Dr. Donald C. Hood has collected many facts relating to the use of salicylic acid for rheumatism. Of 728 patients treated with salicylates, 523 were relieved of their pains within seven days; whereas, of 612 patients treated by other methods, only 140 were relieved within the same time.

—Some people doubt the poisonous effect of nutmeg, but several cases of nutmeg-poisoning have been noted in the *British Medical Journal*. A whole nutmeg was taken in four of the cases, and five whole ones in the remaining case. In still another case the use of half a nutmeg in a hot drink was nearly fatal.

—Sulphuric ether gently applied with cotton wool, away from the light, is effective for removing printer's ink from paper, if sufficient pains be taken. Put blotting paper beneath the one from which the ink is to be removed, and use clean, white blotting paper to absorb the color after each application of the ether.—*Stationer and Printer.*

—According to a Spanish journal, if blood be mixed with a little bile, small crystals are formed which are of different shapes in different species of animals. In man they are right angled prisms, in the horse cubes, in pigs rhomboids, in sheep rhomboidal plates, in dogs right angled prisms very similar to those seen in human blood, and in chickens more or less regular cubes.

—Experiments have proved that the tensile strength of a wet rope is only one-third that of the same rope when dry; and a rope saturated with grease or soap is weaker still, as the lubricant permits the fibres to slip with greater facility. Hemp rope contracts strongly on being wet, and a dry rope twenty-five feet long will shorten to twenty-four on being wet.

—A substitute for jute in the manufacture of cotton bagging seems to have been found in pine straw, which is made into bagging by a firm in Wilmington, N. C. A bale of cotton arrived in that city incased in the new material, which satisfactorily passed all tests. It is believed that the material will answer all the purposes of jute bagging at much lower prices.

—M. Mourlot, of Paris, obtains from the essence of birch bark, by rectification, an essential oil which possesses, among other properties, that of being fatal to insect life and an electrically insulating tarry substance. These two products are so treated and combined with other substances as to produce an anti-oxidizing material and an insulating substance capable of the same applications as ebonite. Among the other ingredients employed, in addition to the products from the essence of birch bark, are caoutchouc, sulphur, chalk, talc, litharge, antimony sulphide, kaolin, zinc white and red ochre. It is, of course, well known that an infusion of the leaves of the common white birch produces a yellow dye of established value in certain applications.

GOVERNMENT CLERKS.

Some of the Causes That Lead Many of Them Into Bad Habits.

The clerks have a lazy life at Washington compared with persons who perform clerical services in commercial cities. They do not go to work until nine o'clock in the morning and are off duty for the day at four o'clock p. m. They are paid more money than the average one could possibly earn in any other calling, and provisions and house rent are almost as cheap as in St. Louis or any large city. Young men who desire to become lawyers or doctors have a splendid chance here to attend fine colleges and make a good living while they are acquiring an education, if they can get into the departments. A large percentage of those who come here with such objects in view become inert, however, fall into bad habits, and are finally kicked out of the office, and then they go to the bad at a headlong pace. They have too much loafing time, and become demoralized. So-called fashionable society takes the ambition out of many. They get into a whirl—it is quite easy to do so—many of the better-looking ones vainly imagine they can marry the ostensibly rich daughters of solid old Congressmen, Government officials or retired merchants or professional men who bring their families to Washington. The dear girls, as a rule, are as sensible as they are attractive, and the mercenary fortune hunter around the National capital is not a howling success. The papas and mammas have a deal of good sense, and their daughters usually humor the National capital dudes only for a season, and then drop them and wind up by marrying men who have proven themselves capable of battling with the world.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

The Old Man's Mistake.

Mrs. Hendricks was entertaining some ladies at a select little five o'clock tea, and Bobby, who had been exceptionally well behaved, was in high feather.

"Ma," he said, politely, as refreshments were being served, "may I have some tongue, please?"

"There isn't any tongue, Bobby."

"That's funny," commented Bobby. "I heard pa say there would be lots of it."—*N. Y. Sun.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—There are 400,000,000 cigarettes used in this country annually. The undertakers, doctors and officers of insane asylums have great reason to be thankful.—*Boston Traveler.*

—As a result of advertising furniture on the installment plan, a Boston furniture dealer was rather surprised the other day when a woman came in and asked for "Mr. Installment," and did not want to talk to any one else.

—Hostess (boarding-house)—"Which do you prefer, Mr. de Lean, new potatoes or old?" Mr. de Lean—"It doesn't matter about the potatoes, madam; but if you have two kinds of chicken, I will take the new."—*Philadelphia Record.*

—Not long since we heard a young lady complain that her "beau did talk so slow" that she most always forgot the first of a sentence before he got through, and didn't know whether to answer yes or no.

—A correspondent writing from San Francisco says that ladies of that city wear sealskin cloaks the year round, and that the sight of heavy fur wraps and overcoats at times during the summer is not at all uncommon

—Child (at theatre during grand ballet attraction)—"Where do all the pretty ladies come from, Mamma?" Mamma—"From behind that big curtain at the back; there are many rooms there." "O, yes; the undressing rooms."—*Philadelphia Record.*

—An indignant parent, in rebuking a refractory son, exclaimed: "Remember who you are talking to, sir! I'm your father!" To which the youth rejoined: "O, come now, I hope you ain't going to blame me for that."—*Troy Times.*

—Woman (to tramp)—If I give you a nice dinner will you help me put up some patent self-rolling window curtains? Tramp—No, ma'am. I'll saw wood, carry in coal, or dig postholes, but I wouldn't help a woman on window curtains if she gave me a Delmonico spread.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Mr. Varner Hurt dropped in at the post-office in Cumming, Ga., the other day, and bought ten cents worth of postage stamps. He told the postmaster that it was the first purchase of the sort he had ever made, and that in all his life—he is over seventy-six now—he had never written or received a letter.

—"Did you bake these biscuits?" he asked at the supper table. "Yes, George; I made them expressly for you," she winningly replied. "And yet," said George, vainly trying to pry open a biscuit, "you have always told me you loved me, and couldn't live without me!"—*Norristown Herald.*

—"And what answer do you make to my appeal?" he asked, as he knelt at her feet. "James, I will be frank with you," she murmured. "O, speak," he implored, "and relieve me of this agony of suspense." "Then let me say it can not be." "Why not?" "Because, James, I do not feel able to support a husband."—*Boston Courier.*

—Author—"You say the story has merit. Then why do you hesitate about taking it?" Book publisher—"Why, you see, sir, you have not an established reputation. You are not widely known yet. The announcement of a story by you would not of itself be sufficient to make a spontaneous demand for it." Author—"I've fixed all that. I have a friend that is a book reviewer, and as soon as my story appears he is to brand it at once as a plagiarism from one of Zola's earlier works."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Had to Give It Up—Long-haired Passenger (to stranger)—"My friend, are you a commercial traveler?" Stranger—"Yes, sir, and I'm making lots of money." Long-haired Passenger—"Ah, my young friend, there is something to live for in this world beside mere money, which moth and rust corrupt and which thieves break through and steal. I was a commercial man myself once." Stranger—"Didn't you like the business?" Long-haired Passenger—"Yes, but there wasn't any money in it."—*Epoch.*

Arsenic in Wall-Papers.

Where arsenic in quantities in wall paper is suspected, we suggest the following test. No apparatus is needed beyond an ordinary gas jet, which is turned down to quite a pin point until the flame is wholly blue; when this has been done, a strip of paper suspected to contain arsenic is cut, one-sixteenth of an inch wide and an inch or two long; as soon as the edge of this paper is brought in contact with the outer edge of the gas flame a gray coloration, due to arsenic, will be seen in the same. The paper is burned a little, and the fumes that are given off will be found to have a strange, garlic-like odor, due to the vapor of arsenic acid. Take the paper away from the flame and look at the charred end. The carbon will be colored a bronze-red; this is copper reduced by the carbon; being now away from the flame in a fine state of division, the copper is slightly oxidized by the air, and on placing the charred end a second time not too far into the flame, the flame will now be colored green by the copper. By this simple means it is possible to form an opinion without apparatus, and without leaving the room, as to whether any wall paper contains arsenic, for copper arsenic is commonly used in coloring wall papers. —*Home.*

Quiet and Law Abiding.

Magistrate (to prisoner)—It's some time since I saw you here, Uncle Rastus.

Uncle Rastus (virtuously)—Yes, sah. I'se been quiet an' law-abidin' since de larst time I was up befo' yo', an' dat wer mor'n six months ago, yo' honnah.

Magistrate—Ah, yes; I remember. I gave you six months for stealing a ham. It's a year this time, Uncle.—*Time.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

FIVE DOLLARS.

The Story of Jack's Great Temptation, and How He Overcame It.

"Can you get us a glass of water, my boy?"

Jack started as if he had been shot when this request awoke him from the reverie in which he had been plunged. He was perched on top of one of the high old-fashioned gate-posts, so lost in thought that he had not noticed the carriage rolling rapidly along the dusty road until it came to a sudden stop beneath the branches of the old elm.

"Yes, sir," he answered, scrambling down from his perch in red confusion; and in a few minutes he had drawn a bucket of cool water from the old moss-grown well and brought some to the carriage in the only glass the modest home afforded.

Jack shyly shuffled his bare feet in the hot sand while he waited for the glass, only giving one swift glance at the occupants of the carriage—an old lady, with white soft curls framing her kindly face, a gentleman, and a boy about Jack's own size, but as different from the sturdy, bare-legged, sunburned boy as a daintily clad delicate invalid could be.

"Much obliged," and the carriage went on its way again, while Jack turned the silver dime the gentleman had dropped in the glass over and over in his brown hand.

"Oh! if I could only get a dollar somehow," he said, presently. "This is a start toward it, but I know I'll never get the rest in time. 'Tain't no use trying; I might as well give up at once. Things ain't fair in this world nohow. That boy in the carriage has every thing he wants, and I can't have any thing."

The usually bright, boyish face was wrinkled up into an expression of discontent as Jack compared his lot with that of the little invalid in the carriage, forgetting the story of suffering that the crutches told. As he turned toward the gate, he saw something that looked like a crumpled bit of green paper lying in the road. Stooping down, he picked it up; and as he opened it with trembling fingers, he gave a long, low whistle of delight and incredulity.

Five dollars! Just at the very time when he had been wishing so earnestly for some money, or the way to earn it. He turned two or three somersaults by way of working off the exuberance of his delight, and then he perched himself on the gate-post again to spread his treasure out, and accustom himself to the possession of his new riches.

"I suppose some one in that carriage must have dropped it," he said to himself when he began to reflect upon the manner in which the bill had so opportunely come into his possession. With this thought came another one that Jack strove instinctively to banish without paying it any heed. He had no business to keep the money, for it did not belong to him; he must return it to its owner.

"I won't," Jack said angrily to himself, with a stubborn look on his face. "I found it, and it's mine, and I'm going to keep it, so!"

"Thief! thief!"

Jack started guiltily. It was only a cat-bird swaying on the branches of the elm, and looking down at the boy with its inquisitive black eye. Jack flung his brimless hat at it in his irritation.

For a long half-hour he sat on the gate-post, while the sunbeams filtered down through the waving leaves, and fell in shimmering flecks of light upon the brown curls. A hard battle was being waged between desire and duty. This money meant so much to him, but was it worth stealing?

"No, sir!" rang out in clear, emphatic tones at last; and Jack swung himself down with a look of determination, recovered his dilapidated headgear, and started off for Rose Villa, a dusty walk of two miles.

The summer afternoon was drawing to a close, as Jack opened the iron gate, and walked slowly up the graveled walk. He was hot and dusty, and tired too; for he had had to fight against temptation all the way.

The family were sitting on the front porch, as Jack, with a red face, came up, and held out the bill he had been tightly clasping ever since he left home.

"Here's your money, sir. You dropped it when the carriage stopped in front of our house this afternoon. Leastways, I guess you did, for I found it as soon as you had gone."

There was a peculiar expression upon the gentleman's face as he glanced at the bill.

"And so you took this long walk to return lost property," he said, looking keenly at Jack; "did you start as soon as you found it?"

"No, sir!" confessed Jack bravely. "I—I meant to keep it first, but then I thought better of it. I was just wanting some money so bad that it was awful hard to bring it back."

"What did you want it for?" the gentleman asked, not unkindly.

"I wanted to get some books, so I could go to school next term," answered Jack. "I thought this afternoon, if I could only get a dollar I would get some candies and things, and sell them at the picnic they always have out at Glen Rock on the Fourth of July, and then I could make money enough for the books; but when I found this money, I thought I was sure of the books anyhow."

"And so you brought this back, thinking that you could have bought your books with it?"

"Yes, sir," Jack answered.

"Look here, my boy, this bill is worth no more to you or to any one else than a bit of blank paper. It is only an advertisement in the form of a bill; see," and in small type, in the center of the note, Jack read the advertisement of a clothing-dealer. "I suppose Clarence dropped it; he had a pocket full of it this morning."

Jack's heart gave a quick throb as he listened. What if he had yielded to temptation, and bartered away his honesty for that worthless paper! Would it not have been a poor bargain? Nay, would it not have been a poor bargain even if it had been worth five dollars? Jack did not expect any reward for his long, hot walk, and he was not disappointed when he started home without any suggestion of recompense; but it was an agreeable surprise to him, when, just before the day of the picnic, he received a large box of confections, which furnished an irresistible basket for customers at Glen Rock; and when he had fairly earned the coveted books, he never looked at them without rejoicing that he had conquered the temptation which had so strongly assailed him.—*Minnie E. Kenney, in S. S. Times.*

A BRAVE HUNTER.

He Goes After a Bear, and Sure Enough, He Finds One.

"I tell *you*, all I want now is to meet a bear, or a lion, or a panther, or something!" cried ten-year-old Charlie, as he proudly showed his oak bow and gaily painted arrows, which Peter Semps, an Indian boy, had given him.

"Wouldn't our old Billy sheep do as well?" laughed papa.

"Billy sheep!" answered Charlie, almost ready to cry. "Just wait and you'll see, papa! I'm going hunting."

Now papa had planted a large field of fodder-corn, which grew so tall that a man on horseback could barely see over the tops in places. Here was just the place for a bear-hunt—so our Charlie thought.

He marched boldly down the hill, and entered the corn-field, while papa watched him with twinkling eyes. *Perhaps* he was thinking of the time when he, too, owned a bow and arrow.

"He will get lost!" said mamma, anxiously. Mammas are always anxious about ten-year-old boys, you know.

"No, no!" laughed papa. "Let him go. He will have a good time, and nothing can hurt him there. Let him go; it is a real forest to him. I'll send Brave by and by. He can fetch him out if he *is* lost."

But papa didn't know what there was hidden in that corn-field; he didn't even dream the truth, or else Charlie wouldn't have gone there alone, you may be sure.

For a time Charlie went on gaily among the long, shady rows. It was quite like a forest. Frisky squirrels chattered, and ran away before him; tiny mice peered at him with bright, questioning eyes, and once he started a flock of partridges, which were looking for their supper; but such game was too small for our young hunter. He was after a bear—*and he found it!* Over toward the real woods, where the sweetcorn was planted, and the rows were thinner, and not as tall, he saw a great black bear, sitting upright upon his haunches, and stripping the ears of tender corn. What a splendid chance! Charlie trembled with excitement, and perhaps he was a little, only a little, frightened. He dropped upon one knee, as he had seen Pete do, fitted his prettiest arrow and twanged the bow.

"Ouf! ouf!" said the bear, as the arrow whizzed by him, just touching the tip of one round ear.

Then he spied Charlie, who was just fitting another arrow with eager, trembling hands. He didn't stop to pick out the prettiest one this time. This one struck him plump on the nose, and, dropping upon his forefeet, he shuffled toward Charlie.

The brave hunter became the hunted. That was more than he had bargained for, and, throwing down his bow and arrows, he gave a screech, and darted ahead, anywhere, with that great black blear close behind him!

After Charlie left, papa sat on the verandah, and smiled as he read. Then a man came hurriedly up the walk.

"Seen any thing of a bear round here?" he said. "I belong to Lock's circus, and our best-performing bear got loose last night. We've tracked him as far as your corn-field—"

"Our corn-field!" gasped mamma. "And Charlie—"

"Pooh! The animal is tame, and won't hurt him," said papa; but his face was very pale, as he snatched up his hat, and whistled for Brave, then led the way toward the corn-field.

"Seek him, Brave! Seek him, good dog!" he said, when they reached the spot where Charlie had entered the corn.

Away went the dog, and away went papa, and the circus man after him.

They heard Charlie scream, saw him dashing through the corn, and the next instant the great brute lunged forward, and caught the little hunter in his strong paws.

"Don't ye be a mite oneasy, sir," said the circus man. "That's only one of his tricks. Stand back; I'll soon have him safe. Down, Brutus! down, sir!" and the bear instantly obeyed.

So Charlie had his bear-hunt—rather too much of it; but I shall always be thankful that that circus man was so near.—*E. H. Stratton, in Youth's Companion.*

—The Bible will bear any amount of reading and study without weariness or satiety. The more one reads and studies the more he will find in it to admire and love. He who is practically a stranger to this book has no idea of what he loses by the neglect.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—A Boston swell recently took a trip way down on Cape Cod. He had occasion to drive from the station to his destination with a typical "Cape Codder," one of those keen, but not over brilliant looking sons of the sea coast. The Bostonian had noticed, as they rode along, the bleak country with its uninviting fields and sandy strips of land, and finally said to his companion: "I don't see how you live in this forlorn-looking country. What do you raise down here, anyway?" "Wall," was the drawling answer, "we plant schoolhouses and raise men."

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ALLCOCK'S are the only genuine POROUS PLASTERS. They act quickly and with certainty, and can be worn for weeks without causing pain or inconvenience. They are invaluable in cases of Spinal Weakness, Kidney and Pulmonary Difficulties, Malaria, Ague Cake, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Strains, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Heart, Spleen and Stomach Troubles, and all local pains.

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

LEMON juice is cordially recommended for one kind of felon; the penitentiary for the other.—*Boston Budget.*

Harvest Excursions.

For the benefit of those who desire to take a western trip and see the magnificent crop results in Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas, at comparatively small expense, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company will sell from Chicago, Milwaukee and other points on its lines in Illinois, Wisconsin, Eastern Iowa and Minnesota, round trip Harvest Excursion tickets to points farther west, at one-half of the regular rates. Tickets will be good for return passage for thirty days from dates of sale which will be as follows: October 9th and 23d.

For further information, address A. V. H. CARPENTER, General Passenger Agent, Milwaukee, Wis.

AN Indian warwhoop is not a Sioux-thing sound.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

Two More Harvest Excursions.

Only two more chances at extraordinary low rates, to see the wonderful country and crops of the Great West, during the Harvest Season of 1888. Improve the opportunity afforded by the GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE, which offers (in addition to round-trip half-fare tickets) the inducements of a delightful journey in its famous palace cars. Excursions leave Chicago Tuesday, Oct. 9th, and Tuesday, Oct. 23d, for points in Kansas, Nebraska, Northwestern Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota. Rate, one fare for the round trip. Tickets first-class, and good 30 days for return passage. For rates to any special locality or additional information, address E. A. HOLBROOK, *General Ticket and Passenger Agent*, Chicago, Ill.

A SWELL thing in hats—the humming bead after a spree.—*Hotel Mail.*

THE end of a stock company—divid-end.

A PAWNBROKER having joined a temperance society, it was remarked that there need be no fear of his not keeping the pledge.

SOME politicians say that whisky is the best thing for pushing a canvass. On the contrary, wind is the best thing, as any yachtsman will tell you.—*Burlington Free Press.*

IF you want to find out what a great and wide doubt permeates your fellow-man just get a black eye. Then attempt to explain it.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A WELL-KNOWN physician says that the brain is not an organ absolutely essential to life. The same may be truthfully said of the hand-organ.—*Harper's Bazar.*

WHEN a dog growls over his food you may know that he likes it. When a man growls you may know that he doesn't.—*Boston Traveller.*

DESIGNING men—architects.—*Time.*

PAY heed to the idle rumor. Some day the idle roomer may fail to pay his room rent.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THERE is no duty on plaster of Paris when you wear the plaster for a weak back, or wear it for two weeks back, either.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE facetious father of a pair of twin babies complained that although they filled the house with music he could not tell one heir from another.—*Binghamton Republican.*

WITH defaulters it is fly-time at any season of the year.—*Boston Post.*

THE cowboy is like a dramatic star—he is supported by a stock company.—*Western Plowman.*

IT assists a family man considerably in keeping cool to take ice, but it makes him hot when he gets the bill.—*Merchant Traveler.*

LOG CABINS are neither fashionable nor in demand, but they were more comfortable and more healthy than are many modern dwellings. Warner's Log Cabin Hops & Buchu is a reproduction of one of the best of the simple remedies with which Log Cabin dwellers of old days kept themselves well. Did you ever try "Tippecanoe?"

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"HANDSOME is as handsome does," but it isn't always that handsome does as handsome is.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

CHECK Colds and Bronchitis with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

HOTEL-KEEPERS declare that a great many men get away by the fire-escape to escape being fired out below.—*Boston Post.*

FREE! A 3-foot French Glass, Oval Front, Nickel or Cherry Cigar Case. MERCHANTS ONLY. R. W. TANSILL & Co., Chicago.

LAWYERS ought to be good poets; they write lots of "versus."—*Rochester Post.*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

END MEN — chiropodists, phrenologists and undertakers.—*Puck.*

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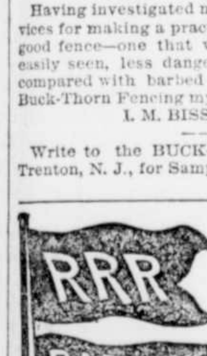

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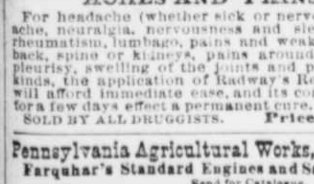

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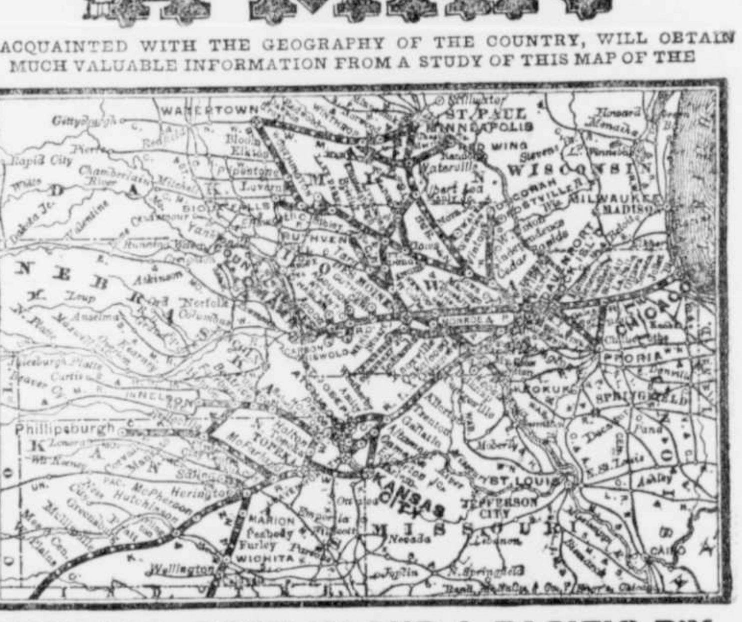

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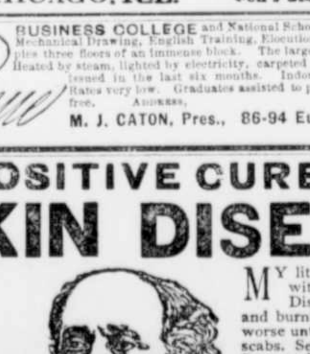

MY litte boy has been troubled with a severe type of Skin Disease, with intense itching and burning, which constantly grew worse until his face was covered with scabs. Seeing Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup advertised to cure skin and blood diseases, we tried it, and today our child's skin is as clear and smooth as ever. We believe Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup is a positive cure for Skin and Blood Diseases. MRS. EDMOND PALMER, 88 Summit St., Rochester, N. Y.

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I have been troubled with Rheumatism for years, and Salt Rheum has been nearly all over my body. I have used nearly every remedy but found no relief except from Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup. I could not lie in bed at night. Have taken ten bottles, and am now a well man. It is truly a great blood purifier. NELSON MOORE, Wolcott, N. Y.

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LEWIS E. McCOMAS.

SATURDAY, OCT. 6, 1888.

Mr. McComas.

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The Surplus.

One of the most foolish ideas promulgated by the Democratic press is that we must lower the tariff to get rid of the surplus. Now, thoughtful reader, one moment conceding a surplus, you lower the tariff and that brings in the foreign article at once. So much all are agreed upon. You increase the amount of importations. Don't that increase the revenue? History and experience have settled that. Now, again, raise the tariff, the higher the less importations. Go on in this way and you soon come to the point where importations stop altogether. Now, don't that cut off the revenue altogether, and here then we have what is called prohibitory tariff. Can't any school boy of Garrett county understand this. If it is the surplus, providing there is a surplus, the only way to get rid of the revenue is to make it absolutely free to come without any restrictions whatever. Free trade absolutely, and the free traders understand this as well as we do. The Republican party says rather take it off tobacco and off the home productions.

The Tariff Is Not a Tax.

Democratic orators, as well as newspapers, are constantly repeating that the tariff is a tax. This may mislead many people. The fact is the tariff is a tax on foreign productions but the people of Garrett county are not dependent upon foreign production. What we want is a home market for our grain, our potatoes, for our meat, etc. Take the price of cattle, the price of potatoes, the price of grain, or what you please. How does the tariff tax them? We don't pay any tariff when we go to Georges Creek, to Oakland, Cumberland, or Baltimore. We produce them within ourselves, and all we ask is a home market, a good home market. Well now how can we expect a home market unless you protect the laborers who consume our productions? We cannot make a home market by destroying their toil. We cannot make a home market by letting England bring in her iron, her coal, her hardware and her productions which cover every avenue of skilled labor. You cannot make a home market by taking the thousands of workers out of the protected industries and turning them on the country to become paupers or by sending them out into the county to go to raising our productions. Give us manufactories, give us mines, give us workshops; give us all these, and the nearer the better, and we will be prosperous. Then we can pay for our mortgaged farms, bought in war times, at war prices. Then we know that the producers can be paid, and that is what we are as farmers. We are producers of almost everything we use.

We, as citizens of Garrett county, don't need to go into the market to buy silks, satins, high-priced woolen goods, imported wines and liquors. Protect the laborer and you protect the farmer, the merchant and mechanic. Indirectly all are interested in this vital question.

Coal.

Volumes have been written on this, one of the most interesting of geologic subjects. We are confronted at the outset with the wealth of material at our disposal, and it would only be tiresome to the general reader. Its origin, composition, its formation and uses, where should we begin and where stop. The Saxons were familiar with its use as early as 853, generally burned in London in 1400, first used in France 1520, imported from Newcastle, hence the old saying "carrying coals to Newcastle," mined in George's Creek as early as 1823, the first great impetus came in 1842, when the B. & O. Railroad was completed to Cumberland, and in 1850, when the canal was completed. The consumption of this coal now is simply enormous. Millions of capital are employed and millions are invested indirectly in mining, transportation and commerce. It is estimated that there is enough still left in George's Creek and Elk Garden region to last the Atlantic seaboard two centuries. To the Atlantic seaboard it all goes, to be sent North and South, and yet here is a Democratic campaign circular claiming that railroad men generally will be benefitted by lower tariff. They classify them as unprotected laborers. What nonsense. Now again about this famous Nova Scotia coal, of which we have heard so much and which Mr. Wm. Singerly, with whom President Cleveland spent Sabbath, Sept. 16th, so much wants to come in tariff free. The supply is inexhaustable, near New York and Philadelphia, and said to be the finest bituminous coal in the world, one vein alone we were told years ago by no less authority than the lamented Dr. Welfley, who gave the matter careful study, the Picton vein of Nova Scotia, being 37½ feet thick, solid coal. Couple this with the fact that Nova Scotia is already sending in whole trees by water, duty free, because free raw material, and we can understand the anxiety of such Democrats as Mr. Singerly for free trade, and especially free coal, and if you don't believe he wants free coal read his paper, the Philadelphia *Record*.

Whatever may be said of our presidents, it is to be put down to our national credit that the women of the White House have been of the best types of American womanhood. Should her husband be successful in this election, Mrs. Harrison will prove no exception. She is described as matronly, yet vivacious, with brown eyes, dark hair, without a line of gray, comely features, and lips that smile and yet are firm. She has the happy faculty of making guests feel at once at home. She moves much in society, is a great favorite among other women, and makes them her warm friends. It is a common saying that she would make as charming a mistress of the White House as she is the delightful matron of a quieter home. As her girlhood was passed in a collegiate atmosphere, both by opportunity and inclination, she is of intellectual tastes. She is a prominent and active member of a ladies' literary society, and her reading is wide and varied.

It is the duty of every citizen of this county to give the situation of affairs this fall a very careful study. If you need information on any point as regards the rates of tariff of past years, anything in regard to the Mills bill, write us and we will try to answer you correctly. Bring the question home to yourself, to your family and to your neighbor. Ask yourself the question once, what effect free trade will have or even what effect a lower tariff will have on your section. We will take great pleasure in sending you any documents for yourself and neighbors. No one need go to the polls ignorant of this vital question.

The secret of McComas' popularity is his *genuineness*. He is a "good fellow," but not to catch votes. He was a "good fellow" before he wanted votes, and will be so to the end. No man is more utterly without pretense or affectation of any kind. That's why he is so popular with the working classes--the sturdy miners and others. —*Cumb. News.*

A Feast of Cheapness.

The other day General Harrison, in the course of one of his admirable addresses to his "hoosier" neighbors, said: "I beg you all to recollect that you will vote this fall for or against the principle of protection. You are invited to a feast of cheapness. You are promised foreign-made goods at very low prices, and domestic competing goods, if any are made, at the same low rates. But do not forget that the spectre of lower wages will also attend the feast. As certain as the night follows the day, the adoption of this policy means lower wages. Choose then, but do not forgot that this cheapening process may be pushed so far as to involve the cheapening of human life, and the loss of human happiness."

Some years ago our British cousins faced this very question, and they decided against protection. The "feast of cheapness" came to them, just as General Harrison says it will come to us if we invite it by our votes. The result of such a feast is outlined by Mr. H. J. Pettifer, secretary of the British Workmen's Association for the Defense of British Industry, a man, perhaps better qualified to give a truthful and a reliable state of the condition of British workmen than any other man in England.

He told a Boston audence the other evening that "there is a famine in England of the very worst kind, a famine not of food, because the food is wonderfully cheap in the old country, but a worse famine than a famine of food, and that is a famine of money. There is a famine of work and a famine of wages, a famine of the purchasing power of the working classes of the country. That is the worst famine that you can ever possibly have in any country, and that is the famine that is existing in England from one end to the other. At the last Trades Union Congress, Mr. Abrahams, one of the workingmen's members of Parliament, stated, and no man is better qualified than he to know, that there are 900,000 wage-workers of Great Britain out of employment—men, women and young persons of both sexes.

"You can make a sum of that, and can reckon up that, on an average, every one of those 900,000 would support at least three persons if fully employed. You will find that it comes to over 2,500,000 people altogether without the purchasing power. What is the use of talking about the cheapness of an article to people in such a condition.

The Rebel Brooks.

Dr. John A. Brooks, of Missouri, candidate for the Vice-Presidency on the Prohibition ticket, and his friends have been so earnest in their denials that he never uttered the words he is said to have used in his speech at Decatur, Ill., that some people who do not know Dr. Brooks or anything about his antecedents may either doubt that he used that expression or charitably conclude that it was a mere *lapsus linguae* or the utterance of one under undue excitement. Three reputable men have sworn that Dr. Brooks in his speech said:

"I have lived in the South and owned slaves there. I sympathized with the South and prayed for the success of the Confederate cause; but my prayers were not answered. I have been a Democrat, but thank God I have never been a Republican. I will never have that sin to answer for."

It may seem strange to some of our Eastern friends that Dr. Brooks should utter such words. By them he of course implies that it is a greater sin and disgrace to be a Republican than to be a rebel and a slave-holder.

The Cumberland *Daily News* presents the following excellent reasons for Mr. McComas's re-election. Our people should study the situation. This district cannot afford to have Mr. McComas defeated; it cannot afford to lose the prominence and importance it has acquired by reason of its being represented by a member of such acknowledged force and influence; it cannot afford to exchange a representative of National reputation for one without experience and unknown in public affairs. In short, we don't believe the people of the Sixth District are prepared to commit public suicide.

A prominent business man, who won $10,000 by backing Cleveland four years ago, is betting freely on Harrison this year. He has already placed several hundred dollars on the Indiana man, and is ready to meet others on even terms. He said to a *Sun* reporter to-night; "If the *Sun* will send on a check for $1,000 to-morrow on Cleveland I'll agree to cover it with Harrison money before noon." A young banker, who is worth several millions, is betting on Harrison this year. He has placed half a dozen small bets of $100 or $200 on even terms. He voted for and backed Cleveland in 1884.—*New York (Dem.)*

General Harrison's Part.

It will be remembered that early in the campaign Seator Quay said: "If General Harrison keeps on making sensible and statesmanlike speeches as he has begun, he would elect himself without any assistance from the National, State or Local Committees." General Harrison has kept on as he began and has had the active assistance of all three Committees, for the Republican party is easily united upon such admirable candidates as Gen. Benjamin Harrison and Hon. Levi P. Morton, and—we must not forget the third candidate—Mr. Republican Protection.

Another observer adds his testimony. Hear the Erie, Pa., *Dispatch*: "The remarkable force, variety, propriety, facility, and versatility of General Harrison's speeches have been universally remarked, and the general judgment is that the Republicans are exceedingly fortunate in their candidate."

Still another, this time a Westerner, a busy Chicagoan, speaks. It is the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*: "If General Harrison was in any sense a sham and worked up speech to hide his thought or to deceive the people, one day's experience would undo him. But he goes on fresh, and bright and pleasing, and the mighty throngs march to see him in such style, in such multitudes, and with such informality and enthusiasm, that the country is amazed, not more at the readiness of the man than at the abounding testimony that the people give him of their regard, and admiration and confidence. He is genuine all through, and utters no false notes or uncertain sounds.

This is why the highest responsibilities having been thrown upon him he was equal to them. Nor should it be alleged that his speeches have not been carefully scanned by members of the opposing party, if happily for them, there might be something in them by which their author and his party could be tripped. But all such search has been in vain. As the Boston *Journal* remarks: "General Harrison's speeches are not accidents or artificial. They are the expressions of his intelligence and convictions, his information and his principles. He is a gentleman talking to his friends, without concealments or evasions, or a thought of preparing phrases for double meanings."

As if all this were not strong enough testimony, here is the editor of the Indianapolis *Journal*, a strong personal friend of General Harrison's it is true, but why ought his testimony to be thrown out on that account? Coming forward to say: "There has not been one touch of vanity or self-sufficiency in all of General Harrison's speeches. He never did anything in his life to be ashamed of, and has nothing to be afraid of."

Stubborn Facts.

If any Republican hears a Democratic neighbor boasting (says the Philadelphia *Press*) of the bright prospects of the Democratic party let him call his attention to these results of this year's election:

In Oregon the Republicans cast the largest vote they ever polled, gained the largest plurality they ever had, and greatly increased their representation in both branches of the Legislature, making it from two-thirds to three-fourths Republican.

In Vermont the Republicans cast the largest vote they ever polled at a gubernatorial election, gained the largest plurality they ever gave a candidate for Governor, chose every member of the State Senate and made large gains in the lower branch of the Legislature.

In Maine the Republicans cast the largest vote they ever polled, gained one of the largest pluralities they have had in twenty years, elected a solid State Senate, made large gains in the lower Legislative House, and elected ninety-six of the ninety-nine county officers chosen.

In Alabama the Democratic majority was cut down at the recent State election from one-third to two-fifths. The exact figure is not known as yet, but there will be a loss of from 30,000 to 50,000 as compared with Democratic majority at the corresponding State election in 1884. This occurred, notwithstanding the Democrats have the entire control of the ballot boxes.

In Arkansas the Democratic majority of 45,336 is reduced to one of 15,026, showing a Democratic loss of 30,310, the opposition vote of 55,537 in 1884 is increased to 84,223, and the Congressional district of Clifton R. Breckenridge, who is one of the godfathers of the Mills bill, shows an anti-Democratic majority.

Facts are stubborn things.

One of Mr. Cleveland's Little Fictions.

"The poor man's blanket" is being used by the party of free trade to cover a multitude of sins. How many blankets does the poor man, the rich man, or, for that matter, any man buy in a year? How many pairs does an average family wear out in a life time? The alert New York *Press* hits the "blanket tax" hard in this way:

So the duty on blankets is a "tax." It is nothing of the kind, Mr. President. A pair of five-pound blankets were recently imported at the lowest possible cost. The statement of the cost, duty paid, is as follows: Cost in England at wholesale, $4.45; duty, $4.25; customs fees, 65 cents; total, $9.35. If the theory is true, these blankets ought to sell for $9.35 a pair, but as a matter of fact American blankets of precisely the same weight and quality were selling at that time for $5.20. What becomes of the theory that the duty is added to the cost?

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Oct. 1st, 1888.—Brigadier-General S. V. Benet, Chief of Ordnance U. S. Navy, in his anxiety to help the Democratic party has got himself into trouble as well as the administration. In 1886 he sent a confidential circular to the commanding officers of the national armories at Springfield, Mass., and Rock Island, Ill., and of the United States arsenals at New York, West Troy, N. Y., Philadelphia, Pa., Boston, Mass., and Benicia, California, ordering them to discriminate in favor of Democrats in the employment and discharge of employees of every grade, including women and children. The secret was well kept, and was only recently discovered by the widow of a Republican soldier, who together with her child, was discharged from the Rock Island Arsenal. She demanded of the commandant the reason of her discharge and he showed her a copy of the confidential circular of Gen. Benet's. The matter has created great indignation here, as it is the first time that any man has attempted to manipulate Army agairs in the interests of either political party. Gen. Benet makes no attempt to deny or palliate his offence; he says it was done on the advice of Secretary Endicott, for the purpose of making places for the Democratic Congressmen who were bringing great pressure to bear on the Secretary. Whether this case of the plainest violation of the civil-service reform law will be looked after by Senator Hale's special investigating committee, or whether it will be brought up seperately before the whole Senate has not yet been fully decided upon, but the universal sentiment among fair-minded men is that Gen. Benet and Secretary Endicott should be punished for this gross violation of law.

The idea that Army officers, as a class, are honester than other men has just received a terrible set-back by the discovery of great frauds in the building of the aqueduct tunnel, which is intended to increase the water supply of this city, which is being built under the supervision of Army Engineer Officers. The facts already discovered show conclusively that the Army Officers have been guilty of criminal neglect of duty, if of nothing worse. Congress proposes to go into a thorough investigation of the whole scandal, to find the guilty party or parties, and to see that they are properly punished. To all of which the long suffering citizens of Washington add a fervent Amen.

Dan Lamont went over to New York last week to see if he could not do something to improve the rapidly waning fortunes of Cleveland in that State. His mission was not successful. He was quietly informed by the local politicians that the best thing he could do for Cleveland was to keep his hands off and go back to Washington.

Justice Matthews who has been quite ill, is now much better, and his physicians hope that he will be able to take part in the opening of the Supreme Court next Monday.

The Republican substitute for the Mills bill was not reported to the Senate to-day, as it was generally expected it would be. The delay is caused by the Democratic members of the committee who have not yet prepared their report. They say it will be ready in two or three days; if it is the bill will be reported this week. The tables are completely turned upon the Democrats. They have been complaining of the slowness of the Republicans in preparing their bill, and now the Republicans have got their bill ready to report and they have to wait for the Democrats. The bill is a very long one. It took the clerk of the committee nearly four hours to read it aloud.

The big Harrison and Morton ball was received here Friday evening by the Republican clubs and rolled up through the principal streets to the headquarters of the Republican National League, where an enthusiastic meeting was held. Among the speakers were Senator Dolph, Representatives Johnson, Houck, Perkins, and others. The big ball started West from here. It will go through West Virginia, Ohio and Indiana, and there is a possibility of its going as far as the Pacific coast.

Clerks in the departments here have all received circular letters from the Democratic National Committee, asking them to contribute to the campaign fund. This, in addition to the personal solicitation of the local Democrats, makes the Government clerk's anything else but a pleasant one just now.

The House has not had a quorum for a week past, and little business of public importance has been transacted. It is not thought that the House will again have a quorum present until after the election.

Senator Chandler's resolution providing for an investigation of the Louisiana election brought on a sharp personal and political debate in the Senate, in which Senator Coke tried to see how often he could violate the rules of the Senate by using unparliamentary language. Senator Gibson made a speech on the same subject the day before, in which he virtually admitted that the elections in his State (Louisiana) were controlled by the whites irrespective of the number of votes cast, and he strongly intimated that it was no business of the Senate's.

Senator Sherman, from the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported his resolution looking to closer and better commercial and political relations with Canada, and it was placed on the Calendar. Mr. Sherman stated that it was not the purpose of the committee to push this measure to a vote at the present session, and probably not at the next, it being such an important matter. In the meantime it may be called up at any time that a Senator desires to speak on the subject.

Cleveland's Canadian Retaliation bill is believed to be sleeping its last sleep in the quiet room of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs.

The Senate has passed the bill giving Mrs. General Sheridan a pension of $3,500.

Senator Stewart has introduced a very comprehensive Chinese bill. It prohibits Chinese laborers from entering the country and compels those already here to be registered.

Republicans here continue to receive good reports from Indiana, New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut.

The President and Oleo.

In his letter of acceptance President Cleveland asserts that the tax on oleomargerine, or butterine, adds two cents per pound to the cost of all butter consumed in the United States. If that be so, the people of the country are "taxed" to the extent of thirty to forty million dollars a year for the benefit of the butter makers and dealers. Yet the law levying a tax on butterine was passed but a short time ago with the approval and help of the President, although at the time of its passage there was a large and increasing surplus in the treasury.

It must have been that Mr. Cleveland did know the effect of the oleomargerine act when he signed it—did not know that it was "taxing" the people such immense sums of money. From the general tenor of his letter it is fair to infer that he desires to punish the monopoly of butter-makers and dealers, by repealing the oleomargerine act. If he does not mean that, what does he mean?

With respect to the butter, as in everything else, the President assumes that the natural competition between butter-makers does not have the effect to keep prices within a reasonable limit. Therefore he would punish dairymen, farmers and farmers' wives by permitting vile imitations of butter to freely compete with the genuine article. It seems to be a notion of his that all Americans engaged in gainful pursuits are deep-dyed rascals, while foreign producers are innocent and honest.—*Ex.*

Things we Should Like to Know.

If the 36 per cent tariff on wool is a "robbery," as the Democratic free traders assert, what is the Mills bills tariff on sugar, which averages 82 per cent?

If 36 per cent on wool is a "robbery," what is the 100 per cent on rice of the Mills bill?

If the object of the Mills bill was to reduce the revenue by reducing the tariff, why not reduce the tariff on sugar, which produces $58,000,000, instead of removing altogether the tariff on wool, which produces only $5,000,000 revenue?

If the object of reducing the tariff is to lighten the farmer's burdens, why not reduce it on sugar, which the farmer has to buy, instead of removing it from wool, which he raises to sell?"—*Toledo Blade.*

TRESPASS NOTICE.

I persons are hereby warned not to tres upon any of my property in any manner

D. E. OFFUTT.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

NOTICE:

W. H. Hagans, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

—Considerable snow fell in this section Saturday last.

—Mr. J. A. Grant has accepted a position in Offutt's store.

--The telegraph office at Oakland will be kept open all winter. Mr. Ed. Manown is the operator.

—1,000 pheasants wanted at Felty & Co's., Railroad street, near Depot. 9 29 tf.

—Dr. T. H. Logan, a prominent citizen of Wheeling, was found dead in bed at his residence in that city Monday.

—The ten-year-old son of Mr. W. C. L. Correli had his arm broken last week by a fall from the window of Mr. Broderick's shop.

—Married, September 30th, by Rev. W. E. George, at his residence in Deer Park, Mr. George W. Wilt and Zerelda A. Merrill, both of Garrett county.

—Mrs. Read closed the Glades Hotel Wednesday. Mr. Bowie Johnson has leased the two cottages belonging to the hotel, and will accommodate the traveling public during the winter.

—There are good prospects for a railroad from Confluence, Pa., *via* Selbysport and Friendsville, to the B. & O. near Oakland. A force of engineers are now engaged in making the surveys.

—Married, at the residence of the bride's parents, near Ft. Pendleton, Garrett Co, Md., Thursday, Sep, 27th, 1888, by Rev. Isaac W. Abernathy, Mr John G. Nine and Miss Lily G. Moreland, all of this county.

—By reference to our new advertisements it will be seen that the law firm of Thayer & Sincell has been dissolved by mutual consent, and that Mr. Waring Thomas has purchased Mr. Thayer's interest in the firm, and becomes the partner of Mr. Sincell.

—WANTED—At Garthright's store, at Mt. Lake Park, Md., all the fresh Roll Butter and Eggs, Buckwheat Flour and White Pine Shingles can get, for which will pay cash or trade. Have a large and complete stock of goods at reduced prices.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT.

—A report of McComas' meetings at Elkins and Swanton will be found in this issue. The report of the Accident and Grantsville meetings will appear in our next. Mr. McComas, accompanied by the Oakland Independent Band and Messrs. E. H. Sincell, F. A. Thayer, A. G. Sturgiss and Sheriff Sollars left Oakland Wednesday afternoon for Accident.

—Rev. S. P. Archer, of the West Virginia Conference, formerly pastor of the M. E. Church at Grantsville, this county, has been transfered to the Central Illinois Conference, and appointed to Raritan, a beautiful town in Warren county, Ill. His many friends will be pleased to learn of his success in securing such a good position.

Church Services--Sunday.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M., by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Cash For Produce!

If you want money for eggs, chickens, butter, &c., go to Chas. F. White, who is buying for John Shartzer, and will give you highest cash prices. Don't sell your chestnuts until you see him.

For Sale!--Brick! Brick! Brick!

Fire Pressed, hard and soft Brick, cheaper than ever sold in this county. Inquire of

C. M. RATHBUN,
Alderson & Rathbun Planing Mill,
Mt. Lake Park, Md, or to D. E. Offutt, Oakland, Md.

Last Notice.

John Shartzer will be in Oakland Friday and Saturday, Oct. 5 and 6. All parties knowing themselves indebted to me must settle. Otherwise will be sued.

JOHN SHARTZER.

Sale of Personal Property.

There will be a public sale of the personal property belonging to the estate of the late Samuel Engle, at his late residence, three mills from Grantsville, on Tuesday, Oct. 16th, 1888, commencing at 9 o'clock A. M.

Public Sale of Farm and Personal Property.

The undersigned will sell their farm and personal property, situated two miles from Deer Park, on Thursday, November 1st, 1888. See handbills.

MARTIN MALEY,
10 6 4 ELIZABETH MALEY.

Stock Sale.

I will sell at public sale on my farm near McHenry, Md., on Thursday, Oct. 18th, 1888, the following stock: One Durham bull, ten milch cows, five yearlings, nine two-year olds, eighteen calves, (and four three-year olds if not sold before that time). Terms—Four months, with approved security.

10 6 tf E. HOYE.

M. E. Conference Appointments.

The following are the appointments made for Oakland District by the M. E. Conference, which closed its sessions at Fairmont Monday last:

W. J. Sharpes, Presiding Elder.
Albrightsville, T. R. Faulkner.
Aurora, T. C. Rexroad.
Brandonville, A. S. Arnett.
Cramerville, to be supplied.
Davis, C. E. Shaw.
Deer Park, D. Cool.
Evansville, D. A. Friend.
Friendsville, D. B. Orr.
Grantsville, W. E. Dean.
Hambleton, R. S. Welsh.
Hannahville, Levi Cross.
Newburg, G. W. Kepler.
Oakland, C. T. Trippett.
Pleasant Grove, M. Knotts.
Randolph Mission, to be supplied.
Rowlesburg, W. H. Shaw.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Garrett county, Md., for the month of September, 1888:

Altvater, Mrs. Eva.	Haight, P. R.,
Alspaugh, F. P.,	Hall, Mrs. E. G.,
Brown, Miss S. Va.,	Heskell, Minor, F.,
Bowman, H. J.,	Johnson, Mrs. M. E.,
Brinkley, B. F.,	Koerner, Miss Josephine,
Bear, Palmer & Co.,	Kelley, Miss S. A.,'
Brockey, C. F.,	Keys, Mrs.,
Baldwin, Ed.	Little, D. L.,
Carter, Mrs. Leah,	Moon, Wm.,
Cullison, Capt. H. A.,	Matthews, Miss Annie,
Casteel, Mrs. Sarah A.,	Moore, S. M.,
Carter, Jas. N.,	Meloney, John,
Colmer, Miss Ellen,	Matthews, Mrs. R.,
Carter, Miss Mollie,	Pearce, William,
Chadwell, Miss Clara,	Pysell, Miss Edith,
Dorsey & Co., J. C.	Price, W. S.,
Dryden, W. H.,	Ryan, Mary,
Dandsburg, Mrs. E.,	Rhodes, Jacob,
Davis, Mrs. L. A.,	Snyder, Silas,
Davis, Jas. W., (2)	Stoke, Nannie,
Dale, John E.,	Stark, Mrs. J. C.,
Dulge, Mrs. E. F.,	Saul, Mr. Geo. W.,
Freidrick, Francis M.,	Smith, Mary,
Friedrick, Mrs. Wm.,	Smith, Annie,
Fulton, U. C.,	Savage, Miss Della,
Groverman, M. D.,	Tasker, Miss Rose A.
Gilliams, Mrs. Emily,	Tomson, Mary,
Gilliams, Mrs. J. J.,	Thayer, S.
Garner, John,	Welsh, A. F.,
Gibbons, Wm.,	Wilmouth & Son., (3)
Hurt, J. F.,	Washington, M. J., (2)
Howard, Mrs. Laura,	Wright, J. R.,
Hubbard, Miss Latishe,	Webster, D. C.,
Hook, Jonas,	Wear, Col. David W.,
Hoard, Mrs. S. K.,	Young, Miss Tilda.
Harvey, Jas. M.,	

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

These letters are chargable with one cent due on delivery.

P. HAMILL, P. M.

McComas at Elkins.

ELKINS, October 24, 1888.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Yesterday was the day for Hon. L. E. McComas to speak at Elkins. It was the first fine day since buckwheat cutting, and the farmers who availed themselves of the opportunity, were too busy threshing to attend political meetings; but "Little Mac" had an attentive audience of some 40 or 50 listeners, with a good representation of the ladies of No. 8, who, with evident satisfaction and delight, paid close attention to the speech showing up the false pretences and the free trade doctrines and tendencies of the Democracy. It is interesting to know how much less was the purchasing power of a woman's wages when we had a tariff for revenue than under the protective system, and McComas did not forget to allude to this matter in his speech. It is to be regretted that a number of our staunchest Republican citizens failed to meet their distinguished representative, but they can console themselves with the reflection that McComas will surely be elected, all the same, and that his ability and experience will be available in the Republican House which will be elected this fall in framing a new tariff bill, with the protection side uppermost. Our lumber, and wool, and coal and other interests, will be taken care of, and our markets will be maintained if Mr. McComas and a Republican majority is returned to the next House. But if the shams, and false pretenses, and free-trade schemes of the Democracy prevail, the business of this new and growing section will be paralised, and employer and employee will share a common fate in the ruin of their business.

Mountain Lake Park.

During the first part of the meeting a cottage "one accord" meeting was held in Miss Harriss' parlor each morning at ten o'clock. They become so interesting and so largaly attended that they were moved to Miss Jennie Smith's large double parlor, where they were attended with great interest and profit. We are all greatly indebted to Miss S. C. Harris for this meeting. The ladies she has secured to conduct this meeting are certainly excellent teachers of God's word. They are not in any way connected with, neither do they believe in the so-called "faith-healers," who pervert the word of God to reach their own selfish ends. They teach that God is as willing now, as he ever was, to make and keep our bodies well, not by man's power or wisdom, but by the power of God. On Wednesday afternoon Miss Sisson gave us a Bible reading on the "evils of the devil." How he controls mind, body, and spirit, as he does in many cases, which she referred to. But Jesus is strong to deliver, and asks us to take his freedom; but we are to "go over and possess," or all the rich heritage of God's grace will not be ours. Miss Judd then showed the difference between God's touch and the touch of Satan. How the one gives life and peace, and the other brings misery and death. In the evening there were a number of requests came in for prayers, some for one thing and some for another. Miss Jennie Smith offered an earnest prayer for all. Miss Sisson then spoke from the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, from which she made an excellent discourse on the offices of Jesus. Thursday afternoon Miss Sisson gave her promised Bible reading on the care of the family. She showed by scripture and by various examples that God has special care for the family, but that little can be accomplished until we come out to the place where he calls us, either physically or religiously. In the evening Miss Judd spoke from the fifty-eighth of Isaiah, where she showed us how apt we are to complain against God if we do not get things when and in the way we ask. How necessary it is for us to yield to him who is wisdom and righteousness. Then all will work to our good, our light having come and the secret of the Lord with them that fear him. Miss Jennie Smith showed us that the Lord would go before us if our wills were thus conformed to his. On Friday afternoon Miss Judd gave her very interesting Bible reading on the Lord's healing for the body. She showed how willing God was to make and keep our bodies well if we only ask and trust him for it: James 5, 13—16, and a number of other references, showing that it is God's will as shown us by the life of Jesus that we can and should be relieved of all our ills. Then we should be obedient. Miss Sisson then showed that the anointing oil was only used upon persons and vessels wholly set apart to the Lord's service. If we expect God's full salvation we must comply with the conditions. In the evening Miss Sisson gave a very interesting missionary address. She gave a little of her experience as a missionary in India. Even the children were deeply moved as she told how the little brides were treated, and how the heathen priests, who were also the doctors, would, instead of carefully nursing and giving remedies to the little sick girls, would, on examination, pronounce it a case of witchcraft, take them at once to one of their temples, tie them up to a stake and then whip them until they could not possibly stand. Then they could be taken to their homes to either live or die just as they could. At two o'clock a very interesting children's meeting was held. Miss Sisson told them how several children were brought to her sister's home in India. They were stolen by Gypsies and were rescued by the police, and had taken them to their station, but could not find their parents. At three Miss Judd gave an account of her wonderful healing. In the evening Miss Sisson gave us a talk on the "thorn in the flesh." Sabbath morning Miss Sisson referred us to the 100th Psalm, where she showed us our duty and our privilege to "bless the Lord for all his benefits," instead of always seeking more and not stopping to thank him for what we had received. And to thank him for all he has promised to give us. How God is honored when we draw from him life and health for our entire being. In the afternoon another excellent experience meeting was held in which many took part. At night Miss Jennie Smith urged the formation of a W. C. T. U. The regular officers were elected. Then Miss Sisson gave an account of her healing, which showed how God can and does deliver when we trust him without any ifs. The meeting then closed, all feeling that they wanted these sisters to return next year when they expect to hold a large convention.

Our first snow came last Saturday, loading the green trees and covering the grass. J. A. E.

Swanton.

The first Republican meeting ever held in this place was held on the night of Oct. 24, in West's Hall. The meeting was called to order by Mr. A. F. George. The followinfi gentlemen were selected as officers of the meeting: President, J. Z. Browning; Vice-Presidents, Jos. F. Friend, C. T. Sweet, Hanson Friend, Francis M. McRobie, Richard Custer, Joseph Foster, John A. Junkins and Patrick Rooney; Secretary, A. F. George. Mr. Rooney is an Irish American who voted for Cleveland in 1884, but who will vote for Harrison, Morton, McComas and Protection at the next election. Mr. McComas made a grand speech, which will have a good effect, and he was repeatedly interrupted by the applause of his audience. He proved that the leaders of the Democratic party were in favor of free trade. He showed plainly that the average reduction was misleading. That the products of Garrett county were placed upon the free list, &c., and the whole speech was an able discussion of the issues of the hour. Sw[illegible] can depend upon Swanton to [illegible] a Republican majority for our ticket on the sixth of November. Mr. McComas was followed by a few remarks by Mr. Jos. Foster and A. F. George, after which the meeting adjourned, and everybody pleased with the meeting. Mr. McComas was the guest of Mr. A. F. George while here. His many friends hope to have him come again.

Mr. Faiall has put a new roof on his house.

Willie Wagoner met with a serious accident Tuesday. A yoke of oxen he was driving rat away and threw him down breaking his thigh. We hope that he may soon be around again. HOOSIER.

Fairview.

MR. EDITOR:—There has been a series of Dunkard meetings going on at this place. They lasted for more than a week. The meetings were conducted by Rev. George S. Arnold, and Rev. Isaac W. Abernathy. They have made some progress.

The Republican speaking at Elkins was pretty largely attended.

We hope that the speaking in Dobbin next Thursday, the 4th, will be largely attended. The speaking will be done by Mr. Reynolds, from Keyser.

The new Fearless threshing machine owned by Isaac A. Rinker, does good work.

The Republicans of this section are all [illegible] and we will give Mr. McComas a big lift this fall. J. A.

Deer Park.

The Hotel closed yesterday, and very few cottagers left in Deer Park. Ex-Senator Davis, Mrs. W. R. Davis, Hon. S. B. Elkins, Mr. J. W. Williams, Mrs. A. C. Lott and Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Haulenbeek are still here with their families, all much interested in the novelty of a tough snow-storm the 29th of September.

Mrs. M'Kee, daughter of our Republican nominee for President, is visiting Mrs. Lieut. Brown, who is with her parents during the absence of her husband.

Mrs. R. J. Head and Miss Minnie Head, of Davis, W. Va., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. C. H. Tilson.

Mrs. L. H. Schoolfield has just returned from a visit to Mrs. L. H. Grant, in Grafton, W. Va.

A fire broke out last Saturday, during the heavy snow-storm, in the house of Mr. Joseph Lashorn, but fortunately was subdued before making much headway. One room was burned but many of the articles of furniture saved. It originated in a bureau drawer, and the inside and back of the bureau was burned before it broke out. The only conjectured cause is that a match may have fallen behind the drawer and been ignited in opening or shutting it.

The Band of Hope hold their regular meeting on Saturday evening next.

Miss M. J. Danforth is absent on a visit to friends in Chicago. Mrs. J. S. Latta occupies her place as matron of the "Home" in her absence assisted by Miss Hoyes, of Massachusetts.

Mrs. D. F. Graham is still with her parents in Piedmont.

George and Evers Connell, sons of Mr. P. W. Connell, of our place have just returned from a trip to Baltimore and Washington.

Mrs. N. A. Kiracofe and family are away on a visit to her home.

Free Sleeping Car.

To passengers purchasing second class tickets to Pacific Coast points via. Baltimore and Ohio, R. R. for trains leaving Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore and Washington, D. C., Sept. 11th and 25th, October 9th and 23rd. The number of tickets on each trip is limited to twenty-five. So that passengers should make application at once to D. Bride, Passenger Agent B. & O. R. R., Central Building, Baltimore, Md., H. A. Miller, Ticket agent, B. & O. R. R. Wilmington, Del., or to Agent Delawder, Oakland, Md.

Our School Troubles.

Our school affairs have always been badly managed in this county, owing almost altogether to factional fights in the Democratic party, and now they are in a worse muddle than ever. It will be remembered that at the last session of the Legislature the law was changed so as to take the appointing power out of the hands of the Circuit Court and vest it in the Governor, and all knew that was done to legislate the old board out of office and have new members appointed who were in sympathy with the Democratic faction in power in the county, better known as the "Ring" faction. When the new board organized in July last, the old board refused to turn over the money, books, papers, &c., and the new board procured other rooms, books, &c., and proceeded to act as the board of school commissioners, but last week the old board obtained an injunction against the commissioners appointed by the Governor, restraining and prohibiting them from acting as school commissioners, and when the teachers presented themselves for examination Tuesday last, they found that their time, expense and trouble was for nothing. It is a question now whether we can have any schools this winter or not. Of course the education of our children is of little importance to these warring Democratic factions, but we imagine that the people will have something to say ere long on this important matter. They should remember that we are indebted for the present state of affairs to our late Democratic Senator and member of the House of Delegates.

Setting the Orchard.

It is often asked which is the best time for setting, fall or spring? If you can get the trees in the fall, by all means set them, for you will secure a greater growth the first season; if you cannot, do not put it off till another fall, or you will lose any growth whatever. Healthy trees well set will do well at either season.

Thirty feet each way is the generally accepted distance for apple trees, but I greatly prefer setting them thirty-three feet apart with pears in the centers of the squares and peaches or plums between every two apple trees. This gives a little over twenty-three feet between the pears and apples, while the stone fruits will cease to be profitaole by the time the larger trees need the room. On irregular ground the rows will not be straight unless you hold your measuring pole level. Of course the trees may bear nearly as much if set "every-which-way," but will not take as good care of an "eye-sore" as something you can take a pride in, so have the rows straight. My orchard of over thirteen hundred trees, rows perfectly in eight different directions.

After the ground is staked off take a six-inch board, about six feet long, and cut a notch in the edge near each end, also one mid-way between them. Place this central notch over the stake and drive a stake at each end notch. After you have dug your hole the board can be re-placed and the central notch will show you exactly where your tree belongs and hold it while filling in.

I find it almost impossible to get people to cut their trees back when transplanting. The roots supply moisture; the leaves evaporate it. If there is more evaporated than the roots can supply the tree dies. The tops should be cut back just in proportion as the roots have been disturbed and injured generally about half of the previous season's growth.

A properly transplanted and tended tree will make as much growth in five years as the majority of us get in ten or twelve. In digging the—I was going to say *hole*, but it ought not to be a hole unless your ground is mellow and rich for about two feet in depth—the idea is not to get the few roots that the tree then has under ground, but to provide a mellow root bed for some distance below and beyond them. To avoid haste do this a week or so before you get your trees, throwing the top earth in one place and the sub-soil in another. In planting put the top soil under the tree and it will pay you to replace the subsoil with woods-earth. You can not tramp the ground too hard about the roots.

One of the most important parts of the whole operation—the mulching—is most frequently neglected. The surface soil itself will make a good mulch if it is finely pulverised and worked after each shower, but when you are not cropping the land it is generally cheaper to use coarse manure and the tree needs the manure any way. We must be liberal in mulching for it is impossible to keep a small space moist with a thirsty soil all around it.

C. T. S[illegible]

—WANTED—500 Dozen Eggs, at the Oakland Bakery. Highest cash market price paid.

E. FREISE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WARING THOMAS. EWD. H. SINCELL.

THOMAS & SINCELL,

Attorneys-at-Law and Solicitors in Chancery,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

OAKLAND, MD., Oct. 1st, 1888.

By mutual consent the law firm of Thayer & Sincell has this day been dissolved, Mr. Thayer retiring. All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said firm are requested to call and settle, either by cash or note. Settlement may be made with either of said partners.

F. A. THAYER.
E. H. SINCELL.

Formation of Co-Partnership.

OAKLAND, MD., Oct., 1st, 1888.

The undersigned have his day formed a co-partnership, to be known by the firm name of Thomas & Sincell, for the purpose of conducting a general law business. Office in the rooms lately occupied by the law firm of Thayer & Sincell, Oakland, Md.

10 6 tf THOMAS & SINCELL.

Order of Publication.

Emma H. McFerren vs. Josiah Witt, Sarah Witt, Michael Witt, Martha E. Witt and Catherine Witt.

No. 452 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

The object of the bill of complaint in this case is to procure a decree for the sale of certain lands therein described and make distribution of the proceeds among the parties to said cause.

The bill alleges that the complainant is seized and possessed of a two-thirds interest in a tract of land known as "Recourse," containing 116 acres, situated in Garrett county, Maryland, which is valuable on account of its minerals and timber. That the other one-third interest is owned or claimed by Sarah Witt, wife of Josiah Witt, and Martha E. Witt, wife of Michael Witt, in severalty, all of whom are non residents of the State of Maryland. That said lands are incapable of advantageous partition among said owners; but that it would be to their advantage to have the same sold under a decree of this Court, the proceeds of such sale divided among the owners according to their respective interests. And that said Catherine Witt also a non-resident, at one time appears to have owned one-half of said third, and on the first day of January, 1874 executed a mortgage upon the same to said Martha E. Witt, for $96.71, which is recorded among the land records of Allegany county, Md., and unreleased so far as the records show.

It is thereupon this 27th day of September, eighteen hundred and eighty-eight, adjudged and ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett county as a Court of Equity, that the complainant by causing a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of this bill to be inserted in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Md., once a week for four successive weeks, before the 27th day of October next, giving notice to the defendants in said bill, and warning them to appear in this Court in person or by solicitor on or before the 27th day of January next, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree shall not pass as prayed.

E. Z. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test:
9 29 4 E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

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W. W. PICKING,
Traveling Passenger Agt.,
9 29 6 B. & O. R. R., Somerset, Pa.

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by John Blambel and others, Commencing at or near Nutter's, (District No. 8,) on the Wood's road, and running thence through lands of S. J. Nutter, Peter Culp, J. L. Rumbarger Lumber Co., and S. B. Elkins, to Dobbin, on the W. Va. C. & P. Railroad, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located will meet on Thursday, the 1st day of November, 1888, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said public road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
J. M. CONEWAY,
J. H. ROTH,
9 22 5 Examiners.

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 24th, 1888.

A competitive examination will be held in the Office of the Board of School Commissioners of Garrett county, on the

10th Day of October, 1888,

at 2 o'clock P. M., for one free scholarship in Western Maryland College.

WM. HINEBAUGH,
Secretary.

WM. RADAM'S

MICROBE KILLER

The Great GERM or BACTERIA DESTROYER.

To Cure Disease, Remove the Cause.

A SURE RESTORATIVE TO HEALTH.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A CONFESSION.

Do you remember, little wife,
  How years ago we two together
Saw naught but love illumine life
In sunny days or winter weather?

Do you recall in younger years
  To part a day was bitter pain?
Love's light was hid in clouds of tears
  Till meeting cleared the sky again.

Do you remember how we two
  Would stare into each other's eyes,
Till all the earth grew heavenly blue
  And speech was lost in happy sighs?

Do you another thing recall,
  That used to happen often then:
How, simply passing in the hall,
  We'd stop to smile and kiss again?

Do you remember how I sat
  And, reading, held your hand in mine,
Caressing it with gentle pat—
  One pat for every blessed line?

Do you recall while at the play
  Through hours of agony we tarried?
The lovers' griefs brought us dismay;
O, we rejoiced when they were married.

And then walked homeward arm in arm,
  Beneath the crescent moonlet new,
That smiled on us with silent charm;
  So glad that we were married too.

Ah me, 'twas years and years ago
  When all this happened that I sing,
And many a time the winter snow
Has slipped from olive slopes of spring

And now—oh, nonsense! let us tell;
  A fig for laugh of maids or men!
You'll hide your blushes? I'll not. Well—
  We're ten times worse than we were then.

—*W. J. Henderson, in Century.*

A SUMMER BOARDER.

Why Sophronia Concluded She Didn't Want to Marry.

"In Japan every man is compelled to marry as soon as his circumstances are such as to support a wife."

Miss Sophronia Shurtleff laid down the paper from which she had read the sentence above quoted, and indulged in the following comment:

"And a very excellent law it is, too. I am sure the Japanese are a good deal more enlightened than people give them credit for. In that respect it would be a good idea if Christian governments would pattern after them. I only wish I had been born in Japan. I think it's a shame and a sin that a good looking girl of twenty-nine—ahem! I mean thirty-nine—should be living in single blessedness, without a husband or any prospect of one."

Sophronia Shurtleff, as the reader has learned from her soliloquy, was a maiden lady in comfortable circumstances, and lived in a little cottage just out of the village of Cherryville. As to her age, second thoughts might be most politic, but were not most correct. Though she made it a practice to call herself twenty-nine, the town clerk knew by his books that she was within a month of forty. She was neither fat nor fair, however. Twenty-five additional pounds would have helped her figure amazingly, and as to her face, if it had been a little less sallow, the nose a trifle shorter, the eyes less inclined to squint, and the cheeks a little fuller, the improvement would have been so great that her most intimate friends would not have known her.

Still Sophronia considered herself a "good-looking girl." It's a mercy homely people are so unconscious of the fact. I never knew a person who did not consider himself at least passable, and the ugliest man it was ever my lot to be acquainted with was perpetually looking in the looking-glass. Poor man, perhaps he was trying to get accustomed to his peculiar style of beauty.

There was one thing in which Sophronia agreed with her neighbors, and that was that if she ever expected to be married it must be soon. She therefore determined on a bold stroke for a husband. She had somewhere heard that if th emountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain, which, being interpreted and applied to her own case, clearly meant tha, tsince the beaux made no advances she must save them the trouble.

Cherryville was not far from the city, and being a pretty village was considerably visited in the summer months by those who wished to ruralize. Now, taking this fact into consideration, it all at once occurred to Miss Sophronia that she might let her front room to a young gentleman during the summer, and—and—don't you see, dear reader? Of course they would be brought considerably together during that time, and perhaps by her personal charms and the intimation that she had some money in the bank, she might induce him to propose for her virgin hand.

Accordingly the hopeful spinster had the paint duly cleaned, till it looked as neat as wax, the furniture polished, and actually went to the expense of new curtains for her front room, trusting that it might prove a profitable investment. All preparations of this nature being concluded, she put a placard in the window intimating that this room was to let for the summer, and that single gentlemen were preferred.

"You see," as she remarked to the Widow Jones, who happened to look in the same day the notice was put up, "you see, Mrs. Jones, men are good deal less trouble than women. Women are poking round all day, and watching you all the time, but men are off most of the time."

It was about a week after the placard was put up that a young man walked up the neat gravel walk, and, lifting Miss Sophronia's knocker gave two distinct knocks. Her heart fluttering with pleasure, for she had observed the stranger through the blinds and suspected his object, Miss Sophronia hastened out of the room, and with bashful timidity opened the door.

It was a young man—younger even than the spinster was accustomed to rate her own age, that confronted Sophronia. He was very genteel in appearance and deportment, and as Miss Sophronia remarked, "had an elegant pair of whiskers."

"I beg your pardon," he said, politely, "for this intrusion, but the notice in your window attracted me. You have not yet let the room?"

"No, sir," said Sophronia, in her most affable manner

"May I look at it?"

"I will show it to you with the greatest pleasure. Just step in this way if you please," and she throws open the door of the room to let.

The stranger bowed and entered.

"A very pretty room," said he. "May I inquire your terms?"

Sophronia named a smaller sum than she had intended. She liked the young man's appearance so much that money was of comparatively little consequence.

"I should like to board with you also," said the young man.

Sophronia had no thought of that, but it struck her at once favorably. It would bring them much more together, and would allow her attractions a better opportunity of impressing the stranger. So, after a brief consideration, she consented to this arrangement, and the young man said that he would come at once—in the course of the afternoon.

"My name," said he, "is Fitzroy—Edmund Fitzroy. I think I was told that you were called——"

"Sophronia Shurtleff," said the spinster, courtesying.

"Then good day, Miss Shurtleff. You may expect me to tea."

"What a nice young man—what a very nice young man," said the enraptured Sophronia. "He's perfectly handsome! If—If I wonder how I impressed him. Did he like my curls, I wonder?"

She went to the glass and surveyed with maiden satisfaction the corkscrew ringlets, which, with infinite pains and labor, she had manufactured for the occasion.

"Such an aristocratic name too—Fitzroy," she continued. "So much better than Shurtleff. I wonder how Sophronia Fitzroy would sound. Really how well they do go together. And who knows but they may some day. How perfectly delightful it would be. I must try to make him as comfortable and happy as I can. I don't want to make a cent out of him. I'll cook all the nicest dishes I know of. Let me see, what shall I have for supper? I guess I'll have some sponge cake and currant pie, and grape jam and some hot biscuit. How funny it'll seem to sit down at the table opposite a young man. It'll be trying to my diffidence, but I don't regret it."

It was indeed a nice supper Miss Sophronia set before her lodger, and if he did not appreciate this he did not deserve to have any.

"It's the first time I ever took a lodger," remarked Miss Sophonia at the tea-table. "My circumstances fortunately do not require it, for I've got considerable money in the bank, besides this cottage, but it's more agreeable to have company. One gets tired of being alone."

"Yes," said Mr. Fitzroy. "As I had occasion to remark in one of my early poems:

"'O, solitude, where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?'"

"Did you, indeed, write those lines?" exclaimed Sophronia, enthusiastically. "You don't know how I admire them. You must be a great poet, I'm sure."

"You are very kind to say so," said the young man, modestly. "Perhaps—I don't know—if I had cultivated my talent—but I have been so immersed in business cares that I never had time to do so."

"But you ought to—it is a duty you owe to the world."

Mr. Fitzroy here quoted some lines from Byron, which he modestly claimed as the offspring of his own muse, and which Sophronia admired with equal enthusiasm.

The spinster was delighted with the young man, and her good opinion was not at all lowered by the fact that he signified that it would be more convenient for him not to pay for his board until the close of the summer, when his dividends came in.

"O, don't trouble yourself about that, Mr. Fitzroy," said she. "As I before remarked, I do not take you for the profit, but only to enliven my solitude."

"And do I?" asked the young man. "May I venture to hope that my society is pleasing to you?"

"Very much so," said Sophronia, warmly.

"What a dear, delightful man he is!" thought the spinster. "So handsome—so considerate, and I really begin to think he likes me."

Certainly Mr. Fitzroy appeared very attentive. One evening he made Sophronia perfectly happy by swearing that he loved her, and asking her hand in marriage.

"It is so unexpected," murmured the spinster.

"But you love me—those blushes attest it—confess that you do," said Fitzroy, fervently.

"I do," said the happy spinster.

Later in the evening Fitzroy remarked:

"Dear Sophronia, since we are now one, or shall be soon, may I inquire how your money is invested?"

"In the savings bank, dearest," replied Sophronia.

"And what rate of interest do you obtain?"

"Five per cent."

"Only five per cent?"

"I never received any higher than that."

"I get ten per cent. for my investments," said Fitzroy.

"Where do you invest, my love?"

"In the Bunkumville copper mines, and, by the way, I had a chance yesterday to buy some twenty shares—par value fifty dollars—for forty. I thought as all my money was invested it would be a favor to tell you of it."

"You are very kind, dear Edmund. If you think it wise I will withdraw a sufficient sum from the bank and purchase the shares."

"I do advise it, more especially as I feel so great an interest in you."

There was a kiss pressed upon Sophronia's virgin cheek, and at her lover's suggestion she drew a check for the amount, on the spot, and handed it to him, as he was to take the early train to the city.

The next day Sophronia ran over and told Mrs. Jones confidentially of her engagement, and it is needless to remark that all Cherryville knew it before night.

That night Sophronia covered the table with tempting delicacies, and Edmund did not come. But in his place came the following letter from Fitzroy:

FAIR SOPHRONIA: I've found a better investment for your money than the Bunkumville Mining Company. It will just pay my expenses on a short trip to Europe. Sorry to leave you so abruptly. Hope you won't break your heart about me. On second thoughts I don't think we should be very happy in the bonds of matrimony. I dare say you'll find somebody else near your own age. Good-by, old lady. Yours,

EDMUND FITZROY.

Let us draw a veil over the grief of Sophronia. She has taken down the placard from her window, and takes no more lodgers.—*Yankee Blade.*

SOME LARGE THINGS.

An Interesting Compendium of Facts Gathered from Everywhere.

The largest desert is that of Sahara, a vast region of Northern Africa, extending from the Atlantic Ocean on the west to the valley of the Nile on the east. The length from east to west is about 3,000 miles, its average breadth about 900 miles, its area 2,000,000 square miles. Rain falls in torrents in the Sahara at intervals of five, ten and twenty years. In summer the heat during the day is excessive, but the nights are often cold. In winter the temperature is sometimes below freezing point.

The most remarkable natural bridge is probably the Jisrel Hajar, which spans a gorge not far from the ruins of the Temple of Adonis, in the province of the Lebanon in Syria. It is a flat piece of limestone rock, from ten to fifteen feet thick, perfectly arched on the under side. The gorge is about 150 feet across, and the bridge is about 100 feet from the bed of the torrent below. The bridge is so broad and level that a good carriage road might be made over it. This bridge is surpassed in height by the natural bridge in Rockbridge County, Va., about 125 miles west of Richmond and about two miles from the James river. It extends over Cedar creek. The height of the arch is 200 feet, and the upper surface of the bridge is 240 feet above the stream.

The largest suspension bridge in the world is the New York and Brooklyn bridge. It was commenced under the direction of J. Roabling in 1870, and completed in about thirteen years. The cost of building was $15,000,000. Construction commenced January 3, 1870; size of New York caisson, 172 by 102 feet; size of Brooklyn caisson, 168 by 102 feet; timber and iron in caissons, 5,253 cubic yards; concrete in wenholes, chambers, etc., 5,669 cubic feet; weight of New York caisson, 7,000 tons; weight of concrete filling, 8,000 tons; New York tower contains 46,945 cubic yards masonry; Brooklyn tower contains 38,214 cubic yards masonry; length of river span, 1,595 feet 6 inches; length of each land span, 930 feet and and 1,860 feet; length of Brooklyn approach, 971 feet; length of New York approach, 1,562 feet and 6 inches; total length of bridge, 5,989 feet; width of bridge, 85 feet; number of cables, 4; diameter of each, 15¾ inches; height of tower above roadway, 159 feet; weight of each anchor-plate, 23 tons; height of bridge above high-water, 135 feet.

The highest tower in the world will be the Eiffel Tower when completed. The iron tower which the engineer Eiffel proposes to erect on the bank of the Seine, opposite the Trocadero Palace, as a feature of the Paris Exposition of 1889, will if completed dwarf all other structures yet reared by human hands. Its height is to be nominally 1,000 feet—actually about 950 feet. The commission controlling the finances of the Exposition have voted the subvention of 1,125,000 francs asked by the inventor. The tower has been actually commenced.

The largest church in the world is the basilica of St. Peter's in Rome. Its dimensions are as follows: Length of interior, 613 feet; breadth of the nave and aisles, 197½ feet; height of the nave, 152 feet; length of the transepts, 446½ feet; diameter of the dome, including the walls, 195 feet, or nearly two feet more than that of the Pantheon; diameter of the interior, 139 feet; height from the pavement to the base of the lantern, 405 feet; to the summit of the cross outside, 448 feet. The whole of St. Paul's Cathedral in London might stand within the shell of St. Peter's with room to spare. The towers of the Cologne Cathedral when completed will be the highest church towers in the wold—511 feet—which is the length of the Cathedral. The breadth of this edifice is 231 feet.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

SILOS AND ENSILAGE.

Results of Experiments at the Illinois Agricultural Station.

The Agriculturial Experiment Station, connected with the University of Illinois, Champaign, Ill., has issued a bulletin showing the experiments made in the construction of a silo and the condition of the ensilage. The report will be sent to persons engaged in farming, on application.

We have not the space to quote as largely from the report as we would like, but the conclusions and results of these experiments may be summarized as follows:

1. The yield was not more than seven tons per acre of green corn, or two and one-sixth tons of corn fodder.

2. It required seven men and three teams three days to fill the silo with twenty seven tons of green corn.

3. Difficulty was found in obtaining evenness of distribution in the silo and, consequently, evenness of settling.

4. Twenty-one pounds of green corn occupied a cubic foot when put into the silo shrunk one-fourth in volume, weighted with fifty pounds to the square foot.

5. Size of silo desired may be approximated by allowing two cubic feet a day for each animal.

6. With a silo of stone, brick and cement, the ensilage rotted at the sides and top to the extent of one-third the entire amount.

7. There is evidence for believing that this loss could be considerably obviated by building the silo of wood.

8. Thirty-seven head of cattle, fed forty-five days on a moderate allowance of corn and other food, ate the ensilage somewhat better than corn fodder, and thrived very satisfactorily.

9. Five yearling Shorthorn heifers, averaging 895 pounds each, were given daily forty-eight pounds of corn ensilage each, ate about seven-eighths of it, and during fifteen days made an average gain of forty-nine pounds each.

10. Analyses of corn ensilage and corn fodder, made from similar corn shows a loss in the ensilage of total nitrogen, albuminoid nitrogen, and soluble carbohydrates, and an increased per cent. of non-albuminoid nitrogen, either extract, crude fiber and ash.

11. The fresh ensilage contained one per cent. of organic acid, sixty-five volatile, and thirty-five non-volatile.

12. Ensilage was found to contain yeast and bacteria ferments. Neither from a chemical nor from a biographical standpoint is there reason for believing that the ensilage is made more digestible by their action.

LONDON POLICE COURTS.

Truthfulness of the Pictures Drawn by Dickens in "Oliver Twist."

Very early in his career, in "Oliver Twist," Charles Dickens drew a terribly life-like picture of the dirt, the squalor, the fetid atmosphere and the ruffianly surroundings of the police office, then the scandal of Hatton Garden, and not long before his death the great novelist made incidental mention of a "villainous police court" as a place yet actually existing. It did exist. During the five-and-thirty years over which the literary activity of Dickens extended the old police court in Bow street—the chief one, it must be remembered, in the metropolis—had undergone little, if any, structural reform. It was to most intents and purposes as "villainous" as it had been in the days of Sir John Fielding and Sir Richard Birnie; although dirty, noisome and uncomfortable as it continued to be, it was considered a vast improvement on the police tribunals of the past. In the days when Harry Fielding was a stipendary magistrate he sorrowfully confessed that his stipend was made up of "the dirtiest money in the world." The ordinary London police court was the upper room of a tavern, and at the conclusion of the case, while his Worship the justice and his clerk were regaling themselves with a bowl of punch in the parlor, the defendent who was able to find bail, his attorney, and the parish constable were getting tipsy in the taproom. As for the prisoners unprovided with bail, they were comfortably handcuffed and flung into the cellar or the coal hole until such time as it suited the convenience of the constable to drag them off to jail. A new, spacious and handsome pile of buildings has arisen in lieu of the "villainous police court" on the other side of the way in Bow street, and in the outskirts of the metropolis more than one commodious police office has been erected. Many of the remaining ones, however, need reforming altogether by the stringent process of being pulled down and built up again in something like consonance with modern ideas of the dignity of justice and the claims of those who are so luckless as to be brought up before a magistrate, or to attend a police court in any capacity, to be considered and treated as human beings.—*London Telegraph.*

—It appears, from experiments at the War Department, that the space between American eyes is gradually decreasing, until now it is found that our soldiers can not use the field-glasses used in Continental armies. The best military field-glass is that with which the German soldiery is supplied. This, however, is so broad between the glasses as to be unavailable by the narrow-eyed American.

—A Pittsburgh optician makes the statement that gum chewing has a harmful effect on the eyes, and when carried to excess is apt to cause blindness. The constant moving of the jaws affects the nerves that lead from the spine to the optic nerves and strains the latter until they give out.

INTELLECT VS. MONEY.

The Real and Imaginary Sorrows of Poor Young Men.

Young men who are employed in great establishments, at moderate salaries, often feel discouraged by the seeming impossibility of their ever getting into business. They argue thus with themselves, and with us sometimes in dolorous letters: "To carry on this business with effect requires a capital of one hundred thousand dollars; how is it possible for a young fellow, with a salary of five or six hundred dollars a year, to save a tenth part of that sum?" They answer that it is impossible, and hence conclude that it is the unalterable decree of fate that they must remain hireling drudges all the days of their lives.

This reasoning appears to come home with withering power to the minds of young gentlemen who have had the luck to fall desperately in love with pretty girls. Out of every hundred letters we receive, at least ten are from young men of ardent feelings and small incomes, who are dead in love and have no prospects of an advance, and who would like to be informed whether it is the part of wisdom to go to South America and make a rapid fortune in the coffee trade, or marry at home and live in a garret, or lay themselves and their sorrows at the bottom of their native river, having previously tied a brick-bat to each wrist; and if none of these are wise, then what do we recommend?

These ardent youths overlook a fact with which they are perfectly familiar, namely, that the very men whom they serve, and whose fortune seems so unattainable, began life just as *they* are beginning it, at the bottom of the ladder. With a few well-known exceptions, all the great factories, commercial firms, newspapers, private banking-houses, retail stores in the cities of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati and Baltimore are at this moment owned and conducted by men who began their career in poverty, and whose prospects during their youth and early manhood were quite as disheartening as those of any of our love-lorn correspondents. And with regard to that delusive dream of emigrating to some other State or country, we can assure our young friends that the conditions of prosperity in every land are the same. The one source of prosperity, at all times and in all places, is this: *Industry directed by Intelligence.*

The real capital of a great business is *not* money, but intellect. This is the corner-stone of our political economy. The degree of intelligence with which a business is conducted is the measure of its permanent prosperity. Millions of capital can not save it if there is a fool in the counting-room who exercises control. This fundamental business truth is not often acknowledged in so many words, but it is constantly acted upon in the sure and rapid promotion of young men who show that they possess a decided talent for business. The best head tends upward by a law as sure as gravitation. That best head may be, to-day, in the basement, officiating as water-bearer and errand boy to the packers. We look in next year, and find him the foreman of that department; and so he marches upward through all the gradations, until he lands safe and sound in the counting-room as junior partner.

Though appearances are sometimes against the remark, it is nevertheless true that a man generally gets on in life as fast as he becomes fit to be entrusted with the more difficult duties that belong to a superior station. And nowhere is this so generally true as in the business world.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

ATHLETIC GIRLS.

Their Brilliant success as Performers in the Lawn Tennis Court.

Ten or fifteen years ago no man would have believed it possible that girls—that race of whose aptitudes Tom Tulliver entertained so disparaging an estimate—could ever have become such brilliant performers in the lawn tennis court. Even among men less prejudiced than the young hero of "The Mill on the Floss," it had always been an article of faith that women "can neither throw nor leap," and that the day would never come when a tennis bat wielded by a female arm would really and truly "strike" a ball instead of "spooning" it. They knew not what could be done with the female tennis player by merely "catching her young." The girls who have learned their tennis in the school room, so to speak, who began this game at the age when they began their "scales" and "exercises," are very often nowadays a match for their brothers. And of power has been born grace, which, indeed, if it does not always spring from power must always have power for one of its parents. No one who has ever seen a really skilled competitor in a "ladies' tournament" but will at once retract and apologize for the impious word "awkward" and "unfeminate" if any such slanders have ever passed his lips. Lawn tennis has now fairly won its title to be considered a fitting game not merely for "young men and children" but for "old men (or at any rate middle-aged men) and maidens" also. I have said my say on behalf of the latter, and as to the former they, if they are sensible men, are hardened against ridicule. Why may they not as legitimately breathe themselves, though unskilled, on the tennis court, as grasp the crab-catching oar or mount the unaccustomed horse? Aquatic and equestrian facilities, moreover, are less easily come by than the opportunities in these days for a bout at lawn tennis.—*English Illustrated Magazine.*

FAMOUS OLD MEN.

Some of Those Who Have Passed the Psalmist's Limit of Life.

The chief names in contemporary art, science, statesmanship and practical affairs are in great part the names of men who have reached or passed the the Psalmist's limit of life, and who are still vigorous in mind and body. They are remarkable, also, as compared with the old men of past periods, for the satisfaction they find in life, because of physical soundness and sustained intellectual power.

Let us give a list of some of these men, with their ages and employments, excluding all who are not well over seventy. Long as it is and distinguished as are the names, it is only a small part of the whole number;

	Occupation.	*Age.*
Airy, Sir G. B.	Astronomer	87
Bancroft, George	Historian	88
Barnard, F. A. P.	College President	79
Barnum, P. T.	Philosoper	78
Bartlett, Sidney	Lawyer	89
Bismarck, Prince	Statesman	73
Blackie, J. S.	Scholar	79
Bright, John	Statesman	77
Browning, Robert	Poet	76
Bunsen, Rob't E.	Chemist	77
Cameron, Simon	Statesman	89
Chevreul, M. E.	Chemist	102
Conant, T. J.	Scholar	86
Curtis, George Ticknor	Lawyer	76
Dana, J. D.	Geologist	75
Davis, Jefferson	Statesman	80
Dollinger, Ignatius	Theologian	89
Dow, Neal	Reformer	84
Ericsson, John	Engineer	85
Feuillet, Octave	Author	76
Field, David D.	Lawyer	82
Gilbert, John	Actor	78
Gladstone, Wm. E.	Statesman	79
Granville, Earl	Statesman	73
Grevy, Jules	Statesman	81
Grove, Sir William R.	Physicist	77
Hamlin Hannibal	Statesman	79
Holmes, O. W.	Poet	79
Hubner, Baron	Diplomatist	77
Kenrick, Peter R.	Archbishop	82
Kinglake, Alex. W.	Historian	77
Lagonye, Ernst Wilfred	Dramatist	81
Leo XIII	The Pope	78
Lesseps, Ferdinand de.	Engineer	83
Manning, H. E.	Cardinal	80
Meissonier, J. Louis	Painter	76
McCosh, James	Metaphysician	77
Musurus, Pacha	Diplomatist	81
Newman, J. H.	Cardinal	87
Owen, Sir Richard	Anatomist	84
Peabody, Andrew P.	Clergyman	77
Pole, William	Whist authority	74
Quatrefages, J. L. A.	Naturalist	78
Tennyson, Alfred	Poet	79
Thomas, Ambroise	Composer	77
Thurman, A. G.	Statesman	75
Verdi, Giuseppe	Composer	74
Vermilye, Thomas E.	Clergyman	85
Von Moltke	Soldier	88
Wier, R. W.	Painter	85
Whittier, J. G.	Poet	81
Woolsey, T. D.	Publisist	87

All of these men preserve the vigor of their faculties, and nearly all of them are still engaged in the work of life. If we should include those who are from five to ten years younger than the youngest of these, we should have to make up a list which would contain a great majority of those most distinguished and most laborious in every department of human endeavor, whether in our own or in other countries.

These men, too, are enjoying life with all the zest of youth. They are pursuing their tasks and their pleasures with almost unabated energy and delight, for they are now reaping the fruits of earlier labors, have the satisfaction of assured and deserved distinction, and long experience has taught them the true philosopy of life.—*N. Y. Sun.*

BICYCLES FOR SOLDIERS.

A Corps of English Volunteers Scooting About in Lively Fashion.

The bicycle force that has been organized in connection with the English volunteers recently had its second field maneuvers, the first having been held at Easter. Rainy and disagreeable weather embarassed the troops on each of these dates, but the result of the turnout has been very satisfactory. On the recent trials the men covered about one hundred miles in forty-eight hours, fighting, scouting and camping by the way. There were seventeen officers and seventy-seven men out, made up of representatives of a number of the leading volunteer regiments. The force was divided into two bodies, one retreating and the other following it. At frequent intervals the retreating force made stands at bridges and other eligible points of defence, and the pursuers were compelled to halt, dismount, send out a skirmish line, and perform all the other preliminaries of attack, as though in active war. It was found that two or three men left behind by the retreating body could make a show of force at a bridge that would greatly delay the advance of a pursuing force, and then could mount and swiftly ride away under cover of a hedge and escape to the main body. This ability to fight and run away with greater facility than the ordinary infantryman is one of the chief points urged by the bicyclers in favor of the new "arm." It is said that scouting and reconnoitering parties mounted upon bicycles could do much more effective work without risk of capture than men on foot. In these maneuvers, although the retreating force numbered but three officers and twelve men, they succeeded in delaying the pursuers so that it took them three hours to cover a distance easily made in less than two when no obstacles are interposed. Three of the retreating force dallied too long at a a bridge, and were ridden down and captured by a detachment of the enemy. There were no other losses. The chief difficulty experienced was due to the number of parallel roads occasionally converging that ran through the country traversed. The retreating party had to keep scouts constantly ahead picking up the lay of the land and bringing in reports, to protect themselves from the danger of being flanked on some of these roads and cut off entirely at a converging point. In a country with one good main road and but few side roads the success of a bicycle corps in obstructing the passage of an enemy would be much greater. Bicycles have not yet been introduced in the British regular army, but if their success among the volunteers continues, it is expected that a similar corps will be organized in each regular regiment.—*N. Y. Sun.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

ALCOHOLIC STIMULANTS.

The Evil Effects Resulting from Their Continual Use.

In our opinion the proofs are abundant and decisive that healthy men and women are most likely to preserve their health by abstaining from the use of alcohol altogether, and that they can do more, and more continuous, work without alcohol than with it.

"Varied, repeated and prolonged experience, and the testimony of army medical men prove that troops endure fatigue and the extremes of climate better if alcohol is altogether abstained from. The experience of the celebrated Moscow campaign showed this; so, also, quite recently, the Red river expedition. During arduous marches it has always been found that, without alcohol, the health of the men is exceptionally good; but as soon as spirits are allowed disease breaks out. Modern trainers recognize the fact that the power of sustained exertion and resistance to fatigue is best promoted by abstaining from alcohol."

It is well known that during the several expeditions toward the North Pole those men who abstained from alcohol bore the extreme cold with less suffering or inconvenience than was experienced by those who took it. But the question: What are the effects of alcohol on the animal system? demands our attention here only in so far as the brain is concerned; still, what is known of those effects on the constituents of the animal organism generally affords us valuable assistance in our endeavors to understand what is the nature of the influence exerted by alcohol on the brain, and, therefore, on its functions.

When alcohol is mingled with fresh arterial blood it darkens its color, so as to give it more or less of the venous aspect; in cases of fatal poisoning by alcohol, even the blood in the left cavities of the heart, and in the systemic arteries, which, normally, is of a bright red color, is of a dark or venous hue. These facts justify the conclusion that when alcoholic beverages are taken the alcohol they contain interferes with or impedes the normal process of oxydation of the blood, and thus lessens the vitality of the whole organism to a degree corresponding to the amount of alcohol taken. During the process of complete intoxication alcohol seems first to attack the cerebrum; then the sensory ganglia, which it surmounts; and lastly, the medella oblongata, together with the spinal cord itself. In such a case, in which, as remarked by Dr. Maudsley, "each phase of an artificially produced insanity is successively passed through in a brief space of time, we have the abstract and brief chronicle of insanity. The first effect of alcohol is to produce an agreeable excitement, a lively flow of ideas, and a general activity of mind—a condition not unlike that which sometimes precedes an attack of mania, then there follows, as in insanity, the automatic excitations of ideas which start up and follow one another without order, so that more or less incoherence of thought and speech is exhibited, while, at the same time, passion is easily excited, which takes different forms according to the individual temperament; after this stage has lasted for a time, in some longer, in others shorter, it passes into one of depression and maudlin melancholy, as convulsion passes into paralysis; the last scene of all being one of dementia and stupor."

The successive and increasingly grave consequences just indicated, of sudden intoxication of different degrees of intensity, are impressive manifestations of the powerful poisonous influence of alcohol on the nervous system when the poison is taken in large doses; and, at the same time, they intimate, not less distinctly, that if it be taken habitually, even in comparatively very small doses, it can scarcely fail, in the long run, to impair in a preceptible degree the delicate structure and supremely important functions of the brain. Besides "transitory mania," which may be directly induced by alcohol and delirum tremens, a notorious consequence of its excessive use, it is one of the most potent factors in the production of many other forms of insanity.

Persons who regard themselves, and who are regarded by their intimate friends, as decidedly temperate, who habitually take a moderate amount of some alcoholic fluid with lunch and dinner, and, it may be, what is called a "night cap," never imagine that by doing so they are imparing the quality and functional power of their brains; and it must be admitted that direct and decisive evidence that they are doing so is rarely forthcoming, and is not easily obtained. But though evidence of the effect of such habits on other important organs of the body is abundant; medical literature teems with it. Irritation of the mucous membrane of the stomach, with more or less nausea and persistent dyspepsia, a disordered state of the liver, various phases of chronic inflammation of the kidneys, liable to develop into that fatal malady, Bright's disease, and gout with its abundant progeny of ills too numerous to mention, are diseases which, undoubtedly, in a very large proportion of cases, are directly traceable to the habitual but moderate use of alcohol.

Now, if the various and grave diseases just enumerated are ordinary and frequently recurring results of the moderate use of intoxicating liquors, and if—as there is reason to believe is the case—the affinity of alcohol for nervous tissue is stronger than it is for any other of the bodily structures, we can not avoid the conclusion that the habitual, though moderate, use of intoxicating liquors exerts an especially deteriorating influence on the brain—an influence which, though slow in its action and difficult to guage or appreciate in individual cases, is none the less real, and the effects of which are at once deadening and permanent.—*Westminister Review.*

THE HAVOC OF DRINK.

A Drunkard's Story—What Intemperance Did for Him and His Family.

Father Burk, in an address before the New Jersey Catholic Total Abstinence Union, narrated the following, illustrative of the awful havoc caused by strong drink:

"I was on a mission, some years ago, in a manufacturing town in England. I was preaching there every evening, and a man came to me one evening after a sermon on this very subject of drunkenness. He came in—a fine man, a strapping, healthy, intellectual-looking man. But the eye was almost burned in his head, and was glassy. The forehead was furrowed with premature wrinkles. The hair was steel-gray, though the man was evidently comparatively young. He was dressed shabbily; scarcely a shoe to his feet, though it was a wet night. He came in to me excitedly after the sermon, but the excitement had something of drink in it. He told me his history. 'I don't know,' he said, 'that there is any hope for me; but still, as I was listening to the sermon, I must speak to you. If I don't speak to some one this heart will break to-night.'

"Twenty years before he had amassed in trade £20,000, or $100,000. He had married an Irish girl—one of his own race and creed, young, beautiful and accomplished. He had two sons and a daughter—a woman. He told me for a certain time every thing went on well. 'At last,' he said, 'I had the misfortune to begin to drink; neglected my business, and then my business began to neglect me. The woman saw poverty coming, and began to fret and lost her health. At last, when we were paupers, she sickened and died. I was drunk,' he said, 'the day that she died. I sat by her bed-side. I was drunk when she was dying.'

"'The sons—What became of them?'

"'Well,' he said, 'they were mere children. The eldest of them is no more than eighteen, and they are both transported as robbers to Australia. I sent the girl to a school, where she was well educated. She came home to me when she was sixteen years of age, a beautiful woman. She was the one consolation I had, but I was drunk all the time. 'Do you ask me about that girl?' he said, 'what became of her?' And as if the man was shot down he went with head on the floor. 'God of Heaven! God of Heaven! She is on the streets to-night!' The moment he said that he ran out. I went after him. 'Oh, no! oh, no!' he said, 'there is no mercy in Heaven for me. I left my child on the street!' He went away cursing God, to meet a drunkard's death. He had sent a broken-hearted mother to the grave; he sent his two sons to perdition; he sent his only daughter to be a living hell, and then he died blaspheming God."—*National Temperance Advocate.*

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

ACCORDING to Dr. Richardson there are 1,000 deaths every week from alcoholism in England and Wales.

ANDREW CARNEGIE, the Scottish-American millionaire, in a recent address, said: "I never made myself so common that I could enter a public bar and ask for liquor."

TEMPERANCE puts wood on the fire, meal in the barrel, flour in the tub, money in the purse, credit in the country, contentment in the house, clothes on the back and vigor in the body.—*Franklin.*

THE Japs have a *Women's Monthly Magazine*, which is a strong advocate of temperance and has two women for editors. The design on the cover is that of an angel with the features of a Japanese woman.

THE Brooklyn Liquor Dealers' Association held a picnic some days ago. The members went in carriages, and they wore white high hats. Some of their customers who watched them wore empty pockets and ragged coats.—*Labor Tribune.*

THE King of the Belgians expressed to a deputation from the London International Missionary conference his anxiety to do all in his power to protect his Congo subjects from the dreadful evil of strong drink, and he invoked the co-operation of the Christian people of Europe and America in the attempt to suppress this most injurious traffic.

IT is stated in the London press that on the new Metropolitan sewage works, where 2,000 men are engaged, no intoxicants of any kind are permitted. It was resolved to run the work on Temperance lines, and the results have been highly gratifying. Work has proceeded with regularity and steadiness, and the large body of men have been quite exemplary in their behavior.

MEN who once form a taste for drink have about as impossible a task stopping its indulgence as a man who would try to stop eating. One may live without food for a day, two, five or even ten days, but at last he must yield or die. So a drunkard may stop drinking for a time, but at length the taste for it comes back with such force that all the restraining influences of his better nature, friends, pledges and resolutions, can not hold him and he is compelled, only in exceptional cases, when Divinely restrained, to yield to the destroying viper, which is as strong as death.—*Christian Inquirer.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—It is said that not one tenth the quantity of snuff is bought and sold in New York that there was fifteen years ago. The chewing habit is also dying out, but more slowly.

—A legal Mormon holiday is the anniversary of the arrival at Salt Lake, July 24, 1847, of the first company of pioneer Saints. At the last celebration but nine people were reported surviving.

—Wong Chee, a San Francisco Chinaman, purchased a drawing-room ticket to Chicago recently. He is the first one of his nationality who ever committed such an extravagance. The privilege of riding in a drawing-room car from San Francisco to Chicago cost him $58 extra. His countrymen in California consider him daft.

—A gentleman of Americus, who, by the way, has a fad or two, was walking down town the other day with a witty lady, the intimate friend and guest of his wife, when he began to revile facetiously the gait and carriage of her sex. "Even you," said he, "walk with a very mechanical step." "Yes," she instantly replied, "I am going with a crank."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

—There is a somewhat lengthy German word, consisting of thirty-seven syllables, 109 letters. Its translation is: "A stock company of bagpipe manufacturers in Constantinople paying 3½ per cent. dividends." This is the word: Constantinopolitanlschefunfundeinhalbprocentizedadelsackmachergesellenherberbergsactionversicherrungsgesellschaft.

—A drum owned by Horace Thomas, of Visalia, Cal., was carried by his father in the battle of New Orleans, and afterward sounded its notes of alarm at the battles of Tippecanoe and Rising River. It was made from a sycamore log, the heart of which had been hollowed out, and both heads are gone, but it is highly prized as a relic.

—There is in the United States a dog for every three inhabitants. The cost of keeping twenty million dogs is at least $200,000,000 per annum. The food given to an average dog every year if fed to chickens would yield a return of more than $10. High-toned dogs are very expensive, their food costing a good deal more than that of some people.

—Ingenious Defense.—Magistrate—"Prisoner, this is the seventh time you have appeared before me." Prisoner—"I know it, your honor. Your honor always was a favorite of mine; you are so just." Magistrate (mollified)—"Well, I'll let you off this time, but don't come before me again." Prisoner—"That's a hard sentence, your honor, but I'll try to bear it without complaint."

—The Indians have not the sound of z. All their s's are sibillant. The French missionaries and writers were always strictly phonetic in their transcription of Indian words. Note the mistake in the word Missouri, the name of a large State, of a great river, and of a famous Indian tribe. Always and invariably Americans pronounce it Mizzouri, and the natives of the State do likewise.—*Montreal Gazette.*

—A Georgia farmer, had a queer dream, and a negro not only interpreted it to mean that there were $75,000 buried on his ground, but located the treasury by means of a divining rod, and predicted many circumstances that would attend the digging. The excavating party were rapidly nearing China at last accounts and everything came out amazingly like what had been predicted, except the golden treasure.

—The pigs when two months old should be fed barley and oatmeal morning and evening, and at noon skim milk. The barley and oatmeal may be given separately, if desired, at alternate feeds, or mixed. In this way the pigs will soon grow into porkers. Eight porkers will consume about a sack of meal per week. With such feeding and a run on clover pigs develop very rapidly, and are always very healthy, and when old enough will fatten very rapidly.

JAPANESE WORSHIP.

Painted Priestesses in Quaint Garments Performing the Sun Dance.

A group of young priestesses are in waiting to repeat the measures danced by Uzume before the Sun Goddess cave in prehistoric times. The little priestesses are all between the ages of nine and twelve, as timid, gentle and harmless little things as the deer that often stray in and watch them. Their dress is the old, old custom of the imperial court, a picturesque lower garment, a divided skirt of the brightest cardinal red silk that half covers the white kimono, with square sleeves and a pointed neck filled up high with alternate folds of red and white.

When they dance they wear over the loose kimonos of white gauze, painted with the wistaria crest of the Kasuga temple, the front of the gauzy garment half covering the red shirt, and the back pieces trailing on the mats. Their faces are plastered so thickly with white paint that they lose all expression, and following the old fashion their eyebrows are shaved and two tiny black dots high up in the middle of their foreheads take their place. With lips heavily rouged the countenance is more a mask than any thing human. The hair is gathered together at the back of the neck and tied with loops of gold paper, and then folded in soft white paper, allowed to hang down the back. Long hair-pins, with clusters of wistaria and red camellia, are thrust across the top of the head, and fastened so that they stand out like horns over the forehead.

In detail the costume is not pretty, but in its general effect it is singularly bright and picturesque.—*Tokio Letter.*

A WAKE IN HONDURAS.

Simple-Minded People Who Have Not the Least Fear of Death.

It was in British Honduras that I first attended a *velorio*, or the ceremony of watching with a corpse. The family home consisted of a single long or narrow apartment, rounded at each end, with earthen floor, and roof thatched with guano leaves. From the cross-poles hung a few hammocks, and in the middle of the room, upon a rude bier made of two boards upheld by casks, lay the dead woman, with a wee infant clasped in her arms. The face of the mother, who could not have been more than fourteen years old, was calm and peaceful, but that of the baby was strangely distorted, as if terrified with its brief look on life. Fresh flowers were scattered upon the scarlet blanket that partially covered the still figures; lighted candles stood at the head and foot, and near by sat the sisters and parents of the dead woman, silent and sad. Inquiring why the husband and father was not among the mourners, I was carelessly informed, as though it were nothing to cause remark, that *la probaerta* (the poor, dear girl) had never been wedded; and as for the father—quien sabe?

A great crowd occupied the house of mourning, laughing and jesting as though the occasion were one of revelry, rather than sorrow. Many were playing cards, outside under a pomegranate tree refreshments were spread, and music and uproar resounded in startling incongruity with the dread mystery of death.

The ceremony of *el velorio* is always observed where there is a death in the family and is intended to keep up the spirits of the relatives and prevent their thoughts from dwelling on the sad side of the occasion. We are told that considerable difference is made between the *velorio* of a grown person and that a child, because the latter being without sin is sure to go straight to eternal happiness, and therefore its demise is properly a subject of rejoicing. With adults it's not so certain where the soul may have been sent to do penance for the deeds of the body, and so at this *velorio* there is less merriment and more card-playing, the object being merely to amuse the mourners, since the dead are indifferent to smiles or tears.

With these simple-minded folk death is looked upon without fear or terror, as one of the common accidents of life. With a laugh upon his lips the Indian lies down to die, remarking cheerfully *voy a descansas*, "I am going to rest."

Their superstitions are singularly materialistic. They believe that their sinful soul reaches hell *(Mictlan)* after a long and painful journey. A deep, dark river intervenes, and to cross it the aid of a yellow dog is necessary, with a string tied around his neck, which is held by the corpse. Any dog but a yellow dog would not do at all; a black one would say, "I have been stained," a white one, "I have been washed," and neither could find the only fordable place in the river. Therefore, yellow dogs are reared for that especial purpose—which may account for the host of curs in and around Santo Toribiro.

In crossing this Styx the poor corpse loses all his clothes, after which the dog leads him, naked, between two lofty mountains that are constantly clashing together; then over another, which is covered with stones sharp as needles; then over eight hills, upon which sleet cuts the flesh like knives, and on through eight deserts, where the sands are hot as burning coals. After all this he is led through a path where poisoned arrows are continually flying and, worst of all, fierce tigers come and eat out his heart, and he falls into a foaming lagoon filled with lizards. How he gets out of it is not explained; but at length he appears before the King of Mictlan, when his journey is ended and his identity lost forever

Another superstition is that of the heavenly milk tree, for dead infants, which grows in a mansion called *Chihuacuahio.* From its twigs milk is constantly oozing and it is believed that babies thus nourished will return to earth after thousands of years, to populate the world anew when the present races shall have passed away.—*Philadelphia Record.*

VENOMOUS SNAKES.

Those Most Frequently Encountered by Travelers in India.

"King cobra," the largest poisonous [illegible] inches long. Of all serpents the cobra is the most easily charmed. If its attention is attracted it will not turn to strike one seizing it.

The Kiait, often found in India, is venomous and subsists on smaller snakes.

In the "chain viper," the fangs are very long and being very fierce it is the most dreaded snake in India. The chain viper has been known to live a whole year without food and gets to be seven feet long.

The green tree viper is a cousin of the American rattlesnake and consists of eight species, though but one species is well known.—*Chicago News.*

—It is remarkable to think how closely the fall of man followed upon the rise of woman.—*Merchant Traveler.*

NEBRASKA COTTONWOOD.

Its Wonderful Possibilities Explained by a Truthful Western Man.

I was on a pleasure trip, and the Nebraska man was one of the occupants of my car seat, the car being crowded. He kept me from going to sleep by squeezing me further up into the corner and telling me marvelous tales of the soil and the crops that grew in it—his tales being evidently products of the said soil and were flavored with the aroma of Umahaw whisky. I remember he spoke of rye straw out of which canes and fish poles, oats a horse couldn't touch, ears of corn of a quart of whisky caliber, cabbages that one man could carry, turnips that would go into a peck measure, squashes a hundred pie power, potatoes you could pry out with a crowbar, wheat three pecks to the bushel; apples? slews of them; peaches? don't mention it! and pears? mercy sakes alive!

Said he: "The only trouble with us is there's no timber thar 'cept cottonwood 'longside the streams. Cottonwood's sumpun like aspens, a specie of poplar, but it's meaner'n any tree you ever shuck an ax at. In spring it sheds cotton till it's three inches on the ground and blows all around over the United States—blows inter yer nose and tickles it to deth, an' it takes a good deal 'o swarin' to git it out. It's powerful to warp when it's cut down, and a good deal liver dead than when growin'. Why, I started to build a rail fence out of it when I fust moved thar, 'n the sun cum out hot, 'n them rails began to twist an' curl up, an' every one o' 'em rolled to the ground an' squirmed an' crawled all over the field. I thought old Satan was in 'em, fer I didn't know much about their capacity an' accomplishments yit. I'd cut an' trimmed some long poles, 'n when the sun brought 'em to life they got frisky 'n crawled 'round jis like sea serpents you see picturs uv. Mister, I've actally seed big cottonwood sawlogs git to twistin' 'n roll up hill. Once went to sleep side ov a log in the shadder 'n it roll over me 'fore I could wake up 'n nearly killed me. You don't want to fool much round 'em fer you can't place no confidence in 'em, 'n you don't want to when you once git acquainted with 'em. A feller went to sleep on a wide board, 'n it curled up 'round him like a bean pod, 'n we had to split the board to keep him from bein' squoze to death. Board fences is dangerous, as they'se likely to fly off'n give ye a bigger slap 'n ye need; anyways yer fence is likely to warp 'n crawl around another man's field, 'n its all right ez fur ez he's concerned; it's his property then—that's the law ther. My fust house was out of it, 'n it warped 'n twisted so ye couldn't tell which was the gable end, 'n in less 'n a week the hind door was at the front; crackin' night 'n day 'n no sleep, 'n the floor bulgin' up 'n down like zif dogs wuz fitin' un'neath, 'n the shingles got to stan'in' straight up like squills on a pork-key-pine, an' not a door could be shet.

"Can't dress them boards, fer they keep bulgin' up so the jack-plane can't tech 'em; When they want bar'ls they jis lay the boards out in the shine 'n they curl up round, 'n they clinch 'em together 'n put heads in; make bushel measures that-a-way, too, 'n cheese boxes. Plant green fence posts 'n they'se boun' to grow like green willers, 'n that's a great botheration, fer you've got to be takin' the top board off 'n puttin' it on the bottom, er else the cattle'll soon be gittin' under.

"My two littlest uns was playin' teeter-totter with a long jice one day 'n all ov a suddin' both ends flopped up 'n one went over the pig pen 'n tother over a hay stack. Why, I made my fust pump, stock 'n all out of cottonwood, 'n the fust hot day the bottom o' the stock began to climb up 'n the pump went down, 'n 'fore I could stop it, the hull thing was reversed, 'n no water.

"Strangers cum out thar 'n see cottonwood houses 'n barns 'n say: 'Why, laws, ye've been havin' a cyclone here,' when it's only been the warpin' 'n twistin' o' that conblasted lumber thet won't go dead, 'n it never does go dead to any alarmin' extent.

"Yas, stranger, Newbrasky is a great State 'n Umahaw is its capital, but it's cottonwood's all I've got agin it 'n I've got that agin it strong. I may have been a little big in sum o' my statements about the sile, but I haven't told ye half the truth about the cottonwood, fer I hain't got time."

"My friend," said I, "I can vouch for your truthfulness. When I was a sixteen-yeer-old boy and did all the hard work and lying around in my father's carpenter shop in St. Jo., Mo., I gained a profound and everlasting insight into the possibilities of cottonwood. You're right. I've had a stick of it fly around on cold, dark days and hit me unawares, and my father was not always at the other end of it either. I know it well."—*A. W. Billow, in Detroit Free Press.*

—Samuel Kauffelt, of Wrightsville, Pa., who is eighty-three years old, has written the Lord's prayer on a piece of cardboard but a trifle larger than a gold dollar. Under a magnifying glass every letter is as legible as if it had been written a quarter of an inch in size. The venerable penman used an ordinary steel pen in executing the work.

—If the loaned book does not come back, wait for it! A friend out West writes that he has just had returned to him by mail from 700 miles distant a book which he had loaned twenty-four years ago. The borrower died many years ago, but among some old books left to his son it was at last found and returned.—*Chicago Advance.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Pastures should not be fed too close. If there is a rainy spell, apply any good fertilizer; include plaster and ashes in the list.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

—Peaches for canning should be ripe but not at all soft, not even mellow. They will be firmer when cooked and have much more of the peach flavor, than when allowed to get too ripe.

—Peas and beans should be left on the vines until the pods are well wrinkled, then picked and spread until they are quite dry. If there are too many to shell by hand they may be threshed out with a flail, and should be kept in a dry place.

—A South Carolina farmer recently found specimens of two kinds of strange grass in his meadow, and sent them to the State agricultural department for classification. The officials were unable to name the grasses and sent them on to Washington, and they proved to be timothy and red top.

—Four ounces of sulphate of copper, to be had at any drug store, dissolved in a gallon of water, and sprinkled from a watering can over five bushels of seed wheat as it is being shoveled over by another person, will do away with smut and may help to checkmate rust.—*Farm Journal.*

—Farmers' Tea Cake: One egg, one cup of thick cream, a piece of butter half the size of an egg, one cup of sugar and flour to make a reasonably thick batter, a small teaspoonful of saleratus, dissolved in a spoonful of water and a pinch of salt. Mix all the ingredients together before adding the flour, flavor with nutmeg.

—Water should be given to hogs in limited quantities, and it should be warm enough to have the chill taken from it. By following this course there will be less disturbance of digestion. The cravings of an animal suffering from such intense internal heat, caused by overfeeding, should not be satisfied by allowing perfect freedom to cold water.

—"It is a wise person who knows what to do next." And the wise farmer carries a pocket memorandum book in which he notes—1st. A general outline of the season's work—2d. Particular small jobs that must be thrust in, in spite of the heavy work—3d. Wet weather work—4th. Off season work—5th. Necessary repairs and betterments. At least once a week these lists are revised, what is done marked off and what is suggested added to.

—The best time to apply manure to grass lands depends somewhat upon circumstances. As a rule, late in the fall or just before the ground freezes is the best time; if hauled out in winter and spread upon the snow, very good results may follow, provided the land is not so sloping as that when the snow melts, the manure is not washed away. If hauled out and spread in the spring, and dry weather follows, the manure is like to be so dried up and burned that the results will not be satisfactory, but if heavy rains follow we may expect quite the reverse.

DRESSING POULTRY.

How to Prepare a Fowl for Market in a Very Short Time.

To dress a fowl with the least trouble, hang it up by the feet so that it will drop a convenient height, and attach a wire hook to the under beak of the fowl, to which hang half a brick. Sever the jugalar vein with a sharp knife, and proceed to pick, holding the wings with one hand while you pick with the other. Work quickly. Get most of the feathers off the breast side with three or four hand pulls, and change the wings to the other hand held across the breast of the fowl, and with a few pulls get most of the feathers off the back. Grasp one wing at a time, and pull out the long feathers at one stroke. Then finish up the picking entirely before the fowl is taken down. When done, chop off the head, take a sharp knife and cut through the skin around the vent, being careful not to sever the intestine. Pull gently, and as the intestine comes out insert the forefinger and bring out the intestines rapidly, but do not break them. Get them out of the gizzard, and break off there by the thumb and forefinger, and your fowl is ready for market. If you wish to make ready to cook, the hole must be slightly enlarged and the gizzard pulled out, cut open and the inner lining removed, with all gravel, food, etc. A slit must be made in the breast and the crop removed, which should be empty when the fowl is killed. Some people remove the lungs. It is not necessary. The heart should be removed and washed, as some clotted blood is usually around it. The operation of preparing a fowl for market can be done by an expert sometimes in three minutes.—*American Agriculturist.*

Growing and Drying Nutmegs.

A writer who has explored New Guinea describes the nutmeg region. Upon a fine piece of table land he came upon three houses erected in the very heart of the forest. These were used by the natives for drying the nutmegs. "The country was everywhere magnificent, and the aroma of the spice-laden air delicious. Nutmeg and other equally valuable trees were everywhere growing in great profusion. The fruit of the nutmeg in appearance resembles a pear, and when ripe opens and displays the nut, covered with a beautiful red coating of mace. The nuts are then picked and taken to the houses, where they are husked and placed on shelves. They are then partly roasted over a slow fire until all the moisture is extracted, after which they are cooled and sent to market."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

New York's Vote.

Philadelphia Press.

New York State balances on a knife-edge and for fifty years has swung from side to side in the political contests of two generations upon changes of from 1 to 5 per cent in its total vote. The two parties which under various names have divided the State have not only been evenly matched, but their lines are strictly drawn and political revolutions have come, not by sweeping changes of voters, save in one exceptional instance in 1882, but by small changes whose extent and significance often escape the scrutiny of skillful and watchful politicians. There is not—and we think those most familiar with politics will most strongly agree with the statement—a State in the Union which has been so often claimed in all sincerity by the astute and experienced but deceived managers of one party or the other.

This has been true in election after election from the day it was lost by Van Buren to Harrison to the day it was carried by Cleveland. In this great State, with its poll this year of a million and a quarter voters, some eddy of resentment, some ebb of enthusiasm, some swing of public feeling settles elections year after year before politicians know what has come. It is this which gives pith and point to the showing made by the New York *Tribune* of the revolution worked in the State by protection.

Changes like these and not one-tenth as great as these have carried the State at every one of the transfers of its political allegiance. They were the basis of Tilden's success in 1876. The revolt of workmen in New York and Brooklyn against a "tariff for revenue only" gave Garfield the State in 1880. It was lost in 1884 by the accident which at the eleventh hour turned from the party great bodies of voters who had more than made up the Mugwump defection.

To-day the great stream sets one way and only one way. The eye schooled in the intricate politics of New York State can see that the changes fall in the counties and tracts where change is fatal to the party which feels them. In the debatable counties of the Southern tier, where the Democrats have grown under shrewd management; in Buffalo, where they gain in years favorable to the party; in Troy and Albany, which are trusted to make up for losses elsewhere, and in those trusted districts along the Hudson river and in the interior, whose vote year after year stands firm, there are losses large enough to decide the State. In Monroe and Oneida, whose Republican majorities generally rise under a full canvass, the Republican vote promises to pass all previous record. In the farming counties, where the problem always is to bring out the stay-at-home vote and roll up the majority which will meet the opposing tides of New York and Brooklyn at Harlem river, the Democratic loss is as significant as it is great.

This runs over the State, with names, with clubs and with estimates. Such a showing has a weight of its own in a State carried by 1,048 four years ago, and in which no majority but one in sixteen years has been over 6 per cent of the vote, and most have been under 3 per cent and more than half under 2 per cent. We must frankly say that our only fear is that this splendid showing will breed a fatal confidence. The last month, the last fortnight, and, in 1884, the last five days of a hot canvass have more than once seen New York carried by a party defeated in the earlier stages of the canvass. The odds are to-day all for Harrison and Miller in New York State; but the election will be settled only when the last vote of the full Republican strength is in the ballot-box on election day. The State can be carried, even now, only by a canvass which polls every vote.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Ninety-nine out of a hundred novels I believe to be debasing to the last extreme. The tendency is even with respectable publishers to publish evil literature. You have books on your tables that will curse your children and generations unborn. They are everywhere—in the desk of the schoolroom, in the steamboat cabins, on the table of the hotel reception room. There are always people ready to lend books to young people.—*Talmage.*

There is no such detective as prayer, for no one can hide away from it. It puts its hand on the shoulder of a man ten thousand miles off. It alights in mid-ocean.

General Harrison has played a unique part in this campaign. Never before was a presidential candidate of any party visited, day after day, by so many men representing so many trades and avocations as has General Harrison since the day of his nomination, and scarcely ever in the history of any campaign has any candidate been able to touch upon so many live topics of the day without "putting his foot in it." His speeches have been characterized from the first by the greatest good sence, the highest order of ability in public speaking, and of winning politeness in public speaking. This has been no surprise to General Harrison's friends for they knew the man, and knew that he had never been found unequal to any occasion. This was true of him in the school-room and on the stump, in his law office and in the court room, on the battle-field and in the Senate. Accounting for this happy condition of things the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* says: "General Harrison is strong and ready because he has been a hard-working man all his life, and his faculties have been disciplined and made alert and executive. He has earned all he has, and his habits of application abide with him. He is not elated or oppressed by his position, but he takes it coolly and is in full posession of himself. The living rock is under his feet, and overhead the sky is clear. He has absolute sincerity and unqualified courage—and he has had such a breadth of experience as few men have profited by, while each day of his life has been in some way good to him. He has lost no time in idleness and wasted no power in dissipation."

When Chrysostom was brought up before the Emperor, the potentate thought to frighten him into obedience to him, and said:

"I'll banish you."

"No you can't," said Chrysostom, "for you can't banish me from Christ."

"Then I'll take your life," cried the irate monarch.

"You can't," was the reply, "for in Christ I live and have my being."

"Then I'll confiscate your wealth."

"You can't," was still the response "for in Christ I have all my riches,"

"At least," the tyrant said, "I shall cause you to lose all your friends, and you will be virtually an outcast."

"But you cannot," Chrysostom exultantly cried, "for I have a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

Is it not sweet when to our own souls as he was to his servant Chrysostom, Christ is "all and in all."—*Railway Signal.*

A Chinaman applied for a position as cook in a family in a Western city. The lady of the house and most of her family are members of a fashionable church, and the Chinaman was questioned closely: "Do you drink whiskey?" "No," said he, "I Clistian man." "Do you play cards?" "No, I Clistian man." He was employed, and gave great satisfaction. He did his work well, was honest, upright, correct and respectful. After some weeks the lady gave a progressive euchre party, and had wines, at the table. John Chinaman was called upon to serve the party, and did so with grace and acceptability. But the next morning he waited on the lady, and said he wanted to quit work. "Why, what is the matter," she inquired. John answered: "I Clistian man; I tole you so before; no heathen. No workee for Melican heathen!"

When I first came iuto this part of the country, I was walking on yonder hill, and saw a gravel pit fall in and bury three human beings alive. I lifted up my voice for help, so loud that I was heard in the town below, at the the distance of near a mile; help came, and rescued two of the sufferers. No one called me an enthusiast then, and when I see an eternal mass of woe, and call aloud to them to escape, shall I be called an enthusiast? No, sinner, I am no enthusiast in so doing; and I call on thee aloud to fly for refuge to the hope set before thee in the gospel of Christ Jesus.—*Rowland Hill.*

Every individual should bear in mind that he is sent into the world to act a part in it, and though one may have a more splendid and another a more obscure part assigned to him, yet the actor of each is equally responsible.

Never attempt to do anything that is not right. Just as sure as you do, you will get into trouble. If you even suspect that anything is wrong, do not do it till you are sure your suspicions are groundless.

Always give precedence to elders, visitors and superiors. Offer them the best seat at the table, the best place by the fire and the first of everything. Go farther than mere form and see that they are comfortable and happy.

HOMOEOPATHY.—One cause of the steady spread of Homœopathy is the *Family Medicine Case*, with its accompanying book, for the treatment of various diseases and to meet sudden emergencies. The posessor of one of these cases realizes its great usefullness, tells his friends and sometimes convinces them by curing them and thus Homœpathy spreads. We mail a price list and catalogue of our goods free, BOERICKE & TAFEL, Homœpathic Pharmacists and Publishers. *Established in* 1835. Baltimore, Md., 228 North Howard St. Washington, D. C., 938 F. St., N. W. Philadelphia, Pa., 1011 Arch St., and 1035 Walnut St. New York, 145 Grand St., and 7, W. 42nd St. Pittsburgh, Pa., 627 Smithfield St. Chicago, Ill., 36 Madison St, Cor. Wabash Avenue. *Our medicines by the vial are sold by leading druggists.*

Good Manners.

Never try to outshine but to please.

Never try to press a favor where it seems undesired.

Never intrude ill health, pains, losses or misfortunes.

Never unavoidably wound the feelings of a human being.

Never talk or laugh aloud in public places or upon the street.

Never forget that vugarity has its origin in ignorance or selfishness.

Never urge another to do anything against his desire unless you see danger before him.

Do not ask another to do what you would not be glad to do under similar circumstances

Never omit to perform a kind act when it can be done with any reasonable amount of exertion.

Religion, to be benefical to others, must be seen. A concealed light does not help the traveler.

Never needlessly wound the vanity of another or dilate unnessarily upon disagreeable subjects.

Do not make witticisms at the expense of others which you would not wish to have made upon yourselves.

Remember that good manners are thoughts filled with kindness and refinement and then translated into the behavior.

Be not ostentatious in dress or deportment; nothing can be more vulgar. See that costumes fit the time and occasion.

Be rude to none; rudeness harms not even the humblest and poorest to whom it is directed, but it injures the exhibitors.

Never treat superiors with inquility or inferiors with ignorance. Speak as kindly to a day laborer as to one occupying a high position.

If You Have a Trifling Cough

Don't neglect it. Use Roger's Specific Cough Cure. It is a sure and speedy cure for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, &c. 25 cts. a bottle.

For Sprains, Burns, Bruises, &c.

Use Roger's Specific Liniment. It has no equal as a cure for Sprains, Burns Bruises, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Dysentary, Rheumatism, &c. 25 cts.

Dyspepsia and Habitual Constipation

Specilly cured by a few doses of Appetite, the Great Stomach, Kidney and Liver Remedy. Price 50 cts.

Piles! Piles! Piles!

Roger's Specific Cocaine Pile Remedy will cure in a short time the most aggravated case of Itching, protruding, Bleeding, or any other form of Piles. Price 50 cts. a box.

Roger's Sp cific Worm Syrup

Is Pleasant, Safe and efficient. Price 25 cts.

For Chapped Hands, Face, &c.,

Use Frangipane Curative Balm, a delightful toilet article for the Hands, Face, Roughness of Skin, Face and Sunburn, Tetter, Pimples, Blotches and Skin Diseases. Price 15 cts.

All the above preparations are for sale at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, Oakland, and by druggists and country merchants in all parts of Garrett and adjoinig counties.

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The iron tower which the engineer Eiffel proposes to erect on the bank of the Seine, opposite the Trocadero Palace, as a feature of the Paris Exposition of 1889, will if completed dwarf all other structures yet reared by human hands. Its height is to be nominally 1,000 feet—actually about 950 feet. The commission controlling the finances of the Exposition have voted the subvention of 1,125,000 francs asked by the inventor. The tower has been actually commenced.

Estate of E. J. Stone Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Wheeling, West Va., hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the real and personal estate of

E. J. STONE,

late of Ohio Co., W. Va., deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 20th day of March next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of September, 1888.

J. T. STONE,

153 1044 Main street, Wheeling, W. Va.

E. F. STANSBERRY.

—Manufacturer of—

Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,

OAKLAND, MD.

☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.

Nov, 21, 85.—1 y.

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With Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Blood Humors, Kidney Disease, Constipation, Female Troubles, Fever and Ague, Sleeplessness, Partial Paralysis, or Nervous Prostration, use Paine's Celery Compound and be cured. In each of these the cause is mental or physical overwork, anxiety, exposure or malaria, the effect of which is to weaken the nervous system, resulting in one of these diseases. Remove the CAUSE with that great Nerve Tonic, and the RESULT will disappear.

Paine's Celery Compound

JAS. L. BOWEN, Springfield, Mass., writes:—"Paine's Celery Compound cannot be excelled as a Nerve Tonic. In my case a single bottle wrought a great change. My nervousness entirely disappeared, and with it the resulting affection of the stomach, heart and liver, and the whole tone of the system was wonderfully invigorated. I tell my friends, if sick as I have been, Paine's Celery Compound

Will Cure You!

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For the Aged, Nervous, Debilitated.

Diamond Dyes

Warranted to color more goods than any other dyes ever made, and to give more brilliant and durable colors. Ask for the *Diamond*, and take no other.

A Dress Dyed
A Coat Colored
Garments Renewed } FOR **10** CENTS.

A Child can use them!

Unequalled for all Fancy and Art Work.

At druggists and Merchants. Dye Book free.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Props., Burlington, Vt.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil, Paregoric or Narcotic Syrups. Children cry for Castoria. Millions of Mothers bless Castoria.

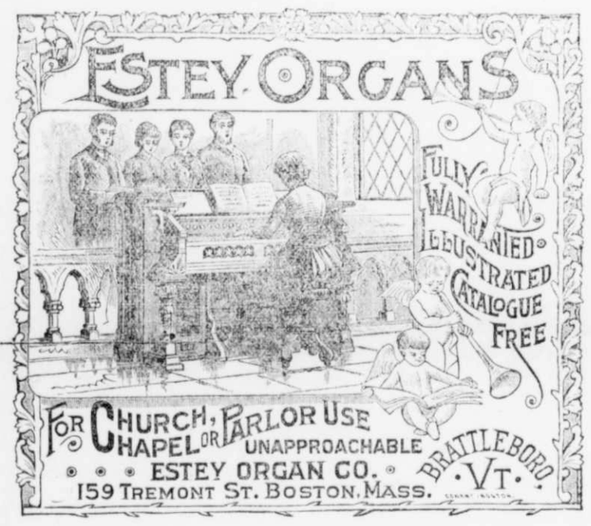
Castoria cures Colic, Constipation; Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation; Gives healthy sleep; also aids digestion; Without narcotic stupefaction.

"I recommend Castoria for children's complaints, as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray St., New York.

They are Growing More Popular Every Day.

WHO?



MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

OF CUMBERLAND, MD.,

The Acknowledged Largest Dealers in Western Maryland,

Who, by their many years' experience in the music business, together with honest and fair dealing, have placed the World Renowned

ESTEY AND CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN

In the leading ranks of all other Organs manufactured. The Estey Organ is well enough known to be appreciated when seen. The Chicago Cottage Organ is gaining a reputation that ere long will place it at the head of the list. It is elegant in finish, exquisite in design. In tone and in construction. Highly ornamented and heavy volume. It is superlatively fine. Standard in construction. Highly ornamented and heavy volume. It is an Organ whose action speaks louder than words, and after one sees and trys this lovely instrument, it always pleases and gives entire satisfaction to the purchaser. We also sell the celebrated

DECKER BROS., WEBER, FISHER BROS., AND ESTEY PIANOS,

—AND THE—

New Home Sewing Machine.

This machine has *no* superior. The cabinet work is of the finest and most artistic made. Its construction is the best and guaranteed not to get out of order. Its attachments are the simplest as well as the most perfect made, and a child can operate it with ease. The attachments are self-setting, requiring no screw driver, not even a thumb screw. No home is complete without this, the grandest, best and most perfect machine made.

Our terms are made in every instance to suit purchaser, and prices the lowest ever offered for first-class goods in this section. We buy for cash in large quantities from the factories direct, thus enabling us to save the purchaser the ordinary agents commission. A word to the wise is sufficient.

For purchasing write or send for illustrated catalogues, prices, terms, &c., to

MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

Main Office, MEYERSDALE, PA.

Branch Office, CUMBERLAND, MD. 9 17 '87—1y

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1886, ch 264, as for felonious *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by George D. White and others, Beginning at the Southeast end of Church street, and running thence through the lands of Mrs. E. A. Kilbourn, Mrs. Maria Davis, F. & C. Felty, S. L. Townshend, Mrs. Max. Klein and James R. Bishop, and intersecting the Ryans Glade road at a point between John A. Delawder's and the line of Mt. Lake Park, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Tuesday, the 30th day of October, 1888, and determine whether the public convenience requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
WM. H. HALL,
WILLIAM CASTEEL,
Examiners.

9 22 5

VALUABLE

STOCK FARM

FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby warned from Hunting or Driving on the lands under my charge. We have fenced to the new county road, and warn all persons from taking down our fences and running over our lands.

J. H. & C. T. SANDERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MASSEY HALL

PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

School year commences

September 12th, 1888.

Regular and elective courses in all Preparatory Studies. Special attention to English and Commercial branches. The number of pupils is strictly limited, in order to insure the most thorough training and individual advancement.

For terms, hours of study, &c., apply to

REV. J. NEWMAN,
7 7 1d Principal.

Estate of Samuel Engle, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscribers, of Garrett county, Md., hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Testamentary on the personal estate of

SAMUEL ENGLE,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscribers on or before the 20th day of March next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefits of said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of September, 1888.

RALPH ENGLE, Executor,
9 15 3t Grantsville, Md.

TOWN PROPERTY

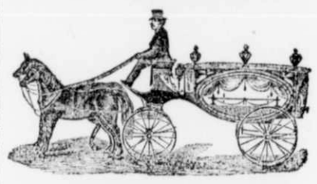
FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

D. E. BOLDEN & CO.,

UNDERTAKERS



AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS,

OAKLAND, MD.

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

COFFINS, CASKETS

—AND—

BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS!

—Also a full line of—

FURNITURE,

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and Window Blinds.

And everything usually kept in a First-Class Furniture Establishment

Furniture Rented on easy Terms

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

REPAIR WORK,

PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c.

☞ Also make Furniture to order.

D. E. BOLDEN, & CO.

Feb. 25, '88.

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 3d, 1888.

All persons are hereby warned not to remove any stone from the National Road in Garrett county, or from the Bridges thereon.

By order County Commissioners,

W. H. HAGANS,
9 8 tf Clerk.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect April 29th, 1888:

GOING EAST.

No. 2		7.41 A. M.
No. 38	Accommodation	10.30 A. M.
No. 6		11.14 A. M.
No. 82	Accommodation	5.05 P. M.
No. 4		11.43 P. M.

GOING WEST

No. 3		4.49 A. M.
No. 81	Accommodation	9.40 A. M.
No. 5		5.00 P. M.
No. 65	Accommodation	5.41 P. M.
No. 1		9.15 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.

C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

FARM FOR SALE!

For sale cheap, a farm of 305 acres, about 90 acres of which is cleared, and on which are erected a

Two-Story Frame House, Two Stables

and other outbuildings. About 75 acres of the woodland is covered with EXCELLENT TIMBER. The farm is situated two miles from Swanton, B. & O. R. R. About 250 acres is under fence. A young orchard was put out four years ago, and will soon come into bearing.

For particulars and terms, apply to or address

RICHARD CUSTER,
8 25 Swanton, Md

JOHN A. WOLF,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

2 88 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, OCT. 13, 1888. NUMBER 33.

NEW ADVRETISEMENTS.

KIRK'S

WHITE CLOUD

FLOATING SOAP

—IS—

THE CHIEF

For the Bath, Toilet and Laundry.

Snow White and Absolutely Pure.

If your dealer does not keep White Cloud Soap, send 13 cents in stamps to make to the makers,

JAS. S. KIRK & CO.,

CHICAGO.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

☞ Office over Casteel's Drug Store on Main street, Oakland, Md. 2 26 '87.

GILMOR S. HAMILL
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e11-1y

J. B. FAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals Also in adjoining counties of West Va.

☞ Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.

Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

FRED. A. THAYER. EDWARD H. SINCELL.

THAYER & SINCELL,

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 7 '87.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.

July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

v3n17.

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OAKLAND, MD.

OFFICE IN NYDEGGER BUILDING.

☞ Residence in Dr. Keller Building.

Sept. 9, 1885.—1y.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OAKLAND, MD.,

offers his professional services to the people of Oakland and vicinity. 5 5 '88

☞ Office with Dr. J. Lee McComas.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n48

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodehea ver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dr. Seth Arnold's
COUGH KILLER

CURES

Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and Asthma.

PREVENTS CONSUMPTION

Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.

Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, druggist, Oakland, Md. 11 '86 1y

PLANING MILLS.

MT. LAKE PARK, MD.,

ALDERSON & ROBINSON, Props

C. M. RATHBUN, Manager.

Manufacturers of and dealers in

Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings.

Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.

☞ Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of mill work. 1 29, '87.

PATENTS!

Caveats, and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE. We have no sub-agencies, all business direct, hence can transact patent business in less time and at LESS COST than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing, or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A book, "How to Obtain Patents," with references to actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address

C. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property.

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

FARM FOR SALE.

A RARE CHANCE TO INVEST!

A farm containing 161 acres, 3¼ miles from Oakland, on the West Union Road is offered for sale at a bargain. This is known as the Christian Yutzy farm, has good buildings, is well watered, 100 acres under cultivation and a good ghrist and saw mill on adjoining land.

TERMS.—One-third cash, the balance in two equal annual payments.

For price and particulars apply to or address

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican office, Oakland, Md.

7 21 6m

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence on Mill street, opposite the Helbig bridge

Calls day or night promptly attended to. 3 15 1y.

St re Room for Rent.

The Store Room lately occupied by O. Hart & Son, on the corner of Second and Oak streets, is for rent. This is one of the best stands in Oakland. Terms moderate.

Apply to

MRS. H. A. RASCHE,
2 11 3t Oakland, Md.

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th 1885.—1 y

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

4 24 DAVID LITTLE.

FREE $85 solid GOLD WATCH Sold for $100 until lately. Best $85 watch in the world. Perfect time-keeper. Warranted. Heavy solid Gold Hunting Cases. Elegant and magnificent. Both ladies' and gents' sizes with works and cases of equal value ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one FREE. How is this possible? We answer—we want one person in each locality, to keep in their homes, and show to those who call, a complete line of our valuable and very useful HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES. Those samples, as well as the watch, we send free, and after you have kept them in your home for 12 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property. It is possible to make this great offer, sending the SOLID GOLD watch and COSTLY samples free, as the showing of the samples in any locality, always results in a large trade for us; after our samples have been in a locality for a month or two we usually get from $1000 to $5000 in trade from the surrounding country. This, the most wonderful offer ever known, is made in order that our samples may be placed at once where they can be seen, all over America. Write at once, and make sure of the chance. Reader it will be hardly any trouble for you to show the samples to those who may call at your home and your reward will be most satisfactory. A postal card on which to write us costs but 1 cent and after you know all, if you do not care to go further, why no harm is done. But if you do send your address at once, you can secure FREE one of the best solid gold watches in the world and our large line of COSTLY SAMPLES. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address GEO. STINSON & CO., Box 414, PORTLAND, MAINE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TAKE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

TORPID LIVER

Is known by these marked peculiarities:

1. A feeling of weariness and pains in the limbs.
2. Bad breath, bad taste in the mouth, and furred tongue.
3. Constipation, with occasional attacks of diarrhœa.
4. Headache, in the front of the head; nausea, dizziness, and yellowness of skin.
5. Heartburn, loss of appetite.
6. Distention of the stomach and bowels by wind.
7. Depression of spirits, and great melancholy, with lassitude and a disposition to leave everything for to-morrow.

A natural flow of Bile from the Liver is essential to good health. When this is obstructed it results in

BILIOUSNESS,

which, if neglected, soon leads to serious diseases. Simmons Liver Regulator exerts a most felicitous influence over every kind of biliousness. It restores the liver to proper working order, regulates the secretion of bile and puts the digestive organs in such condition that they can do their best work. After taking this medicine no one will say, "I am bilious."

"I have been subject to severe spells of Congestion of the Liver, and have been in the habit of taking from 15 to 20 grains of calomel which generally laid me up for three or four days. Lately I have been taking Simmons Liver Regulator, which gave me relief without any interruption to business."—J. Hugg, Middleport, Ohio.

ONLY GENUINE

has our Z stamp in red on front of Wrapper

J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Ask For Ayer's

Sarsaparilla, and be sure you get it, when you want the best blood-purifier.

With its forty years of unexampled success in the cure of Blood Diseases, you can make no mistake in preferring Ayer's

Sarsaparilla

to any other. The fore-runner of modern blood medicines, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is still the most popular, being in greater demand than all others combined.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla is selling faster than ever before. I never hesitate to recommend it."—George W. Whitman, Druggist, Albany, Ind.

"I am safe in saying that my sales of Ayer's Sarsaparilla far excel those of any other, and it gives thorough satisfaction."—L. H. Bush, Des Moines, Iowa.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills are the best selling medicines in my store. I can recommend them conscientiously."—C. Bickhaus, Pharmacist, Roseland, Ill.

"We have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla here for over thirty years and always recommend it when asked to name the best blood-purifier."—W. T. McLean, Druggist, Augusta, Ohio.

I have sold your medicines for the last seventeen years, and always keep them in stock, as they are staples. 'There is nothing so good for the youthful blood' as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—R. L. Parker, Fox Lake, Wis.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla gives the best satisfaction of any medicine I have in stock. I recommend it, or, as the Doctors say, 'I prescribe it over the counter.' It never fails to meet the cases for which I recommend it, even where the doctors' prescriptions have been of no avail."—C. F. Calhoun, Monmouth, Kansas.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

A. LOEWENSTEIN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,

Cor. Water and Third streets

OAKLAND, - MD.

I take pleasure in informing my old friends and customers that I have opened up a new

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

in Oakland, and am prepared to do

All Kinds of Work

in my line, at

Reasonable Prices!

☞ All work Guaranteed.

A. LOEWENSTEIN.

Oakland, Nov

J. F. LEWIS,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND PLASTERING LATH!

SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.

Having had Fourteen years practice and experience as a SHINGLE SAWYER, I am confident that I can sell you a better shingle than can be bought any where else in the State for the same price.

J. F. LEWIS.

3 3 '88 1y Cranesville, W. Va

"Dometian in the Circus."

Translated from the German by J. J. Sprenger.

All Rome is streaming out toward the Coliseum, where all kinds of amusement are prepared for the im perator. Under the laden noonday sun, through the rolling waves of dust, along highway and byway, crowd a hundred thousand human beings on horseback and vehicle, chariot and palanquin, men and women, mostly in holiday attire, and many accompanied by their slaves. The densely packed, noisy rabble crowding around the gigantic oval pedal which was reared by the compulsory labor of Hebrews, taken as prisoners of war by Vespasian and Titus, and stands as a monument to perpetuate them in history, are kept under at a respectful distance by armed phalanxes to keep the passage free for the high and the select of Roman society. An hour has already passed since the seven stone tiers of the immense enclosure commenced filling up with the preferred masses, all the seats allotted to them in the lower circle, while above them, in thirty tiers rising one above the other, every space is crowded with a surging sea of citizens. Under the covered gallery, still higher up, ladies in white waving costumes, adorned with spangles, bracelets and dazzling rings, fill up the space, languidly cooling their paint-besmirched faces, behind gaudy fans; and above them, on the column-supported roof, the plebians or common people, present a sea of heads, which are but little observed by the gay crowds below, yet themselves have an unobstructed view of the grand living panorama spread out at their feet.

The circus giants have drawn the huge canvas curtains over the apex of the building to protect the vast audience from the burning rays of the sun, and all is ready. The time for the entrance of the imperator has arrived. The tumultous voices of the throng are momentarily hushed, as if in breathless expectancy of the great event and all is as silent as the tomb. But, hark! From the distance are heard the long-drawn sounds of the tubas that herald his approach. With these sounds now mingle the wild, discordant howlings of the hungry lions and wild dogs, confined in the giant cage below the arena, still restrained in their mad thirst for blood, until the dread moment arrives for them to act their part in the horrid drama about to be presented to the eager spectators.

The pompous and gaudy train of senators in their togas enter and take seats in the lower tier, near the arena. Then in a separate division of this tier appear the vestal virgins, clothed in dazzling white, and take their seats, and with their statue-like faces turned toward the massive iron enclosure under the cage of the wild animals, where the condemned Christians are confined and awaiting their horrid doom of being torn to pieces by wild beasts. Young girls, blooming in health and beauty, old men with hoary heads and flowing beards, matrons and youth, praying to their God—some in stoical submission, some in tears, and others in trembling and agitation.

Finally a commotion, and through the lofty, triple-arched portal a procession of Roman slaves bearing upon the cannopied platform upon which a golden chair, swimming in a wave of luxurious upholstery, wrapped in raiments which resemble a white cloud, the ruler of the world is seen to enter, surrounded by his body guard in dazzling armor clad. All arise as a common impulse and cast their eyes toward him; he lies dreamily exhausted on his pillow and is attracted by nothing. The female slave behind him watches attentively the movement of every poising fly to drive it away with her fan, lest it should disturb the "high and lofty one." She watches his every movement and mien. But he stirs not! Not a muscle of his languid countenance is moved. A single wink of his eye, a single beck from his hand, and he could pour out a cornucopia of joy and blessings, or empty a pandora box—spreading terror and death; yea he could be a God or a devil. Nothing to-day however! Domitian the malignant tyrant wants nothing to-day. His heart is rigid, his brain empty; his loathings for himself and the world has made him callous, and benumbed his faculties; dimly stares his eyes; no fibre of his feeble body moves! The ravenous beasts greet him with their unearthly howls as he is borne past their cage to his throne, but he hears them not. From the dungeons of the Christians arise the cry of "Mercy!" "Mercy," but he pays no attention to the heart-rending sounds.

But, see, one of his fingers move. The heavy eye-lids slowly lift. A thought seems to agitate him—a thought that if he was to give ear to the cries of those appealing to his mercy, or if he were merely to turn his face toward them; yes; only a little, and if he were to give to these unfortunate ones their life, after their untold sufferings of the horrors of death, would not his heart pulsate more freely? Would not a blissful feeling fill his soul, and would not all surroundings assume a new life and color, and would not the blue heavens smile upon him as the greatest and the mightiest Cæsar, as a very deity of power?

The warm blood seems already coursing through his veins.

But, no! Such a course could afford no gratification to him. To spare lives gives him no pleasure, least of all to spare the lives of those Christians, for the best part of the grand spectacle in the circus to-day would thus be lost, and the tens of thousands of spectators around him might murmur. No, it will be a far greater amusement to spend an hour in witnessing the spectacle of those women and men being torn to pieces by the teeth of the hungry howling beasts, to gratify his demoniacal passion, excite him into momentary life and display his murderous character before all the people, as a bloodthirsty devil.

Languidly, slowly, he rises from the throne chair in his lodge and takes his place. He beckons and the grand entertainment begins with the entrance of the gladiators, who in subdued voices greet the imperator with the cry "Morituri te salutant, imperator!" Their contests excite the passions of the people. They applaud and shout over the vanquished and dying fighters, whose blood now covers the white sand of the arena, and thunders of approbation greet the victors.

Domitian sleeps! The horrid spectacle goes on. The cries of the unfortunate victims, whose lives are sacrificed, ascend to high heaven; but Domitian sleeps.

How to Reach the Masses.

The Holy Spirit is able to make the Word successful now as in the days of the Apostles. He can bring in by hundreds and thousands as easily as by ones and twos. The reason why we are no more prosperous is that we have not the Holy Spirit with us in might and power, as in early time. If we had the Spirit sealing our ministry with power, it would signify very little about our talent. Men might be poor and uneducated; their words might be broken and ungrammatical; there might be none of the polished periods of Hall, or glorious thunders of Chalmers; but if the might of the Spirit attended them, the humblest evangelist would be more successful than the most learned of divines, or the most eloquent of preachers.

It is extraordinary *grace*, not *talent*, that wins the day. It is extraordinary *spiritual* power, not extraordinary *mental* power, that we need. Mental power may fill a chapel, but spiritual power fills the church; mental power may gather a congregation, spiritual power will save souls. We want spiritual power.

Oh! we know some before whom we shrink into nothing as to talent, but who have no spiritual power; and when they speak they have not the Holy Spirit with them. But we know others, simple-hearted, worthy men, who speak their country dialect, and who stand up to preach in their country-place, and the Spirit of God clothes every word with power. Hearts are broken, souls are saved, and sinners are born again. O Spirit of the living God! we want *Thee*. Thou art the life, the soul, the source of Thy people's success. Without Thee they can do nothing; with Thee they can do everything.—*Spurgeon.*

Bishop Baker was once inquiring of a route across the plains from St. Louis—before the construction of railroads—so as to meet an engagement for holding one of the Conferences west of the Rocky Mountains. Many directions were given him, but still he felt uncertain. He asked an old Indian chief, whose simple reply was, "*Keep the brightest trail.*" That's our hope in every doubt and difficulty—"keep the brightest trail." Look not to the complicated explanations of man's wisdom, but to the Word of God which abideth forever. "I am the Light of the World; he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness but shall have the light of life."

Thirty Facts Worth Knowing.

The second largest State is California. Nebraska is more than twice the size of Indiana.

Michigan and Florida are the same size.

Texas is four times as large as the New England States.

Dakota is larger than England, Scotland and Ireland together.

The population of London, England, is equal to that of Canada, or that of New York State, including its cities.

Kentucky and Portugal are about the same size.

California is nearly five times as large as Ireland.

The Island of Cuba and the State of Tennessee are nearly equal in area.

Brazil is nearly as large as the United States; but the population of the latter is six times that of the former.

The population of Canada, New York, Ireland and Belgium are about the same.

If the people of Canada and of the United States were placed in the State of Texas, the number of persons to the square mile would be fewer than at present in China.

The population of Canada is double that of Australia.

Colorado is as large as New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey together.

It would take ten States as large as Massachusetts, to make a State as large as Kansas.

There are more people in the cities of New York and Brooklyn than in the State of Massachusetts, including its cities.

There are as many people in the city of Chicago as in the State of Connecticut.

There are 27 States and Tterritories each larger than New York.

Oregon is equal in area to New York and Pennsylvania.

Massachusetts is smaller than either New Hampshire or Vermont.

Minnesota is twice the size of Ohio.

The three States bordering on the Pacific are larger than the thirteen States boring on the Atlantic.

Montana is thirty times larger than Connecticut.

Dakota is four times larger than Indian.

Iowa is five times as large as Belgium and four times as large as Denmark.

Maryland and Switzerland are about the same size.

Michigan is twice the size of Scotland.

The area of the Dominion of Canada is almost equal to the area of the United States, including Alaska.

Wars of the Century.

Since January 1st, 1800, the nations of Christendom have engaged in some forty-seven great wars, and leaving minor squabbles and direct expenses out of view, our sacrifices on the altar of war since that day may be estimated at $130,000,000,000, or just about 500,000,000 pounds of gold—sums which may be pronounced in two seconds, though a freight train transporting the gold in American box-cars of the average size and running at the usual rate of speed, would be two hours in passing any given point, for such a train would be twenty-two miles long. An equivalent in one thousand pound banknotes might be crammed into a box that could be carried on a medium-sized express wagon, but with the contents of that box we might have built double-track railroads from Halifax to Valparaiso, from Paris to Pekin, from Cape Town to Stockholm; we might have bridged or under-tunneled the English Channel, the straits of Gibraltar, the Kattegat, and the Hellespont, the Mississippi at New Orleans and the Amazon at Para; we might have drained the Zuyder Zee and the Florida swamps; covered the hills of Asia Minor with cedars and the Libyan desert with palm-trees, converted Greece and Persia into garden lands, and Timbuctoo into a sea-port town; we might have done all that, and have money enough left to celebrate the birth of a new era by a grand international thanksgiving day.—*John Bright.*

It is said that the Bishop of London went to see one of his parishioners, a lady with a prodigious family which had recently been increased. As he rose to leave the lady stopped him with:

"But you haven't seen my last baby?"

"No," he quickly replied, "and I never expect to."

Then, it is stated, he fled.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE HOME-BOUND HOST.

The sound of a host advancing,
  Tramp! tramp! tramp!
Under the windy flicker
  And flare of the evening lamp,
Under the steady whiteness
  Of the clear electric light,
The sound of an army marching
  Is in the streets to-night.

Not to the clamor of bugles,
  Nor the stormy beat of drums,
Not to the battle's toesin,
  The jubilant army comes.
A sweeter music summons
  And thrills along the line,
Though each for himself may hear it,
  And make to the next no sign.

The patter of tiny footfalls
  That run to an open door,
The mother's tender singing,
  Her step on the nursery floor,
The boyish shout of welcome,
  The girlish ripple of glee,
At the click in the guarded portal
  Of the home-bound father's key.

This is the army's music:
  Cheerily calls good-night
The merry voice of the comrade
  As he passes out of sight
Into the heart of the household
  When the day's long work is done,
And wife and bairns are waiting
  With a kiss for their dearest one.

Under the windy flicker
  And flare of the evening lamp,
I hear a host advancing
  With steady and resolute tramp—
A host of the strong and gentle,
  A throng of the brave and true,
Dear little wives and mothers,
  Hastening home to you!

—*Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Bazar.*

SPORT IN RUSSIA.

Exciting Scenes Enacted in Hunting Wolf and Bear.

Three Ways of Bringing the Wily Wolf to Earth—Squealing Pig as Bait—Buying the Bear Before Shooting Him.

When, last winter, I paid my third visit to the Holy Russian Empire, I was enabled, in accordance with my long entertained and ardent desire, to get rid, for a few days, of business which chained me to either Petersburg or Moscow, and thoroughly indulge my passion for the chase. The days, or what is more exact, the nights of pleasurable sport I enjoyed I owe chiefly to my friend, Alexander P., whose possessions, situated at the very foot of the Waldai Mountains, which, with their profusely wooded slopes and deep, ravine-like valleys, their marshy plains, etc., are the haunts of wild animals of every kind. In these mountains are to be killed every species of game to be found in European Russia, from the wolf and bear to the rebtchik, a kind of partridge, but with the game taste more pronounced. Notwithstanding the sobering effect of a wolf hunt three years ago hard on the Russo-Polish frontier, the real winter wolf hunting still had an irresistible charm for me.

As a rule the wolf is brought to bay in three different ways. When there is no snow the game is driven to certain places and there killed by the hunters. This sport is comparatively tame and never had more interest for me than hare hunting in Germany. The landlord fixes one or several hunting days, invites a great number of hunters, and the peasants, who, by a survival of serfdom, are compelled to join in a wolf hunt at any time and without remuneration, assemble in families, men, women and children. The part of the forest where wolves have been seen is surrounded, a chain of shooters is formed and then the signal for driving is given. From 100 to 150 peasants enter the woods and raise an infernal noise by clapping pieces of flat wood together, striking the trees and beating a certain kind of a drum. The wolf likes the odds with him, not against him, and as he has no stomach for this clatter, sneaks out of the woods and dashes through the cordon of hunters, who try their marksmanship on him. Those who believe that the wolf attacks a man under such circumstances may disabuse themselves. The frightened animal runs away where it can, and he who would hit the rascal as he dashes through the brush must be a quick and sure shot. But, as I said before, this kind of sport has no charm for me. What a safe kind of hunting it is is best illustrated by the fact that one day three ladies of our host's household accompanied us, and we killed that day no less than twenty wolves. I have never heard that at one of these hunts a wolf ever attacked a human being.

The second way of hunting the wolf is to lie in ambush, to decoy the wolf by means of living or dead bait, and then send a ball into him from your hiding-place. But this, too, is not very exciting. Many nights have I thus sat in the bitterest cold to return home finally without having fired a single shot. But the third way furnishes the kind of sport that puts a heavier strain on your nerves. This is hunting in a sled. If one sees a Russian winter scene illustrated with a sled flying swiftly over the snow-covered space he is instantly reminded of wolves. So, recently, a child at an exposition of pictures where everybody admired a Russian winter landscape with a "Troika" flying over the snow is said to have remarked to its mother: "But, mamma, this is not finished; where are the wolves?"

Apparently a sled has more attractive power for a wolf than the bait offered him in the wood. It almost seems that the ogre supposes the occupants of a sled will prove especially tickling to the palate. On a certain moonlit night of January we were assembled around the vaporing samovar (the Russian teakettle) after having had a very substantial supper. At intervals we drank the aromatic Caravan-tea, or sipped Atchishtchina (a popular Russian cordial), when, at about 10:30, Ivan, my friend's huntsman, announced that the sled was ready and that it was time to start. Owing to the continuous snowfall of the preceding days, which formed a snow and ice cover over a foot in thickness, a great many hungry wolves had made their appearance in the neighborhood. This was my first experience of wolf hunting in a sled, and I confess that my heart beat fast when I pictured to myself a host of famished wolves, bloodthirsty assailants which we could keep back only by quick and deadly discharges while our sled, drawn by horses mad with fright, was flying over the snow like a phantom.

Quickly we exchanged our house-dresses for furred coats and boots, examined for the last time our shot-guns and heavy revolvers, the sharp hunting-knives fastened to our belts, and soon we were out in the moonlit night. While I was accustomed to see an elegant sled of St. Petersburg make awaiting us under the porch of the manor, the long-bearded driver, weighing seven pud (about 250 pounds), his head covered with the orthodox three-cornered Chapka of violet velvet, I now, on the contrary, beheld a miserable rustic sled, worse even than a common Isvostchik; indeed, just about the kind of sled the Finlanders use when visiting Petersburg during the butter week. Before the wretched vehicle stood two miserable, rugged, sorry jades, one in the curved shafts, the other on the side as a gallop horse, Ivan, the huntsman, himself holding the reins, clad as a Russian cattle cattle dealer. The entire outfit had the aspect of a cattle-dealers' conveyance. The seats were half on the side and half on the back, and we arranged ourselves as warm and snug as possible; but as I discovered late one never should wrap his legs too closely as he may find sudden and unexpected use for them. After we had taken our seats a youngster came struggling with a sack containing a wriggling pig, the medium designed to call the rascally wolves to our heels. As I missed the bells I was informed that the wolf, on account of his innate cowardice, is scared away by too much noise and would not dare to come within the reach of fire-arms. When we left the court-yard we struck a quicker pace than I ever would have thought those rugged, shaggy horses capable of. We had driven about three versts (less than two miles) when suddenly our trot horse sank into the snow and in his endeavors to get out of the trap, upset the sled. We congratulated ourselves than this accident occurred then instead of later when we heard the howls of the famished beasts around us, as an attack on their part would have inevitably proved fatal to us. At the same time I became aware that I was wrapped up too much, for it required some time to get out of my covers and stand on my feet. Finally we righted ourselves and our sled and proceeded on our ride over the glittering plain of snow.

After we had gone from two to three versts more and reached the forest Ivan suddenly stopped, while the servant we had with us fastened to the rear of the sled a rope about twenty-five feet long. At the end of this rope was attached a piece of putrid meat wrapped in a bundle of hay. This is the bait which, in connection with the squealing of the pig, attracts the wolves within shooting range. We drove from this time forward at a moderate pace, while the servant pinched the pig to make it squeal. After awhile a long-drawn howl on the left apprised us that wolves were following on our track. My excitement increased and suddenly both of us were aiming at a dark shadow that flitted across our way about sixty paces in the rear of our sled. An interval of deep silence; even the little pig ceased its music, probably grown used already to the pinching attentions of its companion. All of a sudden the latter uttered a loud cry of pain and the pig resumed its squealing—the servant alternately uttering pitiable groans and vociferating madly. We had no time to inquire just then into the cause of this commotion, as the forest began to get lively with wolves. But, as we learnt afterwards, a very tragico-comical incident had happened; an incident that nobody would believe who does not know the Russian peasant thoroughly. When the pig became accustomed to the pinching its companion recurred to an expedient of his own. He took the animal's small curled tail between his teeth, and the pig, mad with pain, had turned round and retaliated on his tormentor's nose. I saw the man the next morning; he looked really pitiable, besides he had to endure the mocking of everybody.

But to revert to our voracious friends. On both sides ran the howling devils. The underbrush rustled and suddenly a gigantic wolf emerged from the cover and sprang upon the moonlit way. My heart palpitated feverishly. No one made any movement, and noiselessly our sled went on. With his nose on the snow the rascal followed us. I can not imagine what restrained me, but instead of firing at our pursuing foe, I stared at him as if spellbound, without even thinking of my gun. But not so Friend Alexander P. With cold blood, steeled by numerous similar ventures, he was aiming at the game. Suddenly the report of his gun startled the echoes of the forest and immediately we saw the wolf turn around and leave a black spot on the white surface. Only after the shot did I hear the rustle of fugitive animals on both sides, a sign that many invisible foes were following us. After some time had elapsed we halted in the middle of a clearing. The pig squealed pitifully, and I somehow felt the presence of wolves without seeing them. Suddenly I saw a dark body emerge from the thicket, another followed, and, quick as lightning, two powerful wolves darted into the white space. I aimed at the one on the left, Friend P. at the other. Both shots rang out simultaneously, and two objects rolled over on the snow to cease moving after a few minutes. Then Ivan whipped up the admirably trained horses, and drove back the same way we had come. Hardly had we gone back a hundred paces, when P.'s gun cracked again, a third wolf paying for his bloodthirstiness with his life. The next moment I became aware of a pair of red glaring eyes in a fir thicket. I fired, but must have missed, for a rustle announced the flight of the game.

Now, in gradually shortening intervals, we see the dark bodies of our foes fly over the high road, but unfortunately out of range. Suddenly the horses prick up their ears and even the stoically calm Ivan utters an exclamation between an oath and bewilderment—a powerful wolf had crossed the road close in front of the horses: I was on the point of turning round when I perceived a lank and hungry-looking beast emerge from the ditch, and with a terrific bound precipitate himself on the bait at the end of the rope. My gun cracked simultaneously with that of P., and the mighty fellow rolled in his blood. Which of us had killed him I know not, but my amiable friend gave the credit of the shot to me. We drove back to our booty and loaded it on our sled (the only instance in which we did so), as I had expressed a wish to have a cover made out of the fur, and we found him an especially handsome specimen. On our way back we killed four more wolves, so that we felt amply satisfied with our night's work when we reached home at about three o'clock in the morning.

In some regions where wolves are more numerous and make their appearance in packs, scythes are fastened to the sled to protect it against the wolves should they attack it in large numbers. In such localities, too, a hunting party is always composed of from six to ten shooters in one large sled or two smaller ones. Notwithstanding the precautions it sometimes happens that the horses steaming with sweat rush into the court-yard with the wreck of the sled, on which only a few blood-soaked rags give sad evidence of the fate of the merry hunting party that started out so gayly a few hours before. In such a case the wolves, strong in numbers, frantic with hunger, regardless of the danger, attack the sled and devour the hunters. Although I had many opportunities to join these large parties I always refrained, as a man at your back with a gun and in a high state of excitement is even more dangerous than half a dozen frantic wolves. I had one experience of this kind in which a fellow hunter fired so close to my head that I consider it a favor of Providence that I am able to write these lines. Ever since I have gone hunting only with men whom I know to be deliberate marksmen, preferring only one companion to a greater number.

It is a quaint and surprising fact that in Russia the hunter must buy his bear before he can kill him. I had expressed a desire to go bear hunting and one night, after attending a fashionable performance at the Moscow Theater, was at the "Eremitage," a restaurant, I think without an equal in the world, awaiting the return of my friend P., who had driven a lady to her home. I was chatting with some acquaintances when P. entered and asked me with a smile: "Apropos, what will we pay for the bear?" I responded that I did not want to buy, but wanted to shoot a bear. After many funny remarks I learned that we would have to buy the bear before we could hunt him. The peasants make it their business to discover the lair of the bear, and as soon as they find one send word to their landlords or to a well-known hunter asking what price he will pay per pud. The pud is thirty-six English pounds and the peasants generally ask from ten to twelve rubles per pud. They usually get eight rubles (about four dollars) per pud. After the bargain is completed the day for the hunt is fixed, and the hunters having been posted, the peasants enter the woods and drive the bear out to them. After the animal is killed it is weighed and the price agreed on is paid.

The Monday following the meeting at the Eremitage our party, six in number, boarded the St. Petersburg express, leaving Moscow at nine o'clock p. m. At 4:30 in the morning the conductor awakened us, and at five we alighted. Friend P.'s country seat lonely about two versts distant from the depot, and soon two sleds conveyed us to that hospitable roof. Comfortably heated room received us, and after having taken a cup of hot tea we all went to bed again to enjoy some more rest, as we did not intend to start on the hunt before ten o'clock. At nine o'clock we were called to a substantial breakfast. The faithful Ivan gave me a report of the locality, where and how the peasants had discovered the bear, what preparations had been made and how the bear should be driven within the shooting circle. We then started. Our equipment consisted of thick but not burdensome furs, high, impermeable boots, heavy short double-barreled guns, revolvers and long hunting knives. In two sleds we rapidly proceeded on our way to the wooded hills of the Waldai Mountains. After a drive of about one hour we alighted, and, led by Ivan, climbed and glided down a deep ravine not an easy job, considering our outfit. Then we marched for about fifteen minutes along the bottom of the ravine until we came on the right to a second broad defile. This was to be the theater of our present expedition, for in some of the recesses of this gorge the lair of a bear had been found. Then the chain of hunting was formed, the respective positions being determined by lots. Fate assigned me the extreme left wing where I stood some distance up the mountain side. About 100 paces on the right stood my next neighbor. When I had settled myself in the snow, which was not very deep, I waited for events. I had no much confidence in the advantage of my position for I thought it certain that the bear would make its escape along the valley and not up the slopes. After about three-quarters of an hour I heard the first noise, and then with frequent recurrences the cracking of branches, but without seeing any thing. Nearer and nearer came the noise of the drivers, but no report of a gun was heard; nothing resembling the breaking through the woods of a heavy animal was heard. Now the drivers were so near me that I fancied I could see them at any moment; believing, besides, that the driving had been fruitless I stood there lazy and dejected, the gun resting on my left arm, when suddenly, a little above me, something broke through the bushes. What I thought at that moment I do not recollect, for thought was compressed into seconds, but at any rate I did not imagine that this was a bear, and, as no shot was to be fired at any other game, I did not even raise my gun. The crackling came nearer, increasing all the while to a roar, and suddenly, not fifteen yards distant, a huge brown bear emerged from the underbrush, coming down upon me in an oblique line. Without adjusting my gun properly (for which I had not the necessary time) I fired, and with a hissing groan bruin went down, turning somersault after somersault. But, before I had time for a second shot, he was on his legs again and had disappeared in the direction of the other hunters. First my neighbor fired, and then several other shots followed almost simultaneously. Just when I had reloaded, my neighbor fired another shot and the next moment the bear emerged from the bushes, coming for me a second time. He was not farther than fifteen yards. With my gun ready I stood awaiting his advance. He approached a few paces before he discovered me. At first he seemed surprised. Then he reared and made ready for fight. He was not more than eight paces distant and I could see his small eyes set with blood, and bloody saliva flowing from his jaws. His ears were thrown back, and with his mouth wide open he presented a terrible aspect, but in the presence of imminent danger, my self-possession returned. I aimed at the point between his malicious eyes and fired. When the smoke cleared away, bruin was on the ground, his huge frame shaking with convulsive movements. In a little while he was still, but I waited some time with my gun ready before I ventured to approach him. Then I summoned the other hunters to see my prize, for mine he was, as I had fired the fatal shot.

It proved to be a powerful female bear weighing eleven pud. The heaviest ever killed in that country weighed thirteen pud. She had received eight balls; my first ball had entered the flank, gone through and through and made its exit at the other flank. To carry the bear home was a task left to the overjoyed Ivan, who praised my shot above the eyes. No one was happier than I on our way homeward.

To-day this she bear—stuffed under my direction—is standing, almost exactly in the same position as when I sent that ball through her brain, on one of the steps of my house, exciting the admiration of every visitor by her huge frame, powerful steel-like claws and terrific jaws.—*St. Louis Republic.*

New Colors for Winter.

Here are some of the shades adopted by a syndicate of Paris manufacturers for the goods they will make for the winter trade:

Emeraude—A deep, rich emerald green.

Scarabee—A dark yellowish green.

Cuoroncou—A shade lighter than scarabee.

Peupliere—A shade lighter still.

Nil—A light watery green.

Coquelicot—A rich blood red.

Boulanger—A brighter shade of red.

Bouton d'Or—A golden yellow.

Mais—Straw color.

Volcan—A reddish terra-cotta.

Alezan—A dark reddish brown.

Pactole—A light golden brown.

Oxide—A dark slate.

Lionceau—A dark fawn.

Heron—A grayish drab.

Luciole—A gendarme blue.

—The intelligent farmer, by keeping a record, or by remembering what he has applied to each field, is able to feed his land with much greater economy than he who pays no attention to what has been applied to the field.

BREATH IN SINGING.

Advice That Should be Heeded by Old and Young Vocalists.

To properly control the escape of breath in singing is an indispensable adjunct to good tone. I say escape of breath is the more important as contrasted with the act of drawing in the breath, commonly called inspiration. It is true that the method of an inspiration influences, to a greater or less extent, the character of the expiration, dependent largely, however, on the singer's culture and ability. The abdominal muscles and the diaphragm are the great expiratory muscles. That is, they both hold back and force out the breath, when properly used. The ordinary expiration occupies two or three seconds of time. The expiration in singing consumes from ten to twenty seconds, and even longer. In the breathing out for purposes of life the sensation is of breath going from us. In breathing out while singing one should have the sensation of breath coming toward one, "drunk in" as it were. The proper use of breathing muscles will cure a husky tone, a guttural or throaty tone, a tired throat after singing, wrong intonation, singing out of tune, and is of great help in the treatment of nasal tones.

Advice to beginners (and many advanced pupils) in singing: When breathing in a perfectly natural and easy manner and with no restrictions from clothing or otherwise, shoulders relaxed and reposing, notice the slight expansion of the walls of the abdomen as you breathe in. This movement is caused by the descent of the diaphragm as it pushes out the abdominal viscera before it. You will notice that after taking in a moderate breath in this manner the tendency will be for the abdomen to immediately recover its position of rest and the breath to escape. Now instead of allowing this to take place in two or three seconds, prolong it by preserving the expansion of the abdomen and holding back the breath so that the expiration occupies five or six seconds of time. If you are wholly unused to exercises of this kind you will notice that after a few inspirations and expirations the muscles will appear slightly fatigued, and you will feel like taking a long breath. You have been giving them a little extra labor to perform; this will increase the flow of blood to them, which means increased nourishment and strength. After practicing in this manner once or twice a day for a week, you will notice that your fatigue diminishes as your strength and power of control increases, and this is the first step in learning to sing. I do not say that you may not develop the control in any other way, as for instance in exercise coupled with tone, but in one way or another it must be done.

Do not begin your practice with inhaling more than a moderate amount of air, as this will be much more difficult for you to control and will tend to remove your efforts from the proper muscles to interfering muscles. Avoid raising the shoulders as this affects sympathetically throat muscles that should be relaxed. After continuing this practice for a few days and the muscles become in a manner used to holding back the breath, tone may be employed with the syllable *ah* or *lah*, reserving the breath in the same manner as in the breathing exercise, taking care to sing with a moderate amount of tone as being easier than one that is too soft or too loud.—*H. W. Giles, in Albany Journal.*

MORSE'S DRAWING.

An Instructive Anecdote of the Inventor of the Telegraph.

When Samuel F. B. Morse, afterwards famous as the inventor of the electric telegraph, was a young painter studying in London, he made a drawing from a small cast of the Farnese Hercules, intending to offer it to Benjamin West as an example of his work. Being very anxious for the favorable opinion of the master, he spent a fortnight upon the drawing, and thought he had made it perfect. When Mr. West saw the drawing he examined it critically, commended it in this and that particular, and then handed it back, saying:

"Very well, sir, very well; go on and finish it."

"But it *is* finished," answered the young artist.

"O, no," said Mr. West; "look here, and here, and here," and he put his finger upon various unfinished places.

Mr. Morse saw the defects, now that they were pointed out to him, and devoted another week to remedying them. Then he carried the drawing again to the master. Mr. West was evidently very much pleased, and lavished praises upon the work; but at the end he handed it back, and said, as before:

"Very well, indeed, sir; go on, and finish it."

"Is it not finished?" asked Mr. Morse, by this time almost discouraged.

"Not yet; see, you have not marked that muscle, nor the articulations of the finger joints."

The student once more took the drawing home, and spent several days in retouching it. He would have it done this time. But the critic was not satisfied. The work was good, "very good indeed; remarkably clever;" but still it needed to be "finished."

"I can not finish it," said Morse, in despair.

"Well," answered Mr. West, "I have tried you long enough. You have learned more by this drawing than you would have accomplished in double the time by a dozen half-finished drawings. It is not numerous drawings, but the character of one, that makes a thorough draughtsman. *Finish* one picture, sir, and you are a painter."

It was a good lesson. One principal part of a teacher's business is to keep his pupil from being too easily satisfied.—*Youth's Companion.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Tannin has been discovered as an animal substance by M. Villon, a French chemist, who finds that corn weevils contain about three per cent. of it.

—The Germans have discovered that the pollen of the plaine tree produces influenza, exactly like what in this country is called "rose cold" and "hay fever."

—French physicians are reporting great success with the prompt internal use of an antiseptics in cases of typhoid fever. After disinfection of the intestines, according to this method, the disease runs a short course.

—Paper is now manufactured from seaweed, according to a process recently invented in Japan. The article made in this way is said to be so strong as to be almost untearable, is sufficiently transparent to admit of its being used as window glass, and takes all colors about equally well.

—Dr. Zambaco of Constantinople, who has lived for several years among the lepers of the far East, says that he has never met a single instance of contagion, although the malady is certainly hereditary, the children of lepers becoming leprous at the age of ten, fifteen and twenty years generally.

—The increasing application of electricity in mining work is based on the solid foundation of economy attained. The Aspen Mining and Smelting Company, which was one of the first to put electric motors underground for pumping, hoisting and haulage, have effected a large saving in the cost of their ore through this means

—J. Norman Lockyer, the English astronomer, computes the total number of stars of which some knowledge can be gained with the optical aid now available, at from 40,000,000 to 50,000,000. Only about 6,000 are visible to the naked eye—3,000 in the Northern hemisphere and 3,000 in the Southern.

—After experiments on the relative merits of castor oil and of olive oil as lubricants, the Italian Admiralty has ordered that the exposed parts of the ship's machinery be lubricated exclusively with castor oil, and that mineral oils be used for cylinder and similar lubrication.

—When the first electric telegraph was established, the speed of transmission was from four to five words a minute with the five-needle instrument; in 1849, the average rate for newspaper messages was seventeen words a minute; the present pace of the electric telegraph between London and Dublin, where the Wheatstone instrument is employed, reaches four hundred and sixty-three words. And thus, what was regarded as miraculous sixty years ago has multiplied a hundred fold in half a century.—*Science.*

—The art of tempering copper so as to give it a hardness and fine cutting edge was known to the Egyptians, Greeks and Romans, but it is one of the lost arts. Scientific men have vainly endeavored to redisdover it. It is possible that the Indians of Ecuador have, as stated in the paragraph, accidentally found out how to do this, but we want more conclusive evidence than has yet been furnished before we believe it. It would be of some value to civilization if the art were rediscovered, but would not have nearly the importance it once had, since we have iron and steel now which do the work better than the copper tools and weapons ever did.

MEN AND MARRIAGE.

Apparently It Is Never Too Late to Become a Happy Husband.

"When is a man too old to marry?" is quite as interesting as the question, "When is a girl too young?" I must leave to physiologists to discuss how far the chances of life are shortened when December weds May, and expects in May any thing more than a nurse, though, in passing, I may observe that I have noticed several such marriages in which the funeral followed suspiciously close to the wedding. Without going back to the time when "Jared lived a hundred and sixty and two years and begat Enoch," there are several instances on record of modern patriarchs who became proud and happy fathers at the time when they should be thinking of shuffling off this mortal coil.

There was that stout Salopian, Old Parr, for example, who married at eighty, and had to do penance in Alderbury Church for an intrigue with Catherine Milton, when he was a sprightly masher of one hundred and five summers. If Lord Lyttleton is to be believed Parr had a rival in the Vale of Festiniog, in the person of an old Welsh farmer, who, when he died, had eight hundred lineal descendants, and whose youngest son was eighty-one years younger than his eldest. I fancy this man must have been of the same family as a certain Alderman Hookes, of Conway, who, is described in his epitaph as the forty-first child of his father, and himself the father of twenty-seven children. Happily for themselves, these people lived long before the days of Dr. Drysdale.

My own impression is that the Welsh border is the paradise of old men, the grand old man being only the most conspicuous among many. Some years back I spent a Sunday in the very next parish to Hawarden. I dined with a middle-aged man whose sons were fast growing to manhood, and then walked over to his father's house to take tea. The venerable old gentleman, who wore a headgear something like Oliver Goldsmith's, was nursing an infant two or three years old on his knee. "Is that your youngest?" I asked of my middle-aged friend. "O, dear no," he replied; "that is my little brother."—*London Echo.*

THE STREET-CAR MULE.

An Intelligent Creature But Peculiar in Its Habits.

The well-informed street-car mule knows when it is time for him to go out on a trip, and sometimes he will assist the stable boy by going out before he has been properly harnessed, and this always creates a bad feeling between the boy and the mule. The latter gets the worst of it as far as blows are concerned, but he manages to make it interesting for the boy who tries to catch him. Such little episodes as these show very plainly that there is a well-developed stratum of humor running through the mule and gives strong evidence of his desire to mix a little play with his daily measure of fodder and work.

Few people, even those who regularly patronize the street cars, give a thought to the eccentricities and intelligence of a well-trained mule. Few people are aware that the mule knows all about his work, and, above all other things, when it is time for him to quit. He does not learn this by looking at the town clock, but he evidently keeps a close count of the number of trips made each day, and when this number has been covered, if, by reason of an extra demand for cars, he is harnessed up for an extra trip, it usually requires two men, three boys and a base ball club to start him from the stable.

The street-car mule knows every street on his route, and the more highly educated they become the greater assistance they are to the driver. Notice one of the old trained veterans in the mule army of the street car service as he approaches a street corner, and observe how he slows up. The three-minute pace, with which everybody who rides on a street car is familiar, is toned down to a jog trot, and if he sees a probable passenger approaching the car he comes down into a walk and stops at exactly the right time, and with no suggestion from the driver, and the brake is not needed. Any old street-car driver will tell you that when he has a team of well-trained mules they watch the street on both sides of the track as closely as he does himself, and they always know when to ssop.

Old drivers will tell you how the mules, when well trained, will slow up when they hear a passenger ask for change, and particularly if it is a lady. They also listen for the click of the nickel as it drops in the fare box, and some drivers assert that the mules always know how many passengers are on the car, though this is not well verified.

There are exceptions in mules as well as in drivers, and no set rule can be laid down for the guidance of an observing public who may perhaps desire to study the peculiarities of this public servant.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

ADVICE FOR LOVERS.

How They Can Make Their Best Girls Tired of Sweets.

In a confectionery establishment where half a dozen pretty young women are employed behind the counters I noticed one of the latter cram half a dozen caramels into her mouth at once and appear to enjoy them hugely. She stood in full view of the proprietor as she did so and I expected to see him administer a reproof. Instead of doing so he only looked at me and knowingly closed his left eye. "I should think terrible inroads must be made in your stock if all your young women have appetites like that," observed I. "Not a bit of it," he responded, "when a young woman is engaged to sell candy for this house she receives permission to eat just as much as she likes; with the strict understanding, however, that she is not to carry any out of the store. She avails herself of the permission readily enough, but she doesn't devour half so much the second day as she does the first; on the third she gets away with even less and at the end of a week she wouldn't give you ten cents for the contents of the whole shop, so far as her own appetite is concerned. The girl who bolted these caramels just now thinks she's the luckiest girl alive. In a week she won't care whether all the candy shops in the country keep school or not, so long as her own employment is secure. My advice to a youth with a candy-devouring girl is for him to feed her steadily with it for a week. At the end of a week he can devote his salary to other uses."—*Chicago Journal.*

Letter from the Ex-Sheriff of Chautauqua County, New York.

MAYVILLE, N. Y, Dec. 2, 1885.

I am glad to say, from a long personal experience with ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, that I am able to endorse all the good things that have ever been said about them, and supplement these by saying that I frankly believe their value can not be estimated. Their breadth of usefulness is unlimited, and for prompt and sure relief to almost every ache and pain that flesh is heir to, no other remedy, in my opinion, either external or internal, equals them in certainty and rapidity. I have used them at one time for rheumatism, another for backache, again for bronchitis, always with the same result—a speedy cure.

L. T. HARRINGTON.

A NICE "How do you do"—a pretty girl's salutation.—*Boston Courier.*

A Blessing in Triplets.

Returning health leads with it hand in hand its offspring—the triplets, sleep, appetite, digestion. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters brings into existence these blessed babes, whose young lives fostered by it bloom into maturity. Well may the sick, the nervous, the feeble seek the help of this helpful auxiliary. Dyspepsia, malaria, biliousness, rheumatism surrender to it.

A MARRIAGE certificate properly comes under the head of noose paper, does it not?—*Binghamton Republican.*

LIKE Oil Upon Troubled Waters is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar upon a cold. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

ROUGH on rats—regulations of Printers' Union.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—If worms attack the boxes of honey that have been removed from the hive they should be fumigated with sulphur and then well aired.

—When potatoes are well ripened no advantage will be found by leaving them in the ground, but if left there may be serious loss by rotting.

—Rice Meringue: One cupful of hot, boiled rice, three cupfuls of milk, three-fourths of a cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of corn-starch, the yelks of two eggs, and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Heat the rest and add rice. Bake and add meringue of whites of two eggs.

—If it pays for a man to have his own food cooked that it may be the more quickly eaten and easily digested, why not also cook the food for farm animals, particularly for the hog, an animal said to have a stomach more nearly resembling that of a man than has any other domestic animal.

—In early fall a great many premature and worm-affected apples are constantly falling to the ground. The best of these will pay to dry in the evaporator, and will not only furnish evaporator apples for home use, but also a very profitable marketable product. If the orchard is so inclosed that hogs can be turned in and out at any time, the inferior wormy fruit can be eaten by them, and a great many destructive insects destroyed.

—Chocolate Cream Pudding: Bake in layers, cake made of one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one-half of a cupful of milk, two cupfuls of flour, the whites of four eggs beaten stiff, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Spread with boiled icing made with whites of two eggs. Take out half the icing and add to it one-fourth of a cake of melted chocolate, and spread with dark icing and with the white over each layer.

—The sanitary condition of a child's sleeping-room should be as near perfect as it is possible to make it. It must be so situated that the direct rays of the sun can enter for a certain period each day. Its internal arrangements should be of the simplest character consistent with convenience. As little furniture as possible should be the rule, and comparatively bare walls and floors are far healthier than when adorned with pictures and covered with carpets. A stationary basin, draining into the sewer is positively forbidden.

GOOD SEED-CORN.

Sensible Directions for Selecting, Curing and Sowing Seed.

When small grains, flax, clover and grass-seed are scattered by the hand or a machine over the surface of the ground and covered with a harrow an allowance is made for grains that are imperfect and are not expected to produce plants. In other words, more seeds are sown than are needed. If all of them germinated and produced plants they would stand too thick for insuring a good crop. In planting corn, however, it is expected that every grain will germinate and produce a stalk. It is difficult to thin out stalks of corn if there are too many in a hill. It is very slow and fatiguing work and it is hard to pull up one stalk without disturbing the others. Reseeding, which is necessary in case there are not sufficient stalks in the hill, does not give good results. If the same kind of corn is used for second as for the first seeding all the corn will not mature at the same time and there will be trouble in harvesting. If seed of a quick maturing variety is used for reseeding, a mixed lot of corn will be produced, which will not bring the highest price offered in the market.

The losses resulting from planting unreliable seed-corn are large in some part of the country nearly every year. The losses resulting from planting varieties not adapted to the locality are also large. In numerous instances corn crops have failed in consequence of obtaining seed from a distance. Great pains should accordingly be taken in selecting the best specimens for supplying seed. Some careful farmers make their selections while the stalks are still on the hills where they grew, while others defer it till they come to husking, when they can see the ear as it is deprived of its covering. Ears should be selected that have small cobs and which have well-formed kernels from butt to tip. The best developed, heaviest and most regular ears are to be preferred to those that are abnormally large. In places where the seasons are short it is best to choose those that matured in advance of others, so as to insure early ripening.

Corn intended for seed should not be exposed to frost from the time it was picked till it is planted. All the moisture should be dried out of the kernels, cob and husks. It should be placed where it will be in no danger of absorbing more moisture. It should be stored where it will be out of the way of rats and mice. A drying house, such as professional seedsmen use, a hot-house or a large smoke-house is the best place in which to cure seed corn. If a farmer does not have one of these he can use a garret, carriage-house, or kitchen for drying his seed-corn. A part of the husks should be left on the ears for two reasons. Much moisture will be evaporated through them, while they will be convenient for supporting the ears while they are drying. The ears, by means of the husks attached to them, can be fastened into traces that may be hung upon pins or nails. Two ears may be tied together and hung over a wire or stout cord. It is better to stretch a cord across a room and tie the husks on each ear over it, leaving a sufficient space between them to prevent them from touching. Supported in that way they will dry perfectly and be secure from vermin.—*Chicago Times.*

PEA-FOWLS AT HOME.

How They Are Regarded by the Natives of British India.

These birds of brilliant plumage run wild in the Indian jungles, strut freely about the rice fields, and frequent the sacred trees along the Grand Trunk Road. Those that frequent the Grand Trunk Road and stroll about in the vicinity of the villages, are almost as tame and fearless in the presence of man as the domesticated ones that so proudly strut about the lawn of an American country-house.

The reason for their tameness is found in the fact that they also, in common with many things in both the animal and vegetable kingdoms, are held sacred by the Hindoos. The natives never hunt, frighten or molest the peacocks in any way, because they are held sacred to their war-god Kartikeya. In mythological times, when the gods made war upon each other, this deity, the "God of War," and Generalissimo of the Armies of the gods," was believed to ride to battle upon a peacock. In consequence of this tradition, the pious Hindoo thinks it sacrilege to harm the martial fowl, or in any way to show it disrespect.

The Rajput warriors used to go to war wearing peacock-feathers in their turbans, and even now they believe that these fowls scream when they hear thunder, because the noise is mistaken for the din of battle. It was to me a pretty sight to see these brilliant plumaged birds stalking about on the Grand Trunk Road, half-tame in their sacred security from molestation. As they strutted proudly about, or stood still and spread their gorgeous tails, it seemed to me fit and proper that such bright ornaments of the jungle should be protected from wanton violence at the hands of man.

In certain districts the British government has made laws forbidding the shooting of pea-fowls by English hunting parties, or by soldiers from the garrisons. This is done from the respect that the Government always desires to show to the religious prejudices of the natives. In other provinces, however, the natives, while they refrain from molesting the sacred fowls themselves, offer no objections to the shooting of them by English sportsmen.

Where there are no native prejudices to be consulted, the Government rather encourages the sport than otherwise. The officers and soldiers of the garrisons are usually keen sportsmen, and every facility is granted them for pea-fowl hunting, because the sport is considered excellent training in the use of firearms. The true Anglo-Indian sportsman scorns to shoot pea-fowl with any thing but a rifle, because, with a shot-gun, the sport is little else than mere slaughter. With a rifle, however, the killing becomes a matter of skill, and soldiers who spend a good share of their time in shooting at flying peacocks with their rifles, would be sure to acquit themselves all the more creditably as sharp-shooters on the field of battle.—*Thomas Stevens, in St. Nicholas.*

PREHISTORIC FOREST.

The Largest Section of Polished Fossil Wood Ever Exhibited.

The most magnificent and largest fragment of polished silicified wood ever brought from the petrified forest of Arizona to the Eastern seaboard was placed on exhibition recently by a jewelry house in this city.

It is a perfect section from a gigantic fossil tree trunk, three feet in height and forty-one and thirty-four inches in greatest length and breadth across the top. Although entirely of stone, weighing altogether 4,200 pounds, the tree form is perfectly preserved. The bark can be readily distinguished, as also a knot-hole showing where at some prehistoric time the aged tree, while still living lost one of its limbs.

In color the specimen is a dark red or brown on the unpolished portion. On the table-like top, however, where the trunk has been cut across transversely, the skilled hand of the polisher has been at work and the glassy surface exhibits the most beautiful shades of red, carmine and crimson, as well as various tints of yellow, orange, brown, light green, purple, gray, white and black. In some places these colors blend imperceptibly into each other, while in others they are distinct markings or blotches upon the general rich, red background.

Another thing also very interesting is the distinctness of the annual rings of the tree. Under the microscope also the entire original texture of the wood may be studied down to the minutest cells. From this study it is thought that the original tree was some species of the Sequoia—the giant tree of California.

The exact locality from which the specimen was taken is a point distant about twenty-four miles from Holbrook, Apache County, Arizona. Here is an area of over one thousand acres worn away by the action of the elements into innumerable gullies and gulches, in every one of which are the petrified remains of hundreds of trees of all ages and sizes, some lying as if they had never been disturbed since the day when they fell, others looking as if a wood-chopper had been at work and cut them into convenient blocks preparatory to carrying them away.

From this wonderful stone forest the big fossil tree section was taken. From Holbrook it was shipped by rail to Sioux Falls, Dakota, the only place in the United States where the polishing of such a hard and large piece of rock could be undertaken. Here the work was done, the result being the largest piece of polished silicified wood known.

Although no definite price has been fixed upon the specimen, it is believed to be worth something over $1,000.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Log Cabin Success.

What ails the young men?

Robert Garrett's father left him a fortune of twenty millions. He was from childhood reared in luxury; he received a splendid education with an especial training into a thorough knowledge of railroad management and was expected to succeed his father as a railroad king.

Within three years after the responsibilities which his father's death threw upon him were assumed, he is reported a broken down man, with mind and health permanently shattered.

George Law is another young man left with millions of money, who is reported among the "wrecks." His father, bred a stone-mason, was of gigantic size and strength, with commensurate brain power, so he became a great contractor, then a railroad king and left half a dozen millions for his son to dissipate. The young man is a success as a dissipator.

The founders of both of these great estates were born in the most humble walks of life, grew strong, mentally and physically, by simple living and honest labor and developed into financial giants. Their sons were reared in the lap of luxury and developed into intellectual pigmies.

The great men of our country have not, as a rule, come from the elegant mansions of the cities, but from the Log Cabins of the rural districts. Simple ways of living, freedom from dissipation and enervating pleasures, simple remedies for disease, effective and which leave no poison in the system, develop brawny, brainy men, who compel the world to recognize their strength and power.

The wholesome, old-fashioned Log Cabin remedies are the safest and surest for family use. Our grandmothers knew how to prepare the teas and syrups of roots, herbs and balsams which drive disease out of the system by natural methods and leave no after ill effects. The most potent of these old-time remedies were, after long and searching investigation, secured by H. H. Warner of safe cure fame, and are now put out for the "healing of the nations" in the Warner's Log Cabin remedies.

Regulate the regulator with Warner's Log Cabin sarsaparilla and with pure blood giving health, strength, mental and bodily vigor, you may hope to cope successfully with the most gigantic financial problems of the age, without wrecking health and manhood.

It isn't that the wise men of old knew so much more than other people. They simply didn't talk so much about it.—*Somerville Journal.*

Every man hopes for better days. So does the gambler.—*Boston Post.*

A lass!—is the favorite interjection of the lovelorn young man.—*Merchant Traveler.*

The sacred cow of India is the only representative of the bovine tribe which can be classed as a beast of pray.

A receiving teller—the interviewer.

A riding habit—Taking the street-cars instead of walking.

An Irish philosopher says the best pumpkin pie is made of squash.—*Puck.*

There is no affiliation between the cross old maid and the small boy with a top, and yet both of them are spinsters.

Did it ever occur to you that although the bass drum doesn't make good music it drowns a heap of bad?—*Toledo Blade.*

There is nothing like adaptation for one's vocation. The greater proportion of tailors, for example, are engaged in the most fitting occupation they could have found.

The mosquito is a hum-bug.—*Golden Days.*

The wall-paper pool means a frieze out for some manufacturer.—*Rochester Post.*

A "handsome" sum—the price paid by a lady for a complexion improver.—*Hotel Mail.*

One of the unfailing signs of a big corn crop is a narrow-soled, high-heel shoe.—*Western Plowman.*

Speaking of trees, the old maid has a horror of the singletree.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

The world moves; and a man never realizes this fact so vividly as he does after ten minutes' recreation in a merry-go-round.—*Burlington Free Press.*

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Sure. Denver, Ill., May 23, 1888. I suffered with pain in back about 10 months ago which lasted two months. I was cured by St. Jacobs Oil, and there has been no return of pain. WILLIAM STREHILTZ.

Permanent. Fenton, Mich., May 29, 1888. About the Spring of '87 was taken with aches and pains in hips and back; was cured by one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil and has remained permanent ever since. G. CHRIS. FUNNELL.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

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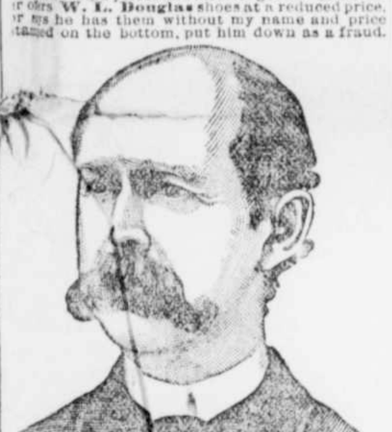

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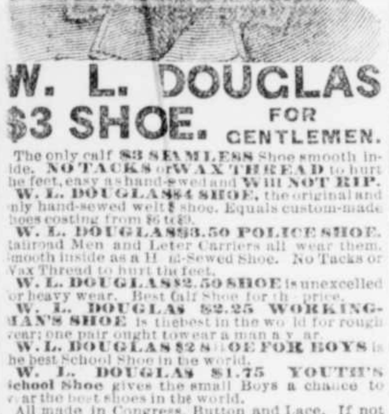

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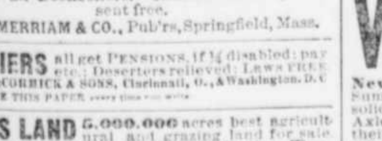

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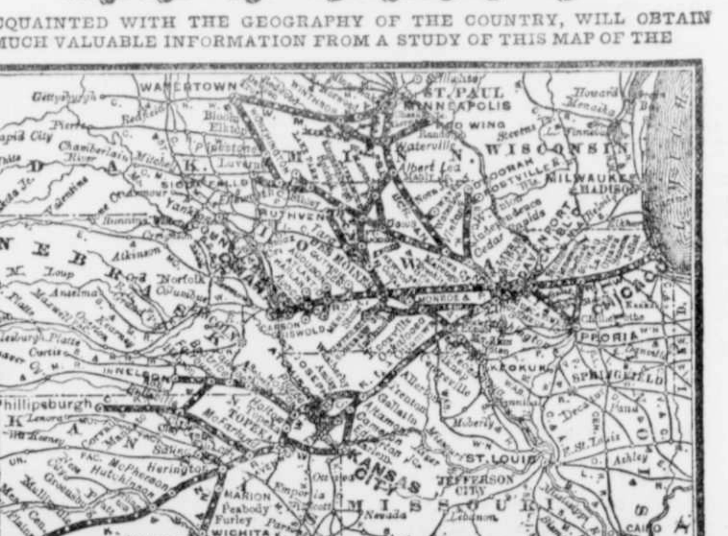

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LEWIS E. McCOMAS.

SATURDAY, OCT. 13, 1888.

Individual enthusiasm is an excellent thing. It is the enthusiastic people who lead. Hitch your political enthusiasm to the party organization in your district and so make it count. There's nothing like an organized army of enthusiasts.

The tidal wave for Harrison is rising just as rapidly as the similar movement in 1840 which elected to the Presidency his illustrious namesake. Then, as now, the country was weary of the Democratic Administration which insisted upon another four years' control of the government. The demand was indignantly refused. Let's complete the parallel.

The very successful meetings throughout the county, the attendance, the interest and enthusiasm manifested, are precursors of a splendid result all along the line in the old Sixth District in November. With a splendid leader, magnetic and popular, with a record in Congress national in its character, and with an united constituency as a solid phalanx behind him, success is assured. The only thing now feared is that the election of McComas is taken as a foregone conclusion, and therefore no necessity of going to the polls. Now this is just what our Democratic friends are hoping and praying for. First for a bad day, snow or rain, and carelessness, then by use of money get up a still hunt and bring out their forces quietly, and thus overcome in part or altogether our majority. Do not let it be said any longer of the Republicans of Garrett county that they are fair weather voters.

We understand from parties present at the Democratic meeting at Accident that an effort was made to throw the whole onus of the present school muddle upon Judge Hoffman. For cheek, pure and unadulterated, this certainly takes the cake. With two warring Democratic factions, warring over a Democratic school law, pure and simple; passed by a Democratic Legislature, and introduced and fathered by the Democratic Senator and member from Garrett, each party watching every move and taking advantage of every technicality of law, coming forward publicly and attempting to throw the responsibility upon an honored member of the Judiciary, is simply outrageous. The whole school system of Maryland is a farce, a political machine run for the benefit of politicians who may be in the ascendency for the time being, and bound to be a failure from the very nature of it. And we say to the people of the county that if they have any hopes for the future school affairs of this State, they are more sanguine than we are. Garrett county's school affairs are nothing if not muddled, and so it is all over the State, and we believe from evidence too conclusive to be contradicted, that the whole secret lies in a nutshell here. The whole scheme from beginning to end was to punish Dr. Bartlett and his friends, and because it has miscarried so far the sponsors of the law are furious. The Republican party, with hundreds of honest Democrats, have been asking for years to have our School Commissioners made elective. This would be the sovereign remedy for all the evils we have suffered from, and reason, policy and patriotism ask that it be done, and over all and above all it is eternally right. Justice will yet triumph and the present system of politics in school affairs will be one great factor in overthrowing the present Democratic party of Maryland.

School Troubles.

In our last issue we referred to our school affairs and the litigation now pending with regard thereto, the trouble growing out of the recent legislation, changing the time and the manner of the appointment of School Commissioners for Garrett county.

The Constitution of the State, adopted in 1867, not since amended or changed in this respect, requires that "The General Assembly at its first session after the adoption of this Constitution, shall by law establish *throughout the State a thorough and efficient system* of free public schools," &c.

In compliance with this provision of the Constitution, the General Assembly, at its January session, 1868, passed a bill entitled "Public Education," providing "*a general system* of free public schools for the State of Maryland." Subsequently, in 1870, the Act of 1868 was repealed and re-enacted with amendments, and the Act of 1870 was, in 1872, repealed and re-enacted with amendments by Chapter 377 of the laws of said year.

No further change was made in the law until within a few years, during which local laws have been passed for a few counties exempting them to some extent, principally in the mode of appointing School Commissioners for partisan purposes, from the provision and operation of the general law, viz: Chapter 377 of Act of 1872; but, as yet, the constitutionality of those local laws has never been passed upon by the Courts.

That act of 1872 provided a *general—one* system of free public schools throughout the State. It required the judges of our courts to appoint the School Commissioners, and as has been determined by the Court of appeals, if no new appointment should be made before a certain time fixed by the statute, the Commissioners then in office were to hold over and continue in office for another term of two years; the failure of the judges to make such new appointment operating and having the same effect as an order for the re-appointment of the old Board of Commissioners. The Secretary, Treasurer, and Examiner also holding over in the same manner.

Under this law all the various School Commissioners for Garrett county, except what is termed the new Board, were appointed or held over; during all of which time the Republicans had a minority representation in the board. Under that law Messrs. Miller, Johnson and Glotfelty were appointed in December, 1885, and subsequently qualified, and by them was Dr. Bartlett elected Secretary, Treasurer and Examiner. Subsequently Mr. Johnson resigned and Mr. Winterberg was appointed in his stead. No new appointments having been made in December, 1887, those gentlemen held over in the manner and to the effect and extent above stated. Afterwards, however, Dr. Glotfelty resigned, leaving in office Messrs. Miller and Winterberg as Commissioners and Dr. Bartlett as Secretary, Treasurer and Examiner. These gentlemen continued in the discharge of the duties of their respective offices until July 1st, 1888, and now claim to be the only properly appointed and legally qualified persons having the power and authority under the Constitution and laws to exercise the rights and discharge the duties of said offices. The Republicans having minority representation, and the Democratic members not being in harmony with, and all being objectionable to the "ruling faction" of the Democratic party, the latter desired and requested a change. The Judge refusing to make any change and declining to make new or any appointments at all in December, 1888, leaving the old board to hold over, it became necessary for the "powers that be" to seek some other means by which to accomplish their purpose, and hence resorted to legislation, and through the efforts of our Democratic Senator and member of the House of Delegates, and the aid of the "ring power," procured the passage of Chapter 58 of the Acts of 1888, a local law applicable to Garrett county alone, having for its object and purpose nothing more than the removal of the persons composing the old board, notwithstanding that board has, as is conceded, given us the best administration of School affairs and made the best financial showing of any board since the formation of the county.

This law, after repealing certain sections of the general law, provides, 1st, for the appointment of school commissioner by the Governor. 2d, for the commissioners so appointed to qualify and organize on the 1st Monday in July, 1888. 3d, for the duties and salary of the Secretary, Treasurer and Examiner. 4th, for the immediate delivery of all moneys, books and property of the School Board in the possession of the Secretary, Treasurer and Examiner of the preceding board to the Secretary, Treasurer and Examiner appointed by the new board, and 5th, in Sec. 7: "That all acts and parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed so far as the same apply to Garrett county, and that the School Commissioners of *said county be governed by the Public General School Laws of the State*, except so far as said laws are modified by this act."

Under this law the Governor appointed Messrs. Merrill, Ryland and Hoye School Commissioners, and they having received their commissions, took the oath of office and organized, electing Mr. Wm. Hinebaugh Secretary, Treasurer and Examiner. They then demanded of the old board, as it is termed, all the moneys, books and property belonging to the Board of County School Commissioners for Garrett county. This demand being refused, they then proceeded to act without them, procuring new books, new seal, and collecting educational funds wherever possible, and entering upon the discharge of the duties devolving upon the Board of County School Commissioners, so far as they could.

To prevent this and to have determined the legal questions involved, Messrs. Miller and Winterberg, claiming to be, and in the name of The Board of County School Commissioners of Garrett county, made application to the Court, for an injunction to restrain Messrs. Merrill, Ryland, Hoye and Hinebaugh from exercising or assuming to exercise any of the duties or offices of School Commissioners and Secretary, Treasurer and Examiner, alleging, as a ground for the injunction, that the law under which the new appointees acted, the act of 1888 was and is unconstitutional and void—conferred no power upon the Governor to appoint or his appointees to act. Upon this application Judge Hoffman passed an order granting an injunction, and school affairs were left in the condition mentioned in our last issue. Since then, however, the defendants in the suit, Merrill, Ryland, Hoye and Hinebaugh, have filed an answer and taken an appeal from the order of Judge Hoffman granting the injunction, to the Court of Appeals, and they, having given bond as required by law, will now act as if no injunction had been granted, until the determination of the case by the Court of Appeals. It not being likely that this will be done for sometime the schools will, in all probability, open at the usual time and continue through the winter, or, at least, until an opinion is filed in the case.

The one primary question involved in this proceeding is whether or not the Act of 1888 is constitutional? If not, then the appointments made by the Governor are null and void, and the gentlemen named by him have no legal power or authority to act as School Commissioners, notwithstanding the Act of 1872, as contended by some of them, itself may be held to be unconstitutional and void.

This seems to us to be a fair statement of the case; and inasmuch as the matter is now before the Court, we do not deem it advisable at this time to discuss it in its legal aspect, further than to say that it seems to us that if the Act of 1872 is unconstitional and void, then the Act of 1888 is also unconstitutional and void; and if both be void, our last state is worse than our first.

Our impression is that it is decidedly mixed—a kind of a Democratic family squabble—concerning which no one can tell the result; the whole condition of affairs resulting solely from the eagerness and determination of the "ring" politicians of Garrett county to secure for themselves all the offices, without regard to the very evident spirit and intention of the Constitution of the State.

Coal Slack or Culm.

We would call special attention this morning to the article in another column signed "Culm." It riddles the monstrous idea that bituminous coal has been put on the free list by the Republican majority of the Senate. An attempt has been made to show by the Democratic managers in this county that by the term "coal slack or culm" is meant run-of-mine bituminous or semi-bituminous coal. This is all sheer nonsense. The term "coal slack *or* culm" means that the "coal slack" spoken of is "culm." Otherwise the law would have read "coal slack *and* culm." Culm is the refuse material found about coal dumps, and in Great Britain is pressed into bricks and sold. It is of very little value.

The existing law says:

Coal slack or culm, such as will pass through a half-inch screen, thirty cents per ton of twenty-eight bushels, eighty pounds to the bushel.

The very next paragraph says:

Coal, bituminous, and shale, seventy-five cents per ton, of twenty-eight bushels, eighty pounds to the bushel.

Now then, the point is simply this: If culm is run-of-mine coal, why have Nova Scotia and other soft coals been paying seventy-five cents a ton since 1883. If culm and run-of-mine coal are one and the same thing, why is there a thirty cent duty on one and a seventy-five duty on the other?

There is no likelihood of any tariff bill being passed this year, and still less likelihood of anything injurious to the mining interests of this county being placed in it, with Mr. McComas on the Ways and Means Committee, who if he was able to prevent coal from being put on the free list by the Democratic majority of that committee would certainly be able to modify a bill originating with his own party associations. And even if culm should be admitted free there would be no danger to this region from it than from free anthracite, because it could not be a competitor.

This is well-known to the operators of this region, one of the best informed of whom wrote to us yesterday as follows: "Answering your inquiry concerning coal slack or culm being on the free list in the Senate Tariff Bill, I beg to say that in my judgment, it will not interfere with the sale of a single ton of our coal. * * * In South Wales it is utilized and made a very good substitute for fuel by being mixed with clay and made into a stiff mortar. It is then rolled into the shape of baker's loaves." It is very apparent that our coal field would have little to fear from such a rival, even if it were admitted free.—*Cumb. News.*

A Democratic Mare's Nest.

We understand that the Democratic campaign speakers are going through the mining regions of Allegany county and West Virginia endeavoring to make some little cheap capital out of the fact that the Senate Tariff bill puts "culm or coal slack" on the free list.

This is a bare faced attempt to deceive the people. "Culm or coal slack," has about as much to do with the bituminous coals of this region as the pea nut crop of Georgia with peaches in New Jersey. Culm is a fossil species of anthracite coal found in small quantities in Pennsylvania, but not at all in the Cumberland bituminous coal region. Anthracite has been on the free list for years, and "culm or slack" was left under a duty of 30 per ton, but as the Government derived no duty whatever from it during the last two years and no industry in its production has been fostered in Pennsylvania, it has of course been dropped by the Senate Bill.

But that this "culm or slack coal" ever had anything to do with our coal, never was pretended by any body before, and would not be pretended now if it were not that the supporters of Col. Douglas are a little hard up for some argument to offset the defection from his party on account of its free trade principles. A sufficient answer to the pretense that "culm or slack coal" might include our fine coal, lies in the fact that in the present law they are made separately dutiable, side by side; the one at 30 cents per ton, the other at 75 cents. If "culm or slack" included fine bituminous coal, then, of course, "fine coal" would have been coming in all this time at 30 cents per ton. Whereas, every shape and kind of bituminous coal, lump coal, run of mine, fine coal, screened coal, bituminous coal in every form, must now pay a duty of 75 cents before it can enter our ports. If making "culm or slack coal" free, thereby makes our fine coal free of course putting "culm or slack coal" at 30 cents would have admitted fine coal like ours at 30 cents. Yet, as everybody knowns, every form of our coal is charged 75 cents per ton, and this is simply because, in every form it is still bituminous, and the present law put a duty of 75 cents on all dituminous coals and makes no exception whatever as to its name or shape. Culm being anthracite by no possible construction can it be brought in any form under the term bituminous. Thus this latest Democratic bubble like all the rest, this new "mare's nest" vanishes as soon as it is punctured by the simple facts of the case.

CULM.

Some More Democratic Economy.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—In my last I showed what a splendid talent our Democratic friends have for devising means to "get there" when an office, necessary or otherwise, looms up in the perspective. I showed the gratifying results flowing from the meagre opportunities to get in their work at the Legislative session of 1882. How they left the Republican office holders all out in the cold and faithfully increased the emoluments of the one little Democratic officer, and how they created additional offices to be regularly filled by regulation Democrats; but an opportunity to clearly demonstrate the beauties of Democratic consistency, of the affectionate regard your average Democratic politician manifests for the interests of the dear tax-payers, did not occur until after the election of 1883. When the unterrified assembled at the Old State-house in the finished city on the first Wednesday of January, 1884, the Democratic members from Garrett had glad tidings of great joy for their brother Democrats from the other counties. Garrett county had *almost* gone Democratic. They had elected a majority to the Legislature. They had elected the Sheriff, they had elected a county surveyor, a majority of the county commissioners and of the judges of the orphans' court. They had, in short, the lion's share of the offices, and a fair opportunity to demonstrate the advantages to be derived from a Democratic success at the polls.

Now your average Democratic politician croaks a great deal about unnecessary taxes, about economy and reform, and about turning the rascals out, and all that, but watch him. What was the result of the change from Republican to Democratic rule in the county? Scan the levy lists for the two years of Democratic control and see what they say. The very first year of Democratic management the tax rate went up from $1.07 to $1.58 on the hundred of the assessible basis. The change from Republican to Democratic control cost the tax-payers an increase of nearly 50 per cent. on their taxes. From $1.07 to $1.58, or fifty-one cents on the hundred dollars worth of property added to the tax-payer's burden the moment the pure, immaculate, white-souled reformers touched the county finances. Why could not the business of the county be conducted as economically under Democratic as under Republican rule?

I said in a former communication that when a Democratic law-maker legislates on the subject of salaries, the Democrat's salary always goes up, or the Republican's salary down, and this year's work but proved the correctness of the rule. They simply legislated the money out of the pockets of the tax-payers, regardless of party, and into the pockets of the Democratic office-holders.

When the board of county commissioners was a Republican body $2 50 a day was considered a sufficient remuneration for their services, but as soon as their political complexion was changed four dollars a day became economy.

For the services of a county surveyor four dollars a day was considered an ample remuneration, but as a Democrat was elected it was promptly changed to five dollars a day.

When we had a Republican Sheriff $25.00 was fixed as his compensation for taking a prisoner to the Penitentiary, but when a Democrat was substituted the Democratic law-maker said it should be $40.00 instead of $25.00. He said also that he should have more for boarding prisoners, and a thousand or so dollars more was thrown in as official perquisites.

The per dium of the Democratic judges of the orphans' court was also highly increased as soon as that body became Democratic.

Now I have briefly outlined a few things that have happened in our midst; in our own county, directly under our own observation; things with which everybody is familiar and that everybody knows to be literally true.

Now can there be a Democrat in the limits of the county, calling himself an honest man, who can or will, by his vote and influence, encourage the system of speculation and plunder as uniformly practiced by his party in the county and State.

The common people, Democrats and Republicans, have been robbed unnessarily, and the proceeds lavished on Democratic officials as rewards for political services. And as in our county and State affairs so on the broader plain of national politics, the Democrat party is a bundle of shams and false pretenses, who, from President down, have all been tarred with the same stick.

In my next I may have something to say about the legislation of last winter's session, which must linger as a sweet savor in the nostrils of the citizens of Garrett.

Yours truly,

W.

A Bill That Will Help the Republican Campaign.

The great issue before the people is that which was precipitated by Mr. Cleveland's free trade message and which has been made definite by the Mills bill. This issue has been and is of such an overwhelming importance that it has obscured all others. The Senate Tariff Bill was not intended to change or modify the nature of the great conflict that is to be settled by the people at the polls. Under a strict construciton of the Constitution the House alone has the right to propose revenue bills, and the Senate Tariff bill is more in the nature of an expression of opinion and a suggestion of methods, than the performance of a legislative duty.

But, on the other hand, it was felt that with all the array of great ability and long experience in dealing with fiscal and financial questions that there is on the Republican side of the Senate, an attempt should be made to show that a reduction of the surplus and reform of the tariff could be achieved without injuriously affecting the protected labor and capital of the country. The Republican Senators, accustomed to positive and courageous action on all questions, and believing that they could render a service to the country by the presentation of a practical scheme of tariff reduction and reform, have performed their task with patriotic industry, with admirable sagacity and with great success, Senator Allison performing the most important share of the work.

The results of this labor are embodied in the Senate Tariff bill. As to its general features the most remarkable compliments that have been paid to it are those that are rendered by the Washington correspondent of the *Herald*, who is the most ardent of free traders and the most malignant enemy of Protection. Yet he knows a skilfully drawn bill when he sees it, and he says of the Senate Tariff bill that it "has three merits. It is convenient in arrangement and precise in terms; it makes reduction in the revenue which can for the most part be exactly calculated, and it has valuable administrative features. In its classifications and definitions it approaches what its framers design it to be—a model High Tariff bill."

The *Herald* correspondent adds:

"The bill has another merit in Republican eyes. Most of its tariff features, except on sugar, conform to the demand of the Chicago platform for 'such revision of the tariff laws as will tend to check imports of such articles as are produced by our own people.'"

From a Republican standpoint we could desire no more valuable or conclusive testimony, from such an enemy of Republicanism, than is thus paid by a most enthusiastic supporter of free trade, as embodied in the Mills bill. The Republican Senators have yielded no portion of the party faith as to protection, in making the tariff bill that is to be debated next week. The Republican tariff bill will re-inforce the Republican arguments that have engaged the attention of the people and will still more sharply define the Republican campaign policy.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Oct. 8th, 1888.—Senator Allison, in accordance with a previous announcement, called up today in the Senate the tariff bill reported last week as a substitute for the Mills bill. This action opens the tariff fight in the Senate. How long it will continue is a matter of conjecture, but that it cannot be settled before election is now absolutely certain; therefore, I am inclined to think that Congress will take a recess about the 20th or 25th of this month until after the election. Should this be done, we shall probably have the tariff battle raging all winter. A little ripple was created on the surface of the political lake Saturday by a report that Cleveland intended writing a message urging the prompt passage of the Senate tariff bill. It did not last long, however, because a praminent Democrat stated that Cleveland had told him in the most positive language that he would sign no tariff bill that did not put wool on the free list. Senator Sherman thinks that the Senate tariff bill is one of the most perfect revenue measures ever perfected. It reduces our income nearly $75,000,000 and does not strike down a single American industry, thereby differing very widely from the free-trade Mills bill.

Democrats here are worrying a great deal over the rumors that are flying around as to why the members of the National Democratic committee have been called upon to attend a special meeting at New York Wednesday. The rumor which gained the most credence says that the Democratic canvass of the voters of New York, just completed shows a plurality for Harrison and Morton of about 15,000, and that this meeting is called to decide upon what to do about it—whether to throw up the sponge or continue the fight.

Senators Hawley and Chandler believe that Cleveland is liable to fine and impaisonment, under the act of 1883, for having made a campaign contribution, and Senator Chandler has offered a resolution in the Senate directing the Attorney-General to report to the Senate whether he knows of any violations of the Civil Service Act of 1883; and if so, what, if any, steps have been taken to prosecute the guilty party or parties.

G. A. R. men here are indignant at their Philadelphia brethren, who marched in a procession at Richmond Virginia, in which the Confederate flag was carried.

LOCAL NEWS.

—The Hagerstown fair will be held October 15, 16, 17, 18 and 19.

—Rev. Dr. Bolton was with his many friends in Oakland this week.

—$5,000—To LOAN—On first mortgage on real estate.

THOMAS & SINCELL.

—1,000 pheasants wanted at Felty & Co's., Railroad street, near Depot. 9 29 tf.

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13 2t Deer Park, Md

—F. Thomas Post, 3030, G. A. R., will meet at Deer Park Saturday evening, Oct. 20th. All members will please be present.

—The wife and child of Mr. Holly White, of Texas, started back to their home last Monday, after a visit of three months at Mr. Wm. White's.

—We learn that Mr. Charles F. Frazee, of Pittsburgh, formerly of Selbysport, accepted a wager of $500 on Harrison, with a member of the Standard Oil company.

—Wanted, at Correll's store, buckwheat flour and and all kinds of country produce, in exchange for goods at reduced prices, and the highest market prices will be allowed for produce.

—The Republicans of Grant county, W. Va., and Garrett county, Md., held a big Republican meeting at Dobbin, W. Va., Thursday of last week. The meeting was addressed by Mr. Stager, of Fairmont and Mr. Reynolds, of Keyser, Music by the Davis brass band.

—Rev. J. Wesley Webb, D. D., was visiting friends in Oakland this week. Having received a supernumary relation to the Conference, at his own request, is ready to preach dedicatory or annual sermons. Address, Mannington, W. Va.

—Mrs. D. Tasker and Willie Tasker have returned to their home in Oakland. Rev. D. Tasker, of the Illinois Conference, intended taking his family to Florida for the winter, but prevalence of yellow fever prevented.

—THE REPUBLICAN acknowledges the receipt of an invitation to be present at the marriage of Rev. G. W. W. Amick and Miss Florence Phillips, and Mr. T. C. Hinebaugh and Miss Minnie Phillips, which takes place in the Oakland Lutheran Church October 18th, 1888.

—WANTED—At Garthright's store, at Mt. Lake Park, Md., all the fresh Roll Butter and Eggs, Buckwheat Flour and White Pine Shingles can get, for which will pay cash or trade. Have a large and complete stock of goods at reduced prices.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT.

A Grand Rally.

The Republican meeting at Accident Wednesday night of last week, was the largest meeting of the kind ever held in that town. The meeting was addressed by E. H. Sincell, Esq., and Hon. L. E. McComas. Lack of space prevents us giving the full account that the meeting deserves.

Cash For Produce!

If you want money for eggs, chickens, butter, &c., go to Chas. F. White, who is buying for John Shartzer, and will give you highest cash prices. Don't sell your chestnuts until you see him.

For Sale!--Brick! Brick! Brick!

Fire Pressed, hard and soft Brick, cheaper than ever sold in this county. Inquire of

C. M. RATHBUN,
Alderson & Rathbun Planing Mill,
Mt. Lake Park, Md, or to D. E. Offutt, Oakland, Md.

Sale of Personal Property.

There will be a public sale of the personal property belonging to the estate of the late Samuel Engle, at his late residence, three mills from Grantsville, on Tuesday, Oct. 16th, 1888, commencing at 9 o'clock A. M.

Public Sale of Farm and Personal Property.

The undersigned will sell their farm and personal property, situated two miles from Deer Park, on Thursday, November 1st, 1888. See handbills.

MARTIN MALEY,
10 6 4 ELIZABETH MALEY.

Excursion to Richmond, Virginia.

The B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets to Richmond, Va., every Monday and Thursday during October and until Nov. 19th, for the accommodation of those desiring to visit the Exposition. The tickets will be good going on day of issue and the day following, and will be valid for return trip until November 26th, inclusive.

We give below station and round trip rates via Washington, D. C.: From Oakland $10.55.
10 13 4t.

October Registration.

DISTRICT NO. 1.

Registered.—John W. Bray, Ephraim G. Blackburn, Zadok Broadwater, Harmon Bittinger, William S. Beavers, John Beckman, Sr., Francis M. Bray, Lewis A. Blocher, Isaac Davis, James H. Davis, Benjamin Davis, Joseph Davis, Ebenezer Davis, Philip Davis, David Gop, Lewis Harvey, Edward J. Hamill, Lewis C. Hamill, Sampson Harvey, Ulysses Holyfield, Archibald Hamill, Jonas Jonson, David O. Junkins, John A. Junkins, Wm. M. Junkins, Geo. W. Kitzmiller, Ebenezer Kitzmiller, Wm. Kimmel, Henry Lee, Richard E. Lyon, John W. Lee, John H. Lavell, George S. Lee, Jr., John H. Miller, Otho Paugh, William Poole, Lewis F. Paugh, John G. Paugh, Joseph H. Paugh, Aquilla Sharpless, Gilbert, W. Turner, Solomon Tasker, Robt. C. Wilson, Granville Wilson, Alvezia Wilson, John A. Wagner.

Stricken Off.—Jno. W. Argenbright, John Wagner, Jefferson Wilt.

DISTRICT NO. 2.

Qualified.—Melville Coddington, Alex M. Chisholm, Ira E. Falkner, Charles Frazee, Henry K. Friend, Isaac Leighty, Abraham Lee, Wm. W. A. Lint, James Modesparr, John Nicola, John W. Schroyer, Samuel J. Sisler, Enos Sines, Lemuel L. Savage, George W. Savage, Thomas B. Thayer.

Disqualified.—John H. Meyers, William W. Schlossnagle.

DISTRICT NO. 3.

Qualified.—Isaac N. Bowman, John L. Beachy, Charles Bittinger, Joseph Broadwater, Jonathan H. Chaney, F. P. Dorsey, George O. Fuller, John W. Folk, Orman Facenbaker, Newton Geis, Daniel Hoover, J. C. Shaw, Joseph R. Joy, Leonard Kurtz, Fearson Maust, John P. Miller, August Reichelt, Manasseh Schrock, John Swartz, John H. Smouse, Ludwick Sausmanhaus, W. H. Sausman, William S. Yoder.

Disqualified.—Chauncey Bittinger, Freeman H. Graham, John Livingood, Jeremiah McKinzie, James Maust.

DISTRICT NO. 4.

Qualified—W. S. Bickel, Peter Cadile, William P. Dawson, J. H. Endler, Alexander Guy, J. W. Hull, Isaac C. Michael, Patrick McGuire, J. H. Wolf, George Wolf, John P. Cleary, Thos. M. Campbell, Hugh Dellinger, C. J. Fazenbaker, James Grant, William T. Hanlan, Peter Monaghan, H. R. Sterling, George A. Wilson, Silas Cramer, James Driscoll, Henry Endler, Erwin Fazenbaker, Freeman H. Graham, Jos. Harrison, George Miller, C. Savage, R. W. Ware.

Disqualified.—Edward S. Vaugn.

DISTRICT NO. 5.

Qualified.—Benjamin F. Bowzer, Chauncey Bidinger, George W. Custer, Reuben B. Durst, Adolphus P. Enlow, Adam J. Georg, Noah F. Pysell, Edward Schlossnagle.

Disqualified.—George Engle, Jas. O. Hinebaugh, Manasseh M. Schrock.

DISTRICT NO. 6.

Qualified.—George Falkenstein, Chas. S. DeWitt, Abraham L. Spiker, Robt. E. Ferguson, Calvin J. Deahl, Rufus M. Enlow, Calvin H. Glotfelty, Benjamin Franklin Friend.

Disqualified.—Willis W. Echard.

DISTRICT NO. 7.

Qualified.—Clayton M. Arnold, Charles A. Ashby, Floyd S. Cline, Edward N. Casteel, John W. Calhoun, John Collins, John S. H. Casteel, Harry W. Davis, Lewis Gortner, Jas. O. Hinebaugh, Herbert O. John, Harmon O. Hesen, Wm. E. King, Wm. H. McRobie, Joseph C. Murphy, Chas. F. Nethkin, Wm. R. Porter, Joel C. Siabach, John H. Sanders, Cyrus T. Sanders, Edward E. Sollars, Adam H. Simmons, Thos. Spiker, John C. Sincell, Edward J. West, Albert H. Welsh, Charles L. Wamsley, Joseph D. Upole.

Disqualified.—John M. Eagan, Frank B. Ross, John Shartzer.

DISTRICT NO. 8.

Qualified.—Jos. Friend, of John, Robert L. Gauer, David Gnegy, Seymour Kitzmiller, Archibald C. King, James T. Lutman, Richard K. Logan, Ambrose Mattingly, Isaac N. Rinker, Henry Sisler, Peter F. Snyder, James D. Upole.

Disqualified.—Lewis Gortner, W. R. Neville, Wade H. Neville, John W. Ruckman, John H. Sanders, Cyrus T. Sanders.

DISTRICT NO. 9.

Registered.—Barnard Clink, Thos. Caton, George W. Michael, Loyolen I. McKenzie, Charles F. Finzel, Washington Warner, Norman F. Weimer.

Stricken Off.—Lewis A. Blocher, Wilson Caton, Daniel H. Durst, Robert M. Hill, Thomas J. Layton.

DISTRICT NO. 10.

Qualified—Joseph A. Aikens, Walter Baldwin, George W. Bernard, Henry Boettner, Norman B. Bray, Charles E. Bray, William H. Bray, John F. Bartley, Meshach A. Browning, Alpheus Devall, Samuel Greene, Joseph Galloway, George A. Ganoe, John T. Harvey, James W. Harvey, McCleland D. Harvey, Daniel R. Harvey, Elijah A. Harvey, John C. Jackson, George F. Jackson, Elisha D. McRobie, William H. McQane, Michael McRobie, William O. Mail, Abraham A. McRobie, George W. Moon, Michael O'Donnell, Perry Paugh, Jehu Paugh, James H. Paugh, Columbus Q. Paugh, John H. Rafter, Jacob H. Rodruck, Thomas S. Ryan, Calvin Shepard, Henry J. Shaffer, Charles R. Savedge, Charles H. Smith, Thomas Sollars, Joseph Tasker, Archibald C. Tasker, William S. Upole, James W. Wilson, James H. Wilson, Daniel Wilson.

Disqualified.—Archibald C. King, John H. Miller.

DISTRICT NO. 11.

Qualified.—James H. Durst, Geo. W. Facenbaker, Noah S. Garlitz, John J. Miller, Horace R. Warnick, Joseph Warnick.

Disqualified.—Hanson Crow, John M. Lancaster.

ACCIDENT, MD., Sept. 8th, 1888.

MR. EDITOR:—A comparison with the condition of affairs now and when Dr. Bartlett and his Board took charge of the school affairs certainly can do no harm. Especially since Judge Hoffman, as well as you and the Republican party of Garrett, have been accused of a desire to stop the schools. When the Bartlett Board took charge of affairs the books were inextricably mixed, which took days and nights of careful labor to correct. The Ludwig Board was fighting their Secretary and Treasurer, meetings were held and no minutes kept, the Secretary was off in Ohio, all kinds of rumors were afloat, the President of the former Board said there was plenty money to run the schools, Mr. Ludwig when seen said the Board was hopelessly involved. At the very first meeting notes and obligations came in in a manner to make one's head swim. One for five thousand dollars, another for a thousand, one for almost seven hundred in the hands of Mr. Totten himself; seven school houses unpaid for; over five thousand in old due bills running back to 1881, and no interest paid; over ten thousand dollars due teachers and incidentals for the fall term just closed; the schools running on the winter term and costing almost two hundred dollars a day. Grand total of debts something like twenty-six thousand dollars, and only seventy-six dollars and forty cents in bank to our credit; seventy-six dollars and seventy cents available assets. On the street all kinds of rumors were afloat; advice was plenty and cheap. Some said stop the schools; some said go on and let the old Board look out; some said *bond it, bond it*, that's the great sovereign remedy; let the County Commissioners tackle it. Amid all this confusion worse confounded the county Collector was failing to pay over what was due. In brief, Mr. Editor, the debts were paid and the debt due from the Collector was Collected by law from his bondsmen.

The law passed last winter creating a new Board to go into effect May 1st, before Court met, was defeated by Dr. Bartlett and Mr. Miller going to Annapolis, and the time extended to July 1st. Meantime the bondsmen handed over five thousand five hundred dollars. Just stop and reflect, fellow-citizens, right here. Consider the condition of affairs when Dr. Bartlett's Board went into power; consider what work they done; consider who passed the law creating a new Board; consider who was to be benefitted, and before you go very far you will get at the milk in the cocoanut. "Give the devil his due." Perhaps the law was passed to punish Dr. Bartlett. Perhaps, too, it was passed to stop his pressing the payment of five thousand dollars. Perhaps to reward some favorite, Perhaps the wrong man got the plum after all. Perhaps and perhaps. We think its passage was all a mistake from first to last. It was a dangerous precedent and if unconstitutional it should be known. No one knows only those who had these affairs to contend with, the trouble, annoyance and difficulty that the Board met with at every step. Only those who felt the responsibility and had it to fight through can fully appreciate the size of the understanding. One steadfast purpose actuated the members of the Board, and that was to pay off the indebtedness, every cent; stop interests and discounts, and to say to the people *the books are clean*, your School Board is free from debt. Abuse, accusations of dishonesty and fault-finding generally are some of the rewards of a School Commissioner's life. I aspire to no office, I ask no political favors; as God is my witness I accepted no bribes, I tried hard to do my duty, and my whole duty. It pains me only too much to know I could not do more. It is a fact, unfortunately none the less true, that many of Garrett county's children are without schooling for want of houses. The other members of the Board, Mr. Miller, Mr. Johnson and Mr. Winterberg, are honest, true men. Men above reproach. This I sincerely believe.

I seek no controversy, neither do I come as an apologist. My earnest wish is to see every child, rich and poor, of Garrett county in the school room. I hope a brighter day is in store for us all. That day only can come, I firmly believe, when School Commissioners will be elected by the people. And if the people of only Garrett say so in words and actions unmistakable, the time will soon be here.

E. H. GLOTFELTY, M. D.

Stock Sale.

I will sell at public sale on my farm near McHenry, Md., on Thursday, Oct. 18th, 1888, the following stock: One Durham bull, ten milch cows, five yearlings, nine two-year olds, eighteen calves, (and four three-year olds if not sold before that time). Terms—Four months, with approved security.

10 6 tf E. HOYE.

Forming a Club at Selbysport.

A meeting was called for Saturday evening for the purpose of organizing a Republican club for District No. 2. The meeting was not very largely attended, on account of the rainy weather, but we had a lively and enthusiastic meeting, all the same. The meeting was called to order by John Riley, of Geo., chairman of the District Committee. Mr. Riley in his address gave us some good advise in regard to our campaign work, &c. He then stated the purpose of the meeting, after which the following officers were elected: John W. Frazee, President; Jonas Frazee, Vice-President; E. J. Stuck, Secretary, A. Sisler and Ami Teats members Executive Committee. The following committee was then appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws: E. J. Stuck, Jonas Frazee, John Riley, W. S. Friend and A. Sisler, the committee to report at Wednesday night's meeting. On motion of John Riley our club was named the Harrison, Morton, McComas and Protection club. The meeing then adjourned to be immediately called to order for the purpose of organizing a marching club. This was done in a few minutes. Jonas Frazee was elected President, John Riley Vice-President, E. J. Stuck Secretary, W. S. Friend Treasurer, John V. Frazee Color-Bearer. On motion of E. J. Stuck the club was named The Jonas Frazee Marching Club. It was then determined to hold a meeing at Sand Spring on Saturday evening, Oct. 13th. John W. Frazee was called on for an address and delivered one of the ablest of the campaign On motion of W. S. Friend the meeting then adjourned to meet again on Wednesday evening at Frazee's store and Saturday evening at Sand Spring.

ACCIDENT, MD., Oct. 9, 1888.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—Please permit me space to say a good word for the Oakland Cornet Band, which has been with us twice the past week. Talk is said to be cheap, but we know and feel that we but feebly voice the sentiments of this whole community when we say that their visit marks an epoch in the history of Accident. Music of that character we hear so seldom that we doubly appreciated their visit and excellent music. We are sure nothing added so much to the interest of the political meetings held here as the music. The campaign of 1888 has demonstrated the drawing power of the Band. Our citizens are unanimous in praise of the conduct of the members, as well as warm in commendation of the excellent music, and all join heartily in wishing health, happiness and prosperity to every member of the Oakland Cornet Band.

G.

Keystone Winners.

The Keystone's Sportmen's Association held their first shoot yesterday afternoon at Saltworks station and it was quite a success, though the weather was unfavorable for good shooting. In the individual rifle match for a handsome revolver Chas. F. Frazee and J. K. McMichael led everybody, tieing at 200 yards with scores of 54. In the shoot off they tied again at 16, and McMichael won on the second shoot off by one point, scoring four to Frazee's three. He also won the 100-yard match, scoring 22 to Frazee's 21. The revolver was awarded him.

From twenty-five to thirty members of the organization will leave on the evening of November 10 for a six weeks' hunt in Texas. They go via the Baltimore & Ohio to Cincinnatti, thence via the Queen & Crescent system to New Orleans, taking in Lookout mountain en route; thence via the Southern Pacific to San Antonio, Tex., and from there to camp in wagons. Mr. Frazee, on behalf of himself and three other members of the association, desires to make a wager with any other four hunters in the party that his quartet will kill the most game during the trip, and accordingly issues a challenge to that effect.—*Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette.*

Mr. Jonas Frazee, of Selbysport, will also accompany the Association on their trip to Texas.

Mountain Lake Park.

Several of our families stayed for the last meeting, but as soon as it was over they began to leave; so that up this time there are but three families of our summer residents left.

The weather continues very wet and cold.

There was a small fire at Grace cottage last week. While the family were down stairs doing up their evening work, the fire, which had been kindled in the bed room, had gotten out in some way, and had gotten under good headway in the room before it was discovered.

There are a few improvements being made. Mr. Conner is having his cottage papered and painted. Mrs. M. C. Davis has had an out kitchen built and another shingled. Mrs. Herring put up a two-story back building and shead. Mrs. Wilks has had her cottage pastered.

Mr. Jas. Arnold and sons went to Keyser this week where they expect to spend most of the winter.

Mr. John Close, who lives near here, is confined to the house with rheumatism.

Rev. Mr. Deen preached for us two good sermons last Sabbath. We bespeak for him good success on the Grantsville circuit.

The people on the grounds are helping to carry out the corporation laws by putting up their stock. There are some stray hogs coming in which may have to be put up if their owners do not try to keep them away.

Mrs. Smith has returned from Columbus, Ohio, where she has been visiting old friends.

Miss Jennie and Miss Addie are assisting in conducting a meeting in Baltimore, where they are having great success.

J. A. E.

Franklin Mine.

Work continues brisk at the mines. They have put on a night force to clean and repair track.

Mrs. Devine is on an extended visit to friends in Baltimore.

Mrs. Charles Wildman, who was dangerously ill, is somewhat better. Dr. Kemp is attending physician.

Mr. E. Hamill, of New Germany, spent a few days with friends here.

Mr. John Hardman, of Columbus, Ohio, is paying a two week's visit to his brother-in-law, Mr. Charles Wildman.

Mr. McComas spent Sunday evening here with his staunch friend Mr. Patrick Grant. He came up in a buggy from Piedmont with Mr. Jas. Little.

The corresponddent from here in last week's *Democrat* was not posted when he said Mr. Douglas came here to see the mines. He came here specially to pay his respects to an old comrade of the confederacy, and the greeting was both warm and inspiring. These are the plain and unadulterated facts, *Mr. Democrat.*

Mr. D. W. Sloan, of Cumberland, is expected to address the citizens of this place at Firm Rock before the campaign closes.

Swanton.

In the *Democrat* of Sept. 28th, we see it asserted that while 30 years ago under Democratic supremacy the farmers of the county owned 70 per cent. of the wealth of the country, now they own less than 23 per cent., &c. We are told to "prove all things and to hold fast that which is good." Now the showing by the *Democrat* looks bad for the farmer, but what are the facts. From official sources we learn that while the population of the United States from 1860 to 1880, the date of the last census, increased 60 per cent., the value of the farms increased 212 per cent. This does not include live stock, grain nor farming implements, but simply the value of the farms. During the same period the exports of wheat increased 3,603 per cent. Yes, the farmers have a bad time, but is it not as good as when oats sold in our county for 12½ to 15 cents per bushel; is it not as good as when a cow and calf could be bought for $8.50, while a keg of nails cost $10. While the farmer may not now own as great a per centage of wealth as formerly, does that argue that as a class they are in more indigent circumstances? Not at all. But while the value of the farms has increased 212 per cent., other branches of industry have been developed. Railroads, foundries, factories, towns and villiges have sprung up from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The wealth of the country has developed as never in its history prior to 1860, and the farmer to day has a home market which consumes 92 per cent. of all he produces, while only 8 per cent. has to be or is sold to foreign countries. The American farmer to-day has the best market in the world.

Mrs. Dawson, of Rowlesburg, W. Va., was visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. Paugh, of North Glade, this week.

Miss L. Weeden, Hyattsville, Md., who taught the private school for the families of Messrs. C. T. West and C. M. Miller last winter, has returned to Swanton and is teaching the same school. Her many friends wish her success and bid her welcome back to Swanton.

Esquire Wm. Sharpless was on a business trip to Oakland Saturday.

John Comp, formerly of this place, but now of Frankville, is building a house at that place.

We are sorry to learn that Mrs. M. Barker, of Frankville, is very unwell. Hope she may soon regain her health.

Mr. Roadman, of Mt. Pleasant, Pa., has recently removed to our village and taken charge of West's grist mill. He has been busy for the last two weeks, repairing the mill and getting it in shape. We hope he may prove successful, and we think he will.

Miss Lizzie Kahl, of Accident, who taught our school last winter, is coming to teach again. We are glad the trustees have secured the services of so efficient a teacher.

The members of the U. B. Sunday School have concluded to keep their school open during the winter. The school has been kept open during the last five winters and will be this winter. Everybody cordially invited to come and help along the good work.

H. P. Tasker, Esq., of Oakland, was in town on Monday.

Mr. C. M. Miller's youngest child has been very ill for sometime, but is getting better Dr. Parsons, of Piedmont, has been attending it. HOOSIER.

The Senate Tariff Bill.

The Republicans have offered a tariff bill in the Senate, but under vastly different conditions from the Democratic bill. The Senate is Republican, hence a Republican President, hence Republican committees, whose chairman are Northern men or Middle State men. They propose to reduce the revenues $73,000,000.

Alcohol used in medicines, etc.	$ 7,000,000
Tobacco taxes	21,000,000
Sugar	27,750,000
Free articles not made here	6,500,000

They have taken it off rice in part and off sugar in part. Here is where the Democrats want protection, because raised almost altogether in the South. Think of it, three billion pounds of sugar, not refined, imported last year. About 2 per cent. of maple sugar, ten per cent. Louisiana, and the ballance, eighty-eight per cent. foreign. How well we could afford to pay our sugar makers a bounty, as Mr. McComas has advocated for years.

Don't say Trusts to us, gentlemen, when you know the greatest monopoly in the United States to-day is the sugar trust, fostered by your Mills bill.

Political pointers; some distance after the Catechism: Name the three greatest speech-makers of modern politics: Lincoln, Blaine and Harrison. What were their great themes? The Union Protection and the home.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Oct. 10th, 1888.

An Examination of Teachers, for Garrett county, will be held in Oakland, on TUESDAY, the 16th day of October.

Schools will open on the 22nd day of October, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

On account of an injunction restraining the board from all official acts, I will not be able to issue certificates to teachers as soon as I had expected, but will do so as soon as possible.

The Board of School Commissioners for Garrett county will meet in their office on the 17th day of October, 1888.

WM. HINEBAUGH,
Secretary.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

OAKLAND, MD., Oct. 1st, 1888.

By mutual consent the law firm of Thayer & Sincell has this day been dissolved, Mr. Thayer retiring. All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said firm are requested to call and settle, either by cash or note. Settlement may be made with either of said partners.

F. A. THAYER.
E. H. SINCELL.

Formation of Co-Partnership.

OAKLAND, MD., Oct., 1st, 1888.

The undersigned have his day formed a co-partnership, to be known by the firm name of Thomas & Sincell, for the purpose of conducting a general law business. Office in the rooms lately occupied by the law firm of Thayer & Sincell, Oakland, Md.

10 6 tf THOMAS & SINCELL.

Order of Publication.

Emma H. McFerren vs. Josiah Witt, Sarah Witt, Michael Witt, Martha E. Witt and Catherine Witt.

No. 452 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

The object of the bill of complaint in this case is to procure a decree for the sale of certain lands therein described and make distribution of the proceeds among the parties to said cause.

The bill alleges that the complainant is seized and possessed of a two-thirds interest in a tract of land known as "Recourse," containing 116 acres, situated in Garrett county, Maryland, which is valuable on account of its minerals and timber. That the other one-third interest is owned or claimed by Sarah Witt, wife of Josiah Witt, and Martha E. Witt, wife of Michael Witt, in severalty, all of whom are non residents of the State of Maryland. That said lands are incapable of advantageous partition among said owners; but that it would be to their advantage to have the same sold under a decree of this Court, the proceeds of such sale divided among the owners according to their respective interests. And that said Catherine Witt also a non-resident, at one time appears to have owned one-half of said third, and on the first day of January, 1874 executed a mortgage upon the same to said Martha E. Witt, for $505.71, which is recorded among the land records of Allegany county, Md., and unreleased so far as the records show.

It is thereupon this 26th day of September, eighteen hundred and eighty-eight, adjudged and ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett county as a Court of Equity, that the complainant by causing a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of this bill to be inserted in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Md., once a week for four successive weeks, before the 27th day of October next, giving notice to the defendants in said bill, and warning them to appear in this Court in person or by solicitor on or before the 27th day of January next, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree shall not pass as prayed.

E. Z. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test:
9 29 4 E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by John Blantel and others, Commencing at or near Nutter's, (District No. 8,) on the Wood's road, and running thence through lands of S. J. Nutter, Peter Culp, J. L. Rumbarger Lumber Co., and S. B. Elkins, to Dobbin, on the W. Va. C. & P. Railroad, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located will meet on Thursday, the 1st day of November, 1888, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said public road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
J. M. CONEWAY,
J. H. ROTH,
9 22 5 Examiners.

WM. RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER

The Great GERM or BACTERIA DESTROYER.

To Cure Disease, Remove the Cause.

Physicians, by scientific researches, have discovered that Germs or Baccilli commonly called Microbes, are the cause of disease.

The MICROBE KILLER CURES by *destroying the microbes*; at the same time *purifies the blood* and *builds up the system*. Mr. Radam has established Factory No. 4 in Philadelphia.

Office at 819 Arch Street.

Invalids and persons suffering from CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION, MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, Diseases of the Blood, etc., by writing or calling at above address, will receive circulars giving the history of the MICROBE KILLER and the cures it has made. Agencies will be established in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia, which this Factory will supply. This Germicide is

A SURE RESTORATIVE TO HEALTH.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

They do neither plight nor wed
In the city of the dead.
In the city where they sleep away the hours;
But they lie, while o'er them range
Winter blight and summer change,
And a hundred happy whisperings of flowers.
No, they neither wed nor plight,
And the day is like the night,
For their vision is of other kind than ours.

They do neither sing nor sigh
In the burgh of by and by,
Where the streets have grasses growing, cool and long;
But they rest within their bed,
Leaving all their thoughts unsaid,
Deeming silence better far than sob or song.
No, they neither sigh nor sing,
Though the robin be a-wing,
Though the leaves of autumn march a million strong.

There is only rest and peace in the city of surcease
From the failings and the wailings 'neath the sun;
And the wings of the swift years
Beat but gently o'er the biers,
Making music to the sleepers, every one.
There is only peace and rest;
But to them it seemeth best,
For they lie at ease, and know that life is done.
—*Richard E. Burton, in Boston Transcript.*

MY MIDNIGHT VISITANT.

An Unexplained Mystery—Marrying a Ghost.

I had never been superstitious; I had always believed that the seemingly most supernatural occurence could be satisfactorily explained by natural phenomena if one could only make a little rational investigation. And yet, with all my skepticism and boasted common sense, I was obliged to confess that there are occasional mysterious happenings which the keenest researches of wisdom and experience fail to explain. One midnight I fell into a deep study on this subject. The place was a cosy room on the lower floor of a pretty country cottage.

I had purchased the property—the cottage and the inclosed grounds surrounding it—only a few weeks before. And for more than a year previous to that event it had been unoccupied. It had belonged in the past to a Mrs. Moray—a widow, who had resided there with an only child—a lovely daughter. The daughter, Ethel Moray, had been my affianced wife. But in a foolish moment we had differed about some trifle; the little difference had been aggravated into a painful misunderstanding; Ethel was too proud to yield and I was too stubborn; and so our engagement was canceled and we parted in anger and forever.

I left the little country village at once, and started for Europe. When I returned from my prolonged tour, I learned that Ethel was no longer among the living. Some months after my departure she and her mother had left the village. They had started with a yacht party for some point down the southern coast; there had been a tempest and a collision, and the yacht had gone down with all on board. Only a single seaman—stunned and half drowned—had been rescued to bring the story of the doomed yacht back to the village. And so it happened that their old residence had been sold, and that I became possessor of the home where my lost loved one had dwelt from her childhood, until the fatal day she joined the doomed yacht party. It was with a mournful satisfaction I settled myself in a place haunted by so many bitter-sweet memories.

"It is a superb little villa, and would be a bargain at double the price. Put some sober old couple in charge of it, and you will have a capital resort of your own for your summer vacations, or for any time when you feel like leaving the city for a bit of a hunting or fishing or a breath of country air," said the real estate agent from whom I had bought it.

I had not yet succeeded in securing a care-taker for the place, and in the meantime I had restored the grounds to order and had refurnished the cottage. The room I had selected for my own was the one which had been Ethel's parlor. I had desired to have every thing as nearly as possible like what it was during the happy summer when I had met, wooed and lost the only woman I had ever loved, and the only woman I should ever live to love. With the exception of a narrow brass bedstead, canopied with pale-blue netting, the room looked almost precisely as it did on that last bitter day when we quarreled, and parted to meet again no more. Perhaps with so much to remind me of her, I need not have wondered that Ethel's presence sometimes seemed very near me.

"But that wouldn't account for the mysterious sounds of approaching and receding footsteps in the deep midnight, of whispers which seemed breathed through the lonely silence, of the touch of the lips upon my face," I pondered as I sat there on this particular night. For those were the sounds and fancies which had aroused me from my slumber, night by night, ever since I had occupied the cottage. I would awake with a start, feeling that I was no longer alone, that something was moving slowly and surely toward me.

On each occasion I had lain quite still, waiting breathlessly for the coming of—I knew not what. And on each occasion I had heard those ghostly footsteps moving slowly and steadily up the hall outside, pausing for a second at the door, then crossing the room and pausing again beside me. Then I could feel the light touch of lips, a sigh, a whisper would stir the air, and then the footsteps would turn back steadily and slowly, until all was once more utter silence. But I had seen no shadow shape, no phantom presence—nothing but the moonlight beaming brightly across the space between the door and my bed.

On the first night of this extraordinary experience I was so vividly impressed with the belief of some person having really entered the room that I arose and inspected the fastenings of doors and windows. But I discovered every thing precisely as I had left it on retiring. On several successive nights I did the same, but always with the same result. And still the viewless ghost—that visitant sound—came and went; a mystery which vexed my philosophy, and one which the most persistent investigation failed to penetrate.

"Must I believe that it is my lost one's spirit coming to me nightly, telling me that I am forgiven?" I asked myself, as I sat there pondering in my deep velvet chair, on that particular night when the poet's suggestive lines recurred to me.

My room was rather less than the ordinarily sized parlor and directly opposite my chair was a long French glass window opening upon a narrow porch with a high ornamental iron railing. From the porch, a short flight of iron-railed steps descended to a walk hedged with tall rose-bushes. The heavy blue plush hangings of the door-window were drawn widely apart on either side, and a round and brilliantly-white moon, just swinging clear of the budding tree-tops, lighted the whole apartment with a radiance almost like day.

As I murmured that last question, suddenly, without a sound of warning, a form and face flashed against the clear crystal of the window. The form was clothed from throat to feet in a clinging white garment; a loosened abundance of hair fell like a cloud of gold about the graceful shoulders and pallid face. And that ghostly-white face was the face of my Ethel; those great blue eyes, wild and staring, were hers; and she was gazing straight upon me with a look which stopped my heart-beats, and seemed turning the blood in my veins to ice.

With a cry, I sprang to my feet, and with one stride reached the door. But the apparition was gone—gone as swiftly and entirely as if it had been a pencil picture on a slate brushed away by a schoolboy's sponge! In that second I did not think; consciousness was a blank. Perhaps it was instinct; but whatever it might be, I dashed the casements apart and sprang down the steps with a single bound, into the narrow walk between the roses.

Not a form in human shape was visible; there was no sound of any human thing moving. On either side of me stretched the smooth level lawn, green and distinct in the clear moonlight. There was no breeze stirring; the budding leaves above my head and the budding roses around me, were all motionless. I went the length of the path to the little iron gate opening upon the highway. As I turned to retrace my steps, a woman ran hurriedly into the grounds and without noticing me. Even in my excitement I recognized her as a Mrs. Hastings—a lady who had settled in the neighborhood about the time I purchased the cottage. She directed her course toward the iron-railed porch, and as I rapidly followed her to the entrance, she disappeared through the open door of my room.

As I stepped quickly after the lady, I beheld my Ethel, or her apparition, sitting in my own chair, with her white face and wild eyes, and with a scarlet fever flame burning on each cheek. Her hands were stretched piteously to Mrs. Hastings, who was bending over her, and as she spoke, I heard my darling's living voice, weak with illness and sharp with agony.

"What does it mean, Aunty?" she was saying. "Every night, for nights and nights, I have been here and whispered to him that he was forgiven. Why did he not stay when I came to him just now? Why did he go away angry?"

It was easy to understand that the poor child was delirious. And I knew at once she must have been frightened by my wan, startled look as I sprang from my chair at her appearance, that she had hidden among the roses, and that she had slipped into the room while I was searching through the grounds.

"My dear," Mrs Hastings returned soothingly; "you have never been here before; you haven't been out of your bed for weeks. You were only dreaming that you saw him and spoke to him. And you must come with me, dear!—perhaps he will call and see you in the morning."

I stepped across the room, put Mrs. Hasting gently aside, and took Ethel in my arms. Even in her delirium, the poor child seemed to understand that we had met, never again to part, and with a great sobbing cry she nestled to me like an over-wearied infant.

"It will be well with her now," kind Mrs. Hasting murmured with the tears raining over her cheeks.

And it was well with her, indeed—well with us both.

Ethel had been saved from the sinking yacht by the same vessel which picked up the half-drowned seaman a little later. But the shock of the terrible casualty and the melancholy fate of her mother, had nearly deprived her of reason. A prolonged illness had succeeded; and it was months before she had gained sufficient strength to communicate with her aunt, who was her only remaining relative. Before she had done so, Mrs. Hastings—who of course would have been the only heir to the little property—had deemed best to dispose of the cottage.

Ethel rapidly recovered her health and strength, and not very long afterward I led my fair ghost to the altar.

"And the marriage precluded the necessity of setting aside the sale of the cottage," Mrs. Hastings commented, humorously.

I still continued to occupy my solitary bachelor quarters in the house, until I brought home by beloved and lovely bride. But from the night of our singular reconciliation I was never again startled from sleep by mysterious footsteps and ghostly whispers and the touch of invisible lips against my own.

My wife and I occasionally discuss the mystery.

"It is very strange," Ethel says, thoughtfully; "for every night, exactly at that time, I dreamed of coming to you exactly as you dreamed I did—only always in my dream dear mamma was not dead, and the room was still my own little parlor."

"Well, my love," I answered her, "I think we can say of human intelligence as has been said of other things: Thus far shalt thou go and no farther. There are certainly happenings sometimes which the wisest reasonings and deductions fail to explain. Perhaps in your fever sleep your soul ran away from your body for a little while and wandered across space to hold communion with mine."—*Albany Journal.*

WASHINGTON SERVANTS.

Virginia Aunties Who Used to Cook 'Fo' de Fall of Richmon'.

As a rule cooks and other household help in Washington are negroes, and the white servant is comparatively scarce. The supply is drawn chiefly from Virginia and Maryland, but as Washington became the negro's paradise about the time the Freedman's Bureau was established, they came here from all parts of the South, but of course Virginia and Maryland, on account of the proximity to the National capital, furnished larger quotas than any of the other States. A great prize in the eyes of a proud Washington housekeeper of means is to secure a genuine old Virginia cook—an "old auntie," as they are called—one who hasn't too many new-fangled notions, and is willing to work and who takes a delight in preparing delicious home meals such as she used to serve up "'fo' de fall of Richmon'," as so many of the darkies here express it. It must not be inferred that there are no good cooks among the younger generation, for there are, and of recent years negro men have been cultivating the art of cooking, and negro male cooks, while employed chiefly at hotels and restaurants in this capital city, are also being utilized in the homes. A darky is so fond of good eating that it is but natural they should cultivate the art of improving themselves so that they can command high wages. The younger set are almost as reliable and steady as the old-timers who were trained in slavery days, but they do quite well considering all the circumstances, and if a housekeeper is a fairly good manager there isn't really much trouble in securing here a good cook. The wife of a Western Republican Senator says that when she was a small girl she used to hear her aged grandmother talk of dishes that were peculiar to Virginia, her grandmother having gone West from that State. The Senator's wife had almost forgotten these dishes, but on coming to Washington to live she employed a negro woman as her cook, and it was not long before "old aunty" was placing before her some of the dishes she had heard her grandmother speak of. "Old aunty" had succeeded in changing completely the diet of her Western employers, and they are so fond of the new way of eating things, so far as they are concerned, that they prefer it to the Western.

This is the bright side to the culinary question in Washington. Some people have no end of trouble, especially those who happen to engage a restless, impudent and worthless young black woman, who has at times had her own way and literally bossed the people who hired her. They have this kind in Washington as treasures, and unhappy is the lot of the family who has an experience with cooks of this description. One good housewife, about six months ago, lost a valuable cook who had been in her employ for many years, and she had a tormenting experience before she secured another that approached her. After trying a half dozen she hired one day a likely woman who came well recommended and said she had been walking around for a week looking for a place, and seemed glad to find employment again. Being told that she would be expected to prepare a light supper on Sundays, she indignantly replied: "No, indeed, ma'am; you can't git me to cook nothin' on Sunday evenin' fer nobody." She then switched off to look for another place.—*Cor. St. Louis Republic.*

—"Did you see any Quakers in Philadelphia?" was asked of a Detroiter who lately returned from that city. "Only one that I was sure of." "Did he 'thee' and 'thou' you?" "He did. He got down off his hack and said: 'If thee don't pay me two dollars I'll knock thy blamed head off,' and I paid, although I knew the regular fare was twelve shillings: You don't want to fool with those Quakers any, and don't you forget it!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The population grows so much faster in the cities of the United States than in the country that it is probable we shall become practically a nation of cities.

FASHIONS IN FURS.

The Latest in Sealskin Garments and Stylish Muffs and Boas.

Long, shaggy boas and muffs of monkey skin will replace the swell lace boa later on. These furs of monkey skin will take precedence of the dyed lynx, which costs just twice as much and is a far finer fur. But fashion's decree has gone forth and who will dispute it? In light colors the natural lynx—a yellowish white fur, with irregular spots of black—will divide the honors with red fox and 'possum, the latter a bright yellow, with brown stripes running through it. Three-yard boas and medium-sized muffs will be the prevailing shapes worn in these fancy furs.

Yellow brown otter and the gray variety will be the trimming most seen on cloth suits, long mantles and the directoire coat, the fleecy, long-haired monkey skin being reserved for handsome black wraps for elderly ladies.

Styles in the high-priced sealskin garments change but little. The long Newmarket, with rolling collar, close sleeves, and fastened to the knee in front will be fully as fashionable as it was last year. Elegant ones show a facing of seal down each side of the front, giving them when thrown open the appearance of being lined throughout with that material. Many women find these long garments too heavy for walking, and prefer the more moderate sacque that is anywhere from thirty-four to forty-five inches in length. These are fitted as snugly as possible to the figure, and have a deep rolling collar that covers the ear-tips when turned up. The girl that pinched and struggled to raise $125 for a natty little eighteen-inch sealskin jacket last year may weep and wail. She has good reason, for, to use a commercial phrase, she is "short on sealskin." Anywhere from six to eight inches short, and the urbane furrier will frankly tell her that there is but one way of supplying the deficit. It's expensive, but it's sure. Get an entire new coat. Trimming of a different fur to lengthen it is entirely passe, and to piece it down with sealskin is an impossibility, for the line of joining will show. One satisfaction remains, however, if one can not afford to be off with the "old love and on with the new," and that is to snip away the extra two inches in front, evening up the jacket all around, and convert the bell-shaped sleeve into a tight coat-sleeve devoid of even the plainest of cuffs. No fastenings of any kind are visible on any of the sealskin garments, elegant simplicity being the effect generally sought after. "A word to the wise is sufficient," and although prices of sealskin show no advance upon those of last season, the timely shopper may buy to advantage before the frosts make such a purchase seem desirable. —*Chicago Times.*

FEEDING CORN FODDER.

The Great Value Established by Years of Experiment and Experience.

Some twelve years ago, while putting to the test the German theory of proper nutrient ratios, I noted the great value of corn fodder when properly fed, and subsequent years of experiment and experience have emphasized the points involved. A ton of corn fodder may be so fed as to give the growth and nearly the economic result of a ton of timothy, when fed against the timothy fed alone. This assertion is based upon corn fodder cut at the right time, nicely cured and housed before damaged by continuance in the field. Clover hay and corn fodder is the most economic method of feeding known to me. Corn fodder and cottonseed meal, three to five pounds of the latter, form a continuously growing ration, and, in view of the manurial value of cottonseed meal, a cheap one. My usual way of feeding corn fodder is to so feed it that a little is given daily all winter. A foddering of corn fodder, then one of timothy in the morning, and at night clover and straw are given. If clover and corn fodder were the only foods, then alternate feeds of each would be given. The above ration will keep young stock growing all winter. For better growth of course concentrated food is added, containing cottonseed meal or bran in moderate quantity.

I secure four-fifths, or eighty to eighty-five per cent. of the corn fodder eaten when managed as stated, without cutting it. The uneaten portion is used for bedding, being cut for that purpose. By using a cutter and crusher I have had our heavy Western corn fodder all eaten up clean, even when cut low down to the ground. The above remarks refer to corn fodder. Of course fodder corn will be better eaten, especially when not too coarse. If, however, it is to be fed whole, I should prefer to grow the smaller sorts, as the heavy Southern kinds are hard to handle when fed in box stalls. For the dents, Sibley's Pride of the North is a small sort, and bears thick planting. There is no trouble on this score with the flints. In conclusion, I know of no more economic method of feeding the small kinds of fodder corn than its use whole, and fed in association with clover hay. This opinion is based on considerable experience. I perhaps should say that clover hay furnishes the albuminoids that corn fodder is deficient in; this timothy does not do. I could quote fine results of the use of clover hay and corn fodder, with tables of nutritive ratios used. This I judge to be uncalled for and unnecessary.—*Prof. J. W. Sanborn, in N. Y. Tribune.*

—Tomato Catsup: Take a dozen ripe tomatoes, add to them one pint vinegar, one cup sugar, one tablespoon each of salt, allspice, cinnamon, cloves, and pepper; two green peppers, and two onions. Chop all fine and let simmer until thick.

TEMPERANCE READING.

DEATH IN THE CUP.

Something About the Liquors Drank—How and of What They Are Made.

The following in an article from the *Christian Sun*, entitled "Death in the Cup," by Rev. James Maple, are startling suggestions. Among the practical lessons to be learned from them are:

1. That the $900,000,000 annual retail drink bill of the American people as claimed by Temperance speakers and writers is vastly underestimated, instead of overestimated, as maintained by the liquor interest. The $900,000,000 estimate is based on moderate analysis of pure liquors referred to in United States Treasury reports of home-made and imported, distilled, fermented and malt liquors. Mr. Maple's facts and figures have long been well known, and by them it will be seen that not one-quarter of the total retail drink bill is for genuine liquor. Therefore, that bill is more likely to be four times $900,000,000.

2. Let all men individually, and all corporations doing an honest business in farming, mechanical or commercial, or other lines, candidly ask this question: "What would be the increase of my business, individually or collectively, if this waste was stopped and a share of it was spent by those who wasted it, in dealing with me?" The mechanic with a business of $1,000 would find his income jump to $1,500.

The $10,000 annual sales of a merchant to $15,000. The farmer and the professional man would find his receipts acted on in like manner through the general prosperity.

The United States excels all other nations in the use of champagne wine, consuming 1,000,000 baskets. How much of this is genuine? The whole champagne district exports 802,000 baskets. Russia takes 160,000; France 162,000; Germany 146,000; England 220,000; other countries 100,000, leaving only 12,000 baskets for the United States. This leaves 988,000 baskets to be supplied in some other way. There is only one pure basket in 88½. A slim chance to stake your money on.

Maderia produces 80,000 barrels of wine, and America drinks 50,000. If other coutries drink of this in the same ratio as ours, he must be a lucky dog who gets a genuine drink in an American city.

In 1866 four firms in New York reported to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue 225,000 gallons of pure spirits for the manufacture of bogus wines. And as this spirit composed only one-tenth to one-fifth of the new liquor, from two to four gallons of this vile stuff are palmed off on unsuspecting venders and drinkers. This would make, at an increase of two gallons, 450,000, or at an increase of four gallons, 1,000,000 gallons. There are 400 such establishments in our country.

There is a dispatch in this manufacturing of wine worthy of a better business. The whisky comes in under the cover of darkness, and five or ten times the quantity transmuted into wine comes to the light of day next morning. Some of these experts own to the buying of a barrel of whisky of a countryman, and, before night, selling him back a barrel of wine made from a part of it, at a profit of five hundred per cent. A French merchant boasted that from two barrels in his cellar he could produce any kind of wine desired in six hours. This is the rule, not the exception.

Thousands of dollars have been found invested in wine dealers' cellars for articles used in making wines, but not one dollar for the grapes or grape juice. The frauds in bogus wines are recorded at $88,000,000 annually in New York.

How is it with our brandy drinks? Those who drink brandy flatter themselves that they are drinking the product of distilled grapes, but not one per cent. of it is from the grape. Brandy dealers' recipe books show that their brandy is a vile compound, with no more relation to pure wine than man to monkey, and not so much if Mr. Darwin's theory is correct. Dr. Cox says that the best brands of brandy, fresh from the custom house, when subjected to chemical tests, show a basis of whisky and fusel oil, mixed up with sulphur, nitric ether, prussic acid, copper, chloroform, guinea pepper, tannin, sometimes a little brandy, but often not a drop. He examined rare specimens brought to Cincinnati for pure articles of the best quality, and what was the result? Blue litmus immersed became scarlet, a polished spatula in fifteen minutes was as black as ink, rapidly corroded, and when the rust was wiped off the instrument was copper-plated. What claimed to be pure brandy from a reputable house in New York contained fifty-five per cent. of alcoholic spirits, and the balance nitric ether, prussic acid, guinea pepper, fusel oil, whisky, but not a drop of brandy. If a cautious, experienced and honest druggist gets taken in in this way, what chance is there for the common drinker? When he swallows a "brandy mash" there is likely to be "a smash-up."

A pure article of beer is as hard to find as pure wine or brandy. Sugar, honey, molasses and licorice are used for malt, alum, opium, gentian, quassia, aloes, Cocculus Indicus, amaranth, tobacco and nut for hops; saltpeter, jalap, salt, maranta, green copperas, marble dust, oyster shells, egg-shells, sulphate of lime, hartshorn, shavings, nut galls, potash, soda, etc., to prevent souring. The beautiful cauliflower head often comes from green vitriol, alum and salt. The smack of age and the tingle of the palate often comes from alum, and new beer is made old in a few hours by the oil of vitriol. My friend, whenever you take your mug of ale or beer, remember that its strength or intoxicating qualities may be due to the presence of the Cocculus Indicus, fox glove, henbane, multum nux vomica, and the narcotic power to opium, tobacco and grains of paradise. Smack your lips at the tingle of lime and pepper, and exult in the foam of copperas and lime, but remember that there is death in the cup; yes, in the beer mug.

THE CLOUD OF INTEMPERANCE.

Extract from a Recent Sermon by Prof. David Swing.

Very defective still are the times, but should we compare the roll of modern great names with the roll of fame in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries we should find the manhood and womanhood of our generation to be upon a plane far above that trodden by those who lived three hundred years ago. The progress of science has not been greater than the upward climbing of the heart.

But upon the sky so much brighter than that one which bends now in history there are a few alarming clouds. Often the fishermen on the ocean's coast say: Yes, the day is fair, but I do not like that one cloud. It may rise and disappear, but it may fall and expand into a storm. The conditions which formed that one cloud may soon form a hundred miles square of blackness and may open up a war of elements.

Intemperance is one of these clouds. In vain the school-house, the college, the higher literature and art have come to many, for there are tens of thousands of men educated and in powers noble, whose inspiration for good is ruined by this senseless and dreadful appetite. Some of the old poets thought the drinking-cup was a cup of poetry and eloquence, but that delusion has died under the accumulating witnesses of all times. Each glass of spirituous drink is the death of clear and beautiful thought. The tongue thickens, the words lose their sharp outline, the eye its flash under even the best of wines.

When God made man He decreed a partnership between temperance and inspiration and made a cup of water the emblem of all clear thought. It is a singular incident that while Anacreon and Horace drank wine heavily they made Helicon send forth only streams of pure water for their nine muses to drink. There were many of these fountains: Helicon, Pindus, Parnassus, which could lend inspiration to the god or the mortal who should taste their crystal drops. These fabled springs were located by men who knew that the wine-cup was an eclipse of the intellect, a stupor not to be endured by a god. What a wonderful logic was that which planned Pierian Springs for all high-born beings, and which gave Anacreon a flagon of wine! What a wisdom still is that by which our scholars send the nine muses to a spring of pure water for securing a new afflatus, and then seek their own inspiration in a barrel of whisky. What is so good for the muses ought to be good for man. All intoxicating drinks take away that soul which relates man to the Creator. Wine is the paralysis of thought.

Temperance Arithmetic.

1. There are 175,000 saloons in the United States and 164,000 public schools; how many more saloons than schools?

2. The people of the United States pay $80,000,000 yearly for the support of the public schools, and $1,484,000,000 for the support of saloons; how much more do the saloons cost than the schools?

3. The value of food products of our country for a single year is about $600,000,000; the cost of all the clothing about $400,000,000; the cost of alcoholic drinks about $1,484,000,000; how much more does the liquor cost than the food and clothing?

4. The 4,000 saloons of San Francisco take in daily an average of $10 each; how many dollars are paid daily in that city for liquor?

5. There are about 600,000 drunkards in the United States. How many cities of 40,000 inhabitants each would these drunkards form?

6. In the city of Oakland, "the Athens of California," there are 200 saloons. If every saloonist sells 40 drams a day, how many drams are drunk daily?

7. If a family spends 15 cents a day for beer, how much is expended in four weeks? How many loaves of bread at 10 cents a loaf could be bought for the same money?

8. A smoker spends 20 cents a day for cigars; how many dollars will he spend in one-half year? How many at $2 a piece could he buy with this money?—*Oskaloosa (Ia.) Herald.*

A Young Drunkard.

A case which may direct attention to the condition of other street gamin was that of Michael Kapillowski, a lad between seventeen and eighteen years of age, who died of delirium tremens at the Emergency Hospital last week. Kapillowski was a bootblack and was known by the sobriquet of "Polish Mike." His mother died years ago and his father is in the almshouse. The boy had no home and spent most of his time, both day and night, in saloons and dives of the worst sort. When he was taken to the Emergency Hospital he had been drunk for four weeks, his long debauch having brought on epilepsy and afterward delirium tremens. As he had no relatives able to defray the expenses of the funeral, his body was taken to the morgue and will be buried in the potter's field.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

THE THIRD PARTY.

The Greatest Obstacle to Temperance Reform.

What Has Been Accomplished by and Through the Republican Party—The Fallacious Claims of Party Prohibitionists Clearly Set Forth.

The following address by Mrs. J. Ellen Foster was delivered at the recent Republican rally at Woodstock, Conn. It is considered one of the most able of all the eloquent speeches made on that occasion. In it she forcibly and convincingly gives the correct views about the relation of the Temperance party with the Democratic party and the Republican party and all other parties:

Men whose names are synonyms of Republicanism and power, and better yet of Americanism, speak to you to-day in advocacy of Republican principle and of the Republican ticket. I congratulate you, and I congratulate myself on this auspicious gathering; insensible must that heart be which is not moved by these enunciations of great principles, these reviews of their historic development and of their National application and illustration. It is well that we be thus stirred.

The routine of toil, the ordinary round of citizen duties, are the fruitful soil out of which are grown the staple foods on which the Nation feeds; even as the prairies of my great West give bread for the millions.

That toiler in the soil, the dweller on the prairie, loses nothing but rather gains when visions of the sea awaken sublime sentiment; when breath of air from mountain top which he has climbed, toughens muscle, steadies nerve and breeds the grand suggestion of his soul's kinship with Nature in her diviner moods; so in human affairs the utilitarian may reckon the cost, the pessimist may cavil at the enthusiasm, the doctrinaire may question of actual political truth imparted; but I answer: "All hail election day! All hail the campaign which precedes it!"

Its pyrotechnics in music, in ornamentation, in human voices; its stirring of human passions and human activities; these for the time being are touched with heroic significance, and the ordinary citizen feels himself a part of the great mass of humanity, thrilled with its joys and touched by the sorrows of its universal heart. He feels his comradeship in the heroism of history, and his kinship to the brave of every time. To him the flag becomes a crown, and the ballot a scepter of power.

Gentlemen, words are feeble to embody the emotions of the hour; but remembering the service to which you have called me I must deny myself the indulgence of the pleasures of the imagination.

This is a campaign of ideas. The candidates of the Republican party, each being men of pure character and stainless record, we have only need to say: "Behold American manhood in its best estate!"

In perfect physical health the individual is unconscious of his human frame; he partakes of food, and nutrition, all unsummoned to the work, accomplishes its vital processes; bone, muscle, sinew, nerve and fiber guard or obey their voiceless master—Life! this is life. Ask the dyspeptic with jaundiced flesh, ask the rheumatic with stiffened joint, and he will answer: "Health is life." It is well for those blessed with perfect health to pause and reflect on their happy condition. The Republican party only half conscious of its fortunate lot has been filled with this rich blood which mantles its cheeks and fills its brain and nerves with healthiest tissue, and gives it the unconscious vigor of political health.

Among the questions presented for the consideration of electors in this campaign is the relation of political parties to the temperance question.

The Democratic party is the open ally of the saloon; it admits the impeachment and glories in the fact.

The so-called Prohibition party assumes the championship of temperance politics, and declares that those who do not shout its battle-cry and vote its party ticket are traitors to God, Home and Native Land.

The Republican party boldly challenges inspection of its record on this question. The five States which have adopted Prohibition as their settled policy—Maine, Vermont, Kansas, Iowa, Rhode Island—are Republican States. Ohio and Michigan, where large votes were cast for Prohibitory constitutional amendments, are Republican States. The most restrictive measures other than Prohibition were secured by Republican votes or defeated by Democratic vetoes.

The party utterances, through platform and by recognized party leaders, declare hostility to the saloon in politics, and that "the first concern of all good goverment is the virtue and sobriety of the people and the purity of the home. The Republican party cordially sympathizes with all wise and well-directed efforts for the promotion of temperance and morality."

Notwithstanding this record for good, and the certain knowledge that the defeat of the Republican party means the elevation to power of the liquor Democracy, yet the air is full of protestations in the name of temperance against the dominance of the Republican party. The charge is made with malignant vehemence that the Republican party is no better than the Democratic party, but rather more to be feared as a wolf in sheep's clothing; that it is controlled by the liquor interests; that it is rum cursed; that its representatives in convention are drunken debauchees; that its noble defense of the purity of the home meant no more than the declaration of a liquor-dealers' association! These and countless other charges are daily made by the Third party press and from Third party platforms; and this they do for conscience' sake, and thus they "wage their peaceful war for God and home and native land."

As Republicans we deny these charges. They are false in letter and false in spirit. As temperance workers, we state it as our our belief that the "Third party" is the greatest obstacle to the temperance reform at the present time.

Let us examine in detail the philosophy of political action, the fallacious claims of these political dynamiters, and the disasters which have attended their course.

POLITICAL MONASTICISM.

"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve; if the Lord be God, serve Him; but if Baal, serve him."

Political service to the ordinary citizen includes obedience to existing laws, and such exercise of the elective franchise as will tend to put government in harmony with the progressive standards of Christian civilization.

Under majority rule a citizen may not realize his ideal in government, "we see not yet all things put under Him." With the ideal always before him the citizen should vote for the men and the measures most nearly approaching his ideal, provided always he has reason to believe a majority of the voters of his community, or State, or the Nation will support the approximate at the ballot-box.

Society has many wants; its relations are increasingly complex. The general welfare of the body politic should always be considered. It is better that the majority of the great, struggling, groaning mass should gain one inch of altitude toward the ideal than that a few should be lifted much higher.

Reforms deal with individuals; politics deal with the masses; citizenship implies mutual obligations—it may not be put on or off at pleasure. With the motives of individuals we have nothing to do; each stands or falls to his own master. Of the acts of citizens every citizen has the right of inquiry.

The problem of popular government is not yet solved; the aristocrat of the Old World may still cavil, his feudal serf and his industrial slave may still question; the subjects of Imperialism and Absolutism with weary hearts may yet inquire if indeed our flag shall fulfill what it has promised.

The patriot must tremble at the black clouds of ignorace, and the lurid glare of anarchy against which he can not shut his eyes; he must be oppressed by the miasma from the corrupting masses of dense populations; he must stagger when met with the vandals of Europe and the East which rush in at our ports of entry; he must grow sick at heart at the aggressions of the American saloon and its deadly influence in American politics. Again and again he reads the tale of the "Mayflower" and her gallant crew; of the heroic days of the last century; of the not less sublime struggles and victories of our own times; and then he assures himself that God has not forgotten Americans; that He will save us; the dream of the ages shall be realized on these shores.

Every lover of his country and of her mission among the nations seeks response to his patriotic desires; with eagerness he cries to the passers by: "If thy heart be as my heart, give me thy hand," while from the temples of religion comes the prayer:

"Our father's God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we call.
Long may our lands be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King."

With these solemn convictions and in these crucial times political duties become sacred, even as religious vows; and the ballot-box a holy shrine. He who disregards these duties, despises those vows, or sets up false gods which can neither hear nor save, must stand at the bar of outraged patriotism and show cause why he be not decreed a felon, a traitor.

Political monasticism and political debauchery must give account of themselves. It is of political monasticism that we first inquire; it is co-conspirator with political debauchery, with the powers of darkness, but may rightly demand a separate trial.

In the administration of government political parties have come to have a recognized place and acknowledged potency. Political parties are voluntary associations of voters to secure the election of men to offices of public trust who shall make and administer government according to a general policy set forth in party records and party declarations.

The great parties will divide the mass of voters at the November election, but humanly speaking, General Benjamin Harrison will be the next President, or President Cleveland will be his own successor. Every citizen will cast his vote with these conditions and certainties in his mind. The character of the candidates and set of principles for which each stands are the considerations which will determine—among conscientious men—the choice of the tickets.

The best types of American manhood are represented in the persons of General Harrison and Mr. Morton; pages have been written of life-records illustrating this; it is only necessary here to make the unchallenged statement. For what principles do they stand? In general and comprehensive terms—for the principles of the Republican party. This party was the political organization which first went to battle under the shibboleth: "No extension of slave territory," "Freedom is national, slavery sectional." It triumphed in the line of battle while cannon thundered: "The Union must and shall be preserved."

The cry for human liberty and against African slavery had been uttered by the Christian and the philanthropist; the masses had been rallied by the reformer and the preacher; they had been horrified by the aggressions of the slave oligarchy; in God's time, under Lincoln and Grant and the "boys in blue," slavery was overthrown and the Union was preserved.

The Democratic party during these crucial years stood against every measure by which these results were accomplished; it now gives its honors to Southern disunionists and their Northern sympathizers; it holds the administration to-day by crimes against the ballot-box; it defends these practices as political virtues.

The Republican party undertook and accomplished the work of reconstruction; it began and carried out great works of internal improvements; it has established a monetary system which transforms our paper into gold in any corner of the earth; under its industrial system American labor commands better wages and better conditions of living than anywhere else on the round globe. The States of the North, where Republicanism has its seat of power, sustain free-school systems without which permanence to popular government can not be assured. The Democratic South still loves the darkness of illiteracy for its masses better than the light of popular education.

The liquor traffic finds its open political ally in the Democratic party; that party makes no contrary claim. At the South, where much temperance legislation has been enacted by the votes of Democrats, that legislation has been non-partisan. At the North the strong Republican States are the ones where most stringent laws have been enacted and enforced. In Kansas, Iowa, Vermont, Maine and Rhode Island the Republican party boldly declares for the total suppression of the liquor traffic. In nearly every State its party platforms are outspoken against the dominance of the saloon in politics. It arrays its forces on the side of the home and against the saloon.

In the National Legislature on the subjects which constitutionally come within its action, the record of the Republican party is as relatively good as it is in these States. In striking contrast are Democratic utterances for "personal liberty" and "sumptuary laws," and the Democratic record of votes and vetoes against temperance legislation. These propositions are unquestioned. It would be supposed that persons desiring the overthrow of the liquor traffic would give their moral and political support to the party which is thus known by the fruits; unless, perchance, some greater question demanding superior allegiance and immediate attention were championed by some other party.

Out of the 10,000,000 of voters who four years ago exercised the right of sovereignty, 150,000, claiming to consider the settlement of the liquor problem the greatest question of the hour, cast their ballots in such a manner as to give the administration of the Government to the supporters of the liquor traffic. They made their greatest efforts where there was the best chance of defeating the party which had confessedly most served the cause they claimed to love. They said they were "testifying to the truth," "standing up to be counted for a great principle;" their testimony was loudest when the temperance cause needed works more than words; they stood up to be counted when the saloons most desired they should; their testimony gave great rejoicing in the headquarters of the enemy.

During the years since then, the cause of temperance has steadily gained, all temperance laws are better enforced, and the liquor traffic in the prohibitory States is fast becoming a thing of the past. There have been some signal defeats as in Michigan, when the expectation was justified that the Prohibition amendment would carry; the campaign there was weakened by party Prohibitionists who would not surrender for that time even the supposed interests of their party ticket.

The Republican party has in many States favored advanced legislation and made open declarations of enmity to the saloon. Liquor sympathizers by the hundred have deserted the party, and still the exodus goes on. The National Republican convention with great enthusiasm, and with only one dissenting voice, declared: "The first duty of good government is the virtue and sobriety of the people and the purity of the home. The Republican party cordially sympathizes with all wise and well-directed efforts for the promotion of temperance and morality." It did this with an unmistakable determination to utter its voice against the decree of a few timid conservatives on the Resolution Committee.

In the face of this record, and with these facts still fresh in mind, certain persons are seeking, avowedly in the interest of the holy cause, to accomplish, in November, 1888, what they avoided to bring about in 1884—namely, the defeat of the Republican party. They shut their eyes to history, or do violence to its plain teachings; they deny or misstate present conditions, and declare those persons who do not utter their shibboleth and vote their ticket to be either hypocrites or criminals or cowards or incompetents, to be under the crack of the party whip, and to love party better than principle. They themselves, however, refuse to vote for staunch temperance men, if they are not on the so-called Prohibition ticket; they do this when they know that their action may, and often does, result in sending liquor sympathizers to State Legislatures and to Congress. They call this voting as they pray! They pray for the setting up of Christ's kingdom, and then rejoice when the actual result of their votes is to enthrone the enemies of that kingdon!

It is attempted to shirk the condemnation of this result by declaring that the Third party is not responsible for the election of men it did not vote for; though it is often boldly asserted that the defeat of these good men is desired because they are Republicans and that party must be defeated. I know a Congressman from a Western State, who has given years of service in the church, in community and political affairs; he has always been a total abstainer and Prohibitionist; in his district more than two thousand Third party votes were cast against him: he will be renominated this fall; every friend of temperance would be supposed to desire his return to Congress; his vote is needed there for the appointment of a Commission of Inquiry, for the submission of Constitutional Prohibition, for Prohibition in the District of Columbia, for the Blair Education bill—for every measure which temperance people desire. The Third party will put up a candidate against him; if they succeed, a man will be sent who will, in all probability, vote against every one of these measures. God forbid!

In Iowa, at the present time, where the fight for prohibition has been so terrible and the victory so glorious, there this Third party is organized for the defeat of the battle-scarred warriors chosen of God to lead His people into the Canaan of Prohibition! God forgive!

So, also, in the State of Maine, which has wrought righteousness for more than a century, the Third party is attempting the overthrow of the very men whose testimony for prohibition has been the Gatling-gun of the struggle in all the other States. A man is not permitted in courts to impeach his own witness; to attempt to do so is to plead guilty to the indictment charged. If prohibition is a success in Maine the men who stand for it and with the party which has championed it ought not to be struck down. If prohibition is not a success in Maine, then as reformers we deceive ourselves and mislead the public.

Republican Prohibition and Democratic Prohibition and non-partisan Prohibition has closed saloons, depopulated jails, diminished pauperism and criminality, brought joy to women and little children; it has made angels rejoice and devils tremble.

The Third party sets up a theory untried by history, not sound in philosophy, and thoroughly condemned by nine-tenths of the Prohibitionists of the country. It demands that streams shall rise higher than their sources, that the whole shall be more than the parts, that a minority ought to rule the majority.

The Third party befouls the very streams of political education. Thousands of young men are being introduced to party politics in this campaign. They see Christian men, members of churches, superintendents of Sunday-schools, even ministers of the Gospel, charged with insincerity and corruption; they hear them accused with being party to the commission of a host of social and political crimes, because they, these good men, continue to vote the Republican ticket.

These accusers revel in delighted martyrdom if *they* are misrepresented or accused with the same insincerity which they so glibly impute to others. Assuming the guardianship of moral questions, they flatly abandon all principles of fairness and honor when dealing with their opponents. What estimate will a young man make of party duties and citizen obligations with such examples before him? What will he think of men making grave charges on such flimsy pretexts? If he believes the charges true what will become of the moral standards set by the church in the world? What is likely to be his contribution to the science of Christian politics under this tutorship?

I deliberately charge that Third party theories and practices have resulted and will result in a distinct abandonment of the golden rule in brutal attacks upon Christian character, in profane and impious dissection of motive, and in clumsy and reckless surgery of individual personality. God save the young man of to-day from the poison of such theory and practice!

Political parties can not move faster than the people will go. Parties are the servants of the people; they are the machines by which the people work out their purposes in government. The first duty of a party is to nominate men to take the Government where they find it, and to guard it from the outlawry of the wicked. He who willingly sacrifices good already incorporated into law, in the hope that out of political dishonor and the chaos of recklessness shall be evolved better social conditions and higher forms of civilization—that man has not rightly studied constitutional government. The iconoclast is not likely to be a builder.

Moral reforms seeking recognition by government are not accomplished through party action, but through and out of the brain and heart of men trusted by the people to do whatever needs to be done. That great statesman, John Sherman, was not elected to bring about a resumption of specie payment; the people of his State sent him to the United States Senate as a strong man, a sound financier. Out of his knowledge and ability and the necessities of the times was born the financial system which has made our National credit universally unchallenged.

Henry W. Blair was not elected to introduce a prohibitory amendment, or to originate his great plan of Federal aid to public schools. He was sent to the House and afterward to the Senate because he was a man who could be trusted.

The Republican party, as a party, has always stood for the highest temperance legislation which the people demanded. The Republican party, in its rank and file, and through its individual representatives, has originated and enforced the extremest legislation yet on record. Beyond this no party can go without first yielding its claim to be a servant of the people. A party should never assume the role of moral reformer. Reforms are vital with moral purpose, born of intelligence and conscience; they gather to themselves, by the attraction of human sympathy and the cohesion of truth, individual after individual, until out of the mass of individuals comes so strong a sentiment that legislation is had and government feels the touch of reform. Then party organization offers a machinery in support of the reform which the people have adopted.

The record of the Republican party proves it to be made up of men out of whose brains and hearts reforms have come in the past and are likely to come in the future, because the party in its organism has gone and will go just as fast as the people sustain it.

I once heard a minister say that he could not support the Republican party in a certain State because it was not up to the standard set by his church for its membership. What confusion in statement! Church membership is based upon moral and spiritual conditions; party membership upon citizenship and political belief. To set up the same standard for both relations is to mix the text of the Saviour's command: "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's."

We are told, with intonation not emphasized with the "charity which rejoiceth not in iniquity," that the temperance plank of the Chicago platform adopted by that honorable body of representative Americans, in party fellowship with nine-tenths of all the church-members of the North, means less for temperance than a declaration of the Liquor Dealers' Association. What inconsistency! As well might comparison be drawn between a straightforward avowal of devotion from an honest man to a good woman, and the protestations of the libertine to the poor creature he would make his prey.

Not the least of the disastrous results of Third party doctrine is this confusion of moral standards, this calling evil good, and good evil. The charity which "thinketh no evil" is as becoming to the Christian in politics as to the Christian anywhere else. To indicate that the two great parties of the country are differentiated only by the whisky hogshead and the beer keg is a frivolity and recklessness in illustration precluding answer by argument. To say in one breath that Prohibition is the demand of the hour, and then proceed to defeat the men who have voted for Prohibition and the party that cordially sympathizes with Prohibition, does not tend to inspire confidence in the mental vigor and moral uprightness of those who thus challenge approval of their devotion and policy.

The Third party trades in the devotion of women and the heroism of men. It goes to the drunkard's wife and the broken-hearted mother. With much ostentation it says: "We will fight for you, we will avenge you of your adversary. Join our train, follow us." And the women follow. It induces those women to give their money, their services, their "influence," the most precious of their treasures, in support of a party ticket, the only possible result for that party ticket being to decrease the chances of electing the best man nominated by the two great parties.

The Third party goes to strong, to true men, ministers of the Gospel, perhaps, and says: "You are the foe of the liquor traffic, you desire its overthrow, then vote with us this ticket labeled 'Prohibition.'"

By every such vote cast are the friends of the saloon encouraged.

It is sad, indeed, when Christians are willing to do evil that good may come of it; are willing that prohibition shall be delayed in order that a party may be built up. It is boldly stated that prohibition is not desirable until it can be secured through the Prohibition party. Did ever a Republican Prohibitionist or a Democratic Prohibitionist make such a declaration?

With great pleasure the Republicans of Iowa and other States testify to the good work of certain Democrats who vote for prohibition, or who not voting for it at the popular election are now active supporters of its enforcement. The Democratic party in Iowa at its conventions defers to the growing sentiment in its ranks, and no longer denounces prohibition or gives open support to the saloon.

It is boasted that the Third party is the only political party which honors woman. Honors woman, indeed! It appropriates her work and her influence to its own purposes and pays in fulsome flatteries; it gives to women seats in conventions, and places their names on meaningless committees and tickets impossible of success. Flattery is cheap, full conventions are desirable, woman's social and religious influence adds respectability to this propaganda. The personal respect of the good men of the Third party is worthy the emulation of any woman, but supposed party honors are no extension of that respect. The pity of it is that women, gentle and refined, and sometimes strong, should be vain enough to be thus cajoled and their God-given powers thus mortgaged. Do not prayers ascend for this party and its candidates? Certainly. So did many Christian men and women pray for the success of the Confederate army. Were they not sincere? To be sure, and God who knows all hearts answers all sincere prayers in His own time and in His own way.

How do you account for the growth of the Prohibition party? We deny the statement. The Prohibition party has been of very slow growth; for twenty years it has issued its manifestoes and nominated its candidates. At the last election it gathered only a little more than 150,000 votes out of the country's ten millions. Did ever a party have less encouragement in that regard? 150,000 are not a very rich showing for twenty years' growing. Its records of gains are very misleading.

In some hamlet somewhere the vote in successive years increase from two votes to four votes, and forthwith appears the flaming announcement that "in Smithville there have been astounding gains of one hundred per cent. over their record of the former year." Arithmetically the report is true, practically the impression intended to be created is false.

An important and essential element in a true record of growth would be to find the relative strength of the party as compared with the volume of voters out of whom the party must make its gains. The Prohibition party to justify its claim must gather its majorities out of the mass of voters who believe in Prohibition. This mass of voters throughout the country may be estimated at not less than 3,000,000; this estimate is based on the return of popular votes on Constitutional Prohibition, on No-License and at Local Option elections.

If the Prohibition party were in favor with Prohibitionists, it would certainly receive more than 150,000 out of 3,000,000. Again, Prohibition party speakers and writers often give the results of local non-partisan elections as if these were party gains. We do not charge intentional falsifying of returns, but we do charge wholly misleading results, which greatly tax the credulity of ordinary mortals.

Has not the Republican party been goaded by the third party to take an advanced position on the temperance question?

No; on the other hand, I believe the Republican party would have done better work and the cause of temperance would have gained if the so-called Prohibitory party had never been organized.

Stimulants and narcotics are dangerous where any party seeks to maintain a position beyond the average sentiments of its adherents; it endangers its own dominance and possible usefulness. I believe more Republicans have been driven away from Prohibition by distrust of third party leaders and disgust of third party methods than have been stimulated to political action through wholesome fear of the party power of Prohibition. In the last analysis moral conviction in the minds of the people is the only sure guaranty of legislation and enforcement.

If the saloon problem is the greatest question before the American people, why should not all other political questions be subordinated to it?

Because a subject which is greatest in importance and supreme in potentialities may not always be nearest in point of time. Preparation and adjustment must always precede important action. In political affairs the people will indicate when they are prepared. Action may then be delayed until the agencies through which the action is had are adjusted. An illustration: The purity of the ballot, the safety of the ballot-box, the honesty of the count are preessentials to any vote on any question. The relation of the Republic to the liquor traffic is no exception to the rule.

The ship which carries our precious cargo must be sea-worthy and well officered.

VOTE AS YOU PRAY.

The philosophy of prayer is beyond comprehension; that the finite may by its own volition reach the infinite and bring response in human action may well compel the ejaculation of the philosopher: Great is the mystery of Godliness! But the human mind gives acceptance to that which it least understands; all men consciously or unconsciously pray. The Christian believes that the "fervent, effectual prayer of the righteous man availeth much." We judge, however, that the pre-requisite of effectual prayer is an adjustment of human activities to the accomplishment of the end prayed for. To pray for the overthrow of the liquor traffic and then vote in such a manner as to enthrone the liquor traffic is an attempted conservation of human and spiritual forces contrary to reason and revelation. It is written that at the last many shall say: "Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name, and in Thy name have cast out devils? and in Thy name done many wonderful works? And then I will profess unto them, I never knew ye, depart from Me, ye that work iniquity."

A party is needed behind a law. This is a dangerous teaching and implies that only those who believe in and champion legislation can be relied on to sustain enforcement. Social disorder and lawlessness even to anarchy is the logical result of such teaching, and we may well tremble lest a second Haymarket Square may make its record in blood, if good people dare to teach the traitorous doctrine that the enforcement of the law depends upon party and partisan zeal and that the citizen has no duty in that regard if the law happens to be obnoxious or indifferent to him; that assistance in enforcement of law is not expected from those whose party did not aid in the law's passage.

Do right and trust God for the result. This begs the whole question. What is right is the very matter under discussion.

But how can Christians vote with saloon-keepers? Because they have many things in common. Society is a great whole; it is impossible for the individual to isolate himself; it is wrong for him to try to do it in political affairs. Political monasticism endangers the Republic.

The constitution and the law are under and about all citizens, so are human conditions and human needs. "He maketh the sun to shine upon the evil and the good. He sendeth the rain upon the just and the unjust." When and wherever the liquor traffic becomes aggressive in party politics, then the controversy and separation begin. As a matter of fact, the number of saloonists or saloon sympathizers remaining in the Republican party is very few.

Herman Raster, chief editor of the Illinois *Staats Zeitung*, and author of the famous "Raster resolution" of 1872, says:

"While the Republican National convention refrained from having any plank in reference to temperance at first, just before adjournment, on motion of a member from Maine, it unanimously adopted a plank, by which the Republican party, as such, pledges itself out and out to further temperance. What such a declaration, coming from the Utopia of prohibition, Maine, signifies, is apparent to every child.

"The Republican party, as such, stands committed as the temperance party, without the courage of committing itself directly to the full extent of prohibition.

"Through this abominable play the Republican party may gain to its ranks a few renegade Prohibitionists, but how many German Republicans can now remain true to the Republican party?"

Will the self-constituted custodians of pure politics be as ready to quote these words of Mr. Raster as they have been those uttered by him in 1872? Are they as ready to commend the good as they are to publish the evil?

It is sought to show a parallel between the anti-slavery movement and the temperance reform. As strictly moral movements, and within reform limits, there is a clearly-defined likeness; as political movements they widely differ; all actual likeness argues against the present course of the party Prohibitionists. To argue otherwise is to pervert history. It is not strange, however, that a party which has no record should seek to attach to itself the heroism of history.

It would be difficult to imagine a holy cause more unequally yoked. Its literature is a mass of inconsistencies, the legitimate offspring of unsound philosophy, and confused moral standards. To number this brood of fallacies is impossible. The American people will not be deluded by their flutter and bluster. I must not speak longer, the hour is gone. Dear friends, American men, American women, as we love the flag and all it stands for, let us, under this clear sky, by the ripple of yonder pure waters, and with the glories of Nature all about us, pledge renewed devotion to the country we love, to the party which champions its best interests, and to the eternal principles of truth and righteousness.

MONTANA'S PARIS.

The Enterprising and Beautiful Capital of a Progressive Territory.

To the younger generation Helena is a Parisian-like centre which he hopes in time to see. Capitalists may make their money at Butte or elsewhere, but are moderately sure to spend it at Helena; and the miner or ranchman is never so happy as when he finds himself in what, without question, is the metropolis of the Territory. I know of no city in the extreme middle West that could so well satisfy one who had learned to appreciate Western life as Helena. Its climate, its surroundings, even its society, largely composed of Eastern and college-bred men and young wives fresh from older centres, are delightfully prominent features. The city has a population of nearly fifteen thousand, and considering its great wealth, it is not surprising that it should have electric lights, a horse-car line, and excellent schools.

Thanks to the railways, which have had and are continuing to have so important an effect upon the country overlooked by the Rocky Mountains, Montana's isolation is now a thing of the past. Two railroad routes connect it with the East and Pacific West, and there is still the Missouri, navigable from St. Louis to the great Falls, within easy reach of Helena.

In 1869 the township of Helena was entered from the General Government. In a period of seven years the placer claims near Helena yielded $20,000,000, and although far removed from the outside world, the city, as a mining centre, was of great importance, and may be said to have enjoyed an uninterrupted period of success.

Helena, regarded from a local standpoint, is the geographical, commercial, monetary, political, railroad and social center of Montana. Its trade is larger and more extended than that of any other city or town in the Territory, and therefore its commercial supremacy is unquestioned. The Helena banks, rich in deposits and many in number, may well entitle the city to its claim as the monetary center. The terminus of the lately completed Manitoba system, and having the Northern Pacific as an outlet to the east, west, and south, it has several branch roads to the important mining camps of Wickes, Marysville, and Rimini, and is promised others which are to aid in developing the rich districts scattered about the surrounding country.

Helena, in the truest sense of the word, is cosmopolitan. Let one walk the streets at any hour of the day or night, and he will be sure to notice the peculiarity. Crowding the sidewalks are miners, picturesque in red shirts and top-boots; long-haired Missourians, waiting, like Micawber, for something to "turn up;" ranchmen, standing beside their heavily loaded wagons; trappers, tourists, men of business. Chinamen and Indians, Germans and Hebrews, whites and blacks, the prosperous and the needy, the representatives of every State in the Union. Englishmen and Irishmen, all make Helena their home. No traditions, no old family influence, no past social eminence, hamper the restless spirit of the busy workers. There is a long list of daily visitors, and the city is never without its sight-seers. Invalids seek it for its climatic advantages.—*Edwards Roberts, in Harper's Magazine.*

"Nasal Voices, Catarrh and False Teeth."

A prominent English woman says the American women all have high, shrill, nasal voices and false teeth.

Americans don't like the constant twitting they get about this nasal twang, and yet it is a fact caused by our dry stimulating atmosphere, and the universal presence of catarrhal difficulties.

But why should so many of our women have false teeth?

That is more of a poser to the English. It is quite impossible to account for it except on the theory of deranged stomach action caused by imprudence in eating and by want of regular exercise.

Both conditions are unnatural.

Catarrhal troubles everywhere prevail and end in cough and consumption, which are promoted by mal-nutrition induced by deranged stomach action. The condition is a modern one, one unknown to our ancestors who prevented the catarrh, cold, cough and consumption by abundant and regular use of what is now known as Warner's Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy and Log Cabin sarsaparilla, two old-fashioned standard remedies handed down from our ancestors, and now exclusively put forth under the strongest guarantees of purity and efficacy by the world-famed makers of Warner's safe cure. These two remedies plentifully used as the fall and winter seasons advance, together with an occasional use of Warner's Log Cabin rose cream, to strengthen and protect the nasal membranes, give a positive assurance of freedom, both from catarrh and those dreadful and if neglected, inevitable consequences, pneumonia, lung troubles and consumption, which so generally and fatally prevail among our people.

Comrade Eli Fisher, of Salem, Henry Co., Iowa, served four years in the late war and contracted a disease called consumption by the doctors. He had frequent hemorrhages. After using Warner's Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy, he says, under date of Jan. 19th, 1888: "I do not bleed at the lungs any more, my cough does not bother me, and I do not have any more smothering spells." Warner's Log Cabin rose cream cured his wife of catarrh and she is "sound and well."

Of course we do not like to have our women called nose talkers and false teeth owners, but these conditions can be readily overcome in the manner indicated.

Danger of Education.

Uncle Rastus (to his young hopeful)—'Dolphus, yo' young rascal, yo' take dat slat pencil outen yo' mouf an' stop chewin' it!

'Dolphus—Yes, pa.

Uncle Rastus—Don' yo' know it am dangerous to de linin' ob de stummack to chew slate pencils? Some day eddication will kill yo', chile, kill yo' sho'. —*N. Y. Sun.*

—The man who never saw a railroad has never known what it was to hunger for a pass.—*Texas Siftings.*

England's Designs Have Always Been the Same.

Gen. Harrison continues to hit the nail squarely on the head in every speech that he makes. We take the following from an address made last Saturday, wherein he shows that England's design upon our trade is of long standing:

"I want now to introduce to you for a moment another speaker—an Englishman. Within the last year I have been reading, without any view to politics, the story of our diplomatic relations with England during the Civil War. The motive that most strongly influenced the English mind in sympathy with the South was the expectancy of free trade with the Confederacy [cries of 'That is right,' and 'Give it to them!'], and among the most influential publications intended to urge English recognition and aid to the Confederates was a book entitled 'The American Union' by James Spence. It was published in 1862, and ran through several editions. Speaking of the South he said: 'No part of the world can be found more admirably placed for exchanging with this country the products of industry to mutual advantage than the Southern States of the Union. Producing in abundance the material we chiefly require, their climate and the habits of the people indispose them to manufactures, and leave to be purchased precisely the commodities we have to sell. They have neither the means nor the desire to enter into rivalry with us. Commercially they offer more than the capabilities of another India, within a fortnight's distance from our shores. The capacity of a Southern trade when freed from restrictions may be estimated most correctly by comparison. The condition of these States resembles that of Australia, both non-manufacturing countries, with the command of ample productions to offer in exchange for the imports they require.'"

The author proceeds to show that at that time England's exports to our country were only thirteen shillings per capita of our population, while her exports to Australia were ten pounds sterling per capita. Let me now read you what he said of the Northern States: "The people of the North, whether manufacturers or shipowners, regard us as rivals and competitors, to be held back and cramped by all possible means. [Applause and cries of 'That is it' and 'Give it to them!'] They possess the same elements as ourselves—coal metals, ships, an aptitude for machinery, energy and industry, whilst the early obstacles of deficient capital and scanty labor are rapidly disappearing. (Applause, and a voice, 'Exactly.'] For many years they have competed with us in some manufactures in foreign markets and their peculiar skill in the contrivance of labor-saving machinery daily increases the number of articles they produce cheaper than ourselves. [Loud cheering and a voice, 'We will knock them out!'] Thus to one part of the world our exports are at the rate of ten pounds sterling per head, while those to the Union amount to but thirteen shillings per head."

I have read extracts because they seemed to me very suggestive and instructive. The South offered free trade to Europe in exchange for an expected recognition of their independence by England and France. [Cries of 'You are right!'] The offer was very attractive and persuasive to the ruling classes of England. They took Confederate bonds, and sent out armed crusiers to prey upon our commerce. They dallied with Southern agents, fed them upon illusive hopes, and thus encouraged the South to protract a hopeless struggle. They walked to the very edge of open war with the United States, forgetful of all the friendly ties that had bound us as nations, and all this to gratify a commercial greed. We may learn from this how high a price England then set upon free trade with a part only of the States. [A voice, 'We remember it!'] But now the Union has been saved and restored.

Men of both armies and of all the States rejoice that England's hope of a commercial dependency on our Southern coast was disappointed. The South is under no stress to purchase foreign help by trade concessions. She will now open her hospitable doors to manufacturing capital and skilled labor. It is not now true that either climate or the habits of her people indispose them to manufactures. Of the Virginias, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama and Missouri it may now be said, as Mr. Spence said of the more northern States: "They possess the same element as ourselves—coal, metal, ships, an aptitude for machinery, energy, and industry, while the early obstacles of deficient capital and scanty labor are rapidly disappearing.

I am sure that there is a new South shackled as it is by traditions and prejudices; that it is girding itself to take part in the great industrial rivalry with England which Mr. Spence so much deprecates. These great States will no longer allow either Old England or New England to spin and weave their cotton, but will build mills in the very fields where the great staple is gathered. [Applause.] They will no longer leave Pennsylvania without an active rival in the production of iron. They surely will not, if they are at all mindful of their great need and their great opportunity, unite in this crusade against our protected industries. Our interests no longer run upon sectional lines, and it cannot be good for any part of our country that Mr. Spence's vision of English trade with us should be realized. [Cries of 'Never.' Commerce between the States is working mightily, if silently, to efface all lingering estrangements between our people, and the appeal for the perpetuation of the American system of Protection will, I am sure, soon find an answering response among the people of all the States. [Loud Cheering.]

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Profitable Talking.

It is said that the Rev. DeWitt Talmage's recent visit to the Southern Chautauqua, near Atlanta, Ga, netted him $1,200. He delivered one lecture and preached one sermon, for which he got $600 each. It is also said President Kiser offered Mr. Talmage $500 to remain over and preach next day but that he declined the offer as he had engagements to fill in the West. His text for the above mentioned sermon was from the parable of the Prodigal Son—"And he was angry and would not go in." The discourse was devoted to the elder brother, and the following is an extract:

"Once more I have to tell you that this senior brother of my text stands for the pouting Christian. While there is so much congratulation within doors the hera of my text stands outside, the corners of his mouth drawn down, looking as he felt—miserable. I am glad that his lugubrious physiognomy did not spoil the festivity within. How many pouting Christians there are in our day—Christians who do not like the music of our churches, Christians who do not like the hilarities of the young—pouting, pouting; pouting at society, pouting at the fashions; pouting at the newspapers, pouting at the government, pouting at the high heavens! Their spleen is too large, their liver does not work, their digestion is broken down. There are two cruets in their caster always sure to be supplied—vinegar and red pepper. Oh! come away from that mood! Stir a little saccharine into your disposition. While you avoid the dissoluteness of the younger son, avoid also the irascibility and the petulance and the pouting spirit of the elder son, and imitate the father who had embraces for the returned prodigal and coaxing words for the malcontent.

"Ah! the face of the pouting, elder son is put before us in order that we might better see the radiant and forgiving face of the father. Contrasts are mighty. The artists, in sketching the field of Waterloo, years after the battle, put a dove in the mouth of the cannon. Raphael, in one of his cartoons, beside the face of a wretch put the face of a happy and innocent child. And so the sour face of this irascible and disgusted elder brother is brought out in order that, in the contrast, we may better understand the forgiving and radiant face of God. This is the meaning of it—that God is ready to take back anybody that is sorry; to take him clear back; to take him back forever and ever; to take him back with a loving hug: to put a kiss on his parched lip, a ring on his bloated hand, an easy shoe on his chafted foot, a garland on his bleeding temples and heaven in his soul! Oh! fall flat on that march! Come, my brother, and let us get down into the dust, resolved never to rise until the Father's forgiving hand shall lift us.

Oh! what a God we have! Bring your doxologies. Come, earth and Heaven and join in the worship. Cry aloud. Lift the palm branches. Do you not feel the Father's arm around your neck? Do you not feel the breath of your Father against your cheek? Surrender, all! Oh! go in to-day and sit down at the banquet. Take a slice of the fatted calf, and afterward, when you are seated with one hand in the hand of the returned brother and the other hand in the hand of the rejoicing Father, let your heart beat time to the clapping of the cymbal and the mellow voice of the flute. It is meet that we should make merry, and be glad; for this thy brother was dead and is alive again; and was lost and is found."

Within a radius of sixty miles of Nashville, Ten., there is found a tree that is said to be the shittim wood of ark fame. Celebrated botanists from all over the country have examined the trees and agree that they grow nowhere else on the globe. They have decided that it is the shittim wood of which Noah's Ark was constructed, mention of which is made several times in the Bible. The tree is medium-sized, with very dark, smooth bark, and the wood is of a bright, gold color. In early spring the trees are laden with long, white blossoms, closely resembling great ostrich plumes. There seems to be no doubt about the identity of the trees, and it is remarkable that they are found only in this small area, and so few at that.—*Scientific American.*

The man who casts the vote of the whole rolling mill, the fellow who agrees to deliver a precinct at the proper time, the chap who carries the ward around in his vest pocket, the great man who controls the country, is now standing on the street corners where he may be seen of men. Take notice of him, my son, and watch him well when he is counted by and by. You will then observe that he aggregates one vote, and you won't have to bid very high to get that one.—*Eagle.*

HOMOEOPATHY.—One cause of the steady spread of Homœopathy is the *Family Medicine Case*, with its accompanying book, for the treatment of various diseases and to meet sudden emergencies. The posessor of one of these cases realizes its great usefullness, tells his friends and sometimes convinces them by curing them and thus Homœpathy spreads. We mail a price list and catalogue of our goods free, BOERICKE & TAFEL, Homœpathic Pharmacists and Publishers. *Established in* 1835. Baltimore, Md., 228 North Howard St, Washington, D. C., 938 F. St., N. W. Philadelphia, Pa., 1011 Arch St., and 1035 Walnut St. New York, 145 Grand St., and 7, W. 42nd St. Pittsburgh, Pa., 627 Smithfield St. Chicago, Ill., 36 Madison St, Cor, Wabash Avenue. *Our medicines by the vial are sold by leading druggists.*

If You Have a Trifling Cough

Don't neglect it. Use Roger's Specific Cough Cure. It is a sure and speedy cure for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, &c. 25 cts. a bottle.

For Sprains, Burns, Bruises, &c.

Use Roger's Specific Liniment. It has no equal as a cure for Sprains, Burns Bruises, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Dysentary, Rheumatism, &c. 25 cts.

Dyspepsia and Habitual Constipation

Speedily cured by a few doses of Appetite, the Great Stomach, Kidney and Liver Remedy. Price 50 cts.

Piles! Piles! Piles!.

Roger's Specific Cocaine Pile Remedy will cure in a short time the most aggravated case of Itching, protruding, Bleeding, or any other form of Piles. Price 50 cts. a box.

Roger's Sp cific Worm Syrup

Is Pleasant, Safe and efficient. Price 25 cts.

For Chapped Hands, Face, &c.,

Use Frangipane Curative Balm, a delightful toilet article for the Hands, Face, Roughness of Skin, Face and Sunburn, Tetter, Pimples, Blotches and Skin Diseases. Price 15 cts.

All the above preparations are for sale at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, Oakland, and by druggists and country merchants in all parts of Garrett and adjoining counties.

WARING THOMAS. EWD. H. SINCELL.

THOMAS & SINCELL,

Attorneys-at-Law and Solicitors in Chancery,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

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Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes. Country produce taken in exchange for goods Call and see us. WHITE & BRO

P. O. address, Floyd, Md.

ROAD PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that thirty days from the first publication of this notice, the undersigned citizens of Garrett county, will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to appoint examiners to view and locate a public road as follows: Commencing at the Pennsylvania line (District No. 3) and running through the lands of Thos. W. Frost, Israel Glotfelty, Henry Pollman, Geo. Inks and Wm. Repler, to the National Road, a distance of about two and a-half miles.

THOS. W. FROST,
ISRAEL GLOTFEL,
GEORGE INKS.

9 22 5

Estate of E. J. Stone Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Wheeling, West Va., hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the real and personal estate of

E. J. STONE,

late of Ohio Co., W. Va., deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 20th day of March next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of September, 1888.

J. T. STONE,
153 1044 Main street, Wheeling, W. Va.,

E. F. STANSBERRY.

—Manufacturer of—

Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,

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Repairing neatly and promtly done.
Nov, 21, 85.—1 y.

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Are Diamond Dyes. They excel all others in Strength, Purity and Fastness. None others are just as good. Beware of imitations—they are made of cheap and inferior materials and give poor, weak, crocky colors.

36 colors; 10 cents each.

Send postal for Dye Book, Sample Card, directions for coloring Photos., making the finest Ink or Bluing (10 cts. a quart), etc. Sold by Druggists or by

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For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles, USE

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Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents.

Paine's CELERY COMPOUND

CURES	PROOFS
Neuralgia	"Paine's Celery Compound cured my nervous sick headaches." Mrs. L. A. BRENTNER, San Jacinto, Cal.
Nervous Prostration	"After using six bottles of Paine's Celery Compound, I am cured of rheumatism." SAMUEL HUTCHINSON, South Cornish, N. H
Rheumatism	
Kidney Diseases	"It has done me more good for kidney disease than any other medicine." GEO. ABBOTT, Sioux City, Iowa.
AND All Liver Disorders	"Paine's Celery Compound has been of great benefit for torpid liver, indigestion, and biliousness." ELIZABETH C. UDALL, Quechee, Vt.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil, Paregoric or Narcotic Syrups. Children cry for Castoria. Millions of Mothers bless Castoria.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation; Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation; Gives healthy sleep; also aids digestion; Without narcotic stupefaction.

"I recommend Castoria for children's complaints, as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

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They are Growing More Popular Every Day.

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in the leading ranks of all other Organs manufactured. The Estey Organ is well enough known to be appreciated when seen. The Chicago Cottage Organ is gaining a reputation that ere long will place it at the head of the list. It is elegant in finish, exquisite in design. In tone superlatively fine. Standard in construction. Highly ornamented and heavy volume. It is an Organ whose action speaks lowder than words, and after one sees and trys this lovely instrument, it always pleases and gives entire satisfaction to the purchaser. We also sell the celebrated

DECKER BROS., WEBER, FISHER BROS., AND ESTEY PIANOS,

—AND THE—

New Home Sewing Machine.

This machine has *no* superior. The cabinet work is of the finest and most artistic made. Its construction is the best and guaranteed not to get out of order. Its attachments are the simplest as well as the most perfect made, and a child can operate it with ease. The attachments are self-setting, requiring no screw driver, not even a thumb screw. No home is complete without this, the grandest, best and most perfect machine made.

Our terms are made in every instance to suit purchaser, and prices the lowest ever offered for first-class goods in this section. We buy for cash in large quantities from the factories direct, thus enabling us to save the purchaser the ordinary agents commission. A word to the wise is sufficient.

For purchasing write or send for illustrated catalogues, prices, terms, &c., to

MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

Main Office, MEYERSDALE, PA.

Branch Office, CUMBERLAND, MD. 9 17 '87—1y

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by George D. White and others. Beginning at the Southeast end of Church street, and running thence through the lands of Mrs. E. A. Kilbourn, Mrs. Maria Davis, F. & C. Felty, S. L. Townshend, Mrs. Max. Klein and James R. Bishop, and intersecting the Ryans Glade road at a point between John A Delawder's and the line of Mt. Lake Park, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Tuesday, the 30th day of October, 1888, and determine whether the public convenience requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
WM. H. HALL,
WILLIAM WHITE,
Examiners.

9 22 5

VALUABLE STOCK FARM FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 405 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $40,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price Asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby warned from Hunting or Driving on the lands under my charge. We have fenced to the new county road, and warn all persons from taking down our fences and running over our lands.

J. H. & C. T. SANDERS.

NEWA DVERTISEMENTF.

MASSEY HALL PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

School year commences

September 12th, 1888.

Regular and elective courses in all Preparatory Studies. Special attention to English and Commercial branches. The number of pupils is strictly limited, in order to insure the most thorough training and individual advancement.

For terms, hours of study, &c., apply to

REV. J. NEWMAN,
77 1d Principal.

Estate of Samuel Engle, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscribers, of Garrett county, Md., hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Testamentary on the personal estate of

SAMUEL ENGLE,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscribers on or before the 20th day of March next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefits of said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of September, 1888.

RALPH ENGLE, Executor,
9 15 3t Grantsville, Md.

TOWN PROPERTY

FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

D. E. BOLDEN & CO..

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AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS,

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FURNITURE,

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and Window Blinds.

And everything usually kept in a First-Class Furniture Establishment

Furniture Rented on easy Terms

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

REPAIR WORK,

PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c.

Also make Furniture to order.

D. E. BOLDEN, & CO.

Feb. 25, '88.

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 3d, 1888.

All persons are hereby warned not to remove any stone from the National Road in Garrett county, or from the Bridges thereon.

By order County Commissioners.

W. H. HAGANS,
9 8 tf Clerk.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect April 29th, 1888:

GOING EAST.

No.	2	7.41 A. M.
No.	38—Accommodation	10.30 A. M.
No.	6—	11.14 A. M.
No.	82—Accommodation	5.05 P. M.
No.	4	11.43 P. M.

GOING WEST

No.	3	4.49 A. M.
No.	81—Accommodation	9.40 A. M.
No.	5	5.00 P. M.
No.	63—Accommodation	5.41 P. M.
No.	1	9.15 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.

C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

FARM FOR SALE!

For sale cheap, a farm of 205 acres, about 90 acres of which is cleared, and on which are erected a

Two-Story Frame House, Two Stables

and other outbuildings. About 75 acres of the woodland is covered with EXCELLENT TIMBER. The farm is situated two miles from Swanton, B. & O. R. R. About 250 acres is under fence. A young orchard was put out four years ago, and will soon come into bearing.

For particulars and terms, apply to or address

RICHARD CUSTER,
8 25 Swanton, Md

JOHN A. WOLF,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

2 88 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, OCT. 20, 1888. NUMBER 34.

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☞ Office over Casteel's Drug Store on Main street, Oakland, Md. 2 26 '87.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to Conveyancing nvestigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. fel4-1y

J. B. FAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals Also in adjoining counties of West Va.

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VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
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OFFICE IN NYDEGGER BUILDING.

☞ Residence in Dr. Keller Building.
Sept. 9, 1885.—1y.

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Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.
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Calls day or night promptly attended to.
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MICROBE KILLER

The Great GERM or BACTERIA DESTROYER.

To Cure Disease, Remove the Cause.

Physicians, by scientific researches, have discovered that Germs or Baccilli commonly called Microbes, are the cause of disease.

The MICROBE KILLER CURES by *destroying the microbes*; at the same time *purifies the blood* and *builds up the system*. Mr. Radam has established Factory No. 4 in Philadelphia.

Office at 819 Arch Street.

Invalids and persons suffering from CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION, MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, Diseases of the Blood, etc., by writing or calling at above address, will receive circulars giving the history of the MICROBE KILLER and the cures it has made. Agencies will be established in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia, which this Factory will supply. This Germicide is

A SURE RESTORATIVE TO HEALTH.

A Rare Chance to
Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland. Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md

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Dr. Seth Arnold's
COUGH KILLER
CURES
Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and Asthma.

PREVENTS CONSUMPTION

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ALDERSON & ROBINSON, PROPS

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Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings.

Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.

☞ Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of mill work. 1 29, '87.

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ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property.

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

FARM FOR SALE.

A RARE CHANCE TO INVEST!

A farm containing 161 acres, 3½ miles from Oakland, on the West Union Road is offered for sale at a bargain. This is known as the Christian Yutzy farm, has good buildings, is well watered, 100 acres under cultivation and a good ghrist and saw mill on adjoining land.

TERMS.—One-third cash, the balance in two equal annual payments.

For price and particulars apply to or address

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican office, Oakland, Md.

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E. F. STANSBERRY.
—Manufacturer of—
Boots and Shoes,

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Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
Oakland, May 19th 1885.—1 y

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

DAVID LITTLE.

FREE $85 solid GOLD WATCH Sold for $100 until lately. Best $85 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Elegant and magnificent. Both ladies' and gents' sizes with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one FREE. How is this possible? We answer—we want one person in each locality, to keep in their homes, and show to those who call, a complete line of our valuable and very useful HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES. These samples, as well as the watch, we send free, and after you have kept them in your home for 2 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property; it is possible to make this great offer, sending the SOLID GOLD watch and COSTY samples free, as the showing of the samples in any locality, always results in a large trade for us; after our samples have been in a locality for a month or two we usually get from $1000 to $5000 in trade from the surrounding country. This, the most wonderful offer ever known, is made in order that our samples may be placed at once where they can be seen, all over America. Write at once, and make sure of the chance. Reader it will be hardly any trouble for you to show the samples to those who may call at your home and your reward will be most satisfactory. A postal card on which to write us costs but 1 cent and after you know all, if you do not care to go further, why no harm is done. But if you do send your address at once, you can secure FREE one of the best solid gold watches in the world and our large line of COSTLY SAMPLES. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address GEO. STINSON & CO., Box 812, PORTLAND, MAINE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CONSTIPATION

Is called the "Father of Diseases," because there is no medium through which disease so often attacks the system as by the absorption of poisonous gases in the retention of decayed and effete matter in the stomach and bowels. It is caused by a Torpid Liver, not enough bile being excreted from the blood to produce Nature's own cathartic, and is generally accompanied with such results as

Loss of Appetite,
Sick Headache,
Bad Breath, etc.

The treatment of Constipation does not consist merely in unloading the bowels. The medicine must not only act as a purgative, but be a tonic as well, and not produce after its use greater costiveness. To secure a regular habit of body without changing the diet or disorganizing the system

"My attention, after suffering with Constipation for two or three years, was called to Simmons Liver Regulator, and, having tried almost everything else, concluded to try it. I first took a wineglassful and afterwards reduced the dose to a teaspoonful, as per directions, after each meal. I found that it had done me so much good that I continued it until I took two bottles. Since then I have not experienced any difficulty. I keep it in my house and would not be without it, but have no use for it, it having cured me."—Geo. W. Sims, Ass't Clerk Superior Court, Bibb Co., Ga.

Take only the Genuine,

Which has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-mark and Signature of

J. H. ZEILIN & CO

Best of All

Cough medicines, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is in greater demand than ever. No preparation for Throat and Lung Troubles is so prompt in its effects, so agreeable to the taste, and so widely known as this. It is the family medicine in thousands of households.

"I have suffered for years from a bronchial trouble that, whenever I take cold or am exposed to inclement weather, shows itself by a very annoying tickling sensation in the throat and by difficulty in breathing. I have tried a great many remedies, but none does so well as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral which always gives prompt relief in returns of my old complaint." — Ernest A. Hepler, Inspector of Public Roads, Parish Terre Bonne, La.

"I consider Ayer's Cherry Pectoral a most important remedy

For Home Use.

I have tested its curative power, in my family, many times during the past thirty years, and have never known it to fail. It will relieve the most serious affections of the throat and lungs, whether in children or adults." — Mrs. E. G. Edgerly, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

"Twenty years ago I was troubled with a disease of the lungs. Doctors afforded me no relief and considered my case hopeless. I then began to use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and, before I had finished one bottle, found relief. I continued to take this medicine until a cure was effected. I believe that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life." — Samuel Griggs, Waukegan, Ill.

"Six years ago I contracted a severe cold which settled on my lungs and soon developed all the alarming symptoms of Consumption. I had a cough, night sweats, bleeding of the lungs, pains in chest and sides, and was so prostrated as to be confined to my bed most of the time. After trying various prescriptions, without benefit, my physician finally determined to give me Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I took it, and the effect was magical. I seemed to rally from the first dose of this medicine, and, after using only three bottles, am as well and sound as ever." — Rodney Johnson, Springfield, Ill.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

A. LOEWENSTEIN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Cor. Water and Third streets
OAKLAND, - MD.

I take pleasure in informing my old friends and customers that I have opened up a new

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

in Oakland, and am prepared to do

All Kinds of Work
in my line, at
Reasonable Prices!

☞ All work Guaranteed.

A. LOEWENSTEIN.
Oakland, Nov

J. F. LEWIS,
—MANUFACTURER OF—
LUMBER, SHINGLES AND PLASTERING LATH!
SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.

Having had Fourteen years practice and experience as a SHINGLE SAWYER, I am confident that I can sell you a better shingle than can be bought any where else in the State for the same price.

J. F. LEWIS.
3 3 '88 1y Cranesville, W. Va

Mr. Blaine Talks About the Trusts.

GOSHEN, IND., Oct. 10.—Mr. Blaine left Grand Rapids last night and reached here early this morning, and not less than 45,000 citizens of Indiana walked or rode on wagons, trains or horse back to meet him in Goshen to-day, and participate in the Republican demonstration. Mr. Blaine addressed the great gathering as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN AND FELLOW CITIZENS OF INDIANA:—"Stop thief," is the cry not entirely confined to the criminal classes. The counterpart of the trick is known in political circles, and is especially noticeable in the present course of the Democratic party respecting trusts. In President Cleveland's famous free trade message of last December, he warned the country of dangers of trusts and argued that they were the off-spring and result of the Protective system established by the Republican party. At the same time, while assailing in the wide sweep of his accusation almost every industrial interest in the North, the President was particularly careful to be silent respecting the enormous tariff on sugar. Out of $212,000,000 collected on importation of every kind last year over $58,000,000 came from sugar alone, which is equivalent to more than one-fourth of the Custom's revenue for the year. When Mr. Cleveland penned his message he knew that one of the largest trusts ever organized in the world, the sugar trust, was in full operation and that if a Protective tariff was helpful to that trust he was giving it all the aid, both official and personal, in his power. If the words of his message are true, is he himself responsible for levying these countless millions upon the pockets of all the consumers of this country for an article of universal use among the families of the land? Or was

MR. CLEVELAND'S SILENCE

the only boom which the sugar trust received when the Mills bill was under consideration? The President of the sugar trust, Mr. Havemeyer, a well known and active Democrat of New York City, appeared before the Ways and Means Committee, and according to the statement made in open Senate by Mr. Allison, of Iowa, obtained such an arrangement of duty as was equivalent to $6,000,000 in the pockets of the trust. [Sensation.] If, therefore, the price of sugar has been unduly advanced to the consumer, the responsible parties, according to the President's doctrine, are the President himself and the Ways and Means Committee, who concocted the Mills bill in the interest of that trust. I think, moreover, that wherever you find one of the necessities of life cornered and controlled by an association of men for the purpose of reaping undue profit, you will find the supporters of Mr. Cleveland at the head of the movement. We all know that a salt trust exists in this country and the man who is now at the head of it, openly and avowedly conducting its affairs is Wellington R. Burt, the present Democratic candidate for Governor of Michigan. Mr. Burt is earnestly advocating the removal of all duties on salt. This would seem another form of contradiction of the President's theory that Protection is the first cause of all trusts, and it likewise fully justifies the ground taken during this canvass that trust exist more freely in a free trade country than in a protective country, more freely in England than in the United States. I am, fortunately, able to give you

A PIECE OF INFORMATION

that has a strong bearing, I think, on Mr. Wellington R. Burt's salt trust. I hold in my hand a copy of the London *Timse* of September 5, from which I learn that they are forming a "salt trust" in England. The statement in the *Times* as quoted from the English papers locally interested is this:

"The efforts to form the great salt trust has succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations. All the Cheshire salt works have been provisionally acquired by a London syndicate represented by Messrs. Fowler & Co., solicitors, Westminster, and negotiations are proceeding favorably to purchase all the extensive works in Worcestershire and Durham. The capital required is fixed at three million pounds sterling and has been subscribed in advance many times over. In consequence of the monopoly thus created, it is expected that the price of common salt now sold at 2 shillings 6 pence will rise to 10 shillings."

Let me ask now if any man in Indiana believes that Mr. Wellington R. Burt's salt trust in the United States and this great salt trust in England are likely to prove rivals to each other? Do you think they will cut down prices and deprive each other of their respective profits when the English trust points out the way to increase the price of salt four fold at a single jump? Do you think Wellington R. Burt is the modest man to say no to a proposition to unite the two trusts? All stockholders on the ground floor are both united in an agreement to advance salt 300 per cent. to the consumer in Great Britian and the United States. [Applause and laughter.] Thus you see the danger apparently without a remedy that will follow an international trust organized on the basis of free trade.

* * * * * *

For years after the war closed the one demand of the Democracy, especially in the South, was for the destruction of the

INTERNAL REVENUE SYSTEM,

and first and last the outrageous taxes on whiskey and tobacco. They denounced them as war taxes to which no free people should submit in time of peace. [Cries of "They did!"] Well, gentlemen, the free traders, both North and South, soon saw that if the internal revenue system were abolished the country would necessarily rely for its revenue upon customs, as it had done for more than a generation preceding the war, and that if that were the case it would be difficult, if not impossible, to destroy the doctrine of protection, and so, under Mr. Cleveland, they have completely changed their ground and are for keeping up the internal revenue system and breaking down the protective feature of the tariff. The whiskey trust has thus risen financially and politically to national importance.

I know Democrats who declare that Mr. Randall, the able, upright and experienced speaker of the House, was driven from the chair, and Mr. John Carlisle, of Kentucky, was made his successor by a Democratic caucus controlled by the whiskey trust and under the whip and spur of its agents, Mr. Randall's alleged offense being that he would not aid in suspending the tax laws and postponing payment of tax on whiskey in bond when it seemed the interests of the trust to secure a postponement. The Democratic party have received large contributions from stockholders in the Standard Oil Trust at every critical election within the last five years, and are now relying upon the gracious continuance of that aid in the pending national crisis. So notorious was this interposition that the Ohio Legislature memorialized the Senate of the United States to cause an inquiry to be made into alleged corruption in the election of the last Democratic Senator from that State.

Some one will perhaps say the "steel rail trust." Well, if there be a steel rail trust it must be privately known to the Democrats who make the accusation, for it has certainly never been known to the public, and as a matter of fact, I believe only exists in Democratic imagination, or more probably in Democratic invention.

The wage-earners of the one State of Massachusetts have been able to save out of their earnings, and depasit in saving-banks, for use on rainy days. more money than have all the wage-earners in Great Britain and Ireland together. They have done this, too, under a protective tariff. The one fact is the whole protective system in a nutshell, and is of more practical value as an argument in political economy than all the theories in the world. Give it to the first revenue reformer who wants to argue his case with you. He can't get over it if he talks all day, and you need to add nothing to it, unless you say that General Harrison not only represents this brand of protection, but that he also represents the best mind, manner and manhood of American life.

Congressman Bayne, of Pennsyl. vania, thus outlines the difference between this campaign and that of four years ago: "In 1884 it was said that there was no difference between the two great parties; that there was no issue. This led many earnest temperance people to declare what they thought the great issue should be, and they voted for prohibition. But these people have other interests, There is an issue, a very clear issue—this year, in it. As Republicans they will vote with us, and the loss to the prohibition vote will be a gain for Harrison."

Campaign Echoes.

The Mills of the Democratic party may grind the protective tariff a little slow, but he intends to grind it exceedingly fine.—*Sidney, O., Journal.*

Had General Harrison never been heard of before, his wise and prudent course since his nomination would commend him to the acceptance of all patriotic citizens.—*Springfield, Ill., Republican.*

"Hello! Brother Jonathan." "Hello, John Bull," comes over the telephone. Then says John Bull to Uncle Sam, "Let my goods in free and your workingmen will have more time for visiting.—*Chester, Pa., News.*

So far General Harrison has not made a single blunder, while he has shown a versatility, readiness, felicity and fertility in apt illustrations, and epigrammatic point and power, that have made him the most efficient of all the speakers in the campaign.—*Little Falls, N. Y., Journal.*

The farmers are a thoughtful class of citizens. They vote with their eyes open, and the party which is in the right can always count upon their suffrages. As the Republican party is right the farmers quite naturally are Republicans.—*Camden, N. J., Courier.*

The speeches that are being delivered by General Harrison are models of calm, sober and intelligent thought. They reveal the strong personality of the man and set forth with proof unassailable his superior fitness for the high office for which he is the nominee.—*Frederick, Md., Times.*

General Harrison has made many speeches during the present canvass, and has said more in a few words than any man now in public life. He has discussed all the leading political questions and every speech he made raised him in the estimation of the American people.—*Zanesville, Ohio, Courier.*

Our list of the men in this county who voted for General Harrison in 1840 and will vote for General Harrison in 1888 being almost completed (it numbers 335), the time has arrived to begin that other list composed of those who voted for Van Buren in 1840 and will vote for Gen. Ben. Harrison this fall. Send in the names!—*Ithica, New York, Journal.*

President Harrison is a child in politics. He don't understand how to lay the pipes or pull the wires. He is an honest, honorable, truthful man. He is a plain man, speaks in plain terms, says what he believes and believes what he says. With him "yes" means yes, and "no" means no. He has nothing of the sleek politician about him.—*Zanesville, O., Courier.*

"Reading," says Bacon, "makes a full man," and a full man, with a well-disciplined mind, always has something to say. Hence the readiness with which General Harrison meets every emergency of the campaign without the necessity of paraphrasing the cyclopedia, and with good plain every-day Hoosier common sense to regulate the evolution of his thoughts, the possibility of "slopping over" never occurs to him or his friends.—*Cedar Rapids Republican.*

St. Louis *Globe Democrat*: General Harrison leaves no room for doubt as to where he stands upon the question of our business relations with England. He has a vivid recollection of the fact that "the offer of free trade by the Confederacy so touched the commercial greed" of our English cousins that they did all they could to promote the success of the rebellion—which is of itself a sufficient reason, in his judgment, why we should not be guided by English desires and arguments in the adjustment of our tariff system and the regulation of our industrial philosophy.

"Whatever may be the issue of the trouble between Hill and Cleveland," observes the New York *Independent*, "there is no question that a revolt of large dimensions from the Democratic national ticket and platform, is quietly proceeding throughout the State. There are thousands of voters who are going to reject both Cleveland and Hill and the policies they represent, and vote for candidates against whom no man can allege anything. Harrison and Morton and Miller are men of whom the country may be proud, and they represent policies which the pure and the patriotic delight to approve."

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

IF WE COULD KNOW.

If we could only always know
The heart of him we think our foe,
What love and pity we had shown!
If we had known
The circumstances of his life,
His good resolves, his inward strife!
How tender then our hearts had grown
If we had known!

If we could know that when we pray
God hears and heeds each word we say,
And pities us, and loves us so—
If we could know,
O! what sweet rest the heart would feel!
What sense of rest would o'er us steal!
What loving words from hearts would flow
If we could know!

If we had known while on life's way,
With loved one walking day by day,
Death's shadow hovered 'round our home—
If we had known,
How we'd have sheltered that dear head!
And unkind word had ne'er been said,
How sweet our smile! how soft our tone
If we had known!

If we could only know to-day
That loved ones who have gone away
Still care and love on us bestow—
If we could know
That those who loved us and have died
Are sometimes standing by our side,
Life's journey then with joy we'd go
If we could know.

—*Mrs. M. S. Sutfin, in Inter Ocean.*

MY INHERITANCE.

How, Upon Search, It Proved Worth Possessing.

"If Mr. Frank Heathcote will call on Messrs. Pounce, Parchment & Co., Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, he will hear of something to his advantage." This brief note in a legal hand astonished me, the above-named Frank Heathcote, one morning on sitting down to a modest breakfast. To hear of *any thing* to my advantage was surprising and delightful, as I was unfortunately one of the unemployed, with little expectation of something turning up.

An hour or two later saw me searching in Lincoln's Inn for the offices of Pounce & Co. On finding the house, I duly presented myself. Mr. Pounce had not arrived; but would I step in and see Mr. Parchment? The lawyer did not belie his name, for I have seldom seen so dry and yellow-looking a man. On presenting my note, Mr. Parchment surveyed me in silence for a few minutes.

"So you are the nephew of the late Mr. Horace Oldcastle, young gentleman, I presume?"

I replied I had that honor.

"Allow me to congratulate you on your good fortune," said the lawyer, with a lurking smile.

Opening a desk, he produced the copy of a will, by which my lamented uncle left me Hernmere Place, an old Hall in Sussex, on condition that I should occupy it.

"Pray, sir," said I, "can you give me any information respecting this property?" for, truth to tell, my uncle had never invited me to see him, and I had only an indistinct recollection of the old gentleman.

"The Hall," replied the lawyer, "is an interesting place from an artist's point of view; but the situation is just a trifle secluded; and the building is, I am afraid, a little out of repair; but a small outlay would render it habitable, and doubtless you will soon get over the loneliness."

Being furnished with the necessary credentials, and agreeable to the terms of the will, I set out for Sussex. Upon inquiry, I found that Hernmere Place was some five or six miles from the nearest railway station; so, having my effects packed in a knapsack, I thought I might as well walk that distance. The way lay along a beautiful bend of the South Downs. The season was spring, and the cool breeze that came sweeping over the hills was most exhilarating and laden with perfume. After climbing a long gradual ascent that wound round a spur of the Downs, I reached the summit. The view that opened out was wild and splendid. Long slopes of flower-spangled turf alternated with dense patches of furze; while on every side the ground rose and fell in wave-like swells. Near at hand, a shepherd was watching a large flock of sheep, the tinkling of whose bells sounded quite musical. In the far distance the sea sparkled under the keen bright sky. Overhead, light, fleecy clouds floated peacefully, while two larks made melody.

On asking the shepherd the way to Hernmere Place, he directed me in the quaint dialect of the district. Keeping his directions in view, I soo n came to the rusty gate of Hernmere Place. The house was of brick, in the Tudor style, and, from the signs of decay, evidently of great age. A moss-covered buttressed wall extended on both sides of the gate and shut in the front of the house completely.

Entering, I came to what had once been the lawn, but was now a wilderness of weeds. The path leading to the Hall door was damp and grass-grown; and the aspect of the whole place was picturesque, but melancholy. There was no sign of life or welcome in the old house, many of the window shutters being closed. The walls were blotched and lichen-covered, and in some places long straggling branches of ivy hung in neglected festoons. Going round the house, I came to a tangled and overgrown garden, at the farther side of which, through an open wicket, I could make out an old man busy with a small patch of vegetables. On presenting myself to this venerable person, who was the custodian, Griggs by name, I was welcomed in a somewhat peculiar manner. My new acquaintance first rummaged in the pocket of his coat, which lay on a wheelbarrow, and produced an antique pair of spectacles, which he presently adjusted. Looking me very attentively in the face for some time, he at length said: "You be main loike old Muster Oldcastle. I moined him well when he was as young as you.—But walk in, sir, and my missus will get you a bit of summat to eat." Putting on his coat, the old fellow hobbled up the steps leading to the garden-door of the house.

Inside, the signs of age were if any thing more apparent. The old wainscoted passage was hung with cobwebs, and our footsteps echoed loudly along the stone floor. Passing up a twisted staircase, we entered a small room on the first floor.

"This was the room in which your uncle spent most of his time, and it was here he died," said Griggs.

I gazed around, and felt a sense of dread creep over me. The walls were paneled with dark oak; along one side was an old cabinet, black with age, and on a shelf above it was arranged a small collection of ancient-looking books. Close to the window was a writing-table, on which stood an old desk. A few highbacked chairs were placed by the walls, and some ancestral portraits looked down with eyes that seemed to follow my every movement. By the fire-place stood a capacious arm-chair, shut in with an old screen covered with stamped leather.

The view from the window was very striking. Beyond the garden lay a large pool of water, surrounded by drooping trees and bushes, and fringed with a tangled growth of rank weeds. The afternoon had become suddenly overcast, and dense masses of cloud were rolling up; while a cold wind ruffled the surface of the water and tossed about the trees growing around. Beyond the pool was a flat marshy valley, on the opposite side of which a range of hills shut in the view.

Meanwhile Mrs. Griggs, an ancient dame of gnarled and knotted aspect, was endeavoring to make a fire blaze in the rusty grate. Accomplishing this, in course of time a plain meal was set before me, and I was left in peace to discuss it. The walk having given me a fine appetite, I fell to, nothing loth. When I had finished, I made a closer inspection of the contents of the room. A cupboard in the wall was filled with old lumber of various descriptions. Opening the cabinet with one of the keys given to me by the lawyer, I found drawers filled with old accounts done up in a methodical manner, a pair of silver-mounted pistols of a bygone date, some odds and ends of curiosities, but nothing of any special interest or value. At length I opened a small drawer with the smallest key of the bunch, and took out a sealed packet, which was addressed to me. Unfastening it eagerly, I found it to contain a miniature of a lady and child, and also a short letter, which ran as follows:

NEPHEW FRANK—I leave you the old house, which has been in our family since it was built. Though it is desolate enough now, it once echoed the voices of those very dear to me. See that you do not suffer any thing to be destroyed. I parted in anger with your mother, my only sister; but now would prove if you, the only remaining descendant of the old house, are worthy to bring back its former state. Patience and perseverance are necessary; but if you strive, you will in the end be rewarded. My blessing rest on you, if you obey. HORACE OLDCASTLE.

After reading the letter several times, I rang for old Griggs, to try to get some information about my uncle.

"He were a close man, were Muster Oldcastle," said he, "living here by himself since his wife and child died years ago. He left the old place exactly as it was when they were alive, and could not bear to see strangers. My idea is that the trouble made him a bit queer. He caused the west wing to be shut up; and they do say as some of the old Oldcastles walks there. I never see any of 'm; but there's strange noises o' nights."

I made an inspection of the house and pitched upon a bedroom next to my uncle's study as being most convenient. Mrs. Griggs lit a fire there, and bringing in some bedclothes, made the room in a little while as comfortable as circumstances would permit. The wind had now increased to a gale, and heavy drops of rain dashed against the window. Returning to my uncle's study, I settled myself before the fire to enjoy a snug evening before turning in for the night. The old couple, who occupied some rooms in a distant part of the house, having retired, I felt myself cut off from the world. A pair of candles flickered on the table, and the changeful light of the fire lit up and threw into gloom the dark walls and furniture. Taking a book, I was soon deep in its pages. It was an old collection of legends and romances of Spain. One tale took my fancy. It related how a certain Don Alfonso made a search in the Alhambra in Granada and how, after many strange adventures, at length was successful in breaking the charm that held a great treasure guarded by enchanted Moors, and became possessed of the whole. I became deeply interested in the old world legends. After awhile I closed the book, and leaning back in my chair, fell into a brown-study. Suddenly I became aware of a strange thing. An old man, whom I knew to be my uncle, though I had only seen him once years ago, was standing by the cabinet, looking intently at the books on the shelf. I stared at him with all my eyes, and yet, though full of amazement, I felt no fear. After a short time he took down a book, opened it, and seemed to make a mark inside. He then replaced it, and took down the next, and, by slow degrees, went through most of the library. Suddenly, I heard a loud knock at the door, and breaking the spell that held me, I started up and confronted Mrs. Griggs. Turning to the cabinet, I saw no one there; the books were on the shelf, and I noticed the empty space from which I had taken the Spanish legends. For a time I could do nothing but stare at Mrs. Griggs, who kept courtesying and asking me if I would take any supper. Asking her if any one was in the house except her husband, she said no, and that the door had been locked for more than an hour.

Dismissing the old woman with a good-night, I seated myself by the fire, and on thinking quietly over the strange event, came to the conclusion that I must have fallen asleep and dreamt it.

A sudden thought struck me that perhaps I might find something in the books about which my uncle had seemed so busy. Looking at the backs, I saw that each book was marked with a letter stamped in gold under the title. Beginning at the left hand volume, which was marked A, each was marked in alphabetical order, ending with the last volume Z. Looking over the pages of the first volume, I could find nothing written in it, the only mark being a red cross on one of the leaves. Reading this particular part threw no light on the mystery, as the text related to legal matters about the possession of land. Having no more relish for reading that night, I retired to my bed in the next room, and soon forgot my uncle in a sound sleep.

In the morning I rose early, greatly refreshed, and strolled out to view my domain. The sun shone brightly, and it was impossible to feel gloomy under the clear fresh sky, with the sweet breeze playing over the peaceful hills. Returning, after a short walk, to breakfast, I then set myself to consider my position and arrange matters as to my new mode of life. I had been left, some few years back, with an allowance which barely sufficed to keep me, but had unfortunately been put to no profession. The outlook was not promising, and I did not feel very hopeful regarding my future. To try and cheer myself up, I made a tour over the old house. The rooms were mostly in a state of decay; but the furniture and decorations, in spite of the ravages of time, were handsome, and showed that my ancestors kept great state at one time. My uncle was reputed to have been very rich, but what he did with his money was a mystery, for he had only left some paltry legacies. The west wing of the house had been shut up for years, in consequence of some dreadful occurrence which had happened there. I did not care to investigate the gloomy chambers.

As time went on, I became more resigned to my new home, but still found it very dull; and my occupations being so limited, the days dragged slowly by. I made a few acquaintances, but found no congenial companion to fill up my empty hours. Spring blossomed into summer, and summer, with all its beauty, mellowed into autumn, when an event occurred which turned the current of my life.

One morning in September I received a letter from Tom Saxon, an old chum and schoolfellow, saying he would like to spend a few weeks with me in Sussex, if agreeable. I was delighted for two reasons: because Tom was a good fellow; and because Tom's pretty sister Clara and I were waiting till my prospects would entitle me to hope for a favorable reception at the hands of Mr. Saxon senior. I was in a fever of impatience to meet Tom. I went to the station long before the train was due, and when it did come in, I could have rushed into his arms. After dinner our time was taken up with questions and answers on both sides.

"By the by, Frank," said Tom, suddenly, "you mentioned something strange about your first night here—connected with your uncle. Tell me all about it."

He listened attentively whilst I related my dream. When I had finished, he rose, and going to the cabinet, took one of the books from the shelf. He looked over it carefully and then inspected more of the volumes. When he had spent some time in this way, he came back to the fire with a disappointed look.

"Can't make any thing out of the books," said he, standing with his back to the blaze and with his hands thrust deep in his pockets, "except that the old boy had a peculiar fancy to letter the backs of the volumes with the alphabet instead of numbering them. Some of the pages are marked with a red cross, but the matter on them don't appear to throw any light on the subject."

After giving vent to his feelings in several vigorous pulls at his pipe, Tom fixed his eyes thoughtfully on the old desk on the table. "This seems a curious desk. Perhaps you may have overlooked some clue to the mystery contained in it. Would you mind me looking into it?"

I opened the desk, but we could find nothing of consequence in it.

"You haven't looked in the secret drawer," said Tom. "All desks have one. Let me try my hand." Suiting the action to the word, he gave the bottom of the desk such a blow that a small compartment which had escaped my notice flew open and something fell with a ringing sound on the floor. Tom uttered a satisfied sound, and picked up a key of curious and antique workmanship. "This will most likely unlock the mystery, since your uncle seems to have put it away so carefully."

We started on a voyage of discovery over the old house. Many of the cupboards and boxes were unlocked; and those which were fastened could be opened by some of the keys with which the lawyer had furnished me. After a long hunt, we gave the thing up as a bad job. Tired out, we retired to rest, and fogot our disappointment in sleep.

Next morning, after breakfast, Tom commenced a sketch of the front of the mansion, at which he worked hard till dinner time. In the afternoon we went for a walk. Thus a week went by, varied only by a little fishing in the pool. The picture was finished, and another begun. One afternoon, Tom said he should like to have another shy at the mysterious library. "I have been thinking it over all the week, and I fancy I have made a discovery. You will notice, on looking through the books carefully, only one page in each is marked, and that all the marks occur in the first score or so of leaves in each volume. Now, what set me thinking was the whim of your uncle having the alphabet marked on the backs of the books. This one marked A is crossed under the number of page 19; the next book, B, under number 5; C, under number 1; D, under number 18; E, under number 3; and F under number 8. Now, taking the numbers of the pages to represent corresponding letters of the alphabet, we get the word SEARCH. I haven't got any further yet, but we must work it out together."

I jumped up and seized Tom's hand. "You have hit it now for certain, my dear fellow."

"Don't be premature. It may only turn out a mare's nest after all. However, here goes to get at the root of the matter."

Working eagerly, yet carefully, through all the volumes, we got the following results. Numbers of pages marked with the red cross, and the corresponding letters:

19, 5, 1, 18, 3, 8, 3, 1, 18, 5, 6, 21, 12, 12, 25,
S E A R C H C A R E F U L L Y
20, 8, 5, 7, 15, 12, 4, 18, 15, 15, 13.
T H E G O L D R O O M.

"Well," said Tom, when we had made out the above, "this certainly looks like a find. Let us set about examining this same Gold Room at once."

There was a chamber on the second floor of the house having the walls covered with leather, on which a great number of elaborate designs were stamped in gold; hence its name. We hurried to this room and set to work to try and discover the secret. There was scarcely any furniture; what there was, we carefully examined, but to no purpose.

"Never say die," said Tom. "We must now try the walls." He commenced tapping and feeling in all the odd corners; went into a cupboard, tried the window-seats; and, as a last resource, turned his attention to the chimney-piece, which was very large and highly carved. The mantel was high, and projected a good way over the hearth. The panels on either side were ornamented with grotesque figures cut in bold relief. Tom looked up the chimney, rapped the wood-work, and pried into each little nook. I was similarly engaged, but with no success. An exclamation from Tom caused me to rush to his side, when I saw him pushing at a small grotesque head, enclosed in a wreath of leaves and flowers. "This seems to give a little, Frank," said he; and exerting his whole strength, the projection sank into the panel, which slid a little to one side and disclosed a dark opening.

"Stop here a moment, Tom," said I, highly excited, "while I get a light. We must be on the eve of a great discovery." Hurrying down stairs, I got old Griggs to light a lantern; and snatching up a chisel and a hammer, made my way back as fast as I could.

We forced the panel far enough to allow us to enter, and groped our way along a dark, musty-smelling passage, only feebly illuminated by the lantern. Stumbling along in what seemed nearly one direction we came to a steep flight of stairs, evidently built in the thickness of the wall, and ending in a small door, at which we stopped. Feeling no latch, we gave a simultaneous heave, and, bursting the obstacle, fell forward into a room. Recovering ourselves, we searched about on the floor for the lantern, which we discovered in a crushed condition, and the light extinguished.

"Here's a pretty go!" cried Tom. "It's so dark we can't find any thing. One of us had better go back and fetch a light." I volunteered to stay. Tom felt his way slowly down the stairs, and after what seemed an age, returned with a candle and a box of matches.

"I wouldn't trouble Griggs," said he. "I got these from my bedroom, as we had better manage this business quietly by ourselves."

We gazed about in a bewildered way on the room we had discovered. It seemed to be close under the roof, and, from the direction of the passage, was evidently in the west wing of the house. The walls and floor were covered with dust; and the little air the place contained came through a small grating over the top of the door. In one corner, fastened to the floor by strong iron clamps, was a ponderous-looking oak chest, girt with bands of iron, studded with nails, and fastened with a curiously-ornamented lock.

"I have it!" said Tom. "That curious key we found in the desk will very likely fit this lock; the ornamentation seems very similar in design."

In a few minutes I returned with the key, and after a vigorous wrench, managed to unlock the chest. We pushed open the heavy lid, and a perfect mine of wealth was disclosed to us. My uncle must have had an old-fashioned prejudice against banks, for here was evidently the hoarded riches of years, stowed away in a secret chamber, and further protected by being in the part of the house supposed to be haunted. In the chest we also found a letter, addressed to me:

DEAR NEPHEW—If you find this money, as I believe you will, take it as the reward for obeying my wishes. As the Hall has been in our family since its foundation, I solemnly charge you to adopt the name of Oldcastle; and may the old line be revived in you—Your loving uncle.
HORACE OLDCASTLE.

This letter was dated only a few weeks before my uncle's death; and it seemed strange and sad to be hearing as it were, the words of a dead man in that dark and ghostly chamber.

With the help of Tom I was soon placed on a friendly footing with his father, and the dreariness of the past was forgotten in the light that beamed from Clara's dear eyes.

We had a regular cleaning and polishing up of Hernmere Place; the west wing was thrown open to the light of day; and a few months after saw Clara enthroned as mistress of the old Hall.

My uncle has never again visited me in my dreams, and this I take to be a proof of his satisfaction with the way in which I have carried out his wishes.—*Chamber's Journal.*

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

An Interesting Bit of Advice Imparted by Professor Blackie.

Never whip your brain. All high pressure is dangerous. Study to think as easily and as quietly as you breathe. Never force yourself to learn what you have no talent for. Knowledge without love will remain a lifeless manufacture—not a living growth. Be content to be ignorant of many things, that you may know one thing well, and that the thing which God specially endowed you to know. It requires fire to fuse the materials of thinking, no less than to melt the iron in the foundry.

But remember this—however strong you may be, physically, to strike a blow, and however sharp, intellectually, to recognize a fact and discern a difference, your success in the game of life depends on the serious culture which you give to the third formative force in human character—your moral nature; and of the rightful supremacy of this element the comprehensive expression is found in the single word, love. On this all prophets, poets and philosophers are agreed. St. Paul says: "Love is the fulfilling of the law." Burns says:

The heart's aye, the part aye,
That makes us richt or wrang.

And Goethe more largely—

The bazar on splendid trash,
Tempts the buyer to spend his cash.
He who goes to learned college
Comes home crammed with empty knowledge;
But if true bliss you wish to brook,
Learn to live in quiet nook;
If your every vein you strain,
To fill the mind with various lore,
'Tis well; but how to use your lore,
The better wisdom—this to gain,
You must knock at another door.
Nor have you far to search and seek;
Let the God within you speak;
Love all things that lovely be,
And God will show his best to thee.

How is this? For two plain reasons—(1) because it is only by loving or sympathetically laying hold of that which is good in others, that we can enlarge the narrowness and enrich the meagerness of our individual selves; (2) because without love a man is a self-confined mortal and can not stand in any co-operative relation to a social whole, composed of mutually dependent parts. Therefore, let every man measure his value as a social unit not so much by his power of knowing, as by his capacity of loving. Love, no doubt in a reasonable world, must always be accompanied with knowledge; love with knowledge is wisdom; but it is better for all parties in the social system to have much love with little knowledge than to have much knowledge with little love.

But how is love to manifest itself? In the simplest way possible. By carrying out in practice what, as an ethical thinker and a Christian, you must believe in theory; by treating every man as a brother—as good as yourself, and perhaps a little better. Stamp out that bias of mind, so natural to all finite creatures, which leads them to overestimate their own good qualities—real or imaginary—and underestimate those of their neighbor. Avoid criticism, especially that species of it which delights in finding faults. Seek in all things to enjoy what is good, and let the evil drop, and, if you will judge, begin with yourself, following Schiller's rule: "Judge yourself severely; your neighbor leniently." Further, seize every opportunity of performing acts of kindness, however small, to your fellow-beings, especially to your inferiors (Rom. xii., 16). Be like the sun, ever-giving and ever-dispensing, witching blossoms out of the buds, by the light and warmth of its rays, and even, as Shakspeare has it, kissing carrion without offense.

Love, in its common form, exhibits itself in an interchange of kindred sentiments and kindly deeds among equals; when directed towards inferiors, it is elevated into reverence, and culminates in worship. There may be much amiability, but no true greatness of character without reverence. As we gain a notion of the grandeur of the physical world by looking from the low ground up to the sky-cleaving chains of the Alps or the Andes, so our measure of moral greatness grows by the admiring contemplation of what is above us. This is what Plato meant when he called wonder a philosophic affection. Though any fool may gape at an air balloon, the man who does not cherish a habitual wonder for the grandeur of the universe is like a deaf man who does not hear the thunder, or a blind man who can not see the sun.—*Young Man.*

—In Denmark girls are trained to agriculture, but in America they take more kindly to husbandry.—*St. Paul Globe.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A fisherman will always be found reeling a great deal when the fishing is good. Perhaps it is the bait.—*Boston Post.*

—Husband—"You are not the cook my mother use to be, my dear." Wife—"No, John, fortunately. You musn't forget that your father died of dyspepsia."—*Texas Siftings.*

—If a man knew as much when he is sober as he thinks he does when drunk, Solomon's sayings would be nowhere compared with his wisdom.—*Springfield Union.*

—Some girls go to boarding-school to learn how to board. When graduated they marry and do not keep house. A few housekeeping and finishing schools would be useful.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—"Your singing is delightful, Miss Ethel," said Mr. Bore. "It fairly carries me away." "Indeed," returned Miss Ethel, with a yearning glance at the clock, "I hadn't noticed it."

—A Philadelphia paper, in an article on household economy, asked: "Is there a wife in this city to-day that makes her husband's shirts?" The following answer was received by return mail: "I do, but he won't wear 'em."

—An Independent is a man who leaves the other party to join our party. A renegade is a man who leaves our party to join the other. An offensive partisan is a man who belongs to the other party and sticks to it.—*Boston Transcript.*

—"Yes," said a lecturer in a country town to a large and intelligent audience, "the people of the United States owe more to the newspapers than to any other cause for their advancement." And the editor remarked parenthetically and pathetically: "You bet they do if subscribers elsewhere are any thing like mine."—*Washington Critic.*

—Chicago man—"Ah, ah! Lost some more money through a Boston firm! I'm not surprised. Now, you have large dealings in Chicago, and some folks say Chicago business men are tricky. Did you ever lose anything through a Chicago firm?" Philadelphia man—"N-o, I never did." "Hoopla! I know it. Never lost a cent there, did you?" "No. In dealing with Chicago men I have invariably demanded cash in advance."—*Philadelphia Record.*

—"Why, Mrs. Hashhouse, you surprise me; I never saw wine on your table before. Is it to be a regular attribute of your dinner service?" "Well, really, Mr. Slowpay, I can hardly promise you that. You see, I have an idea that wine, if chosen to fit an emergency, may stimulate in a special direction." "Ah, yes, I see. Then you think I need stimulating? Very thoughtful of you, indeed. And this wine you have chosen for me is a—a—Bordeaux?" "Precisely, board-owe, Mr. Slowpay. Do you absorb?"—*Yonkers Gazette.*

STRANGE DISCOVERIES.

The Tomb of Madoc ap Gryffyddmaelor, a Great Welsh Warrior.

Great interest has been excited in North Wales by the announcement that the tomb of Madoc ap Gryffyddmaelor, a great Welsh warrior in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, grandson of Owen Gwynedd, Prince of Wales, had been discovered in the ruins of Walle Crucis abbey, Llangollen. Rev. H. T. Owen, warden of the abbey, who is now engaged upon some excavations, was searching for old stained glass in the dormitory, when he disinterred a large stone slab bearing the name of Madoc and an inscription which has not yet been fully deciphered. Down the center of the stone is an incised sword in sheath. Further excavations led to the discovery of four other stones, each about five feet by eighteen inches; two bear florated crosses, one an inscribed spear, and the other a Grecian ornament. The stones form part of the vaulting of the corridor leading to the old burial-ground of the monks. The warrior founded the abbey, which was a Cistercian monastery, about the year 1200. After the venerable building became a ruin, the chapter-house and scriptorium were used for several generations as a farmstead, and were practically destroyed by fire. During the repairs it is conjectured that the stones of Madoc's tomb were used to complete the vaulting. In 1861 the debris covering the area of the abbey was removed by Lord Dungannon, and the tombs of benefactors buried in front of the high altar, the figure of a knight in chain armor, and a stone coffin, were laid bare. During the excavations of last year the monk's well and spring were discovered.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

He Was a Clam, Sure Enough.

"Laura," exclaimed the youth, as he laid his arm timidly on the back of her chair, "now that you have promised to be mine it surely does not seem like asking too much if I——"

"Well, George?"

George took her hand in his, swallowed once or twice spasmodically, and proceeded:

"As your affianced husband, Laura, whom you will some day promise in the sight of high Heaven to love, honor, and—er—cherish, you will not think me presuming, dearest, I hope, if—if——"

"Well, George?"

"——If I venture to claim the privilege of a k—of a kiss!"

The lovely maiden laid her head trustingly on the young man's shoulder, a tender light shone in her dreamy eyes, and her fragrant breath swept the cheek of the rapturous lover as she softly murmured:

"George, don't be a clam!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

"DOCTORING OLD TIME."

A Striking Picture—A Revival of Old Time Simplicities.

In one of Harper's issues is given a very fine illustration of Roberts' celebrated painting, known as "Doctoring Old Time." It represents a typical old-timer, with his bellows, blowing the dust from an ancient clock, with its cords and weights carefully secured. One of these clocks in this generation is appreciated only as a rare relic.

The suggestive name, "Doctoring Old Time," brings to our mind another version of the title, used for another purpose,—"Old Time Doctoring."

We learn, through a reliable source, that one of the enterprising proprietary medicine firms of the country, has been for years investigating the formulas and medical preparations used in the beginning of this century, and even before, with a view of ascertaining why people in our great-grandfathers' time enjoyed a health and physical vigor so seldom found in the present generation. They now think they have secured the secret or secrets. They find that the prevailing opinion that then existed, that "Nature has a remedy for every existing disorder," was true, and acting under this belief, our grandparents used the common herbs and plants. Continual trespass upon the forest domain, has made these herbs less abundant and has driven them further from civilization, until they have been discarded, as remedial agents because of the difficulty of obtaining them.

H. H. Warner, proprietor of Warner's safe cure and founder of the Warner observatory, Rochester, N. Y., has been pressing investigations in this direction, into the annals of old family histories, until he has secured some very valuable formulas, from which his firm is now preparing medicines, to be sold by all druggists.

They will, we learn, be known under the general title of "Warner's Log Cabin remedies." Among these medicines will be a "sarsaparilla," for the blood and liver, "Log Cabin hops and buchu remedy," for the stomach, etc., "Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy," "Log Cabin hair tonic," "Log Cabin extract," for internal and external use, and an old valuable discovery for catarrh, called "Log Cabin rose cream." Among the list is also a "Log Cabin plaster," and a "Log Cabin liver pill."

From the number of remedies, it will be seen that they do not propose to cure all diseases with one preparation. It is believed by many that with these remedies a new era is to dawn upon suffering humanity and that the close of the nineteenth century will see these roots and herbs, as compounded under the title of Warner's Log Cabin remedies, as popular as they were at its beginning. Although they come in the form of proprietary medicines, yet they will be none the less welcome, for suffering humanity has become tired of modern doctoring and the public has great confidence in any remedies put up by the firm of which H. H. Warner is the head. The people have become suspicious of the effects of doctoring with poisonous drugs. Few realize the injurious effects following the prescriptions of many modern physicians. These effects of poisonous drugs, already prominent, will become more pronounced in coming generations. Therefore we can cordially wish the old-fashioned new remedies the best of success.

THE OYSTER'S SHELL.

The Process of Its Growth Described by a Learned Professor.

Prof. Samuel Lockwood, in a lecture before the New York Microscopic Society, answered the question which is asked by the fool in King Lear, "Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?"

He starts with the hinge end, at the spot known to conchologists as the umbo. "A small plate or single scale now represents each valve, and that is the first season's growth. The next season a new growth or plate shoots out from underneath the first one, just as shingles do.

"The oystermen call these laps or plates 'shoots,' and they claim the number of shoots indicates the years of the oyster. They certainly do contain a record of the seasons, showing the slow-growing and the fast-growing seasons.

"I have likened these shoots to shingles. Now, at the gable of a house the shihgles may be seen edgewise; so on the side of an oyster-shell is a series of lines. This is the edge-wise view of the shoots or season-growths.

"Another factor is the purple spot or scar in the interior of the shell. It is the place of attachment of the abductor muscle. Its first place of attachment was close up to the hinge. Had it stayed there until the shell had become adult, how difficult would be the task of pulling the valves together! The leverage to be overcome would be so great; for we must bear in mind the fact that at the fringe end the valves are held by this black ligament, which is in life elastic, swelling when the shell opens, and being compressed when the animal draws the valves together. So, with every year's growth or elongation of the shell, the mollusk moves the place of attachment of the muscles onward—that is in advance farther from the hinge. As it does so, it covers up with white nacre all the scars that are back of the one in actual use as the point of attachment of the muscle."

To make the similitude of the oyster's shoots or season-growths with the shingles on a roof complete, "it would be necessary for the bottom shingle on the roof to underlie all the rest of the series; so of the second, and so on with the rest. In this way lie the shoots or laps of the oyster's shell. The last one deposited underlies them all, and every one terminates at the channel in the bill; so that this groove in the bill contains a series of transverse lines, each one marking a season or a year.

"Thus we get really four factors for the solution of the question 'How old is the oyster?' all of which are the outcome of the method or way of making the shell."—*Golden Days.*

An Ambitious Youth.

Johnny—Pa, When I grow up I'm going to be a candidate.

Pa—Why, my son?

"Because I want to play music."

"Play music?"

"Yes, didn't you say that every candidate had his organ? One of these mouth harmonicas is what I want.'—*Youth's Companion.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Dry earth, perfectly free from moisture, is excellent for use in bins for storing turnips and other root crops.

—Nothing is gained by letting oats stand to get dead ripe before cutting, while there is real loss in shelling and straw grown woody.

—Lack of alkali in a soil is denoted by soft, weak, easily crushed straw in growing crops, and the remedy should be immediate. Lime, wood ashes or potash is needed.

—A small herd of cattle that have been carefully selected with the purpose of obtaining the most desirable points, is better and more profitable than a large herd composed of all sorts.

—Parsnips and carrots are not injured if stored outside in mounds, and in sections where the winters are not severe they may be left in the rows, with only a slight covering. The proper way to store them however, is in a cellar, in bins, so as to easily handle them when they are wanted for feeding.

—Peach Fritters: Make a batter of one coffee cup of sweet milk, two eggs, a spoonful of butter, a pinch of salt, and a level teaspoonful of baking powder. Thicken to a firm batter with flour, and, lastly, stir in the frothed whites of the two eggs. Dip the peaches, pared and halved, into this batter with a fork, piece by piece, and fry, a delicate brown, in clear, hot drippings.

—Beef Patties: Chop fine and season highly; make a gravy by browning one tablespoonful of flour and adding boiling water until it is thin enough; then put in the meat, cover the pan and stew gently, while you make a nice pastry, not too rich; cut into tart shapes and bake; when ready to serve fill your tarts with the mixture and serve on hot plates.

—How to Cook Round Steak: Chop it very fine and scrape it free from sinews. Then season with salt, cayenne, minced parsley, onion and the beaten yelk of an egg, and make up into little, flat cakes. These are to be fried in dripping until cooked through and beautifully browned on both sides, and the gravy poured over them. A nicely poached egg on a bit of inviting toast should be helped with each meat cake.

—Blackberry Cordial: Heat the berries to the boiling point, then mash them and cook slowly half an hour, then strain in the juice through a piece of cheese cloth; measure it and put in a clean kettle. To one quart of the juice add one-half pint of sugar, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-fourth teaspoonful of cloves and half a nutmeg grated. Boil half an hour and let the liquid cool. Put away in a cool place. This cordial is an excellent medicine.

FOOD ADULTERATION.

An Offense Against Public Health Which Should be Punished Severely.

The pure-food movement is one of no small consequence to the general public. Few realize the extent to which adulteration is practiced, or properly estimate the peril with which the community is thus threatened. The most ingenious tricks are employed to increase quantity without regard to quality, until nearly every commodity entering into household consumption is subject to adulteration. In fact all such articles may be looked upon with distrust, unless purchased of reputable, long established houses who take a just pride in catering to and retaining the cream of the custom. But the poorer classes do not patronize such establishments for obvious reasons, and it is this vast number which needs protection from dishonest dealers in inferior goods. Teas, coffees, spices, sugar, molasses, lard, butter and many other of the common necessaries of life are tampered with, regardless of the moral question of dishonesty or the physical question of effect upon the consumers.

Of course, the milk that is fed to the poor man's babe should be as sweet and wholesome as though it were sipped by a millionaire's pet, and in a word, it should be made impossible to procure provisions containing inferior and dangerous ingredients. The safety of the public health alone demands this, to say nothing of other and less selfish reasons. It is in this view gratifying to observe the attention being paid in many of the States to the subject of food adulteration. It is a delicate matter for the General Government to legislate upon, on account of interference with the States, although Congress did take up the butter abuse and enact a strict oleomargarine law. But the States themselves are awakening to the necessity or prohibiting the dealing in dishonest food.

According to the report of the Massachusetts Board of Health, during the past year, nearly five thousand samples taken from articles of food and drugs offered in open market have been analyzed by the State authorities and more than one-third of the number found to be either adulterated or debased below the legal standard of purity. This large percentage is yet much less than was ascertained five years ago, when systematic efforts were commenced to prevent food frauds. The good progress made is all the warrant necessary for pushing the reform forward to such a point as will see the complete prohibition of the nefarious business. Good health as well as good morals demand it.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

—A young man, a Protestant, attended a Roman Catholic church for the first time on a recent Sunday at Bar Harbor. When he was going out he thought he saw the congregation dropping offerings into a receptacle at the side of the door, so when he reached it he put forth his hand and deposited a quarter in the holywater font.

IMPROVED LIVE STOCK.

Why It Is as Necessary as Improved Agricultural Machinery.

Closely following the advance of the mechanic arts, we find the agricultural industries with improved machinery and improved methods of tillage, enabling the farmer to double his acreage and more than double the value of his production.

The intelligent farmer readily falls in line with these advanced ideas. Not waiting to be told it will be a paying investment, he at once supplies himself with the latest labor-saving machinery, and adopts the improved methods of tillage.

Observation and experience has taught him it will no longer pay to resort to the old hand cradle to harvest his wheat—that it will be a paying investment to put from $100 to $150 in a modern self-binding harvester.

While he is ever ready to adopt these improved methods in grain farming, he is slow to adopt improved methods of stock-raising, from which a large part of the profits from general farming would be derived.

With improved cattle the unmarketable and by-product of the farm could be marketed with profit. While he sees the wisdom of investing a hundred dollars or more in a self-binding harvester, he does not see the wisdom of investing a like amount in a thoroughbred bull by which he would double the value of his live-stock production. He does not stop to consider that the thoroughbred bull is to the scrub what the improved self-binding harvester is to the old hand-cradle which he has abandoned. Why does he adopt the improved methods of grain-farming and reject the improved methods of stock-raising?

Is it not from the fact that he has had experience with the former and proved its value, while with the other he has had no experience, but takes it for granted that it will not pay, and never tries it? This would seem to be the charitable solution of the problem —for had he ever had the service of a thoroughbred bull, he would be no more ready to return to the scrub than to the old hand-cradle long since abandoned.

Now, my good farmer, you that have proven the value of modern agricultural machinery, but have not proven the value of a thoroughbred bull, when compared with the native scrub, examine the facts as they are placed before you, and note the difference in value of imported cattle when compared with the native scrub, to which you so dearly cling.

Last year the Bureau of Animal Industry at Washington among other things, obtained from authentic sources the ruling value of the various classes of live stock, and placed in tabulated form the average price per head of these various classes.

These statistics show the average price per head of three-year-old thoroughbred cattle to be $190.53—the average price of high grades, $78.75—the average price of three-fourths bloods, $54.62—the average price of half bloods, $36.93, while the average price of native cattle was but $28.59. Here is a difference of $83.40 in favor of 10 steers from scrub cows by a thoroughbred bull, and 10 steers from the same cows by a scrub bull. In other words, the farmer with 10 scrub cows can afford to pay $80 for the service of a thoroughbred bull, or counting money with ten per cent. he can afford to pay $800 for a thoroughbred bull and then be as well off as he is breeding scrubs. Now, is there a farmer with ten or fifteen common cows that can truthfully say that it will pay to invest $100 or more in a self-binding harvester, but will not pay to invest a like amount in a thoroughbred shorthorn bull, when with the present prices he can get a good one for that money? To go a little further with these figures, were his ten cows high grades (which they could be with two or three crosses with thoroughbred bulls, ten steers by a thoroughbred bull would be worth $500 more than the ten scrubs. He could therefore afford to pay $5,000 for a thoroughbred bull to use on his ten high grade cows and then make as much money as with his scrub cows and scrub bull.

The farmer does not now have to pay $5,000 for a thoroughbred bull—he can get a good one for from $100 to $150. We say, then, if you do not wish to stand in your own light, get a thoroughbred bull at once, and keep the live stock branch of your farming abreast with your grain farming. To make money on a small farm the two must go hand in hand. To do less you may get a fair living for yourself and family, but you can not make farming a success or ennoble the calling which you have chosen.—*Indiana Farmer.*

Concerning Old Maidhood.

There are many worse things than single-blessedness, and the condition of the old maid is no less honorable to her than is that of matrimony to her wedded sister. The old maid may, if she will, and she generally does, bear a noble part in the good work of making the world a better and happier place. There are probably few who do not carry with them through life the tender memory of some old maid whose love and goodness cheered and blessed their early years. How often is she a ministering angel whose life is spent in acts of unselfish devotion to those around her? We can not spare the old maid. She has an important role to play in the human comedy, and the thing for her to do is to study it and play it well. The woman who worries because she sees old maidhood before her is without good sense. Let her be sure that there are thousands of wives who only wish that they had led single lives, and then she may find it easier to learn of the apostle in whatsoever state she is therewith to be content.—*North American Review.*

Proof Better Than Assertion.

With such proof as the following letter from W. H. Dean, of No. 278 Seventh street, New York, it is not necessary to make the bare assertion that ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS cure lumbago. Mr. Dean says:

Some ten days ago I was taken with a very violent pain in the small of my back. It was so severe that I could hardly breathe; every movement caused great agony. I finally found out it was lumbago. Being entirely helpless, a friend sent to a druggist and got two ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS; these were well warmed and applied to my back, one above the other. In half an hour, to my great delight and surprise, I found the pain began to abate. In two hours I was able to walk out and attend to my business, the pain being almost gone. Next day I was all right but continued wearing the plasters for a week.

MOTTO for a surgeon—probe bono publico.

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ROOM for apprehension—a dentist's antechamber.—*Time.*

WHENEVER a ship loses her hold she goes to the bottom with a rush.—*Washington Critic.*

THE poet who burns the "midnight oil" is kept awake by the muse. It's the same way with the man who keeps a cat.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

THE man who falls out of a balloon realizes the gravity of the situation before he has dropped five miles.—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE oldest verse in existence—the universe.

A SURE cure for seasickness is to climb a mountain.

THE right man in the right place—a husband at home in the evening.

THE tea-growers may be said to be the only men who are satisfied with "nothing but leaves."

THE musicians in a brass band may not be schoolmasters, but they are tooters nevertheless.—*Valley Chronicle.*

IT hurts a man just about as much to burn him in effigy as to have his shadow on a stone wall butted by a goat.—*Toledo Blade.*

BREAD riots result from too much leaf.

IT is one thing to meet an obligation and another thing to pay it.—*Dansville Breeze.*

DO NOT insult the under man in a fight by reminding him that there is plenty of room on top.—*Texas Siftings.*

PRUDENT mothers with mariageable daughters do not especially care for matchless weather during their summer outing.—*New Haven News.*

THE poorest kind of a poor man is a poor lawyer. He is too proud to work, and believing the world owes him a living is shabby enough to want to sue every body in it for damages.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A FINE place—a police court.

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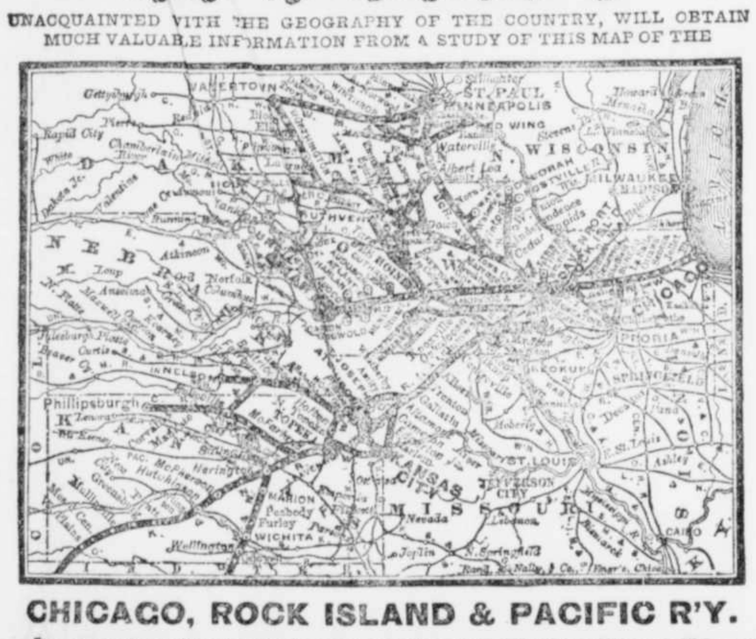

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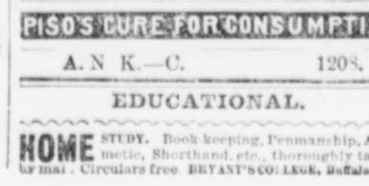

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FOR CONGRESS,
Sixth Congressional District,
LEWIS E. McCOMAS.

SATURDAY, OCT. 20, 1888.

In one of his speeches in this county Col. Douglas said his hearers should call the Republicans "Tariff Robbers" should the Republicans call the Democrats "Free Traders." Well, why do the Republicans call them Free Traders? Why do they make a Southern Free Trader Speaker of Congress if they don't mean Free Trade? Why do they have Mills of Texas chairman of their Ways and Means Committee in Congress if they don't mean Free Trade? Why did Henry George leave the labor party to go to Cleveland if it was not to get Free Trade? Why does Mr. Cleveland write a long free wool message if he did not mean free trade? Why do all free trade Republicans, Geo. Wm. Curtis, Prof. Sumner and the whole Mugwump lot support Cleveland, and they were out-and-out free traders. Why was Randall set aside as of no use if not for being a Protectionist? Who runs the party if not Free Traders? Why were those things done, to give the Republicans a rallying cry, if the party was not for Free Trade? These are questions to be answered first before claiming to be no Free Traders.

A Democratic citizen of this county, generally rather independent in politics, and who lives not a hundred miles from Oakland asked us last week in a conversation, when we claimed the South was getting in the saddle pretty fast, why Cleveland seemed to favor the South so much when he knew it would hurt him at the North and lose him many friends. Our answer was one hundred and fifty-three. The magic number, the magic wand which has placed Carlisle, a Southern man, at the head of Congress; Mills, a Southern man, at the head of the all-important Ways and Means Committee; Larmar, an ex-rebel, on the Supreme Bench; with Southern men, Southern Brigadiers intrenched in every department at Washington; with Southern men representing us almost everywhere abroad. The magic 153 has done it all. Only two hundred and one electoral votes needed and one hundred and fifty-three solid from the South. One hundred and fifty-three and three States, Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina with more Republicans than Democrats. Only one or two States needed to elect. The solid South which nominates and elects a Democratic President gets these concessions, because solid and because Cleveland without the solid South would not stand a ghost of a chance.

Many honest Democrats have been deluded into the belief that if we could only have a new constitution our school commissioners would be made elective. Men and brothers do not hug this sweet delusion longer to your souls. The constitution simply says our school law shall be uniform throughout the State. How easy for the Legislature to pass a law at any regular session making all our school officers elective. Would not that be uniform? No one surely in his good senses would claim anything else. It is perfectly competent for our Legislature to do so, and so with the Registration Law. The only restriction the constitution puts on the law-making power so far as the schools are concerned, is that it must be uniform. That was the intent and purpose of the framers of the constitution, and no amount of legal quibling can change it. The constitution is the fundamental law itself. It is with the Court of Appeals, the people's bulwark, which says to Demagogery and spite thus far shall thou come and no further.

Douglas or McComas.

Col. Douglas should be treated with due civility and respect. He was a brave and chivilrous enemy to his State and country, and very much to be preferred to Cleveland, of substitute fame. Douglas would, no doubt, despise himself if he were capable of shrinking the responsibilities incumbent on him as a citizens of the great Republic by sneaking out behind an alien substitute. We believe the Col. to be a brave, manly man, and these are qualities that command respect. In charity let us hope he is truly loyal *now*, without any lingering regrets for the failure of the cause that was lost, and that he would discharge his duties as a member of Congress honestly, faithfully, and to the very best of his ability; but he would be at least an experiment, in full sympathy with the free trade theories of the late Confederacy, and the Cobden Club. But with McComas as our Representative we would not be making an experiment. He, too, possesses the qualities which command respect and admiration. We know precisely where he stands, and what he will do in any emergency. He has no disposition to experiment with free wool, free lumber, or to cripple our industries in ways that are dark, or with tricks that are vain. He has earned our gratitude and our confidence by manfully defending our industries, and by jealously guarding our interests in every way, and as careful, consistent, painstaking citizens, wishing to do the best we can for the safety of ourselves and our country, let us conscienciously decide. If we do this the result will not be doubtful.

The Tables Turned.

There is one thing about this campaign which makes it interesting to Republicans, and that is: The Republicans have the Democratic party where the Democratic party had the Republicans heretofore. The office-holder, oh! what a delicious morsel it was to the Democratic campaign orator; how he rolled it under his tongue, and how the newspapers harped on that one great subject. The office-holders' money. The office holders' "pernicious activity." How we thank Cleveland for the phrase. The tables are turned indeed. The "vampires" are on the other side. The fattening process at the public crib is going on just the same, but it is now a horse of another color. Only thirty-five thousand postmasters and only a legion of other office-holders, and all filled with Democrats. The assessments all made and the cry from Chairman Brice is "more." Even the great Mugwump, Geo. Wm. Curtis, says "enough." That Cleveland's reformers are over-stepping the bounds in their anxiety to secure money has long been plain. We don't hear quite so much about "Reform" as we did four years ago.

A Strange Letter.

The New York *Herald* publishes in its editorial columns, double leads it, and styles it "A Warning to Democracy," the letter which we print below. The document was intended for the "personal information" of the editor. It will be read with great interest:

I am hurrying through the Western counties, for I am sick of this eternal button-holing any corner-grocery tariff discussion. You can make up your mind that, unless some extraordinary change occurs between now and November 6, Harrison will go down to High Bridge with something like 70,000 plurality. If New York city can overcome that, Cleveland is all right; if not, he will have to pack up and come back up and come back to Buffalo. You can get no idea in your present surroundings of the situation in the country. The Republicans are making a fierce, intelligent and so far successful fight. It was a mistake for Cleveland to raise the tariff issues. I can see that now for the first time. The surface argument is, as you know, all in favor of the Republicans, and that is the argument that catches the countrymen. There are large defections of life-long Democrats among the farmers everywhere I have been. In Rochester the men in control of the Democratic organization will knife Cleveland sure. They are very bitter against him, and in private make no bones of it. In Steuben county the Democrats are all smashed up. Cleveland's appointments are a lot of milk and water jacknapes, who let their enemies scoop everything. The only notable exception is Jim Hanlon, Internal Revenue Collector, who lives at Medina, and is making the most extraordinary fight in Orleans county I have yet come across. He's a daisy. The Democrats in Niagra county are saving their money to use on the election day. God bless them!

Thousands of votes are lost every election by inconsiderate removals, which, by a little forethought on the part of the mover, might be prevented. It is a wholesome law that requires a residence of a certain time before election day to enable one to cast a vote. Find out what that time is, and don't lose your vote. Stop moving until after November 6.

McComas's Good Work.

A special dispatch from Washington under date of the 12th says:

Congressman Louis E. McComas arrived here last night, and spent today at the Capitol. He was principally on the Senate side, where he had a long interview with Senator Allison and other members of the Finance Committee. He called the attention of the framers of the tariff bill to the grave error in the new bill, whereby coal-slack and culm was on the free list. He also spoke to Senator Dolph about it, and found that the people on the Pacific Slope were also deeply interested. After a conference with Senator Allison, it was decided that not only should coal-slack and culm be stricken from the free list, but that the duties on those articles should be increased. Mr. McComas fully explained the necessity for his prompt insistance of the correction of the *American* correspondent. He first explained the nature of the articles under discussion — familiar enough, however, throughout all the vast coal regions of Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia and Pennsylvania.

"So far from intending to make coal free," continued Mr. McComas, "the purpose of the committee, so soon as the matter was understood, is to make safer our bituminous coal miners by preventing the fraudulent invoicing of bituminus coal at a lower rate. I am mud gratified at the result of my labors. Instead of as our Democratic free thrade brethern in Western Maryland claim, bituminous coal being free, not only is it not free but by the amendment proposed, no bituminous coal can come in as slack or culm. At the same time the Senate has greatly benefitted the bituminous coal miners of the Atlantic slope by striking out the drawback proviso. This proviso slipped into the tariff revision of 1883 without a sponsor, and has injuriously affected the bituminous coal trade, and especially the steam coals of our Cumberland region. The allowance of a drawback of seventy-five cents to American vessels has been abused, and foreign vessels in foreign trade have gotten from collier ships foreign coals and lessened the American market and reduced the price in competition with them.

"In the last three years," Mr. McComas went on, "it amounted to considerable—$124,000 drawhacks in 1885, and $109,000 drawbacks in 1887. In the forty-eighth Congress I made a speech against it, and introduced a resolution to repeal this proviso. In the Forty-ninth, and this session of the Fiftieth, Congress I renewed this resolution, and Mr. Hiscock, now Senator, was much impressed with the justice of my claim. What the Democratic House has thrice failed to do during my service in favor of protection to coal, the Republican Senate has this time done by its bill, which repeals this drawback clause. Though I was much disturbed by this error in the bill, yet I am now glad that this episode occurred and particularly pleased to have been instrumental in having the correction so promptly made, for the Senate's action of the matter shows the earnest and vigilant desire of the Republican majority to protect the coal miner in every way, and Senator Allison, in behalf of the committee, was good enough to announce in advance that the committee will make this amendment, which will really increase the duty on refuse coal, leaving to our own market the whole benefit of the duty of seventy-five cents per ton.

"A Democratic success," said Mr. McComas in coclusion, "means free coal and iron. A Republican success means, as this action of the Senate committee demonstrates, greater protection and increased security to the coal miners. This news will be particularly pleasing to the intelligent miners of the Maryland coal regions, and will gladden the friends of protection to coal throughout West Virginia, the Pocahontas coal region of old Virginia, as well as the Clearfield region, Blossburg and Westmoreland region of Pennsylvania—the regions of the Appalchain coal fields, near enough to tidewater to be affected by the tariff on coal."

When the Senators afterward reentered the Senate chamber, Mr. Allison, as being in charge of the Senate bill, announced officially, in response to a question from Mr. Dolph, that there had been an error in the bill, and that the coal slack or culm would be stricken from the free list and the old rates reimposed. Mr. McComas had been exceedingly fortunate in this matter. Few men would have undertaken to influence the Senate to change its bill before the concluson of the general debate, and fewer still would have succeeded in obtaining a hearing and receiving all they asked. Mr. McComas has rendered a valuable service to the coal miners not only of Maryland, but to the bituminous coal regions of the entire Atlantic slope.

OCTOBER, 8th, 1888.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—In former communications I have shown the difference between the cost of a property assessment when done by Republicans and when done by Democrats—that it cost nearly four times as much when performed by the latter as when the same work was done under Republican management, which proves that a Democrat can get more good out of a small job than any other creature on earth.

I have shown that the real, useful, necessary legislation for the county, was enacted by the Republican members.

I have shown that when all the county offices but one were in the hands of the Republicans, they were all passed by and the Democrats' salary increased; and also that additional offices were created as a reward for party services.

I have shown that at the next session of the Legislature, when the offices were, unfortunately, in Democratic hands, the salaries were increased all along the line, to nearly double what they had been before, and as a consequence the tax rate went up nearly 50 per cent. higher than it was the year before.

It now remains to be seen what was done for the benefit of the tax-payers at the Legislative session of '86 and '88.

At the session of '86 things were about as bad as they could well be made. Little else could be done for the benefit of the Democratic officials in the county, but some of the good Democrats in the town of Oakland were exceedingly anxious to make an honest living by the sale of questionable whiskey, and to accommodate these gentlemen, and to legalize the sale of liquor in districts that had declared by a two-thirds vote against it, a law was passed providing for a re-submission of the liquor question to a popular vote at a special election.

The temperance people were satisfied with the result of the first vote on the question, but to accommodate a few individuals this law was passed, imposing on the tax-payers the needless expense of a special election.

The result of the election, however, was quite different from what was anticipated by the law-maker, for instead of forcing saloons on communities that had decided against them it resulted in the suppression of license all over the county.

This law, unlike many others in the history of our county politics, was not intended to put money into the pockets of the Democratic county officials. But the people were taxed to the extent of some $1000 or $1200 to defray the expenses of a special election to benefit the Oakland whiskey ring and to secure the services of the saloons in the manufacture of Democrats, and Democratic votes, in future elections.

A score or two of saloons in full blast all over Garrett county would control quite a large number of votes, and no one need be told in what direction that influence is uniformly exerted.

And just here, Mr. Editor, you will pardon a brief digression from this local question.

I want to say how much I admire candor that seeks to shift to Republican shoulders the odium of favoring free whiskey, but the old cry of "stop thief" will not avail the real whiskey party now.

A few years ago, you will remember, when Democratic Congressmen were making blood and thunder speeches against the Republican's U. S. marshals for hunting down the moon-shiners of the South, the Democratic party was, not inappropriately, styled the party of free whiskey and free fraud."

It must be a hopeful sign now to see that tough-skinned organization begin to appreciate the odium attaching to their free whiskey alliance.

If they would but do as much, however, to merit the confidence of the moral, lawabiding class the political atmosphere would be in a much more healthy condition to-day than it is.

The Democracy is in open alliance with the saloons all over the country, and it is notorious that but for the alliance of the saloons and the Prohibitionists they could not hope to carry a single Northern state.

I happen to know by personal experience and observation, extending through at least three sessions of the Legislature, that if a local option law was to be passed for any county, or whenever a bill was introduced to prohibit the sale of liquor near any church, or school, or society, the temperance advocates always counted on the solid Republican vote and they got it.

But when this law imposing the inexcusable expense of a special election on the tax-payers for the purpose of legalizing the sale of liquor in the districts which had declared against it, it was thought that about all had been accomplished that could reasonable be expected at that session—but halt! Hold on there! I was about to forget something.

Over at Kitzmillersville lived a Democrat who thought he would like to have a little office. He had an influential father-in-law and a cousin in the Senate. And as district No. 1 had been divided once in such a way as to make it very inconvenient for the voters to reach the polls, to give one Democrat an office, why not divide it again and make an office for another, for one Democrat, you know, is just as good as another, if not a little better.

Kitzmillersville had been cloven in twain when No. 1 was first divided, and that estimable people, when they wanted to vote had to go part to Altamont, the old voting place, and then on three miles beyond to Deer Park, and the other half had to go nearly to Altamont, and then turn off at a right angle and go down to Swanton. So when Ed. said there ought to be a precinct at Kitzmillersville, and his papa-in-law seconded the motion, and the people objected to so much traveling when they went to vote, the matter was referred to Dick, and as a matter of course was put through in regular order.

There was nothing unusual about this transaction for it was directly in line with the Democratic policy from way back, to place a little office occasionally where it would do the most good—to the party.

It only cost the tax-payers some $100 a year to run the district, and as it was worth more than that as a matter of convenience the satisfaction was immense.

But Kitzmillersville very imprudently, and ungenerously, came out of last fall's election with a good round Republican majority, and proved its utter uselessness as a Democratic investment.

Such conduct by the people of No. 12 was not to be condoned or passed lightly by; and so at the "late lamented session," No. 12 was declared null and void. The law authorizing its very existence was repealed, and it relapsed into a state of "innoxuous di-uetude."

And now, as a result of a series of Democratic manipulations for party purposes, the voters of No. 12 are put to the inconvenience of going back to Deer Park and Swanton to be re-registered and will hereafter be required to travel some 11 miles to Deer Park or 10 miles to Swanton to exercise the right of citizenship.

The people of Garrett county may conclude some day that they are tired of being made the foot ball of the Democratic bosses in the county, and if they do, this class of disgraceful, partisan legislation will have an end.

Yours truly,

W.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15th, 1888.—Senator Allison has settled a disputed point, which was caused by an error in the Senate tariff bill, that made it appear that coal was to be on the free list. Mr. Allison says that it is the intention of the Republican members of the Senate committee on finance, to put all coal upon the dutiable list, as now provided; the tariff upon coal to be made 75 cents a ton, and upon coal slack 40 cents a ton.

Chairman Barnum, of the Democratic national committee, spent Friday and Saturday in this city, engaged in what, to me, appears no whit better than highway robbery. The day before his arrival he mailed circular letters to all Government employes here, telling them that he wished them to call upon him at his hotel on Friday and Saturday for the purpose of making campaign contributions. Those who called upon him were plainly informed that he wanted 5 per cent of their annual salary for the Democratic national committee; they were further informed that those who did not come up with the money asked for, need not expect to retain their positions under a Democratic administration. To leave no doubt in the minds of the clerks as to the authority which Mr. Barnum has to carry out his threats in case of their refusal to contribute, they have been informed by their superior officers that they must contribute or go. The Democratic party must be desperate indeed, when it resorts to such means as this for the sake of raising a few thousand dollars.

The House was in session only two days last week—Tuesday and Friday and it is not likely to meet oftener this week. The fact of the matter is that so few of the Members of the House remain here, that several Representatives have come to the conclusion that it would not be right to adopt any legislation of importance, and have given notice that they would raise the point of "no quo rum" against everything but private pension bills, and a resolution to take a recess or adjourn. The Senate is also without a quorum, and the number present is daily growing less; as fast as the Senators make their speechos on the tariff bill, they leave for home, with the expressed intention of not returning until after the election. The fact being patent that it will be impossible to pass the Senate tariff bill before election, added to the anxiety of both Members and Senators to get home and take part in the campaign, makes it certain that Congress will either take a recess or adjourn inside of ten days, and those best informed think it will be an adjournment until December.

The show of the city just at present is sixty Sioux Indian Chiefs, who are engaged in a grand pow-wow with the officials of the Interior Department concerning the proposed treaty by which they are to sell the Government 11,000,000 acres of their present reservation.

Mr. Cleveland has pardoned J. H. Wilcox, formerly Second Lieuteuant Seventh Cavalry, who was undergoing a sentence in the penitentiary for duplicating his pay accounts. Election day is drawing near, and Democratic voters are getting scarce.

The bill retiring Gen. Alfred Pleasanton with the rank of Major has been passed by both Houses, and is now in the hands of the President.

Senator Hoar has introduced a bill providing that the rate of pension for total disability incurred in the naval service of the United States during the late war, shall be $50 per month, whenever it shall appear that the pensioner was on board any war vessel of the United States during an engagement with the enemy, for which the officers and crew received the thanks of the Secretary of the Navy for gallantry and endurance.

The investigation ordered by the State into the purchase of seeds by the Agricultural Department, will not be commenced until December, owing to the impossibility of getting a quorum of the Senate Agricultural committee together before that time.

Mr. Thurman was so feeble during his visit here last week, that he could not stand the fatigue of a public reception which was tendered him by the local Democrats. He promised to attend but suddenly left the city and sent his apologies. His son, who accompanies him everywhere, was afraid the old gentleman would break down.

It is a difficult matter, for those having business before the departments here, to find a Secretary in his office these days. They spend about four-fifths of their time making stump speeches for free trade, and the other one fifth in preparing the speeches.

There is a rumor that no successor to "Bishop" Oberly will be appointed on the Civil Service Commission, Mr. Cleveland having decided that the commission was a useless body, owing to the practical suspension of the civil service law by the officials of the present administration, from the President down.

The Democratic prating about supplying the markets of the world is about as silly as the theory that we should endeavor to cheapen our products. England sells abroad only what it cannot sell at home. If it had a home market for all its products it would have no desire for a foreign market, because the former is in every respect the most desirable. The fact that a home market is independent makes it best, and it would be the sheerest folly for us to send our goods to uncertain markets abroad when we are buying $700,000,000 worth of goods yearly. Better increase than decrease our tariff, and thus offer inducements for more industries, than to depress what we have through a tariff that would make us purchasers from abroad in double that amount. The issue of the day, when divested of all extraneous vestments, is, whether it is better to buy abroad than to manufacture at home.

One of the comic papers just now which we commend to our Democratic friends is *Harper's Weekly*. It claims to be very much in earnest, very serious indeed, but George William Curtis' frantic efforts to balance himself on the fence, supporting Cleveland with all the fervor its free trade soul can command, and kicking at Hill, the Democratic nominee for Governor, is a sight to bring tears to the eyes of a saint. We imagine the editing of that paper just now is no sinecure. Perhaps, after all, it is to be taken in fun. We acknowledge that the niceties of distinction made are too much for us. We have attempted to wrestle with some of the utterances of late, and it all ended by our going off to the water spout and holding our head in soak to prevent cerebral congestion.

General Harrison punctured a thin spot in the Free Trade argument the other day. He quoted from Mr. Mills to the effect that nothing radical in the way of reduction was intended by his party, and then asked why, if a small reduction of the tariff was to be such a great boon to the workingmen, why not make a big reduction, and make a great whopping big boon and boom? Mr. Harrison should remember that just in this spot the Democratic ice is very thin.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

NOTICE!

W. H. Hagans, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

LOCAL NEWS.

—All persons indebted to G. A. Shirer are requested to call and settle.

10 20 3m. G, A. SHIRER.

—$5,000—To LOAN—On first mortgage on real estate.

THOMAS & SINCELL.

—1,000 pheasants wanted at Felty & Co's., Railroad street, near Depot. 9 29 tf.

—WANTED— 500 Dozen Eggs, at **the Oakland Bakery. Highest cash market price paid.**

B. FREISE.

FOR SALE.—Cheap for cash, a pair of good farm horses. Apply to

JOHN W. WILLIAMS.

13 2t Deer Park, Md

—Gen. B. F. Kelley, and family, have returned to Washington city, and have quarters at the Buckingham, 920, 15th street.

—Married, Sunday eve, Oct. 14th, at the Reformed Parsonage, Salisbury, Pa., by Rev. J. M. Evans, Mr. W. C. Saylor and Miss Katie E Hashman, both of Meyersdale, Pa.

—Wanted, at Correll's store, buckwheat flour and and all kinds of country produce, in exchange for goods at reduced prices, and the highest market prices will be allowed for produce.

—Married, by Rev. Wm. Junkins, October 16th, 1888, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. Charles S. Harvey and Miss Fannie S. Harvey. A large number of invited guests were treated to a most excellent dinner, and all wish the happy couple a long, happy and useful life.

—The Jonas Frazee Harrison, Morton and McComas Marching Club, of Selbysport district, has been presented handsome Harrison and Morton flags, by Mr. Chas. F. Frazee, of Pittsburg, formerly of Selbysport. The flags are two and one-half feet long, and have on each the pictures of the candidates.

—Married, at Morgantown, W. Va., Wednesday, Oct. 17th, by Rev. Dr. White, Rev. W. C. Davis and Miss Jessie Coombs. The happy couple arrived in Oakland Wednesday evening and were given a reception by the parents of the groom, Rev. and Mrs. John M. Davis, Thursday evening. The groom has a host of friends in Oakland and Garrett county, who, no doubt, like THE REPUBLICAN, wish for him and his bride many happy and useful years.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7½ P. M., by Rev. C. T. Trippett.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M., and 7½ P. M., by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Cash For Produce!

If you want money for eggs, chickens, butter, &c., go to Chas. F. White, who is buying for John Shartzer, and will give you highest cash prices. Don't sell your chestnuts until you see him.

For Sale!--Brick! Brick! Brick!

Fire Pressed, hard and soft Brick, cheaper than ever sold in this county. Inquire of

C. M. RATHBUN,

Alderson & Rathbun Planing Mill, Mt. Lake Park, Md, or to D. E. Offutt, Oakland, Md.

Public Sale of Farm and Personal Property.

The undersigned will sell their farm and personal property, situated two miles from Deer Park, on Thursday, November 1st, 1888. See handbills.

MARTIN MALEY,

10 6 4 ELIZABETH MALEY.

Excursion to Richmond, Virginia.

The B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets to Richmond, Va., every Monday and Thursday during October and until Nov. 19th, for the accommodation of those desiring to visit the Exposition. The tickets will be good going on day of issue and the day following, and will be valid for return trip until November 26th, inclusive.

We give below station and round trip rates via Washington, D. C.: From Oakland $10.55.

10,13,it.

Registration.

Following is the total registration for Garrett county for 1888, which is a gain of but 22 over that for 1887:

District No.	1,	226
" "	2,	321
" "	3,	522
" "	4,	283
" "	5,	293
" "	6,	193
" "	7,	629
" "	8,	260
" "	9,	110
" "	10,	225
" "	11,	126
Total,		3188

Tax-Payers Take Notice,

That, under the law creating the office of Treasurer, it becomes the duty of said Treasurer, the first week in December of each year, to publish a list of all tax-payers for the current year; and that all taxes remaining unpaid on the 1st day of January, 1889, and of each year thereafter, interest will be added dating from 1st day of August last, and said taxes will be collected by due process of law. **The Treasurer has no discretionary power in the matter to extend the time, or leniency in any way. Please pay up and save costs.**

Respectfully,

ROSS COMPTON,

10 20 tf. Treasurer.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Garrett county, Md., for week ending October 20th, 1888:

Ashby, Thomas L.,	Lewis, William,
Anderson, Martha H.,	Miller, David,
Bosley, Frank,	Nathanson, Mrs. R.,
Beahn, J. W.,	Peters, Rev.,
Cross, Thomas, (2)	Parker, Leah A.,
Coleman, Miss Ella,	Robison, Miss Lizzie,
Carter, Miss Mollie,	Sitclair, E. A.,
Crop, G. R.,	Taylor, Lorenzo,
Frederick, Wm.,	Wright, E. C.,
Gibson, John,	Walker, Geo.,
Haun, William,	Wilmoths, A. & Son,
Honesty, Wylie,	Wolf, Asbury.
Johnson, L. R.,	

POSTAL CARDS.

Bayser, Miss Sallie,	Harvey, Jas. O.,
Conaghan, Ed.,	Slabach, H. A.,
Davidson, J. B.,	Washington, Alex,
Frederick, Wm.,	William, Coper,
Gidley, Clark,	Wilson, Wm.,

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

These letters are chargable with one cent due on delivery.

P. HAMILL, P. M.

The Joint Debate.

The arrangements for joint debate between Col. H. Kyd Douglas, and Hon. Louis E. McComas, the Democratic and Republican nominees for Congress have been completed. The following program and particulars was agreed upon:

At Frederick, on Monday, October 22, 2 P. M.; at Hagerstown, 23d, 2 P. M.; at Rockville, 24th, 2 P. M.; at Oakland, 25th, 2 P. M.; at Cumberland, 26th, 8 P. M. One hour will be allowed to the one opening the discussion and one and a quarter hours for the reply and 15 minutes for the closing remarks. The meetings are to be in halls, and the halls are to be equally divided for the two respective parties. Col. Baughman and Hon. Milton G. Urner will preside over the Frederick meeting, and arrangements for the other meetings will be made by friends in each of the counties.

Sudden Death.

The people of Oakland were shocked and saddened Monday last by the the intelligence that Mr. Archibald Leowenstein was dead. But few of our people were aware of his injuries, and none outside of the physician and family supposed that they were very serious. Deceased was in Cumberland just a week previous to his death and was thrown from a carriage and received the injuries from which he died, blood poisoning intervening. The funeral services took place Wednesday from his late residence, the "Smithman House," in charge of the Knights of Honor, of which organization he was a member. Religious services were held in the Lutheran church, conducted by the pastor, Rev. G. W. W. Amick, assisted by Rev. W. J. Sharpes, Presiding Elder of Oakland District, M. E. Church. The services at the grave were in charge of the Knights of Honor, closing with the reading of the Lutheran burial service by the pastor. Members of Alta Lodge, Knights of Honor, attended in regalia, and the members of the Oakland Independent Band attended in uniform.

Deceased had been a member of the Lutheran church for years, was an upright citizen, and the unusually large attendance at the funeral attested the esteem in which he was held by his neighbors.

He leaves a wife and four children, mother, brother and several sisters to mourn his loss.

Sale of Personal Property.

There will be a public sale of the personal property belonging to the estate of the late Samuel Engle, at his late residence, three mills from Grantsville, on Tuesday, Oct. 16th, 1888, commencing at 9 o'clock A. M.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—I have my farm paid for. I also own a number of mortgages and notes, which are paying me a handsome interest.

Now the Democrats say Free Trade will cheapen everything, especially labor, and as I hire a great deal, and Free Trade can't cheapen my notes and mortgages, it looks to me as though it would be a good thing for me.

Yours,

CAPITALIST.

The above genuine communication we have received from a subscriber, whose name we are not at liberty to give. We wish that every man, woman, and we shall say child, of Garrett county could see it. This gentleman, rumor says, owns mortgages and notes far in excess of his real estate, and well can he say Free Trade would be a good thing for him. We are sorry to say that the result of the election is doubtful, and the success of the Democratic ticket not only will encourage Free Traders if it don't bring free trade itself, but it will discourage all true friends of Protection to American labor, to American interests. Many farms of Garrett have been bought and mortgaged, and anything that will tend to cheapen things generally will work disastrous results to all such people. Their lot is a hard enough one as it is. Produce is as low as they can afford to raise it on our land, where the conditions are especially hard. Ground rough and stony and needing fertilizers constantly. Our winters long and expensive as to grain and fuel, and yet, with all that has been said, in spite of all that has been written, in spite of the good record of the Republican party on this question of Protection, many will go to the polls in November and vote for what they know in their heart of hearts is to encourage the Free Trade tendencies of the Democratic party. We say to Democrats who are opposed to the Free Trade tendencies of their party, go to the polls quietly and give a rebuke to the men who are giving you bad counsel. Do it publicly if you can, quietly if needs be, and you will be doing your duty, not only to yourself, your children, your homes and neighbors, but you will be doing your party a kindness by showing it the error of its ways.

Body Found.

GRANTSVILLE, Oct. 16th, 1888.

Our usually quiet village was thrown into a fever of excitement on Wednesday of last week, by a report that a man was found dead on the mountain near Mr. Geo. Shaw's, at a place "Spook hollow," a few rods from the National road. For a while all talk of the tariff and favorite candidates was forgotten, and the question was who was it and how did he get there. Squire Nathan proceeded to have the problem solved by having a jury summoned and an inquest held. Proceeding to the spot a coat, hat, satchel and cane were found near a rock, behind which the man had, no doubt, been sleeping. About 25 yards from the place where these articles were found, lay the body of a man in a decomposed state. The officers opened the satchel and found therein clothing, tobacco, matches, fishhooks, pens, medicine, &c. Two cabinet photographs, supposed to be of the man himself, and one photo of a certain Capt. Brittan. A number of letters and business cards of Baltimore hotels, a number of pension papes, and also an increase of pension certificate No. 157,862, showing that Carles M. Schofield, of the Soldiers' Home, Washington, D. C., was a private in Co. D, 8th Regt. U. S. Infantry; that he also served in a war against the Sioux Indians in 1855, and that he was entitled to a pension of $26 per month. He was absent from the Soldiers' Home, by permission, until the 8th of September, and that on the 15th day of June, he was in Baltimore, and pawned some clothing for $2.25. The position in which he lay near a small oak sapling, the shrub being bent, also a strap near his head with a suspicious loop in it, (the head being detached from the body,) led to the conclusion that he had probably committed suicide by hanging. The jury brought in a verdict of death from cause unknown. He was very likely a native of England, as the only friendly letter found was from a niece in that country. When he died is only a matter of conjecture, but is generally supposed to have been the latter part of July.

A great many stories are afloat, and one that comes by way of Frostburg will bearing telling. Some time during harvest a certain Billy Lewis, hucksterer, in passing the spot with a wagon and pair of tombstones, about midnight, heard a man calling him to stop, but Billy supposed he had no business with any one there just then—in fact, he wanted to be somewhere else very suddenly. The next day he told the story to a friend who, not taking it seriously, told his friends that in passing "Spook Hollow" some one had called to Lewis to bring his tombstones in there. Billy not being boastful of his courage said no more about the matter, but he declares now with all his might that he told the truth. B.

Swanton.

The residence of R. J. and Truman West, Esqs., known as the "Rizer House," two and a-half miles from Swanton, was totally destroyed by fire on last Friday morning about 2 o'clock. The fire caught from a stove pipe. They succeeded in saving nearly all their furniture. It has not been long since their saw mill was burned down. They seem to be unfortunate, but their many friends hope they will be more fortunate in the future. We understand that they will soon rebuild.

Mr. Steven Durst, of Frankville, and Miss Jennie McRobie, from near Swanton, were married last Saturday.

Messrs. Gilmor S. Hamill and Dr. E. H. Bartlett, of Oakland, addressed the Democratic club of this place last Friday night.

Samuel McConnell, Esq., sold out his household goods, grain and farming implements at public auction, Tuesday. He will remove to Elk Garden.

Mr. William E. George, of Deer Park, was on a visit to relatives at Swanton this week.

Mr. J. W. Connell and wife, of Deer Park, and Mr. and Mrs. A. C. George, from near Swanton, are visiting relatives in Grant county, W. Va.

Mr. John A. Wagner is very unwell. HOOSIER.

Mountain Lake Park.

The select school opened by Miss E. B. Swann is progressing splendidly, and its facilities are likely to be greatly increased in the near future.

Mr. A. Shipley has added a bay window to his cottage.

The Association has put a well down near the two new cottages in North Park. They are also having a shed built against the ice house in which to store the boats for the winter.

Mr. F. P. Arnold and wife have returned from Accident, where they have been for some time.

Our International Bible Reading Union is being kept up every Tuesday night.

The W. C. T. U. is now regularly organized and is holding weekly meetings.

Miss Jennie Smith and Miss Sherman have left us again to attend the National W. C. T. U. Convention in New York City. J. A. E.

Report on the Civil Service.

The report of Senator Hale, chairman of the special committee to investigate the condition of the civil service will be interesting reading to those gentlemen who still pretend to believe in the sincerity of President Cleveland's civil service reform professions. It discloses the most glaring violations of both the letter and spirit of the law by the President and his subordinates. Considerable space is devoted in the report to the removals and appointments in the State of Maryland, and that portion of it concludes as follows:

"To recapitulate, the evidence produced before the committee shows that the spoils system in all its vigor and with all its abuses flourishes in Maryland. Faithful officials, many of them men who had been wounded in the service of their country, were dismissed without cause, real or alleged; their places were filled with untrained men appointed because of the political influence they were able to exert, and with so little care and concern for character or fitness that men of the worst reputation and of the most sinister records wore appointed to positions of trust and responsibility, while other persons were put in places, the duties of which they were totally incapable of performing, to the manifest injury of the service. The men thus appointed because of their political influence, naturally concluded that a continuation of partisan activity would be their best title to retention in office, and consequently they were found violating the law with reference to political assessments, and offending against all rules of official propriety and decorum by taking an active and offensive part in primaries and elections."

Every Democratic stump speaker and every Democratic paper in this section declares that "No Democrat desires Free Trade." Mr. Garrison, of Massachusetts, recently said in a Democratic speech:

"I am myself a thorough believer in *absolute Free Trade*. I look forward to the day when custom houses will be reguarded as the emblem of barbarism—an anomaly and an anachronism in a true Republic. At the same time, I am aware that the Democratic party makes no claim to be a Free Trade party. Shall I therefore decline to recognize its steps in the direction of progress? On the concontray, I hail it with joy and hope."

The Democrats have carried Indiana in a Presidential year only twice since 1860. This was in 1876 and 1884, and in both years they had the weight and popularity of Thomas J. Hendricks' name on the ticket.

JOINT DISCUSSION.

M'COMAS VS. DOUGLAS,

—AT—

OFFUTT'S HALL,

THURSDAY, OCT. 25,

AT 2 O'CLOCK P. M.

Protection vs. Free Trade!

MUSIC BY OAKLAND BAND.

☞ Everybody Come.

Peter Cooper was a successful man, He saw nearly a hundred years of active life, and ought to have known something about economical subjects, since he was one of the greatest of American iron manufacturers. In a speech in cooper Union, when he was within a few weeks of his ninety-second birthday, Mr. Cooper, Mayor Hewitt's father-in-law by the way, said: "If we desire to bring upon our whole nation a fate similar to that which has fallen to the lot of Ireland, Turkey, Mexico and Hindostan, it is only necessary to arrange our tariff in a way that will induce the people to have all their manufacturing done in foreign countries and pay for it with the raw material of our own. Such a policy will, if I am not mistaken, secure for our United States as rapid a decline and fall as that which fell to the lot of Spain, when the Moors, her principal manufacturers, were driven out of the country. Such a policy might gratify our thirst for all the dearly bought follies and fashions of European life, but it would bring ruin and wretchedness upon hundreds of thousands of mechanics of our country who have nothing to sell but their labor.

To break up this diversified employment of so vast a number by a change of tariff, and then expect them to find for themselves other means of living, is about as reasonable as it was for Pharoah to expect the Israilites to make bricks without straw."

"What more could one ask in a candidate?" inquires Judge Woods, of the United States District Court, in speaking of General Harrison, "He has harmonized the divisions which formerly existed in the Republican party and he is drawing largely by his personal popularity from the Democratic party, and the questions of high character, ability and loyalty to the party being satisfied what further could one ask in a candidate?" We don't ask anything more, Judge. All we ask is for votes enough to elect him. And they are coming.

A Straw as to New York.

WASHINGTON, October 14. — A congressman who has just returned from New York said this morning: "I saw General Viele, ex-congressman, on 'Change yesterday, and asked him to tell me, honestly, for my own information, how he thought the election would go in that State. He replied: 'New York will give Harrison and Morton seventy thousand plurality, and I will give you one incident, in many of the same character, upon which I base my judgment. I was up on the Central Railroad the other day, and where there were a lot of laborers at work, and we took a poll of a bunch of seventy-five men. Just seven of them said they would vote for Cleveland, and everyone said he voted for Cleveland in 1884. Sixty-eight said they would vote for Harrison and Morton, because they were opposed to the Democratic position on the tariff and labor. I have seen so many tests of this character that I have come to the conclusion that the Republican candidates will have at least seventy thousand plurality in New York.'"

Ohio Republican clubs are already engaging quarters at Washington to view the inauguration pageant of General Harrison next March. There is no getting ahead of Ohio. The Buckeyes are not built that way.

From every section of the country comes expressions of approval of General Harrison as a candidate and as a statesman. There isn't the slightest indication of Republican defection—not the slightest. Such a condition of things is almost unprecedented.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

$25.00 REWARD.

The above reward will be paid for the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who cut down chestnut trees on my farm near Oakland, known as the Brant farm.

10 20 3 T. W. CASTEEL.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

All parties are hereby notified not to trespass upon my lands in and adjoining the town of Oakland, for any purpose whatever.

10 20 8t JOHN BRADLEY.

NOTICE!

My wife, Louisa, having left my bed and board, the public are hereby notified not to harbor or trust her on my account.

GEORGE GEORG.

Accident, Md., Oct. 15th, 1888.—20 3t.

Estate of E. J. Stone Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Wheeling, West Va., hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the real and personal estate of

E. J. STONE,

late of Ohio Co., W. Va., deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 20th day of March next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of September, 1888.

J. T. STONE,

15 3 1014 Main street, Wheeling, W. Va.,

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

OAKLAND, MD., Oct. 1st, 1888.

By mutual consent the law firm of Thayer & Sincell has this day been dissolved, Mr. Thayer retiring. All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said firm are requested to call and settle, either by cash or note. Settlement may be made with either of said partners.

F. A. THAYER.
E. H. SINCELL.

Formation of Co-Partnership.

OAKLAND, MD., Oct., 1st, 1888.

The undersigned have his day formed a copartnership, to be known by the firm name of Thomas & Sincell, for the purpose of conducting a general law business. Office in the rooms lately occupied by the law firm of Thayer & Sincell, Oakland, Md.

10 6 tf THOMAS & SINCELL.

Order of Publication.

Emma H. McFerren vs. Josiah Witt, Sarah Witt, Michael Witt, Martha E. Witt and Catherine Witt.

No. 452 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

The object of the bill of complaint in this case is to procure a decree for the sale of certain lands therein described and make distribution of the proceeds among the parties to said cause.

The bill alleges that the complainant is seized and possessed of a two-thirds interest in a tract of land known as "Recourse," containing 116 acres, situated in Garrett county, Maryland, which is valuable on account of its minerals and timber. That the other one-third interest is owned or claimed by Sarah Witt, wife of Joslah Witt, and Martha E. Witt, wife of Michael Witt, in severalty, all of whom are non residents of the State of Maryland. That said lands are incapable of advantageous partition among said owners; but that it would be to their advantage to have the same sold under a decree of this Court, the proceeds of such sale divided among the owners according to their respective interests. And that said Catherine Witt also a non-resident, at one dime appears to have owned one-half of said third, and on the first day of January, 1874 executed a mortgage upon the same to said Martha E. Witt, for $505.71, which is recorded among the land records of Allegany county, Md., and unreleased so far as the records show.

It is thereupon this 24th day of September, eighteen hundred and eighty-eight, adjudged and ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett county as a Court of Equity, that the complainant by causing a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of this bill to be inserted in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Md., once a week for four successive weeks, before the 27th day of October next, giving notice to the defendants in said bill, and warning them to appear in this Court in person or by solicitor on or before the 27th day of January next, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree shall not pass as prayed.

E. Z. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test:

9 29 4 E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by John Blambel and others, Commencing at or near Nutter's, (District No. 8,) on the Wood's road, and running thence through lands of S. J. Nutter, Peter Culp, J. L. Bumbarger Lumber Co., and S. B. Elkins, to Dobbin, on the W. Va. C. & P. Railroad, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located will meet on Thursday, the 1st day of November, 1888, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said public road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
J. M. CONEWAY,
J. H. RUTH,

9 22 5 Examiners.

CHEAP RATES

TO ALL POINTS

WEST!

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The B. & O. is the only line running solid trains to

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9 29 6 B. & O. R. R., Somerset, Pa.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.

White sandy shore before me lies,
From which swift surges backward slip;
And where blue ocean meets blue skies
In hazy blending shows a ship—
Pale, indistinct, as barque of dreams,
On gliding, it unmoving seems.

Perchance a fairy craft it is,
With countless treasures in its hold—
Bright gems and perfumes rare, I wis,
And untold wealth of shining gold.
A ship for which I've waited long—
Ship writ in tale and sung in song.

A careless child upon the shore—
A happy child with bared white feet—
Pursues the waves and, through their roar,
Sings gladly clear this couplet sweet:
"Life's grandest promise will begin
Fulfillment when my ship comes in."

The dim white sail glides slowly by,
Far, far next line of sky and sea,
Until it fades before my eye;
Yet, somewhere, know I that to me
A ship is sailing, bringing all
Of joy or pain that shall befall.

A phantom barque, with sails like wings,
It drifts along the tide of time,
And marveling what fate it brings,
I listen to the happy rhyme:
"Life's grandest promise will begin
Fulfillment when my ship comes in."

—*Mary Clark Huntington, in Good Housekeeping.*

INTERESTING STORIES.

Uncle Jacob Relates a Few Thrilling Incidents.

A Green Dutchman's Coon Hunt—Trapping a 507-Pound Bear—An Unpleasant Encounter With a Catamount.

When the writer drove out to Uncle Jacob Griss' place on the Drinker turnpike the other day to have another talk with the white-whiskered octogenarian, the active and jovial old gentleman was patching up some rail fence by the roadside. It is a quiet country place out there, and whenever any body who likes to hear interesting narratives about life in the wildwoods comes along, Uncle Jacob willingly drops his work and accompanies his callers to his residence near by, which was once the famous old Buck Horn Tavern. After they had been seated and a dish of fall pippins had been passed around, Uncle Jacob leaned on his crooked cane and said:

"Let me see. Did I tell you, when you were here before about the green Dutchman who smoked the coon out of the hollow tree? No? Well, then, I'll tell it to you now. One winter we were cutting down some very large poplar trees over the ridge yonder toward Tamarack Swamp. Many of the trees were five and six feet in diameter, and it took a good deal of chopping and sawing to get one of them to the mill. Among the party of choppers there was a stout and tough young Dutchman who hadn't been in the country but a few months, and he owned a little dog that he had fetched into the neighborhood with him. The dog tagged the woodchoppers wherever they went, and remained out in the woods from morn till night. The axe that we let the young Dutchman work with was a two-bladed one, and, as it was the first axe of that kind that he had ever seen, he felt very proud of it and took great care of it.

"On one of the coldest days of the winter the Dutchman's little dog wandered away from the choppers and set up a continual yelping near the foot of an immense poplar tree twenty or thirty rods from where the men were working. After the cur had howled for half a day the young Dutchman tramped over to the tree through the deep snow to see if he could find out what the dog was yelping at, and when he got back he told us in the plainest way he knew how that there was a coon in the tree and that along toward night he would smoke the coon out, kill it, and give it to me. I then went near enough to the tree to see that it leaned a good bit out of the perpendicular and I came to the conclusion that if the tree was hollow there was room enough in it for a whole family of coons. About twelve feet from the ground there was a curve in the trunk, and I could see that it would be an easy thing for animals to nest in it. The Dutchman's cur continued to yelp, and I didn't bother him, but went back to work without saying any thing.

"A little after sundown the young Dutchman shouldered his axe and said he would then go and smoke the coon out. I told the other workmen to follow me, and we went to a spot within good sight of the Dutchman and got behind trees to see how he was going operate on the coon. The cur kept yelping and hopping about as though he was ready to tear the animal all to pieces when it came out, and the Dutchman soon started a little smoke fire in the hole at the base of the tree. He put on some bark and leaves and made a smudge, and then he stood opposite the hole with his axe up over his head and waited for the coon to jump out, expecting to split the coon's head open at the first clip. The coon didn't make its appearance as soon as the Dutchman had calculated that it would, and while he stood there, with his feet braced in the snow and his axe held aloft, the fire worked up into a blaze, hardly any smoke floating up the tree.

"Then the Dutchman, whose little dog stood off and barked, put down his axe and began to pile on stuff to smother the fire. He had hardly piled on the first handful when out of the hole plunged a 250-pound bear. The smoke had roiled him, and he had got singed a little on his way out, and he was so thoroughly mad over being disturbed that he pitched at the Dutchman and partly knocked him down. When the Dutchman saw what an enormous coon he had smoked out he started to run, and the way he yelled for help, with the bear almost on his heels, was comical enough to make a jackass laugh. He roared and bellowed a good deal louder than the mad bear did, and his little dog put his tail between his legs and got out of sight in no time. One of my men rushed down and split the bear's head open before he had done the Dutchman any injury, but the frightened greenhorn didn't stop running till he got clear out of the woods. Then we chopped the tree down and found that the bear had made himself a very comfortable nest in a shoulder of the big trunk. He had holed up there before the snow fell, and there were no tracks around the tree. We never could get the Dutchman to smoke out any more coons after that.

"Many years ago a wonderfully large bear had his home among the thick scrub oaks between Tobyhanna and Stauffer's mills. It was impossible for any body to get at him or to get a shot at him when he stayed among the oaks. He had killed a number of dogs that were foolish enough to tackle him, and he had lugged many a sheep and pig into his hiding place. Two or three hunters had got glimpses of his head, and they told me that he was so old that he had begun to get gray around the chops. They said that he was the biggest, oldest, savagest and cunningest bear that any body had ever seen in that part of the Pocono region. He had torn his foot out of one trap, and after that they knew his track when they saw it in the snow, but they couldn't get the old fellow to jump into a trap again.

"I had heard so much about the gray old bear and the mischief he had done, that along in December I concluded to spend a week trying to trap him, and to give him up as too tough and cunning for me if I didn't succeed in catching him at the end of that time. So on a Monday morning I had one of my boys drive me to the place in a sleigh. I took two of my best traps along and a lot of fresh meat for bait. I had my rifle and a good sharp hatchet, too, and, after I had looked over a part of the rugged region in which the old gray bear was supposed to be in hiding, I made up my mind that a trap set in a certain hollow near one of his runways would be pretty apt to catch him.

"I knew he hadn't holed up for the winter, because I found some of his tracks, and because he had stolen a sheep from Ly Sander Bushnell only a day or two before. So I set one of the traps in the hollow I spoke about, building up a little higher fence than usual around it, and fastening the trap to a good-sized log that I knew he couldn't lug away very fast. Then I hung the bait up about six feet from the trap and left it. The other trap I set in the same way in another hollow fifty rods to the southeast, hitching the chain around a stone that would weigh in the neighborhood of thirty pounds. Three mornings I went and looked at the traps, and each time I found them just as I had left them, and I began to think that my week would be fooled away.

"But on Friday morning I found that the old bear had been around, for, by the life, when I got in sight of the first trap I saw that the bait had been removed, while the trap hadn't been touched. Looking closer, I saw that a bear had leaped clear over the fence and trap, hooked the bait, and then pushed the fence down near where the bait had hung and mogged off. That was a mighty cunning trick, I thought, and I began to believe that all the stories I had heard about the old gray bear's carryings-on in the scrub oaks were as true as preaching. I judged by the leap he had made that he was a long-legged and long-bodied old rascal, and I gave up all hope of ever getting him. Then I sprung the trap and put it on a stump, and after that I started for the place where I had set the other trap.

"What do you suppose I found when I got there? Well, by the life, I found that the bait was hanging just as I had put it, but the trap wasn't there, and then I knew that there was some fun ahead. I had caught a bear, as sure as the world, but whether it was the old gray one or not I had yet to find out. The tracks in the snow were those of a large fellow, and this fact led me to hope that I had trapped the gray-jawed one that so many men had tried to kill. The stone at the end of the chain had plowed a furrow in the snow, but I was afraid that it was not heavy enough to keep the bear from getting so far away that I could not catch up with him.

"However, I made the best time I could through the scrub oak, stopping every little while to listen, and at last I heard the chain rattle. Before I had got sight of the bear, he had got a sniff of me, and the way he took on was music to me, though it would have frightened people who were not used to such roaring and tearing. I even saw that the stone had got caught, and that the bear had been trying to loosen it with his paws, and then I got sight of his head between the bushes and fired at it. There was a great thrashing around for a moment, and when things got still I advanced and found that the identical old gray scamp that I had been after lay there as dead as a hatchet. I got three men to help me drag him out, and he was the biggest bear I ever heard of being caught in the Pocomos, for he weighed 507 pounds exactly."

"Did you ever tackle any catamounts?"

"That reminds me of something I meant to tell you the other time you were here," said Uncle Jacob, "and I will tell it before I forget it. A good many people think that a catamount and a wildcat is the same, but there is a big difference between them. Catamounts are a great deal longer than wildcats, more ferocious, and very much stronger. They are more like lynxes or panthers than they are like wildcats, and, when one of them gets after a man, he needs to be well armed.

"One fall, a good many years ago, I had killed a sheep and hung the skin over a beam in the barn. Before daylight the next morning I went out to do the chores, and in putting the lantern down on the barn floor I saw bits of wool and pieces of the sheepskin. I immediately raised the lantern above my head to see if the sheepskin still hung there, and if I was ever frightened in my life it was at what I saw. Crouched on the beam where the sheepskin had hung a huge catamount with glaring eyes, was ready to spring upon me. The lantern was in my left hand, and I didn't dare to lower it, so I held it there and looked the ferocious beast square in its eyes.

"I happened to think that the only weapon anywhere near my right hand was a flail, and that stood in a barrel a little beyond my reach as I then stood. I continued to keep the lantern up high and to keep my eyes fixed on the catamount, and while I was doing this I edged toward the barrel until my right hand could grasp the flail. I seized it a little quicker than I ever caught hold of a weapon before, gave it a whirl around my head and then brought it down on the skull of the catamount with just all the force I could put into the blow. By the life, it crushed the brute's skull so that its eyes were forced out of their sockets, and the catamount was killed instantly. It weighed forty-nine pounds, twice as much as the ordinary wild cat does, and it was the closest call that I ever had with any kind of beast."—*N. Y. Sun.*

ROCHEFORT'S FIRST DUEL.

His Encounter with M. Delvaille, the Little Newspaper Editor.

One day, in consequence of an article, on what subject I no longer remember, he had a duel with the editor of the *Gaulois* newspaper, says M. Daudet in his "Thirty Years of Paris." The *Gaulois* of that day (for the title of a newspaper in France has more incarnations than Buddha, and passes through more hands than the betrothed of the King of Garbe,) the *Gaulois* of that day was one of those ephemeral cabbage leaves such as spring up between the paving stones around the cafes of the theaters and the literary taverns. The editor, a short, jolly, witty, red and round little man, was, as far as I can recollect, called Delvaille and signed himself Delbrecht, no doubt thinking that a prettier name. Delvaille or Delbrecht, whichever you please, had provoked Rochefort. Rochefort would have preferred to fight with pistols; not that he was a very alarmingly good shot, but he had sometimes won a few macaroons at a fair; while, as to a sword, neither from far nor from near, could he ever remember having seen such a thing. Delvaille, having been challenged, had choice of weapons, and chose swords. "Very well, then," said Rochefort, "I will fight with swords." A rehearsal of the duel was held in Paul Vernon's room. Rochefort was willing to run the risk of being killed, but not that of appearing to be ridiculous. Vernon therefore had summoned a great sergeant major of zouaves (since then cut to pieces at Solferino) very skillful at the salutes, attitudes, and manners most in fashion in the barrack fencing school. "After you—not at all—to please you—proceed, sir." After ten minutes' fencing Rochefort might, as far as grace went, have shown the most mustached *la Lamee* how to set to work. The two champions met the next day in those delightful woods of Chaville, between Paris and Versailles, which we all know so well, often spending Sunday there in less warlike pastimes. A cold, fine rain was falling that day, making bubbles on the pond and veiling in a faint mist the green circle of hills, the slope of a plowed field, and the fallen sides of a red sand pit. The combatants took off their shirts, notwithstanding the rain, and but for the gravity of the situation one would have been tempted to laugh at seeing, face to face, this little fat and white-haired fellow, in a flannel vest piped with blue at the wrists, putting himself into position as correctly as on the platform; and Rochefort, lanky, spare, yellow, grim as a death's head, and so cased in bony ribs that one really doubted whether there was space upon his body for the prick of a sword. Unfortunately, he had forgotten in the night all the fine lessons of the sergeant major; held his sword like a taper and made the most reckless thrusts, leaving himself exposed. At the first pass he received a thrust which grazed his side. The sword had scratched him, but very slightly. It was his first duel.

—Two farmers near Bowling Green, Ky., came upon a drove, or flock, or herd of weasels in the woods the other day. There were thirty or forty of the little fellows, and they seemed to know that there is strength in numbers, for they evinced no fear at the approach of the men, but drew up in solid mass and showed fight so determinedly that the farmers didn't molest them.

—Hogs when given dry food consume it much more slowly than when wet. In eating slowly there is probably a much larger amount of saliva mixed with the food, which may go far in aiding more complete digestion.—*Swincherd.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Analysis of natural gas shows the proportion of each constituent in 100 parts of the gas to be as follows: Carbolic acid and carbonic oxide, 6-10 each; oxygen, 8-10; olefiant gas, 1; ethylic hydride, 5; marsh gas, 67; hydrogen, 22; nitrogen, 3.

—The hand-made time pieces of the Swiss and French, who have so long held the supremacy as clockmakers, are not now regarded as superior to those of American machine make. The American machine-made watch is as finished and accurate as its foreign competitor, and is, of course, vastly cheaper.

—An English fireman writes to the London *Fireman* his belief that fires may be put out by a mixture of plaster-of-paris and alum. His plan is to throw the mixture confined in a combustible bag upon the fire. An incombustible pulley-block, to haul up the bag, must necessarily be affixed to every building to render his plan practicable.

—Dr. Jastrow, of the University of Wisconsin, has collated considerable evidence which goes to show that the ear is the dominant organ of the mind in some people and the eye in others. Those in whom the ear is the dominant organ are designated as ear-minded; those in whom the eye is the dominant organ are called eye-minded. A dog is usually smell-minded, or nose-minded.

—A new method of weather prediction has been discovered by Ch. Montigny, a French physicist. He has observed that the scintillations of stars increase before many storms, indicating disturbance of the upper atmosphere, hours before the meteorological instruments show any change. The fiercer the storm, the more is the strength of the scintillations increased.

—A belief has hitherto generally prevailed that printing was invented by Gutenberg, about the middle of the fifteenth century. It is said, however, that Professor Karabaceti has recently demonstrated, at a conference at the museum of Vienna, that movable types of wood, both for letter press and ornaments, were in use in Egypt 500 years before the printer of Mayence.

—Prof. Ormond Stone states that only four cases have been found in which the known motions of the principal bodies of the solar system can not be fully explained by Newton's law of gravity. The unexplained discordances are the motion of the perihelion of Mercury, and the accelerations of the mean motions of the moon and of Encke's and Winnecke's comets.

—The tops of pine and spruce trees are now utilized in the manufacture of paper. The discovery is of immense value, as it makes marketable a vast mass of what has hitherto been waste material. Hereafter the branches of all evergreens will be gathered, and after a process of steaming to extract the resinous matter will be ground into dry pulp, which may be shipped to any distance.

—French physicians have adopted a new system of curing consumption, based on sulphuric acid in medicated inhalations. Sulphur slightly moistened with alcohol is burned in a brazier, a little benzoin or powdered opium being sometimes added to make the fumes less disagreeable. The patient is required to stand twice a day in this sulphurous chamber and inhale the medicated atmosphere until his lungs are saturated with sulphuric acid. The treatment is said to be markedly successful.

A QUESTIONABLE DISH.

How Charlie's Faith in His Wifey's Cooking Received a Shock.

"Charlie," said a young wife to her husband, "I bought some lovely mushrooms to-day and have cooked them for your supper."

"How do you know they are mushrooms?" said Charlie, suspiciously.

"Why, the man I bought them of said so. Then they were pink on the under side and that means mushrooms—or is it toadstools—well, it's one or the other,"

"Humph! they look kind of dingy," sniffed Charlie.

"But they're not toadstools, for I stirred them with a silver spoon and they didn't turn it black."

"Then they *are* toadstools," said Charlie, "because I know mother's mushrooms always turned the spoon black."

"Well, dear, you know if you eat them you can soon tell. If they're mushrooms it seems a pity to waste them, and if they're toadstools——"

"Go on—if they're toadstools you'll soon be a widow."

"How unkind you are! I boiled them in saleratus water to make sure. They wouldn't hurt an infant now," sobbed the little woman.

Charlie had unbounded faith in his wife's cooking but he didn't eat the mushrooms. He told her to make some last years "ketchup" with them, and bottle them down for future use.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Aging" Young Physicians.

"There, you look ten years older now," said a down-town barber yesterday, as he released a man from the meshes of a towel and yelled, "Brush!" To the customer who followed he said: "That was a young fellow who has just started in business here as a doctor. He looked too young, and to get patients he had to grow old in the barber's chair. Can we age a man? Well, I should say so. It's a part of our trade. Let me take you in hand and dress your hair and beard my way for a month and you'll look a middle-aged man. It's all in the appearance. People won't trust a young doctor, if he looks too young, and I am adding years to the appearance of half a dozen young physicians now. Have a shampoo? Your hair is full of dandruff. All right. Brush!"—*Chicago Times*

TEMPERANCE READING.

TRUE TO THE LAST.

Pathetic Story of a Little Girl Who Would Not Break Her Word.

"No, sir! Only them words, 'My Little True.' But can you make vi'lets? Cause if you can, you may make a little wreath of them 'round the words. She were a sweet little lass, just like them, and it was her name, too, like her mother's. She's dead, too, poor gal, but we always called the little one 'Little True!' and the rough, shabby-looking man dashed away the tears from his red eyes, and his tones were broken with grief. The stone-cutter promised to try his best to make the design just as requested on the tiny marble slab; and then the poor old man went slowly and unsteadily down the street murmuring over and over to himself: "Little True, Little True! aye, she was 'true' to the last. * * * Aye, so I did, my sweet lamb; I did promise thee to follow—to be true, too, * * * and I *will*, so help me, God!" and the low tone was firm and resolute, while he passed the grog-shop on the corner without even a glance, though cords of iron strength, it seemed, were drawing him thitherward.

Two others he must pass, but he went on unfalteringly, until he reached the florist's, whose shop he entered.

A pretty girl who was petting a dove in the back part of the store came forward to attend him.

"Ha' you any vi'lets, Miss?" he asked. "I want the purtiest you've got."

She brought out some great dark fragrant ones.

"Yes, them's the kind I want," he said, and then as she was making change for the bill he handed her, he bent over the lovely things, still repeating softly:

"Little True, Little True."

She caught the words and repeated: "'True?' Yes, they are the emblems of truth and innocence."

"So they be—thankee, Miss. But it was my little gal I meant. They are for her."

"Indeed? Is she sick?"

"Ah, no, Miss. *She'll* never be sick no more. But oh, I can never see her again!" and his face worked convulsively.

"O, yes, you can if you *will*," she said, gently, as she silently placed a white rose-bud and a knot of geranium leaves with the violets for the little grave.

"Ah, you don't know, Miss! If it wa'n't for me she'd 'a' been here now. *I killed* her!"

"O, how sad!" was the shocked reply. "Some dreadful accident, of course. But you must not feel so badly."

"Ah, no, Miss! No accident, only the drink made me do it. You see she went with one of the neighbor's little gals to the Temperance school, and they taught her of the curse of the drink; though, to be sure, she knew it all before, and better than they could tell her; and they told her that the Bible said 'touch not, taste not, handle not,' and 'long o' the rest she took the pledge, and a promise, Miss, my little True never, never broke. * * * Well, as I was a saying, when she comed home, that very night, I says to her, says I: 'True, go down to Riley's and get me some whisky.' 'Father, I can't,' says she, and says I: 'What's the reason?' 'I've promised, father,' says she. 'I've promised never to touch it, never no more.' 'Well, you'll have to touch it, so there!' 'But I *can't*, father, I've promised. Please, father, I'll do any thing else you want, but I *can't* do that, you know, for I've *promised*,' and nothing else would she say.

"Well, you see, I'd had some a'ready, and I was 'ready' mad, and I just said 'she should go,' though I knew she'd never broke her word in her life, and it wa'n't likely she would then.

"'Get out o' my door, then,' says I. 'I'll not have a child round me that won't mind. And don't never show yerself here again till you will mind.'

"She opened the door, and turned and looked at me. I can see now, Miss, just like a' angel, with tears in her blue eyes. 'Good-bye, father,' says she; but that steady firmness, Miss, it just roused the old devil in my heart, and I stepped over to her, and gave her one hard push just as she was a passing through the door, and threw the jug after her. Whether it hit her I don't know, or whether it was the push, but with the crash of the jug on the other side of the hall, I heard the sound of a heavy thump, thump, thump, down the step, long flight of stairs, that went down just across from my door. They rushed out o' the rooms below and picked her up, and brought her and laid her on her little bed. I thought she was dead then, but no, though the doctor said her back was broken; after an hour or two she opened her eyes and looked up at me and whispered, 'Dear father, I couldn't break my word.' Then, after a little, 'Father, I wish *you'd* promise, 'cause I know you'd keep it.'

"By and by she looked up again, for she'd been sleeping a bit. 'I'm going now, going to mother. Won't you come, too, father? Please promise me, father.' I nodded, for I couldn't speak. But it was enough for her, and she smiled just the purtiest smile I ever see, and her face shone like a star; and then, while her little fingers tightened on mine, she moved her lips as if she said 'Thank God! Good-bye!' and then my little gal was gone. O little True, my little True!"

The old man was sobbing now, while the girl's bright eyes were overflowing. After a few moments he resumed:

"They fixed her up beautiful, Miss; in as purty a coffin as ever I see, with lots of the loveliest flowers, especially vi'lets, and her teacher it was looked after it all. And they laid her away where the sun shines and the birds sing, and she is happy, I hear them say. But, ah me! Poor old Joe, all the joy he had has turned to grief, and they've been two long, long dreary months that she's been under the sod. But I've kept my promise, Miss, so far."

"God help you to keep it to the end, and to reach the haven where she is forever safe," and selecting a pot of the same sweet blossoms of which he had purchased a bunch, she gave it to him, saying: "Put these on the little one's grave for me, where they may be a sweet reminder of your darling's innocence and truth, and of the promise you made her."—*Meta E. B. Thorne, in Union Signal.*

A Gigantic Monster of Evil.

It would seem that there has been so much said about intemperance that there is nothing more to say. But the horrors of intemperance have never yet been fully depicted. No pencil is black enough to paint the picture and do it full justice. It is a physical curse; it is a mental curse; it is a financial curse. It is clearly demonstrable that no less than nine hundred millions of dollars are required to take care of the consequences that arise from the use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage. Of the annual cost of the criminal courts, prisons, jails, penitentiaries, poor-houses, asylums, and the many other expenditures for crime and pauperism, more than seventy-five per cent. is the direct outcome of this monster evil. All this expenditure and waste, which also includes several millions in loss of time, in destruction of grain and other raw materials, and altogether not less than twenty hundred millions each year goes into and is swallowed up in this great gulf of wasted strength and material wealth of the people. But the most dire and awful wretchedness, broken hearts, blasted hopes, ruined lives, combining and concentrating more misery than all other accumulated woes or curses put together, are a part of the caste that makes up the quota that is fairly chargeable to this monster evil, besides killing, directly and indirectly, and thus sending to premature graves no less than one hundred thousand people annually — and many of them the brightest and best men in the land—making all other evils dwarf into nothingness when compared to this gigantic monster of waste, crime and wretchedness.—*Sterling (Kan.) Gazette.*

Slaves of Evil Customs.

What a large proportion of the havoc wrought by drunkenness is due to the drinking customs of society! What a vast number of lives have been wrecked and souls lost of men and women too weak to resist the blandishments brought to bear upon them in one guise or another by these drinking customs! What a legion of slaves bow down before these observances—slaves of high and low degree! The toiler passing by coaxed into the beer or whisky shop to be treated or to treat; the poor woman who must needs furnish out of her scanty means the foaming beer to regale her thirsty callers; the young society man persuaded by winning smiles and bright glances to quaff the draught that jeweled hands hold out to him; the dames, old and young, who sip the fascinating æthestic punch at high-toned "teas;" the gentleman who dares not offend his friends by omitting the offer of an appetizer or a "night cap," and who fears that his dinners would be voted tasteless if not flavored by beer and wines—all these are thralls of society's drinking customs; some willing, some unwilling, some but lightly fettered, some loaded down with manacles—yet bond slaves all.—*Rev. M. F. Foley.*

The Victims of the Sunday Saloon.

Speaking of the Sunday saloon, Andrew Paxton, agent of the Citizen's League, Chicago, said a few days ago:

"It is the wife and mother who has to suffer from the Sunday saloon. It is the undeserving and helpless who are made its victims. I remember one case of that kind. It was over in the Desplaines street police court. A good-looking young man was in the dock charged with drunkenness and disorderly conduct. His wife appeared against him, a young woman with a baby in her arms. 'A better husband and a kinder father and a more industrious and capable workman never lived than my husband when the liquor is out of him. All through the week we live happily, and he is sober because he is busy. But when Sunday comes he has time and money, and when he gets drunk he abuses me and the children till he is that stupid he falls asleep. I dread to have Sunday come.' Her name is Mary Rogers. Think of it! In a land called Christian the laws for the protection of the people are ignored, and the Christian Sabbath that most people look to as a day of rest and comfort, a day of rejoicing, is made a dreadful thing and a terror to the helpless. And there are ten thousand such women as Mary Rogers in Chicago."

THE cause why unfortunately there are in America paupers, why there are in America law-breakers and criminals, is this, that men, blinded by appetites, will drown their own reason in self-indulgence and become intemperate.—*Archbishop Ireland.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

DUCK AND CHICK.

Said a downy young duck
To a fluffy young chick:
"Come down to the water and swim!
By a fine bit of luck,
The right path I can pick,
And the horse-trough is full to the brim,"

"I really don't dare!"
Was the prudent reply;
"I have often been cautioned, you know,
With the greatest of care,
To walk where it was dry,
And with giddy young ducks never go."

She replied with a sneer:
"To me it is clear,
To your mother's tail feathers you are tied;
You run at her cluck,"
Said this naughty young duck.
"I don't think you have much pride."

The chick hung his head,
While with blushes he said;
"I never have learned to swim—
You see that by my toe;
But I would like to go—
I suppose I can walk on the rim."

With his thin yellow legs,
Like long scaly pegs.
He walked on the perilous rim;
He watched his friend dive,
And come up still alive,
Though she paid no attention to *him*.

His mother, the hen,
Called again and again,
But her darling child never replied.
With a motion too quick,
He had slipped—the poor chick—
And he fell in the water and died.

—*Clara G. Dolliver, in Our Little Ones.*

AMBIDEXTROUS.

Some Reasons Why the Hands Are Unequal in Strength and Dexterity.

There is a pretty big word near the beginning of the dictionary whose meaning few boys and girls probably understand. It is *ambidexter*, composed of the Latin words *ambo*, both, and *dexter*, right, and is applied to persons who can use one hand as well as the other, and whose hands are therefore both right, or, better still, neither right nor left, but equal. No record tells when the hands ceased to be equally strong and useful. It must have been thousands of years ago that one hand began dropping behind the other, and fell so far back in the race that it was called "left." There is a tradition that Eve used this hand in plucking the apple which she gave to Adam to eat, and that its disgrace began then. This is probably fiction, but the Old Testament is full of pleasant allusions to the right hand, while the left is rarely mentioned. Moses speaks of the law as having come from God's right hand, and David refers in the Psalms to the "cunning" or skill of His right hand. The same partiality is shown for the favored right hand in the New Testament. The superstitious Greeks and Romans called the left hand unlucky, just as if custom had not lready degraded and belittled it sufficiently. Homer describes the dismay of Polydamas when in one of the battles before Troy he saw an eagle, with a serpent in its clutches, receive a bite, drop its prey, and soar away to the left of the Trojan host. Among the Romans the croaking of a raven at the left of a man going out to battle or on a journey was considered a very bad omen. But we need not search ancient and mediæval history for evidences of these superstitions, for they exist to the present day not only in uncivilized communities, but also among people called enlightened.

It is very strange, however, that so strong and unkind a prejudice against the left hand has lived and increased for centuries when there is no natural or physiological reason for it. I mean to say that if you examine the skeleton of a person who was strong, healthy and well formed in life, you will find that the bones of the left hand and arm are just as many and just as large and perfect as those of the right. The study of physiology will show you, too, that the muscles and ligaments and cartilages that fastened that person's arms to his body and gave them the power of motion were made to do their work just as well on one side of the body as on the other. If the left side were the weaker of the two, it was because of failure to exercise it as freely as the other. Monkeys and cats and other animals, to whom paws are in a certain sense hands, would smile derisively, I imagine, if you should suggest to them that paws were rights or lefts, or that the paw on one side cou d do more than its mate. When, therefore, a boy or girl says that he or she can throw a ball, handle a racket, or do any thing else, only with the right hand, it is a direct admission that a monkey or cat is physically better equipped than that boy or girl. And yet it is the general belief that human beings are the most perfectly formed of all creatnres.

I do not believe that any bright, active and vigorous boys and girls wish to claim that, as far as their bodies are concerned, they did not have as fair a start in life as baby monkeys and kittens. And if they did begin on an equal footing with these little animals, the fact that one very important part of their bodies—the left hand—has become to a large degree useless and crippled does not speak well for their bringing up. If they had been born in a jungle or a forest, and been allowed like animals and plants to "come up," they would probably have been equal-handed, for it is known that wild men who are found in the unexplored regions of Africa and Asia are just as quick in the use of the left as of the right hand.

The preferring of the right hand to the left seems, then, to be a habit, and a bad one, of very long standing. Perhaps the readers of *Harper's Young People* will think it a tremendous task to try to conquer a fault which Moses, David, Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare, Sir Walter Scott, Dickens, George Eliot and thousands of other great men and women of the past never took the pains to correct. Perhaps they will even ask whether it is worth while to make the effort.

Those who wish to try will be encouraged to know that many men and women have undertaken and accomplished the task. They include soldiers who had their right hands shot away in battle, men and women who were similarly maimed by accident or had lost the use of their right hands by disease, and still others who from preference have taught their left hands to share the work of their right hands. In every case that I know of this education of the backward hand to take equal place with its mate or to take the place of the lost mate is acknowledged to be a great assistance to the persons who had the patience to accomplish it. There are telegraph operators who can handle the key or write with either hand, and who in sending or receiving messages rest one hand while the other is working. In that way they avoid the great and protracted fatigue of one hand that sometimes results in paralysis, and forces them into some other kind of business. There are women who can darn stockings, beat eggs, cut with scissors, and do many other useful things with either hand, mechanics who are even-handed, and men who are ambidextrous in numerous other ways.

Among my acquaintances in the country is a man who, like Captain Cuttle, has an iron hook in the place of a right hand, but this does not prevent him from paddling up and down the lake near which he lives, and catching more fish in a day than any other two fishermen in the vicinity. Besides this, he is a capital wing shot, and last fall brought down seven woodcock in succession with his muzzle-loader, which weighs nearly as much as an old-fashioned army musket.

When I was up in the Adirondacks several summers ago I found, after a little practice, that I could cast a trout fly almost as well with my left as with my right hand, thus avoiding the inconvenience and danger of shifting my position in the narrow and cranky canoe. Now I am learning to write with my left hand, as my right hand becomes very tired sometimes; but the task is much harder, I imagine, than it would have been had I begun when I was a school-boy.

In the face of these many instances can any boy or girl say that uneven hands can not become even hands? Each one must decide for himself or herself whether it is worth while to try to cure the bad habit while the muscles and inclinations are young and pliant, instead of waiting till some sad emergency forces a struggle with inflexible muscles and fixed ways. The boy who plays base-ball understands how valuable in the game it is to be able to bat, catch, or throw with either hand, and if he reads the base-ball news in the papers he has learned that left-handed pitchers are sought for. If he fences and boxes, he knows that the fencer who is skillful with his left hand, or the boxer who can strike a quick, strong left-handed blow, has a tremendous advantage over the opponent who depends only on his right hand. One of the greatest difficulties a young oarsman has to contend with after he has learned the action of rowing is the tendency of the stronger arm to pull the boat out of its course. In tennis, croquet, and other sports in which they participate, girls can discern the advantage of being able to play with either hand.

First attempts to use the left hand are always awkward and discouraging, but in ordinary cases persistency will gradually strengthen the least-used member and teach it to act as ably and sturdidly as the right, till finally there will be two perfect hands instead of one to answer promptly the call of the master of all our powers—the will.—*J. F. Herrick, in Harper's Young People.*

—An Albany lady tells of an abnormally bright boy in Amsterdam who called at the house of an aunt, where he felt at liberty to do about as he pleased. There were some beautiful oranges in sight. The lady had evidently forgotten that boys are always hungry and did not offer him one; perhaps she had forgotten that there were any in the house. The young visitor concluded that something would have to be done, and said: "Auntie, please give me an orange." She told him that she hadn't any oranges, to which he promptly replied: "You lie!" Frightened to think how it sounded, he ran home and told his mother, who immediately sent him back to apologize. The young man improved matters by saying: "Auntie, I am sorry for what I said to you, but—but, Auntie, you did lie!"—*Albany Journal.*

—Retribution.—"What is the matter with your eye, Dick?" asked his employer on noticing that Dick wore a green blinder. "Not much. There is an actor living next door to me, and he kept me awake nights rehearsing heavy stage dialogues; so I tried to square accounts by giving his boy a drum. The actor found out who gave the boy his drum.—*Drake's Magazine.*

—Bella's little sister was asked to describe Bella's lover by a friend of the family; she did very well till she came to the whiskers and then she hesitated—"They're some kind of lovely meat whiskers, but it isn't beefsteak, and I can't think." She had heard Bella say: "The mutton chop is so becoming to you, Algernon."—*Judge.*

—A Knowledge of Human Nature—And so your nice clergyman is going to be married, Miss Marigold! I hope you'll like his wife as well as you like him. "Well, ma'am, I'm sure I hope so—but we generally find that when the gentleman is haffable, the lady's 'aughty!"—*London Punch.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A Port Huron, Mich., undertaker has a large tent for funeral purposes. Whenever he has a funeral on a rainy day he places the tent over the grave so that services may be held with but little inconvenience.

—A young man who presented a forged order to a Detroit theater manager swallowed the paper when the fraud was detected. No bad results followed, as he was a regular eater at the depot lunch counter.

—A little pamphlet called "Humor in Ye Sixteenth Century" shows that ye joker of that period borrowed a great deal of his wit from ye humorist of the Nineteenth century, without giving a particle of credit.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"Now," said the choir director, "sing the third stanza very softly. It is necessary to do so to bring out the spirit of the composition." "Hymn No. 96," broke in the clergyman, "omitting the third verse." And the singers enjoyed it more than the director.—*Exchange.*

—Shakespeare, who left his wife his second best bedstead, has been surpassed in indifference by a modern English testator, who bequeathed his wife one farthing, which he directed the executrix to forward to her by post unpaid, as an indication of his disgust at the treatment which he had received at her hands, and especially in respect of the abusive epithets, such as "Old Pig," that he considered unjustified.

—Bees and homing pigeons recently raced between Hamm and Rhynern, Belgium. The towns are an hour apart, and the bet was that twelve bees would beat twelve pigeons in making the distance. Four drones and eight working bees well powdered with flour and released at the same instant with the pigeons at Rhynern. A drone reached home four seconds in advance of the first pigeon; the three other drones and one pigeon came in neck and neck, and the eight working bees came in just a trifle, about a length ahead of the ten pigeons

—In sinking large pits and wells in Nevada stratas of rock salt were cut through, in which were found imbedded perfectly preserved fish, which are probably thousands of years old, as the salt field occupies what was once the bottom of a large lake, and no such fish are now to be found in Nevada. The specimens were not petrified, but flesh, and all were preserved in perfect form, and after being soaked in water for two or three days could be cooked and eaten, but were not very palatable. After being exposed to the air and sun for a day or two, they became as hard as wood.

—A novel and very pretty spectacle was introduced at a Brooklyn swimming school exhibition. It was called the chariot race. Two little papier mache chariots were constructed and in each one was a four-year-old child. Harnessed to the chariots were two little boys, who swam over the course drawing their fair freight after them. The lads were about six years old, yet they made very good time and the winner was presented with a fine fishing pole. The children in the chariot enjoyed the race quite as much as the boys.

WAR CYCLORAMAS.

An Artist Explains How They Are Painted and Put Together.

The popular idea of how the war cycloramas, like the Battle of Gettysburg, Battle of Shiloh, Battle of Chickamauga, etc., are painted, appears very laughable to a person who knows how the work is accomplished. The Battle of Gettysburg and the Siege of Paris have been shown for several years on opposite sides of Hubbard court, in Chicago, and the stock paid large dividends. Each was advertised as the work of celebrated French artists, father and son, and the popular idea is that these gentlemen painted them. The fact is that, beyond a general outlining of the work, which was probably faithfully made after maps procured from authentic sources, and a general direction of the plan of the work, the artist-in-chief had very little to do with it. No man engaged in a battle sees it, and an accurate painting of two armies in combat is impossible. The general features only are known. For instance. In the Gettysburg painting there are accurately defined the roads, Crown Hill, Little Crown Hill, the wheat field in which a memorable charge was made, one or two buildings which were headquarters of the leading generals, and, with reasonable accuracy, the topography of the country is depicted with excellent perspective. But the details of the battle, the actual clash of arms between this and that division or brigade, is left a good deal to the imagination. The artist-in-chief hires some men to put in the sky, other men to put in the trees and foliage, other men to put in the men in action. Attention is paid to developing this or that memorabie incident, as, in the Gettysburg painting, the death of the cannoneer, the amputation of the soldier's limb beside the haystack. Take it all together it makes up a picture that is thrilling enough to arouse the most intense interest on the part of the old soldier. I remember standing by the side of a veteran at the Chicago picture of Gettysburg. He was explaining to a companion the details of the fight, in which he had borne an honorable part. "Say, Bill," said he, "at that stone wall there I lost my hat and, by gosh, if there ain't the old hat lying there yet!" In painting pictures of battles shrewd artists never fail to bestrew the field with lost hats, muskets and canteens.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

CURE FOR BLINDNESS.

An Operation Which Relieves the Brain and Restores Sight.

English surgeons have devised a new and beneficent operation by which the sheath of the optic nerve behind the eye is opened and not only is the pressure upon the nerve removed, and total, or almost total, blindness cured, but the brain itself is relieved. The membranes which invest the brain, and are continued down to the eye in the form of a sheath which surrounds the optic nerve, secrete a certain amount of fluid, and whenever there is an excess of this secretion, or by other means, as by the growth of a brain tumor, the pressure within the cavity of the brain is increased, a superabundance of fluid is apt to find its way down the nerve sheath to the level of the eye, subjecting the optic nerve to injurious pressure and frequently destroying the sight. This blindness may be permanent, even though the pressure in the brain cavity which causes it be only temporary and be cured. Dr. Dewecker, of Paris, sixteen or seventeen years ago, suggested that it was possible to open the optic-nerve sheath, and thus not only to relieve the nerve from pressure, but also to drain the brain cavity and relieve the brain pressure there. He made two experiments in this line upon two nearly hopeless cases, but he tried to feel his way to the nerve without the aid of sight, and to cut the sheath by means of an instrument carrying a concealed knife which was projected by means of a spring. Only one other attempt of this sort was made, and the results not being satisfactory, the experiments were dropped until last year. Dr. Brudenell Carter, of London, devised a method of operating by which the sheath was exposed to view, and every step of the operation was guided by the surgeon's eye. In a paper read before the British Medical Association at its recent meeting at Glasgow, Dr. Carter told of four cases in which he had performed the operation. In one the result was negative, so far as the sight was concerned; in the other three the patients were not only quickly restored to sight, but were relieved or cured of headache and sickness arising from pressure on the brain. Dr. Carter claims that the new operation could be performed with certainty and without risk either to life or to any important structure.

Dr. Bickerton, of Liverpool, at the same meeting said that after hearing of Dr. Carter's first case, he has performed the operation himself in two cases, in one of which temporary restoration of sight was followed by a relapse, but in the other one the result was favorable.—*N. Y. Cor. Chicago Journal.*

WONDERFUL BLIND MAN.

He Knows How to Work a Type-Writer and Can Play an Organ.

The Rev. E. R. Donehoo, secretary of the Pittsburgh association which proposes to erect an institution for the instruction of the blind, has received a remarkable letter from Alden F. Hays, a prominent blind citizen of Sewickley. The letter is in the clear and pretty characters of the type-writer, and was written upon the machine by that gentleman himself. In it Mr. Hays briefly tells Mr. Donehoo his own history, to show what wonders may be worked among the blind people by education.

He was for eight years a pupil in the Philadelphia Institution for the Blind, where so many blind boys and girls from Allegheny were trained. He is now a man of about thirty-eight years of age. His career since leaving school and his present mode of life present some marvelous facts. A few of these he relates to Mr. Donehoo as an evidence of the bright future that is possible for every blind person, if schooling advantages were only more common.

Mr. Hays is a son of the brilliant General Alexander Hays, whose heroic services in the late war ended with death in the Wilderness. He is now, and has been for several years past, a coal merchant, supplying most of Sewickley with fuel. He conducts the entire business himself—without clerical assistance.

He is totally blind, yet he writes all his own orders by type-writer for coal from the mine operators, takes the car numbers when the coal arrives; weighs the coal by the wagon-load for customers; gives the drivers properly filled out tickets, or makes out the receipts; receives money, counts it, and makes change; keeps a set of books; walks to and from his home without company, and in fact goes anywhere in Sewickley by himself and without a cane.

He is an accomplished musician. For eighteen years past he has been organist in the Presbyterian church, and he still takes every Friday afternoon from his business to rehearse the music for this church on Sabbaths.—*Pittsburgh Cor. Boston Globe.*

Sweet Use of Adversity.

The touch of adversity is just as necessary to bring out the best there is in some men as is the touch of the frost to reveal the glories of the autumn. What is more beautiful than a tree or forest flashing with all the colors of the rainbow! How delightful is a drive with these bouquets of nature lining the roadside! It is said these splendors of the autumn foliage are the sunshine which the trees have been silently storing up during the summer when the sun has been shining upon them. Happy is the man who, in the sunshine of prosperity, has enriched his life with those graces of character which will shine out most beautifully when the touch of adversity or sorrow comes!—*Christian Inquirer.*

IN A LION'S DEN.

A Welsh Professional Boxer Mingles with Savage Beasts.

An announcement made by the crier the other evening that a man named William Samuels, a local innkeeper and the champion boxer of Wales, would enter alone a den of lions at a menagerie, located at Swansea, caused considerable excitement in the town, and drew a great crowd to the show. At nine o'clock the band played "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and then Samuels, accompanied by Mr. Bostock, the manager of the show, walked up to a den containing a lion and about a dozen lionesses. A great crowd at once assembled round the cage. Mr. Bostock mounted a platform and informed the public that his old friend Samuels had volunteered to perform a deed of daring such as had never been done in the menagerie since its establshment in 1805. Mr. Whitehead, he said, recently at Cardiff, entered the cage accompanied by Mme. Salva, the lion-tamer, and had by his action caused a great sensation in South Wales. But Samuels was going to surpass this feat, for though urged to let Mme. Salva accompany him, he declined to enter the den at all unless allowed to do so alone. This he was now about to do.

The announcement was received with great cheering, though it was evident that, on the part of many present, there was a feeling of considerable anxiety and alarm. Samuels, however, seemed to share none of these feelings of uneasiness. Attired as a prize-fighter and with a blue rosette on his breast, he appears at the entrance of the cage, and, cudgel in hand, boldly entered it. The lions appeared in no way to relish this intrusion, and it looked as though Samuels would have had a warmer welcome than he bargained for. Possessed apparently with nerves of steel, the man walked undaunted up to the end of the cage where the animals were huddled together, awaiting only the slightest encouragement to spring on the intruder, and held his cudgel threateningly before the nose of the fiercest. Growls of rage greeted this act; but Samuels, in no way discomposed, walked among the animals, and made them fly right and left before him. This he did several times, and on one occasion acted so rashly that grave fears were entertained for his safety by those in charge of the exhibition. These—who as a precaution were armed with red hot irons—were ready to act promptly, when Samuels again obtained the mastery over his savage companions, and showed his fearlessness of them by firing a loaded pistol in their faces. Then, his courage maintained to the last, he went to the gate of the den and waited in a dangerous position while Mr. Bostock presented him, amid the cheers of those present, with a unique chain composed of spade and crown, and with a certificate recording the fact that he had accomplished his purpose. Immediately afterward the band played "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and Samuels was borne in triumph out of the menagerie and through the streets.—*South Wales Daily News.*

TRAINED SENSES.

Some Instances of Extreme Skill With Eye and Hand.

We hear a great deal about the wonderful precision and accuracy of machinery in these days, and of course it is wonderful; but the degree of accuracy to which the human hand can be trained is equally wonderful.

Playing cards are required to be cut with the sides quite parallel to each other, because if a pack be trimmed by the machine slightly wider at one end than the other, and they become turned "end for end" in dealing, the excess in width of some cards over others at the end of the pack will be double the variation in any one card, which would facilitate cheating, a very minute variation being perceptible. The men who test these cards for this, make calipers of their finger and thumb and by passing them along from one to the other, detect a difference in width between the two ends which it is difficult to measure by any other means.

There are men employed in factories where dried yeast is made whose business it is to put the yeast into packages weighing a certain amount each. It is on a table in front of them in a large plastic mass, and there are the scales for weighing it. But the men do not use the scales. They simply separate from the mass with their hands a lump of it and put it up, and you may choose at randon and put it on the scales, and it will weigh exactly the right amount, the scales beam just balancing.

Where large numbers of eggs are handled and shipped to market there is a process known as "candleing" eggs which consists in taking them up in the hands (usually two eggs in each hand at a time) and holding them up before a lighted candle. The light shining through them reveals to the practiced eye the exact condition of the contents. But some of the men soon get so that they do not need to use the candle, the mere contact of their hands with the shells denoting the condition of the egg just as infallibly and much more quickly. And they distinguish in that way not merely eggs, which are decidedly bad, but those which are just beginning to lose their freshness.

Here are three different ways in which extreme skill of the hands is shown by persistent training; First, in detecting slight differences in magnitude; second, in weight, and lastly, in texture or character of surface handled.—*American Machinist.*

—The largest johnny-cake known to have been made was thirteen feet long and in twenty-six parts, each representing a State. It was made by ladies during the former Harrison campaign.

To Prevent Feather Pulling.

This is a pure habit, which is brought on in flocks that have not enough to occupy their time and attention. When they once get a taste of the meaty end of the feather they are liable to extend their picking to something more than feathers, taking advantage of the naked condition of their companions by nipping at all exposed bloody parts, and allowing the poor hens no peace till they or their suffering mates are taken out of the pen. During the winter confinement of fowls they should be kept as busy as possible by scattering their grain among leaves or chaff, so that hard scratching will be necessary on their part in order to get enough to eat. This will take their time and be liable to keep them out of mischief. As a further prevention, some trim the edges of their beaks, so that when they attempt to pull a feather it will slip through and they can not hold it. Another remedy is to put on the fowl an appliance called a poultry bit, which can be obtained of almost any dealer in poultry supplies.—*Farm and Home.*

A Claim to Human Gratitude.

Charlotte Corday, the sad-faced, tender-hearted peasant girl of Normany, made great history by one desperate act!

Sickened by the saturnalia of the French revolution, and moved to desperation as Robespierre and Marat were leading the flower of France to the guillotine, she determined that she would put an end to Marat's bloody reign.

Marat had demanded two hundred thousand victims for the guillotine!

He proposed to kill off the enemies of the Revolution to make it perpetual!

Horrible thought!

No wonder it fired the blood of this patriotic peasant maid!

Gaining access to his closely-guarded quarters by a subterfuge, she found him in his bath, even then inexorable and giving written directions for further slaughter!

He asked her the names of the inimical deputies who had taken refuge in Caen. She told him, and he wrote them down. "That is well! Before a week is over they shall all be brought to the guillotine."

At these words, Charlotte drew from her bosom the knife, and plunged it with supernatural force up to the hilt in the heart of Marat.

"Come to me, my dear friend, come to me," cried Marat, and expired under the blow!

In the Corcoran gallery at Washington is a famous painting of Charlotte, represented as behind the prison bars the day before her execution.

It is a thrilling, sad picture, full of sorrow for her suffering country, and of unconquerable hate for her country's enemies.

What a lesson in this tragic story! Two hundred, nay, five hundred thousand people would Marat have sacrificed to his unholy passion of power!

Methods are quite as murderous and inexorable as men, and they number their victims by the millions.

The page of history is full of murders by authority and by mistaken ideas! In the practice of medicine alone how many hundreds of millions have been allowed to die and as many more killed by unjustifiable bigotry and by bungling!

But the age is bettering. Men and methods are improving. A few years ago it was worth one's professional life to advise or permit the use of a proprietary medicine. To-day there are not two physicians in any town in this country who do not regularly prescribe some form of proprietary remedy!

H. H. Warner, famed all over the world as the discoverer of Warner's safe cure, began hunting up the old remedies of the Log Cabin days; after long and patient research he succeeded in securing some of the most valuable, among family records, and called them Warner's Log Cabin remedies—the simple preparations of roots, leaves, balsams and herbs which were the successful standbys of our grandmothers. These simple, old-fashioned sarsaparilla, hops and buchu, cough and consumption and other remedies have struck a popular chord and are in extraordinary demand all over the land. They are not the untried and imaginary remedies of some dabster chemist intent on making money, but the long-sought principles of the healing art which for generations kept our ancestors in perfect health, put forth for the good of humanity by one who is known all over the world as a philanthropist—a lover of his fellow man,—whose name is a guarantee of the highest standard of excellence.

The preparations are of decided and known influence over disease, and as in the hands of our grandmothers they raised up the sick, cured the lame, and bound up the wounds of death, so in their new form but olden power as Log Cabin remedies, they are sure to prove the "healing of the nations."

Corday did the world an incalculable service in ridding France of the bigoted and murderous Marat, just as this man is doing humanity a service by re-introducing to the world the simpler and better methods of our ancestors.

It was a woman who saw the first snake, but since then the men have attended to that sort of thing.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Mrs. Sands—Oh, I know! It is easy to say "don't let them read trash," but how do you know just what books to put into the hands of your girls? You certainly have no more time than I, yet you always seem to know exactly the right thing to do.

Friend—Well, Sarah, in this instance, I get my information from *Demorest's Monthly Ma azine.* They are now publishing some capital articles on the subject of "Reading for Girls;" and now that you speak of it, I will let you into a little secret. You always say that I am so well up on the matters of the day, and I really think I am; yet the fact is I only get time to read my magazine; but when I have finished it, I know pretty much what is going on, in *Demorest's* they do seem to cover the ground on all subjects that each memoer of my family is interested in. Why! John is as anxious each month for it to arrive as I am.

Quite a paradox that in a land of the free so many Americans should covet bonds.—*Nantucket Inquirer.*

Start at the Starting Point.

Dyspepsia, in a case of nervousness which is not obviously due to a mental cause or deep-seated organic malady. Ordinary nervousness can not be overcome by sedatives. They may placate, but can not cure it. Stimulate digestion with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and relief soon follows. Use this benign remedy also in malarial disease, biliousness, constipation, rheumatism, kidney complaint.

Dates are duty free, so that a woman past thirty can tell the date of her birth or not, just as she pleases.

FREE! A 3-foot French Glass, Ova Front, Nickel or Cherry Cigar Case. Merchants only. R. W. Tansill & Co., Chicago

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Conceit, like any other seat, should be sat on.—*Puck.*

The Public Awards the Palm to Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for coughs. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute

If afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c

Good and Useful Lives Open to All.

Any one to whom the thought is suggested will find a brief biographical dictionary a meloncholy reminder of the shortness of life and the insignificant part any individual plays in the history of humanity. The man was born, and died, a few lines tell briefly what he did to instruct, amuse, advance or injure his fellow-men. This much is told of a few hundreds or a few thousands of men out of unnumbered millions. For the rest there is no record that they lived or died. But this is only one view of life. Volumes, and many of them, are required to tell in full whatever one man may have accomplished as a military hero, as a leader of his people, as poet or sage, explorer or investigator of the secrets of nature, or as a humanitarian. Man is very small in relation to the universe or even to the world in which he labors; his life in relation to the ages is but a span. But in his brief career and within the limited circle of his influence he may make that life a blessing or a curse to himself and to his fellow-men. The smallest individual, of whose coming and going no record is kept, is nevertheless a distinct force in society capable of making the world better and brighter by his presence. He may not become known outside of a small circle of personal friends and of his own family; the historian may pass him by unnoticed but if within the limits of his powers and opportunities he has been a good citizen and faithful, true to God, to country and to himself, who shall say that his life has been less worthily passed than that of the best of those who get three or four lines in a biographical dictionary, lest they should be altogether forgotten? The very thought of the insignificance of man in this great world and in eternity suggests also the reflection that relatively to each other there is not so much difference between man and man as should lead anyone to despair of leading a good and useful life promoting the happiness and welfare of all within the range of his influence. An army would accomplish little if each soldier the ranks stopped to consider the importance of his individual deeds before striking a blow. The victory is won when each does his full duty as opportunity permits. Men and women in civil life may be likened to the soldiers of a great army. Each has individual duties to perform, and honor or, what is of more importance, the approval of one's own conscience, is to be won only by doing that duty. The soldier who neglects present duty to think about what he would do if in a higher place, or because he does not think his opportunities commensurate with his abilities, seldom advances to the higher place. It is the man who does the work that comes to his hand conscentiously who is selected for other and higher work and is fitted for it by experience. Those who fritter away their time in dispiriting study of the past or in idle dreams of the future alike unfit themselves for the active work of the present. This is a busy world, continually sweeping on, and that is why the coming and going of individuals—even those of the first importance—make so little impression. But the thought is not a dispiriting one to those who realize that every honest sympathetic and zealous member of a community may promote his own happiness and that of others, and may advance the world in knowledge by being true to himself and doing his full duty cheerfully and with kindly regard for friend and neighbor. This is the priviiege of the humblest member of society, and by its just and proper exercise he may range himself beside the heroes and great benefactors of mankind when the accounts come to be made up, not by the common standards and measures of the world, but by those that take cognizance of the smallest actions of men and set upon them a just value.

Gems for Thought.

The million covet wealth, but how few dream of its perils.

Join the bright side of life.—The fools are on the other side.

Cultivate forbearance till your heart yields a fine crop of it.

The office of liberality consisteth in giving with judgment.

No place, no company no age, no person is temptation free.

It is not what we intend, but what we do that makes us useful.

Wickedness may prosper for a while, but in the long run he who sets all knaves at work will pay them.

When a rich quaker was asked the secret of his success in life, he answered, "Civility, friend, civility."

Speculation — purchasing something which you do not want either in your family or in the way of ordinary trade.

A coward in business is like the wise man's fool—his heart is at his mouth, and he knows not what is best to do.

The Landlady and the Parrot.

The Bowery parrot opened its eyes yesterday morning, rubbed the near eye with the off claw, shook its feathers and tested its voice by saying:

"The tariff is a tax!"

"What's that?" exclaimed old Mrs. Hashmadam, who keeps a boarding-house on West Twenty-third street. "Do you know what you are talking about?"

"The tariff is a tax," replied the parrot.

"Laws a massy!" ejaculated the old lady, "I've been in the boarding house business nigh onto 35 years. I paid $5 for an English Chiny tea set in 1858. They raised the tariff on chiny during the war, and then American chiny come into the market. Chiny kep' a goin' down, and now I kin git the same sort of tea set for $2.50." The parrot reiterated "The tariff is a tax."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hashmadam, "and I buy it of Harry Stafford, who used to work in the Staffordshire potteries for $7.50 a week. When he went to Trenton to work he made $15 a week, saved money and went into business for himself. The tariff didn't tax him, I guess."

"The tariff is a tax," said the parrott.

"If it don't tax him and if it don't tax me," asked the landlady, "whom on airth does it tax? Tell me that, you ugly green squawker."

But the parrot only said, "The tariff is a tax."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

The Feature of This Campaign.

When the political Chronicler of the future comes to write of the National Campaign of 1888 he will of course record the circumstance of the Mills Bill, and the message out of which it grew, and the campaign issues that in turn grew out of it. He will put down the fact of the surplus, the temperance question, civil service reform, the Chinese restriction act and the Canada retaliation measures.

Going more minutely into party details, he will probably note the Florence and Paris letters of Mr. Blaine and the equally positive and even more positive declinations of Mr. Childs, He will also say that Mr. Cleveland was the unanimous choice of his party for renomination, and that, strict Civil Service Reformer that Mr. Curtis and Mr. Godkin tells us he is, he did not scruple to violate his own civil service reform order. A partisan who turned his official utterances into electioneering pleas would hardly be put down by impartial historians as merely offensive, Mr. Cleveland outdid the offensive partisan by becoming wholly partisan, and managing his own renomination and re-election campaigns.

It is just possible also that the future McMaster, if he be the close searcher that the present McMaster is, may quote from the newspaper files, the fact that some $50,000,000 of Government money were placed out in favored banks who used it for private gain, without paying the public, to whom it belonged, anything for the use of it. We say he may note this.

But the one striking feature of the campaign of 1888, that the future political chronicler cannot and will not ignore, is the part that General Benjamin Harrison played in it. No nominee of any party was ever named under so many favorable auspices and conditions, and no nominee ever so steadily grew in the estimation of every body, during an exciting political campaign. General Harrison, well thought of at first, has marched from the round of mere respectable notoriety, to the top of the ladder of fame. There was never anything like it. He has not gone back, around nor has he for one day stood still.

He has done all this upon merit. His life and character have been searched and studied. His mind, his temperament and his detrmination have been weighed in scales that had no bias in his favor. He has not been found wanting. Indeed, he has borne his side down, and has kept it down, by the weight of his one worth as a man. The steady growth of General Harrison in the hearts of the people is the unique feature of the Campaign af 1888, and the future chronicler must either so record it or come down from his doomsday-book pretensions.

Infidelity reproves nothing that is bad. It only ridicules and denounces all that is good. It tears down—it never constructs; it destroys—it never imparts life; it attacks religion, but offers no adequate substitute.

Wise Words.

God's grace is as great as eternity and as vast as the sea.

Books are the ever-burning lamps of accumulated wisdom.

The day of Judgment will be to the saints the great coronation day.

The company in which you will improve the most will be the least expensive to you.

It is far more easier to acquire a fortune like a knave than to expend it like a gentleman.

Use charity with all—be generous in thought and deed—help others along life's thorny pathway.

The seed of sacrifice brings forth the fragrant fruit of love, and love always has in its heart the seeds of new sacrifice.

The bad fortune of the good turn their faces toward Heaven, and the good fortune of the bad bows their heads down to the earth.

Praise in the direction of one's truest ideal is stimulating and encouraging praise. Any other praise gives discomfort rather than satisfaction.

Every road which leads to a duty is delightful, were it bristling with thorns; every road which leads to a precipice is frightful, were it covered with roses.

If wealth comes, bewre of him, the smooth false friend. There is treachery in his proffered hand; his tongue is eloquent to tempt; lust of many harms is lurking in his eyes; he hath a hollow heart; use him cautiously.

A man nevergets over the influence of an early christian home. It holds him in an eternal grip. Though his parents may have been gone forty years, the tears of penitence and gladness that were wept at the family altar still glitter in his memory.

The lark goes up singing toward Heaven; but when she stops the motion of her wings, then straightway she falls, So it is with him who prays not. Prayer is the movement of the wings of the soul: it bears one heavenward, but without prayer we sink.

Let our farmer friends remember that in the issue between Protection and free trade, that the advocates of the latter claim that its adoption will reduce the values of every commodity. Labor, clothes, merchandise, land, provisions, and all kindred articles will fall in value. But money will retain its present standard and its purchasing power will increase as the values of commodities decrease. The man owning $1,000 in cash will be able to buy your farm that is now worth $2,000, (once free trade is introduced) for his $1,000, and you will be the loser to the amount of $1,000. After figuring on the benefits the free trade advocates set forth and comparing them with this, you will readily make up your mind which policy is the most profitable to the American farmer. Figure it out and cast your vote accordingly.—*Telegram.*

The series of extempore speeches delivered by Lincoln while on his way from Springfield to Washington in the Spring of 1861, and the remarkable speeches made by Blaine in the campaign of 1884, are being paralleled by the addresses of General Harrison, since his nomination in July. Indeed, in one respect the present remarkable series made by the Republican standard bearer surpass those of both Lincoln and Blaine, in that they are read by so many more people. General Harrison is accomplishing as much for himself, for the ticket, for Republicanism and for the country by remaining at home as did Lincoln and Blaine by traveling about. He is stumping the nation by telegraph.

If You Have a Trifling Cough

Don't neglect it. Use Roger's Specific Cough Cure. It is a sure and speedy cure for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, &c. 25 cts. a bottle.

For Sprains, Burns, Bruises, &c.

Use Roger's Specific Liniment. It has no equal as a cure for Sprains, Burns, Bruises, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Dysentary, Rheumatism, &c. 25 cts.

Dyspepsia and Habitual Constipation

Speedily cured by a few doses of Appetite, the Great Stomach, Kidney and Liver Remedy. Price 50 cts.

Piles! Piles! Piles!.

Roger's Specific Cocaine Pile Remedy will cure in a short time the most aggravated case of Itching, protruding, Bleeding, or any other form of Piles. Price 50 cts. a box.

Roger's Sp cific Worm Syrup

Is Pleasant, Safe and efficient. Price 25 cts.

For Chapped Hands, Face, &c.,

Use Frangipane Curative Balm, a delightful toilet article for the Hands, Face, Roughness of Skin, Face and Sunburn, Tetter, Pimples, Blotches and Skin Diseases. Price 15 cts.

All the above preparations are for sale at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, Oakland, and by druggists and country merchants in all parts of Garrett and adjoining counties.

ROAD PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that thirty days from the first publication of this notice, the undersigned citizens of Garrett county, will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to appoint examiners to view and locate a public road as follows: Commencing at the Pennsylvania line (District No. 3) and running through the lands of Thos. W. Frost, Israel Glotfelty, Henry Pollman, Geo. Inks and Wm. Bepler, to the National Road, a distance of about two and a-half miles.

THOS. W. FROST,
ISRAEL GLOTFEL,
GEORGE INKS.

9 22 5

NEW ADSEMENTS.

LACTATED FOOD

Possesses many Important Advantages over all other prepared Foods.

BABIES CRY FOR IT.
INVALIDS RELISH IT.

Makes Plump, Laughing, Healthy Babies. Regulates the Stomach and Bowels. Sold by Druggists. 25c., 50c., $1.00.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

Baby Portraits.

A Portfolio of beautiful baby portraits, printed on fine plate paper by patent photo process, sent free to Mother of any Baby born within a year. Every Mother wants these pictures; send at once. Give Baby's name and age.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Props., Burlington, Vt.

It's Easy to Dye WITH **DIAMOND DYES**

Superior IN Strength, Fastness, Beauty, AND Simplicity.

Warranted to color more goods than any other dyes ever made, and to give more brilliant and durable colors. Ask for the *Diamond*, and take no other. 36 colors; 10 cents each.

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For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles, USE DIAMOND PAINTS. Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents.

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CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil, Paregoric or Narcotic Syrups. Children cry for Castoria. Millions of Mothers bless Castoria.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation; Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation; Gives healthy sleep; also aids digestion; Without narcotic stupefaction.

"I recommend Castoria for children's complaints, as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

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They are Growing More Popular Every Day.

W H O ?

MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

OF CUMBERLAND, MD.,

The Acknowledged Largest Dealers in Western Maryland,

Who, by their many years' experience in the music business, together with honest and fair dealing, have placed the World Renowned

ESTEY AND CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN

in the leading ranks of all other Organs manufactured. The Estey Organ is well enough known to be appreciated when seen. The Chicago Cottage Organ is gaining a reputation that ere long will place it at the head of the list. It is elegant in finish, exquisite in design. In tone superlatively fine. Standard in construction. Highly ornamented and heavy volume. It is an Organ whose action speaks louder than words, and after one sees and trys this lovely instrument, it always pleases and gives entire satisfaction to the purchaser. We also sell the celebrated

DECKER BROS., WEBER, FISHER BROS., AND ESTEY PIANOS,

—AND THE—

New Home Sewing Machine.

This machine has *no* superior. The cabinet work is of the finest and most artistic made. Its construction is the best and guaranteed not to get out of order. Its attachments are the simplest as well as the most perfect made, and a child can operate it with ease. The attachments are self-setting, requiring no screw driver, not even a thumb screw. No home is complete without this, the grandest, best and most perfect machine made.

Our terms are made in every instance to suit purchaser, and prices the lowest ever offered for first-class goods in this section. We buy for cash in large quantities from the factories direct, thus enabling us to save the purchaser the ordinary agents commission. A word to the wise is sufficient.

For purchasing write or send for illustrated catalogues, prices, terms, &c., to

MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

Main Office, MEYERSDALE, PA.

Branch Office, CUMBERLAND, MD. 9 17 '87—1y

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by George D. White and others, Beginning at the Southeast end of Church street, and running thence through the lands of Mrs. E. A. Kilbourn, Mrs. Maria Davis, F. & C. Felty, S. L. Townshend, Mrs Max. Klein and James R. Bishop, and intersecting the Ryans Glade road at a point between John A Delawder's and the line of Mt. Lake Park, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Tuesday, the 30th day of October, 1888, and determine whether the public convenience requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
WM. H. HALL,
WILLIAM WHITE,
Examiners.

9 22 5

VALUABLE

STOCK FARM FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Wilink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby warned from Hunting or Driving on the lands under my charge. We have fenced to the new county road, and warn all persons from taking down our fences and running over our lands.

J. H. & C. T. SANDERS.

NEWA DVERTISEMENTF.

MASSEY HALL PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

School year commences

September 12th, 1888.

Regular and elective courses in all Preparatory Studies. Special attention to English and Commercial branches. The number of pupils is strictly limited, in order to insure the most thorough training and individual advancement.

For terms, hours of study, &c., apply to

REV. J. NEWMAN,
7 7 td Principal.

Estate of Samuel Engle, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscribers, of Garrett county, Md., hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Testamentary on the personal estate of

SAMUEL ENGLE,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscribers on or before the 29th day of March next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefits of said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of September, 1888.

RALPH ENGLE, Executor,
9 15 3t Grantsville, Md.

TOWN PROPERTY

FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

D. E. BOLDEN & CO..

UNDERTAKERS

AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS,

OAKLAND, MD.

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

COFFINS, CASKETS

—AND—

BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS!

—Also a full line of—

FURNITURE,

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and Window Blinds,

And everything usually kept in a First-Class Furniture Establishment

Furniture Rented on easy Terms

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

REPAIR WORK,

PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c.

☞ Also make Furniture to order.

D. E. BOLDEN, & CO.

Feb. 25, '88.

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 3d, 1888.

All persons are hereby warned not to remove any stone from the National Road in Garrett county, or from the Bridges thereon.

By order County Commissioners.

W. H. HAGANS,
9 8 tf Clerk.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect April 29th, 1888:

GOING EAST.

No. 2		7.41 A. M.
No. 38	Accommodation	10.30 A. M.
No. 6		11.14 A. M.
No. 82	Accommodation	5.05 P. M.
No. 4		11.43 P. M.

GOING WEST

No. 3		4.49 A. M.
No. 81	Accommodation	9.40 A. M.
No. 5		5.00 P. M.
No. 65	Accommodation	5.41 P. M.
No. 1		9.15 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.

C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

FARM FOR SALE!

For sale cheap, a farm of 305 acres, about 90 acres of which is cleared, and on which are erected a

Two-Story Frame House, Two Stables

and other outbuildings. About 75 acres of the woodland is covered with EXCELLENT TIMBER. The farm is situated two miles from Swanton, B. & O. R. R. About 250 acres is under fence. A young orchard was put out four years ago, and will soon come into bearing.

For particulars and terms, apply to or address

RICHARD CUSTER,
8 25 Swanton, Md

JOHN A. WOLF,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

2 88 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, OCT. 27, 1888. NUMBER 35.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

☞ Office over Casteel's Drug Store on Main street, Oakland, Md. 2 26 '87.

GILMOR S. HAMILL

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing nvestigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

J. B. FAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals Also in adjoining counties of West Va.

☞ Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.

Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

GARLAND THOMAS. EWD. H. SINCELL.

THOMAS & SINCELL,

Attorneys-at-Law and Solicitors in Chancery,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND, ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.

July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office in Boyer Building. Cor. Second and Alder, streets, Oakland, Md.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

v3n47.

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OAKLAND, MD.

OFFICE IN NYDEGGER BUILDING.

☞ Residence in Dr. Keller Building.

Sept. 9, 1885.—1y.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OAKLAND, MD.,

offers his professional services to the people of Oakland and vicinity. 5 5 '88

☞ Office with Dr. J. Lee McComas.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND, RESIDENT DENTIST,

OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n48

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

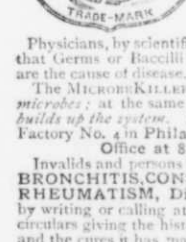
CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence on Mill street, opposite the Helbig bridge

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

3 15 1y.

WM. RADAM'S



MICROBE KILLER

The Great GERM or BACTERIA DESTROYER.

To Cure Disease, Remove the Cause.

Physicians, by scientific researches, have discovered that Germs or Baccilli commonly called Microbes, are the cause of disease.

The MICROBE KILLER CURES by *destroying the microbes*; at the same time *purifies the blood* and *builds up the system*. Mr. Radam has established Factory No. 4 in Philadelphia.

Office at 819 Arch Street.

Invalids and persons suffering from CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION, MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, Diseases of the Blood, etc., by writing or calling at above address, will receive circulars giving the history of the MICROBE KILLER and the cures it has made. Agencies will be established in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia, which this Factory will supply. This Germicide is

A SURE RESTORATIVE TO HEALTH.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodehea ver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Republican Office, Oakland, Md

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dr. Seth Arnold's

COUGH KILLER

CURES

Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and Asthma.

PREVENTS CONSUMPTION

Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.

Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, druggist, Oakland, Md. 11 '86 1y

PLANING MILLS.

MT. LAKE PARK, MD.,

ALDERSON & ROBINSON, PROPS

C. M. RATHBUN, Manager.

Manufacturers of and dealers in

Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings.

Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.

☞ Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of mill work. 1 29, '87.

PATENTS!

Caveats, and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U.S. PATENT OFFICE. We have no sub-agencies, all business direct, hence can transact patent business in less time and at LESS COST than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing, or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A book, "How to Obtain Patents," with references to actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address

C. A. SNOW & CO.,

Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property.

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

FARM FOR SALE.

A RARE CHANCE TO INVEST!

A farm containing 161 acres, 3½ miles from Oakland, on the West Union Road is offered for sale at a bargain. This is known as the Christian Yutzy farm, has good buildings, is well watered, 100 acres under cultivation and a good ghrist and saw mill on adjoining land.

TERMS.—One-third cash, the balance in two equal annual payments.

For price and particulars apply to or address

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Republican office, Oakland, Md.

7 21 6m

E. F. STANSBERRY.

—Manufacturer of—

Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,

OAKLAND, MD.

☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.

Nov, 21, '85.—1 y.

GEO. P. WHITE, Mt. Lake Park, Md. S. D WHITE, P. M Frankville, Md.

WHITE & BRO.

NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!

AT FRANKVILLE, MD.

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Country produce taken in exchange for goods Call and see us. WHITE & BRO

P. O. address, Floyd, Md.

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

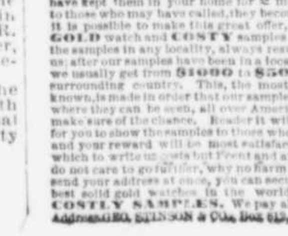
ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th 1885.—1 y

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

DAVID LITTLE.



$85 solid GOLD WATCH Sold for $100 until lately. Best $85 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Elegant and magnificent. Both ladies' and gents' sizes with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one FREE. How is this possible? We answer—we want one person in each locality, to keep in their homes, and show to those who call, a complete line of our valuable and very useful HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES. These samples, as well as the watch, we send free, and after you have kept them in your home for 2 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property; it is possible to make this great offer, sending the SOLID GOLD watch and COSTLY samples free, as the showing of the samples in any locality, always results in a large trade for us; after our samples have been in a locality for a month or two we usually get from $1000 to $5000 in trade from the surrounding country. This, the most wonderful offer ever known, is made in order that our samples may be placed at once where they can be seen, all over America. Write at once, and make sure of the chance. Reader it will be hardly any trouble for you to show the samples to those who may call at your home and your reward will be most satisfactory. A postal card on which to write us costs but 1 cent and after you know all, if you do not care to go further, why no harm is done. But if you do send your address at once, you can secure FREE one of the best solid gold watches in the world and our large line of COSTLY SAMPLES. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address GEO. STINSON & Co., Box 812, PORTLAND, MAINE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FAULTLESS FAMILY MEDICINE

"I have used Simmons Liver Regulator for many years, having made it my only Family Medicine. My mother before me was very partial to it. It is a safe, good and reliable medicine for any disorder of the system, and if used in time is *a great preventive of sickness*. I often recommend it to my friends, and shall continue to do so.

"Rev. James M. Rollins,

"Pastor M. E. Church, So. Fairfield, Va."

TIME AND DOCTORS' BILLS SAVED by always keeping Simmons Liver Regulator in the house.

"I have found Simmons Liver Regulator the best family medicine I ever used for anything that may happen, have used it in *Indigestion, Colic, Diarrhœa, Biliousness*, and found it to relieve immediately. After eating a hearty supper, if, on going to bed, I take about a teaspoonful, I never feel the effects of the supper eaten.

"OVID G. SPARKS,

"Ex-Mayor Macon, Ga."

☞ ONLY GENUINE ☜

Has our Z Stamp on front of Wrapper.

J. H. Zeilin & Co., Sole Proprietors,

Price, $1.00. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Teacher

Who advised her pupils to strengthen their minds by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, appreciated the truth that bodily health is essential to mental vigor. For persons of delicate and feeble constitution, whether young or old, this medicine is remarkably beneficial. Be sure you get **Ayer's Sarsaparilla.**

"Every spring and fall I take a number of bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and am greatly benefited."—Mrs. James H. Eastman, Stoneham, Mass.

"I have taken Ayer's Sarsaparilla with great benefit to my general health."—Miss Thirza L. Crerar, Palmyra, Md.

"My daughter, twelve years of age, has suffered for the past year from

General Debility.

A few weeks since, we began to give her Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Her health has greatly improved."—Mrs. Harriet H. Battles, South Chelmsford, Mass.

"About a year ago I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for debility and neuralgia resulting from malarial exposure in the army. I was in a very bad condition, but six bottles of the Sarsaparilla, with occasional doses of Ayer's Pills, have greatly improved my health. I am now able to work, and feel that I cannot say too much for your excellent remedies."—F. A. Pinkham, South Moluncus, Me.

"My daughter, sixteen years old, is using Ayer's Sarsaparilla with good effect."—Rev. S. J. Graham, United Brethren Church, Buckhannon, W. Va.

"I suffered from

Nervous Prostration,

with lame back and headache, and have been much benefited by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I am now 89 years of age, and am satisfied that my present health and prolonged life are due to the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Lucy Moffitt, Killingly, Conn.

Mrs. Ann H. Farnsworth, a lady 79 years old, So. Woodstock, Vt., writes: "After several weeks' suffering from nervous prostration, I procured a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had taken half of it my usual health returned."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

CHEAP RATES

TO ALL POINTS

WEST!

Via B. & O. R. R.

The B. & O. is the only line running solid trains to

Chicago, Illinois,

Cincinnati, Ohio,

St. Louis, Missouri.

Where direct connections are made with all trains for MISSOURI, IOWA, DAKOTA, KANSAS, NEBRASKA, COLORADO, CALIFORNIA, and OREGON.

For rates of fare, time of trains and information in detail, call upon or address nearest Agent B. & O. R. R. or

W. W. PICKING,

Traveling Passenger Agt.,

9 29 6 B. & O. R. R., Somerset, Pa.

ROAD PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that thirty days from the first publication of this notice, the undersigned citizens of Garrett county, will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to appoint examiners to view and locate a public road as follows: Commencing at the Pennsylvania line (District No. 3) and running through the lands of Thos. W. Frost, Israel Glotfelty, Henry Pollman, Geo. Inks and Wm. Bepler, to the National Road, a distance of about two and a-half miles.

THOS. W. FROST,
ISRAEL GLOTFEL,
GEORGE INKS.

9 22 5

Logic of Protection.

[Emil Schalk in New York Tribune.]

It must have occurred to every thinking man that the question of free trade and protection will not be settled by clap-trap phrases, like "buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market;" nor will it be advanced by the cheap coat argument, because cheapness is only a relative quality, and as such is not essential. The essential point is the possibility of living, of earning a living; that includes the coat, be that coat dear or cheap. The problem recalls the phenomena of evolution in the organic kingdoms—the struggle for existence and the "survival of the fittest," as Herbert Spencer calls it, or of "natural selection," as Darwin has styled it. "Nothing," says Darwin, "is easier than to admit in words the truth of the universal struggle for life, or more difficult than constantly to bear this conclusion in mind." And it is just this conclusion which he who wishes to decide between free trade and protection needs to keep constantly in mind; for these are the opposites in the strugle for life. It is "to be or not to be;" to the vanquished it is extinction, to the successful, progress and advance in civilization.

In the artificial state in which man is placed by civilization, his success depends upon his ability, or rather fitness, to earn his living. The general influence of the laws which man enacts, of the kind of artificial state he creates for himself, may be easily traced through history. The iron laws of Sparta made that petty kingdom for centuries the arbiter of Greece, just as the strict military laws of Russia raised her from a kingdom of moderate size to the first power in Europe. The Roman law of debt, making the debtor in default the slave of his creditor, changed in a few centuries the social aspect of Rome and Italy, and the enactments of the Koran have prevented progress for centuries among Eastern nations. Judging thus from the effect which laws and institutions have had in the past on the destinies of nations, we may well conclude that the enactment of economic laws which effect the possibility of living and of obtaining the necessaries of life by all the members of a nation, is of paramount importance to the destiny of that nation, to its progress in civilization and to the life and happiness of its members.

In this artifical state of man the struggle for life goes on between members of the same nation when under protection. Under free trade, on the contrary, the struggle is enlarged; competition with individuals of other nations is added. If the competition within a nation is intense, the added competition from without must crowd down many individuals. This happens constantly in free trade countries. Whatever be the manufacturing superiority of a country, there will always be found some other country which excels it in some special line. Free trade England is learning that lesson. Indian and American wheat, American flour, South American beef, Australian wool, Belgian rails and arms, German sugar and chemicals, French woolens and silks and Swiss watches make heavy inroads upon English products of these kinds and deprive many an Englishman of the chance of earning his living.

In our present state of civilization the question involved in the struggle for existence is not one of mere food supply. There is a supply of food and fuel and clothing in all civilized countries beyond the immediate wants of their inhabitants. Yet there are constantly cases of death from starvation, from cold or from want. The hungry and shivering wretch who stands in front of the baker's shop with its display of bread for hundreds of people, derives but little consideration from the sight of so much food if he has not money enough to buy a single roll. The question is how to give each man a chance to "earn a living," and there is the difficulty. Population increases from day to day. Steam-engines, water-wheels, wind-mills are built, replacing manual labor in many occupations. There is no end of inventions in labor-saving machinery. Everything tends to increase production without the necessity of employing more labor, or without materially increasing consumption, except as new wants spring up. Thus it happens that while a surplus supply in the natural state means opulence for all, in the civilized state it may mean starvation to many, when it means surplus labor. For that it turn means low wages or no wages at all, and consequently suffering and misery among those who are obliged to work for a living.

Will Bear Weighing.

Our country is dotted over with prosperous villages—cities, many of them are—of from 200 to 10,000 souls. They are enterprising centros of business, of culture, of social life, and of wealth. Hundreds of them are destined to become great centres of population, with attendant fame and influence.

How have these thousands of beautiful towns attained their present importance? By their geographical and natural advantages. Very true, though all of them have been assisted in part by the enterprise of their citizens. Now, how are they to grow stronger—an essential, if they are to become the centres of wealth and power that nine out of every ten American towns hope to become? Simply by guarding their own interests, and by patronizing home industries.

How often do we hear protests from business men in small towns against sending or going to the neighboring city to trade. The argument is used that one can do as well at home, which is generally true.

Wherever in this broad land you find a town, whose residents work together for the common good, who help each other, who trade at home who speak well of home industry, who patronize the home market, there you find, not alone a growing town, but a community destined to realize to the utmost, all of its geographical and natural advantages. It is not going to get left in the race for wealth through some more wide awake neighbor getting trade in the habit of going its way.

On the contrary, the live American town sees to it that its own industries are protected by the shield of local loyalty. Why? Because the shrewd townsman knows that these protected industries bring prosperity and prosperity brings new people, and new people, wanting homes and food, increase the value of his real estate, of his farm that lies just beyond the town limits. He knows that new comers bring new ideas, and that with new ideas and the money to put them into operation, comes a greater centre of culture, of power, of influence, of social and educational privileges, and of wealth.

The condition of a nation is exactly like that of the small town. We have a wonderful geographical location and many national advantages. It is for us to say whether we shall be loyal to ourselves by protecting ourselves, or whether we shall take our money to the large cities outside our own corporate limits, while our artisans, if only they had our encouragement, could do as well as any foreign maker or dealer. Like the merchant in the small town, it is probably true that our own artists are doing better tnan the foreign ones. All he needs is that we shall buy his wares, not discount them in the eyes of the world by passing them by.

Even if the tariff were a tax, isn't it better to pay the tax for awhile for the same reason that the customer in the small town patronizes the home merchant? But the tariff isn't a tax—except to those who have to pay to get into our market.

It is not a theory, this protection of home industries. It has been tried in the case of thousands of our prosperous cities, towns and villages. It has been tried in the country at large. Under it the greatest prosperity the world ever dreamed of has been made. The vigorous young city, that has outstripped its neighbors by its loyalty to itself doesn't think of changing the policy that has made it great; that has doubled the value of its real estate, trebled its population, and quadrupled its commerce. Why then, ought the Nation—with a big N—to propose a different policy?

This isn't a matter of sentiment. It is a question of dollars and cents. Just lay aside your preconceived notions, and weigh it well.

Salt production in the United States from 1854 to 1887, advanced from a very small quantity to 40,000,000 bushels annually, and the price declined from $1.60 a bushel to 65 cents — another example showing how protection stimulates production and decreases cost to consumers.

When you rise in the morning form the resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature.

Harrison: He Wears Well.

From not one section of this broad land does there come the slightest dissatisfaction with the National Republican ticket, or with the principles upon which it stands. Just think of this condition a moment. Perhaps, though, if you aren't busy, you better think of it more than a moment, for it is rare that such a condition obtains to be thought about. It is an omen of success not to be lightly considerod. Not since Lincoln ran the second time has there been such unanimity among Republicans. You remember the result then?

One of the strongest reasons why things are now as they are is the peculiar availibility of General Harrison as the head of the ticket. The New York delegation at Chicago discovered this fact when it came unanimously to his support. Indiana knew it all the time. The Pacific coast learned it within a day after the Chicago Convention adjourned. The entire country has been fully convinced of it ever since it got acquainted with the Republican candidate. No man eyer came suddenly into overwhelming prominence and wore so well.

What did the country discover in Gen. Harrison? It discovered:

1. A man whose training had wonderfully well fitted him for Executive work.

2. A man who is himself the best possible representative of the progressive American.

3. A man whose public and private life consistently bear out his firm, but always modest Christian professions.

4. A man who believes in constitutional protection, not simply for the sake of protection, but for the sake of American workingmen.

5. A man who is not a demegogue in his heartfelt interest in the laboring classes, for he has always been a poor man, is a poor man to-day, and has always worked hard for a modest living.

6. A man who has the backbone to be his own boss.

7. A man who will be a real Civil Service reformer, not a sham one, because he says he will be—and Benjamin Harrison's word is where the Republican party has put United States bonds—above suspision.

It is no wonder the Republicans are united on such a man. Nor is it any wonder that they have drawn to their side thousands who have not hitherto acted with them. Harrison: he wears well.

The workingman in this country who gets his two or three dollars a day, six days in the week, hardly realizes what is meant when he is told of the "cheap labor" of Europe. A writer in the Pall Mall *Gazette* recently visited an English chainmaker's shop, and made some inquiries of the "best man physically in the group," with the following result: The man had, he said, to work from 7 A. M. to 7 P. M. for five days a week, and to 2 P. M. on Saturdays, a total of 67 hours a week: and his gross earnings were $3.75. He had to pay 75 cents for a blower, and 12 cents dues to the Union. His house rent was 92 cents a week. This left him $1.96 a week, on which to feed, clothe and educate his family. He had worked for three days together on dry bread and two small herrings each day. If bread and potatoes were not cheap, he would not be able to live. That is the condition of the workingman under free trade, and that is the condition to which the workingman in this country would speedily be reduced if Messrs, Cleveland, Mills & Co. could have their way.

Rev. Andrew Cather, preaching on "preserved blameless," remarked that preserves were fruit out of which all the rottenness had been cut, and that had been put into melted sugar until the sugar was put thoroughly through them by the application of heat. After undergoing such a cleansing and sweetening and heating process, such preserved fruit (or preserved people) would be like Bishop Taylor said he was: "Put up to keep in all climates." Shall we be God's preserves?—*Christian Standard.*

A large promise without performance is like a false fire to a great piece, which dischargeth a good expectation with bad report. I will forethink what I will promise, that I may promise but what I will do.

The world is like a wheel incessantly revolving on which human beings alternately rise and fall.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

SOMETHING GREAT.

The trial was ended—the vigil past:
All clad in his arms was the knight at last,
The goodliest knight in the whole wide land,
With eyes that shone with a purpose grand.
The King looked on him with gracious eyes,
And said: "He is meet for some high emprise."
To himself he thought: "I will conquer fate;
I will surely die, or do something great."

So from the palace he rode away:
There was trouble and need in the town that day:
A child had strayed from his mother's side
Into the wood and dark and wide.
"Help!" cried the mother, with sorrow wild—
"Help me, Sir Knight, to seek my child!
The hungry wolves in the forest roam;
Help me to bring my lost one home!"

He shook her hand from his bridle rein:
"Alas! poor mother, you ask in vain.
Some meaner succor will do, may be,
Some squire or varlet of low degree.
There are mighty wrongs in the world to right;
I keep my sword for a noble fight.
I am sad at heart for your baby's fate,
But I ride in haste to do something great."

One wintry night, when the sun had set,
A blind old man by the way he met:
"Now, good Sir Knight, for Our Lady's sake,
On the sightless wanderer pity take!
The wind blows cold, and the sun is down;
Lead me, I pray, till I reach the town."
"Nay," said the knight; "I can not wait;
I ride in haste to do something great."

So on he rode in his armour bright,
His sword all keen for the longed-for fight.
"Laugh with us—laugh!" cried the merry crowd.
"O weep!" wailed others, with sorrow bowed.
"Help us!" the weak and weary prayed.
But for joy, nor grief, nor need he stayed.
And the years rolled on, and his eyes grew dim,
And he died—and none made moan for him.

He missed the good that he might have done;
He missed the blessings he might have won.
Seeking some glorious task to find,
His eyes to all humbler work were blind.
He that is faithful in that which is least
Is bidden to sit at the heavenly feast.
Yet men and women lament their fate,
If they be not called to do something great.

—*Florence Tylee, in Chamber's Journal.*

HIS DREAM-MAIDEN.

Strange and Touching Story of the French Revolution.

One spring twilight, in the year 1793, a man, young and handsome, sat writing in the chamber of a secluded house, not far from the old Electoral Palace of Mayence.

Suddenly he dropped his pen with a startled cry. The face of a woman, dim and yet perfectly distinct, had pushed betwixt him and his work. He looked up. It hung, flower-like, in the air above him. He rushed towards the open window—it was there, smiling sadly in the fading light. Adam Lux stretched out his arms passionately to the vision.

"Ah, you come to me again!" he said. "Who are you? Why do you pursue me? Beautiful shadow! whither shall I go to find your substance? Do you exist in the flesh, or are you only a spirit—delusive as maddening?"

A chime of bells pealed from the church of St. Stephen. He could hear pigeons cooing in the court below his window. A fountain there dripped in a mossy stone basin. Adam Lux, the dreamer, scholar, enthusiast, remained with outstretched arms and eyes fixed on the invisible.

"For the second time you have appeared to me," he murmured, "and whether you be a reflection of earth or of heaven, I love you, dream-maiden! Better your impalpable presence than the fairest flesh and blood! I love you! Stay beside me always—leave me never again!"

"Adam—Cousin Adam!" a girl's voice called from the court below; "quit your stupid writing and come down to me. It is I—Margarethe."

Adam Lux passed his hand across his eyes. The voice of Margarethe dissolved the spell which held him.

His dream-maiden vanished. He descended a cork-screw stair to a court full of shadows, where a girl, dressed as for a *fete*, stood dabbling her plump hands in the fountain.

"You have forgotten my birthday, cousin," she pouted. "Of late you think of nothing but liberty, fraternity, equality, like those mad folks in Paris who have cut off the head of their King."

He looked at her white gown—at the roses in her hair, and colored slightly.

"Pardon me—I *did* forget! I am but a sorry lover, Margarethe."

She sighed deeply.

"You are no lover of mine, Adam—ours is a betrothal of hands, not of hearts. Our parents arranged it, and already you find it tiresome. You care nothing for love."

He took a turn across the court. He had a fine, blonde face, with dark brows arching over violet eyes, and flaxen hair, slightly powdered. A strange smile played on his lips.

"I love—not flesh and blood, Margarethe, but a phantom, a shadow," he answered, with his eyes full of dreams. "Listen! It came to me one night as I was walking in the gardens of the Electoral Palace; a woman's face, white as marble—white as one of the garden lilies, just blown; in the chin a deep dimple, about the perfect mouth an expression of sadness and gravity; a face with great eyes of unfathomable darkness, fringed with lashes as black as night; and hair dark also, and lustrous, the full rich curls, tipped with auburn, falling against a neck like a column of pearl."

"Oh!" cried Margarethe, in dismay, "how very beautiful she must be! Surely there is no woman like that in all Mayence!"

"True," he answered, "nor in the world, I fear. It is the ghost of some Greek goddess that has gotten into the cells of my brain, and will not be dislodged. To-night she came to me again in the chamber above-stairs—she smiled on me, as though she knew that her fair lineaments were burned for ever into my heart. It was your voice that frightened her away."

Tears stood in Margarethe's eyes. She was jealous and perplexed.

"And this phantom, this shadow-woman, made you forget both me and my birthday!" she cried. "Your head is turned, Adam—such folly will destroy you yet." And she began to weep bitterly.

His manner changed at once.

"It was wrong of me to tell you these things," he said. "You are a mere child, Margarethe, with the heart of a child. Come, let us talk of other matters. A great honor has been conferred upon me by the people of Mayence—I have been chosen a Deputy, to go to Paris, and request the annexation of this city to France."

"Paris," sobbed Margarethe. "That is a long way off! When will you go?"

"To-morrow—by diligence."

"You will never, never come back, Adam!"

"God only knows," he answered, quietly.

Lux was an ardent Republican. The mission to Paris suited him well. His handsome head was full of other and even more dangerous phantoms than dream-maidens.

On the following day he kissed poor, weeping Margarethe good-bye in the old court, and started for the French capital, where Jean Paul Marat was then at the height of his terrible power.

Lux took lodgings in the Rue St. Honore, and hurried to the Convention, to solicit, in the name of German Republicans, the annexation of his native city to France.

The Chamber that day was full of tumult. Marat, the hideous, loud-mouthed, preaching massacre and anarchy, was the leader of *La Montagne*. As he ranted in the tribune, Adam Lux looked at him in disgust. His head was too large for his body; his lean, sickly face was unspeakably repulsive. He wore a patched and dirty waistcoat, cotton-velvet trousers, stained with ink, shoes full of nails and tied with packthread, a ragged shirt opened at his bony breast, and greasy hair confined with a leathern thong. On his deeply-cleft mouth a sardonic grin appeared continually. His look was full of insolence and power.

"A monster in body and in soul!" thought Adam Lux, who found the external aspects of liberty in Paris far from pleasant.

July came. One hot and breathless night, Lux left the Convention in a dejected frame of mind. He felt mocked, deluded, discouraged. There was a vile scent of blood in the streets of Paris. Women passed him singing *Ca ira* and the dreadful *Carmagnole*. A score of high and haughty heads had fallen since morning in the sack of sawdust at the foot of the guillotine. He stopped on the Pont Neuf to look at the sunset behind the trees of the Champs Elysees, and the houses of Chaillot. That, too, seemed a vast streak of blood. With a shudder he turned and walked away to the gardens of the Palais Royal.

There the young Deputy began pacing aimlessly about, absorbed in unhappy thought. Presently he heard a light step. A woman was advancing toward him under the galleries. She wore a white gown, a Norman *coiffe* fastened with a ribbon, and a silk *fichu* on her shoulders. Adam Lux saw a face, young and of amazing beauty—the skin like alabaster, the splendid eyes unfathomably dark—a mass of chestnut curls, with auburn tips, clustering against a dazzling neck. It was his dream-maiden, in the flesh, the substance of that mysterious shadow which had twice appeared to him in his own City of Mayence!

With an absorbed air she glided by, looking about as if in search of something. Her white dress brushed him gently. His heart gave a furious bound. He turned and followed her.

She entered the shop of a cutler; the young Deputy entered also. She advanced to a counter, and said something to the man behind it. Lux failed to catch the words, but the rich, cultivated voice was that of a born gentlewoman.

The cutler produced a tray of knives. In the shadow of the shop-door Adam Lux saw her select one—a poniard-knife, with an ebony haft.

"The price?" she asked.

"Three francs, *citoyenne*," answered the cutler.

She put the money on the counter, concealed the knife under her silk kerchief, and returned to the garden. As she seated herself on one of the stone benches abutting on the arcades, Adam Lux paused at her side.

"For God's sake," he entreated, "tell me who you are! I have known you for a long time, but your name—what is your name?"

She started and looked up.

"You have known me for a long time, *citoyen?*" she echoed, gravely. "I do not understand you."

Nobody was near—only a light wind moved through the chestnut-trees.

"What!" he cried, with keen disappointment; "you do not see that we are not strangers? Your soul claims no acquaintance with mine?"

"None!"

He choked down his agitation as best he could.

"I am the Deputy from Mayence," he said, trying to speak calmly. "It was at Mayence that you twice appeared to me. For days and weeks my sleeping and waking dreams have been full of you. I recognized you the instant that I saw you in this garden—it was just before you entered the cutler's shop."

A slight alarm dawned in her eyes. Her hand went up to her silk *fichu*, under which she had hidden the knife. Did she think him a madman!

"One should not dream in these perilous days, *citoyen*," she said, sternly. "There is little profit in dreams. He who loves liberty must *act*."

He was devouring her with his eyes.

"I perceive that you are an aristocrat; you belong to the nobles, but your name—your name!" he insisted.

She smiled sadly.

"Pardon, I can not tell it now, *citoyen*, but before many hours it will be in every mouth."

She arose from the bench. He put out a hand to detain her. Her beauty dazzled, overpowered him.

"Stay! Stay," he entreated. "Do not leave me—I love you ardently. Strange, incomprehensible as this passion may seem to you, it will either save or destroy me. I claim you! Whoever you are, know that you belong to me; or why were you revealed to me in the spirit before my eyes could look on your living, breathing beauty? If you go like this, leaving me no clew to your whereabouts, I may never see you again, and to lose you now would be anguish greater than death."

Gravely, coldly she answered: "Do not talk to me of love, *citoyen;* I can not comprehend you—I belong only to France! Before the Revolution I was a Republican. You will surely see me again, and then," with a strange and solemn expression, "you will understand every thing. Now, *citoyen*, adieu!"

"Swear," he urged, wildly, "that it shall be so—that I shall see you again."

"I swear!" she answered, and moved rapidly away.

He did not attempt to follow her, but leaned against the stone bench in a sort of delirous ecstacy. His dream-maiden really existed. He had heard her voice—looked into her eyes. She had promised that he should see her again, and he knew she would keep her word.

Another day dawned and dwindled. It was the 13th of July, the anniversary eve of the fall of the Bastille. The heat was intense, and the streets of Paris swarmed with people. Adam Lux left the Convention at twilight. Marat the Horrible was ill; he had not appeared in the Chamber that day. Engrossed with his mysterious love, rather than the affairs of the Republic, Adam Lux dined at a *cafe* with other Deputies. The company talked gravely, as became men who walked on the crust of a volcano. Some one proposed a toast to Marat. A Montagnard filled the glass of the Mayence Deputy. Adam Lux just touched his lips to the wine, then dashed it on the floor.

"Bah!" he said, with disgust; "it smells of his crimes. I can not drink it!"

Hardly were the words out when Henriot, the commandant of the National Guards, appeared in the door of the *cafe*.

"Look to yourselves, Deputies!" he shouted; "Marat is dead! He has just been assassinated in his bath, and by the hand of a young girl."

The Deputies with one accord rushed into the street. A terrific mob was surging by, filling the air with cries and curses. Lux found himself swept away with it to the Rue des Cordeliers, where Marat lived with the woman Evrard. It was a small, dilapidated house, and about its door that raging, roaring multitude surged like a sea. Yes; the leader of *La Montagne* had been stabbed to death in his bath, and by the hand of a woman! Adam Lux, pressing up to the threshold, looked and saw the murderess coming down the stair, her arms pinioned, bayonets surrounding her, the flambeaux of the gendearms glaring upon a face which had in it the sublimity of supreme sacrifice. Great God, it was his dream-maiden!

The mob, shrieking for blood, choked the way, and brought the *cortege* to a stand. There she stood in the midst of the soldiers, the torchlight reddening her marble skin and rich, falling hair—a vision of beauty and youth such as that yelling populace had never seen before.

"*Mon Dieu!* it is the face of an angel," said a woman, near Adam Lux. "Who is she?"

Another voice answered: "An aristocrat, who has journeyed from Caen to do this deed—her name is Charlotte Corday."

A squad of fusileers rushed up and cleared a passage for the prisoner.

"Poor people!" murmured Charlotte Corday, looking with pitying eyes upon the howling mob, "you wish my death, when you owe me an altar for delivering you from a monster!"

She was hurried into a hackney-coach, and conveyed to the nearest prison—the Abbaye. Mute and pale with unspeakable emotions, Adam Lux followed her. He was present at her examination, which lasted far into the night. In the pocket of the prisoner's gown were found a silver thimble, some implements of needlework, two hundred francs, a gold watch and her passport. The weapon which Lux had seen her purchase in the cutler's shop was shown to her.

"Do you recognize this knife?" the examiners asked.

"Yes," she answered, turning from it with a shudder of disgust.

"What led you to the crime?"

"I killed one man to save thousands."

It was eight o'clock of a July morning, when up the dark, steep stairs in the basement-wall of the Palais of Justice the gendarmes conducted Charlotte Corday to her trial before the Revolutionary Tribunal. As she took her place on the bench of the prisoners, the maledictions of the people died away in murmurs of admiration. Never before had Murder worn such an aspect. Her beauty was marvelous, her firmness and intrepidity amazed even her judges.

"Details are needless," she said, calmly. "It was I who killed Marat."

"What did you think to effect by it?"

"Restore peace to my country. I took his life to save the land."

"Why did you hate him?"

"For his crimes."

"Do you, then, think that you have assassinated all the Marats?"

"Since he is dead, the others will tremble!"

Adam Lux was seated near the prisoner. His eyes never left her face. When the President of the Tribunal passed sentence of death, the Mayence Deputy leaped from his chair, and extended his arms in passionate protest.

"No! no!" he cried, wildly. "For the love of God, no!"

It was the only voice raised against her fate, and she recognized the man who had conceived for her such a strange and mystic passion; he was faithful in this terrible hour—he dared to speak in the face of her judges. She turned and thanked him with an eloquent look. As though a sword had pierced his heart, Adam Lux reeled, and went down in a swoon to the floor of the Tribunal.

The gendarmes conducted Charlotte Corday back to prison. With perfect composure she made ready for the scaffold. As Sanson, the executioner, entered to prepare her for death, she took from his hand the scissers, cut a long curl of her chestnut hair, and gave it to madame Richard, the wife of the jailer.

"Send this, with my fervent thanks," she said, "to the Deputy from Mayence."

The liberatrix of France could not die without a message and a token to the last friend left to her. Sanson arrayed her in the red robe of a murderess, cut her magnificent hair, and then bound her slender wrists.

"This," she said, "is the toilet of death, arranged by rude hands, but it leads to immortality."

As the death-cart left the prison a terrific storm burst over Paris, but the countless swarms of people in the squares and streets remained undiminished. The furious fishwives shrieked around the tumbril. Charlotte Corday did not seem to hear them—much less to resent their insults. Her face wore an unearthly beauty and serenity; there was no shadow of fear upon it. Sanson, the executioner, who rode in the same cart was deeply impressed.

"I often turned round to look at her," he says, "and the more I saw, the more I wished to see. It was not on account of her beauty, great as that was, but I thought it impossible that she could remain so calm and courageous."

At the entrance of the Rue St. Honore a man stood awaiting the death-cart. He carried his hat in his hand—the rain pelted on his fair hair. It was Adam Lux, haggard, pale as ashes. He bowed deeply to the prisoner. She started slightly, and a smile of pensive sweetness appeared for an instant on her lips. He stepped behind the tumbril, and, with uncovered head, followed it to the foot of the scaffold.

"He engraved in his heart," as he wrote afterwards, "her unutterable sweetness amid the barbarous outcries of the crowd. Her eyes," he declares, "should have melted a stone." In them he saw a soul as tender as it was intrepid.

Attended by this mysterious love, Charlotte Corday went to the guillotine. As the cart reached the Place Revolution, the executioner, whose heart had been softened by the beauty and courage of his young victim, put himself before her to hide the death-instrument, but she begged him to step aside.

"I have a right to be curious," she said. "This is the first time I see it."

As she mounted the scaffold, her eyes fell upon Adam Lux, who stood at its foot. She smiled and looked quickly up to the summer sky, where the clouds were now breaking. It was a farewell, and also a promise of future meeting. The next moment she had placed herself under the knife. Legros, one of the varlets of the guillotine, raised the beautiful, severed head, and struck it on the cheek. A deep crimson instantly suffused the face, as though dignity and modesty had outlasted life.

The next day a man entered the Convention, so haggard, so changed, that he was hardly recognized as the handsome young Deputy from Mayence. With the recklessness of one who had no more to fear or to hope, he ascended the tribune, and began to impeach and attack the Montagne. In vain his friends warned him to desist. Hotly, fiercely he vindicated the young Norman lady who had sacrificed her own life to rid France of a wholesale assassin. He published the "Apology of Charlotte Corday," and was immediately arrested and sent to the Abbaye Prison. As he entered its sinister door, he flung up his hat, and cried joyfully: "I shall die, then, for *her!*"

He was brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal. When the act of accusation was read to him, he said, with a scornful, curling lip:

"I am a stranger to your laws as well as to your crimes. If I have deserved punishment, it is not among Frenchmen that I should suffer."

From his prison he wrote a farewell letter to poor little Margarethe, far away in the secluded house at Mayence.

"I die for the woman I love," he said. "On the scaffold her spirit awaits mine. Death will unite us. I go with a glad heart for I no longer desire life."

He dressed himself for the scaffold like a bridegroom for the presence of his bride. His lilac coat was embroidered with gold thread. His powdered hair, his breeches, and waistcoat of white satin and frills of finest lace, gave him the air of a courtier. "At last I shall see her again," he said, pressing to his lips the chestnut curl the jailer's wife had given him.

He mounted the guillotine with a smile on his lips and a rapt, uplifted look in his eyes.

"*At last!*" he repeated, and stretched himself on the weigh-plank.

So ended one of the strangest attachments the world ever knew—or was this only its beginning?—*Harper's Bazar.*

FACTS ABOUT MUSK.

Where and How It Is Obtained and What It Is Worth.

Every one knows the odor of musk, but every one does not know that it is the product of a secretion of the musk deer.

This animal is regarded by certain naturalists as a species of gazelle; it is about the size of a roebuck, and of a gentle and timid nature. Its movements are quick, lively and graceful; but it is especially distinguished by a little sac situated near the navel, and containing the much-prized musk, which is secreted as a kind of clotted and fatty humor of a brown color, much resembling dried blood. It is only found in adult males.

Four kinds of musk are distinguished in commerce—that from China or Tonquin, which is considered the best; that from Yunnan, that from Assam, and the Kabartine musk, from Russia and Siberia. It appears, notwithstanding the opinion of Cuvier, that many other species of this family are provided with a musk-pouch, which may explain the difference presented by the various samples met with in commerce.

The price of musk is from $8 to $20 an ounce in the natural pouches. The high price is a strong temptation to fraud: and the musk is often found mixed with lead, iron, copper, sand, dried blood, or even paper or rags, to increase the volume and weight. After the introduction of the foreign bodies, the pouches are closed up again in so ingenious a manner, that only the eye of an expert can discover the fraud. The purest musk, and the most valued by the Chinese themselves, is that voided by the animal upon stones and trees.

The odor of musk is perhaps the strongest of all known perfumes. Only a minute quantity is necessary to perfume a large quantity of other material. It is of an incalculable divisibility. If one opens a bottle containing this perfume, the whole surrounding air is saturated with its odor, which may be carried by the wind for long distances. Musk was well known to the ancients, and was highly prized by them as a medicine, as it still is among the Oriental nations. About 600 pounds are annually consumed in the United States, of which ninety-eight per cent. is used in perfumery, and the remainder in medicine.—*Popular Science News.*

DANGEROUS READING.

The Unwholesome State of Mind of the Voracious Novel-Reader.

The mischief of voracious novel-reading is really much more like the mischief of dram-drinking than appears at first sight. It tends to make all other literary nourishment intolerable, just as dram-drinking tends to make all true food intolerable, and to supersede food by drink. The voracious novel-reader of to-day, as we have said, rejects Scott, because Scott's novels contain so much good food that it is not mere story-telling. The genuine novel-reader detests what he calls tame stories, stories in which the interest is not exaggerated and piled up ten times as high as the interests of ordinary life. He wants always to be feeling a thrill of excitement running through his nerves always, to be living in imagination through the concentrated essence of the perils of a hundred adventurous lives, instead of toiling calmly through the ordinary hopes and fears of one. No state of mind can be more unwholesome, because none is more calculated to divert the energies from the sort of quiet tasks to which they should be habitually applied, and to keep them stretched on the tenter-hooks of expectation, waiting for a sort of strain which is never likely to occur, and if it did occur, would certainly not find a man's energies any the better prepared for it for having been worn out previously with a long series of imaginary excitements. The habit of dram-drinking, it is said, leads to fatty degeneration of the heart, i. e., excessive fattening round the heart, and weak action of the heart in consequence. So, too, the habit of exciting novel-reading leads to fatty degeneration of the literary mind, i. e., to an unhealthy and spasmodic action of the imagination, and a general weakening of the power of entering thoroughly into the solid interests of real life. So far as we know, the only effective cure for this habit of literary dram-drinking—a cure not always forthcoming—is a moral shock of some kind which exposes the hollowness of all these unreal interests, and makes them appear as artificial and melodramatic as they actually are. That, however, is a cure which is an extremely painful one, almost cruel in its disillusionizing power.—*London Spectator.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The mastodon is thought to have been a species of elephant, and from it the true elephant sprung.

—A new utilization of a waste product is the manufacture of paper from the cedar chips of pencil-makers. The paper is said to keep moths from carpets, wool, furs, etc.

—The range of 20,000 yards attained by elevating one of the newest breech-loaders to forty-five degrees, has led to the calculation that the 111-ton gun fired at that elevation would carry twenty miles.

—The discovery of a new gas has been reported by two English chemists. It is a sulphofluoride of phosphorus, best prepared by heating pentasulphide of phosphorus with lead fluoride in a leaden tube, and has been named thiophosphoryl fluoride. It inflames spontaneously on contact with air.

—In some recent experiments a red-hot wire was made to serve as a telephone transmitter. A fine platinum wire several inches long was placed in a circuit with a charged accumulator and induction coil and a receiving telephone, and, when the current had heated the wire, words spoken to the latter were audible in the telephone.

—"The idea that all microbes are injurious to health," says the *Sanitary News*," is a very common one, even among those who pose for well-informed persons. The fact is that they are now believed to play a not unimportant part in the process of digestion and the transformation of food into assimiable form."

—Considering the fact that many astronomers are inclined to regard Alcyone the chief star of the Pleiades, as the center about which the universe revolves, it seems quite curious that many savage and semi-civilized tribes have given this group of stars an extraordinary importance. The peculiar beliefs which they hold concerning it appear to be of great antiquity.

—The Krupp gun-factory at Essen has taken up the manufacture of aluminum according to the system of Professor Netto, of Dresden, who, in his process, uses cryolite, a mineral found in Greenland. This process is said to yield pure aluminum at a cost of about three dollars a kilo., and can produce an ingot of 2½ kilos. in about an hour's time. It is supposed that it will be used at the Krupp factory as an alloy for steel.

—Remains from coal beds prove that the ferns, of which several thousand species are known, constituted a very important part of the earth's earlier vegetation. They are still abundant, especially in moist tropical regions. In the Antilles they comprise about one-tenth of the vegetation; in Oceanica, one-fourth or one-fifth; in St. Helena, one-third; in Juan Fernandez, one-half; and in England, one-thirty-fifth.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Truth told now does not shame the Devil, but as a novelty it attracts his attention.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—It takes a maiden of thirty-three to confess that she is not so bitterly set against smoking after all.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Even if praying always did bring rain, some people we all know of would never need to buy an umbrella.—*Somerville Journal.*

—According to Pasteur and Champerland, typhoid bacillus is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, communicated through drinking water.

—The man who parts his name in the middle and the man who parts his hair in the middle are near relatives in this great family of humanity.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—A Boston woman made the tour of Europe and came home and never even mentioned it to her most intimate friend. Dumb? Ah! You've struck it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The trouble with the concert-hall singer who warbles "I can not sing the old songs" is that she doesn't succeed any better with the new ones.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Mr. Winks (at a party)—"Who is that gentleman you were talking to?" Mrs. Winks—"I did not hear his name, but he is some great scientist." "How do you know?" "O, from the awkward, tomfool way in which he talks to women."—*Philadelphia Record.*

—When the leaves begin to take on a golden tint, and there is a bracing chill in the air that makes a log fire enjoyable, it is the signal for the mountain hotel-keeper to walk around in his shirtsleeves and straw hat, and talk about the awful hot weather that must be raging in the city.—*Puck.*

—They were going to Saratoga the next day, and she donned her new suit to show her papa how sweet she looked it it. The old man was enthusiastic. "Beautiful, my dear, beautiful. Now, what kind of a suit do you call that?" "Papa," she said, as she shyly fingered a button on his coat, "that's a business suit."—*N. Y. World.*

—Smith—"Mr. Jones, let me make you acquained with Dr. Brown. You didn't think we had a doctor in our little town, did you?" Jones—"Happy to meet you, Doctor! Yes, I knew you had a doctor here." Smith—"You knew it! How did you know it?" Jones—"Why, I saw a cemetery about half a mile out. I should have judged you had at least two doctors."

—Great Scientist—"Don't bother me now." Wife—"But I must; there is not a thing in this house to eat." "That reminds me. I've just finished an elaborate article on 'What Primitive Man Ate,' and——" "What I want to know is what is a certain cultured man and his wife to eat?" "Humph! Well, let me see. O, just sit down and read that article. It will take away your appetite, my dear."—*Omaha World.*

GOOD SYLVA CARMEN.

An Interesting Biographical Sketch of the Queen of Roumania.

Who is the artist-queen who tells stories on the sands? Well, it is a story in itself. She was the daughter of Prince Herman of Wied, and the Princess Mary of Nassau, and in her girlish days at Bonn, when she used to wander into the village school and sing with the children, her "sweet, yet sometimes wild and turbulent temper," says a recent writer on her life, gained for her from her parents the name of "Waldroeschen"—little wild rose. The story of her education brings her close to us, for we know that "Ivanhoe," and that pathetic American tale 'The Wide, Wide World," and the works of Shakespeare and Dickens, were among her favorite books. She wrote, as she still writes, touching and graceful poems, even when wandering through European courts. As became a Princess of her rank, she mastered many languages, and when she went with her mother to Sweden in 1868 to visit her royal relatives, she was soon able read the fairy legends of Friesland in the original. She was a born story teller, a hereditary interpreter of fairy lore to mortals. When she sang of willow trees, of birds, of mystical sorrows, the world came to know of her, not as a Princess, but as a sweet singer called "Sylva Carmen." Now, long before this, when she was quite a girl at the court of Berlin, she had made the acquaintance of Prince Charles, of Roumania, in rather a romantic manner, for her foot slipped as she was rushing down stairs, and "the gallant young Lieutenant caught her in his arms and saved her"—so says Mrs. Mawer in the interesting sketch we quote from *The Woman's World*—"from an ugly fall." And now that young Lieutenant is King of Roumania, and "Sylva Carmen" is Queen. Poems, tales, the libretto of an opera, "Neaja," performed with distinct success in Stockholm, and many works of art, such as painted missiles for the cathedral, she gave to the world; but her strongest hold on the hearts of the Roumanian people dates from the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-8, when she devoted herself to the sick and wounded, meeting each train as it came from the front, and giving food and clothing and nursing to the invalids on their arrival. These deeds earned for her poet majesty the title of "Muma Ranitilor"—the "Mother of the Wounded"—and at the coronation of their majesties, when Roumania became a kingdom in 1881, we learn from this authority that the words "Muma Ranitilor" were seen in glittering letters over many a triumphal arch, and at the end of the war the officers of the Roumanian army offered their Queen a statuette in silver, where she is represented as giving a cup of drink to a wounded soldier.—*N. Y. Independent.*

How Oysters Are Fattened.

The business of planting oysters and having them grow properly after they are planted is not very well understood by the general public. There is a great deal of money invested in the industry along the Delaware Bay, and occasionally some of those heavily interested, in a financial manner, come out of the little end of the horn. The process of catching oysters and fattening them for the market is, to say the least, a very interesting one. After the oysters are caught they are placed on an immense float, which is air-tight on all four sides. There are a number of corks in the bottom of this float, and after the oysters have been carefully laid out on the bottom the corks are withdrawn, allowing the float to fill with water and go to the bottom of the bay. The oysters will then open their mouths like any other fish and drink to their hearts' content. After two or three tides have swept over them they are brought to the surface once more. By this time they have become plump oysters ready for market. The supply at the present time is about equal to the demand. Choice prime oysters sell at from $7 to $9 per thousand; while "cullens" rate at from $2.50 to $3.50 per thousand.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Log Cabin Logic.

Brawn and Brain!

The powerful engine, with its wonderful propelling power, coupled to the long train full freighted with the richest fabrics of the intellectual looms of the centuries—what obstacles can stay the progress of this mighty force, when once under full steam along life's highway!

The American with brawn and brain does not see the necessity for titles of nobility, does not care for elevation by descent, he can reach out and pluck the stars.

But with brawn or brain impaired, a man is badly handicapped in the mad race for success which is the marked characteristic of the present age.

The physical system is a most intricate piece of machinery. It ought to be kept well regulated, so that it will work harmoniously in all its parts, then it is capable of an immense amount of work.

It is said that a watch, if expected to keep perfect time, must be wound daily. It will not keep good time unless it "runs regular." More men break down because they don't "run regular" than for any other reason.

It is claimed by physicians that few men are killed by hard work. It is to the irregularities of modern social life that the high death rate is due. Men burn their candle at both ends, then wonder why it burns out so quickly.

The main thing in keeping the human machine in good working order is to keep the regulator all right. "The blood is the life," and sound health is assured so long as the blood flows through the veins a limpid stream of purity.

Regulate the regulator with Warner's Log Cabin sarsaparilla, the old fashioned blood purifier, prepared after the best formula in use by our ancestors in good old Log Cabin days, and with the vigor of brawn and brain which must ensue, in your life's lexicon you will find no such word as fail.

CROOKED work will always bring a man into straights.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—With proper provision of warmth and shelter, and a good store of ensilage and hay, winter dairying can frequently be made more profitable than summer; labor is then cheaper and butter higher.

—Dried Tomatoes: Ripe tomatoes may be dried in the following way: Scald and peel; cut through the middle the flat way, and lay on boards, with cups upward to retain the juice. Dry in hot oven. When half dry the contents of two or more boards may be placed on one to finish. Soak in warm water before parboiling. Sweeten to taste.

—Most farmers who give no particular attention to horses usually drive with a loose rein. This is well enough with the "old family horse" in whom you have perfect confidence. It is never safe, however, with a young or spirited horse. Never drive such an animal with so loose a rein that you can not instantly command the situation, whatever happens.—*American Agriculturist.*

—Fall plowing has many advantages. It leaves the ground loose during winter, and great numbers of worms and grubs are destroyed by freezing. Plowed ground soon becomes dry and loamy in spring, and is ready for sowing in good season. The best advantage, however, is that farmers have more time for plowing in fall than in spring and those who do their plowing in fall can get their crops in on time next spring.

—The following preparation applied to the surface will prevent any rusting of plow or any other metal surfaces: Melt one ounce of resin in a gill of linseed oil, and when hot mix with two quarts of kerosene oil. This can be kept on hand and applied in a moment with a brush or rag, to the metal surface of any tool that is not going to be used for a few days, preventing any rust, and saving much vexation when the time comes to use it again.

—It is a mistake to suppose that because milk is a liquid fluid it is at the same time a drink which is capable of satisfying the thirst of infants. Although milk appeases hunger it makes thirst more intense after it has remained sometime in the stomach and digestion has begun. It is thirst which causes healthy, breast-nourished infants to cry for long periods of time in many instances. There are many cases of indigestion due to weakness or insufficiency of the child's gastric juice, which would be greatly benefitted, or even cured, if the child were allowed an occasional drink of water.

—Curried Mutton: Put four ounces of butter into a stewpan with six onions chopped small, a heaped tablespoonful of curry powder, a teaspoonful of salt, a desert spoonful of flour, and a breakfast cupful of milk. Stir until the mixture is quite smooth and creamy, then draw the pan on one side. Cut some neat pieces of mutton—underdone if convienient—and fry them in hot butter, or beef dripping, until brightly browned, but not at all hard; lay then in a saucepan, pour over them the curry mixture and simmer gently for ten minutes. Stew in the center of a hot dish, with a wall of rice round about.

POMACE FOR CATTLE.

An Excellent Food for Dairy Cows as Well as Beef Stock.

About three years ago I began feeding my cows cider apples. We gathered them and just before feeding them ran them through a root-cutter which broke up all the big apples which might choke the stock. I found them in a few days improving in the quality and quantity of milk. Last year I repeated the feeding, having a large quantity of apples. After they were exhausted I sent a team to the cider mill and drew a load of apple pomace and began feeding it, and found my stock quite as crazy for it as they had been for the apples. I continued it until I fed up a number of tons and found the cows increasing in milk and flesh about the same as when fed on fresh apples. I fed it to my beef cattle also, and to young stock, and saw a decided improvement in their condition. I found it of so much service that I planned to draw it from the cider mill six miles away. The pomace was going to waste and the owner of the mill was glad to give it to me to get it out of the way. I obtained about eighteen tons which I put in one of my silos on top of my corn silage after it had settled. It was placed on top of the planks which covered my silage. As we drew it we packed it down hard and even and after the eighteen tons were all in we covered it with boards, and straw on top of them. This was in November. The last of December I opened the pomace and found it as good as the day it was placed there. I began feeding it once a day to the stock—about a peck at a time—and continued it until it was all exhausted. I fed silage once a day, hay once and pomace once. I found good results from its use, and when it was gone the cows did not do quite so well. To the beef cattle I fed hay, silage, pomace and corn meal, and they grew nicely. The cost of the article was nothing except the expense of hauling it, and yet if it were but a mile or two from our home it would have been my chief feed at a dollar or even two dollars per load. The article now can be had free all over the country where there are cider mills; but the time will come when it will be sold freely to those who desire it. I do not think it can take the place of silage, but if a farmer has no silage it will be the next thing to it, as cattle are very fond of it. The pomace was from sweet and sour apples. Doubtless the sweet apples would be the best.—*A. F. Morey, in Rural New Yorker.*

DYSENTERY MICROBES.

A Medical Discovery Which May Save Thousands of Lives.

Chantemesse and Widal report the discovery of a specific bacterium in dysentery (*Progress Medical*, April 21, 1888). Working in Cornil's laboratory, they have studied five cases of tropical dysentery, and have found the same microbe in the lesions and stools of a fatal case and in the stools of four others. The bacteria were found in colonies in and between the tubular glands of the intestine, in the lymph-glands and spleen. The organisms develop rapidly at the ordinary temperature, thriving on all the usual culture media. They are bacilli, with rounded ends, and somewhat thicker in the middle than toward the extremities. They grow luxuriantly in sterilized water from the Seine. Fed to guinea pigs, pure cultures produce intestinal inflammation and necrosis, the stomach itself being affected. The lesions are more marked when the gastric contents are rendered alkaline. Intraperitoneal injections cause death in two or three days with peritonitis, pleuritis and pericarditis. The liver is affected in these animals, necroses with colonies of bacilli being found in the portal areas. All the lesions in the experimental cases furnished pure cultures of the bacillus. From these facts, and the absence of the bacillus in the fæces of healthy men, Chantemesse and Widal feel justified in claiming specific properties for this bacillus. In commenting on this paper the *Medical News* says that, although the observations made are too few in number to bring absolute proof, they are of interest as being the first in which so much has been accomplished. Numerous other investigators have described micro-organisms in dysentery; but none, up to this time, have succeeded in cultivating them. Further developments will be awaited with interest.—*Science.*

THE LATEST IN DOGS.

A New Specie Soon to Be Fondled by Society Belles.

There is a new dog on the horizon, and from his description he is almost certain to reach us here. In fashion lately we have been going in for the foreigner. The fox-terrier has become almost too common. Japanese pugs are too stupid. French poodles are not to be seriously considered. There remain the Dachshund and the Danish mastiff, neither of them quite satisfactory. The new dog hails from the Low Countries, and is not so much a novelty as a revival. He has been rediscovered by the accident of the exhibition at Brussels. Dogs were to be an attraction there, and the great desideratum was to be patriotic, and, if possible, local. Of course the milk-carrying dogs would be collected in great force, and it seemed as if Flanders would have little else in the canine world to rely upon. Then it was remembered that generations ago, when railways were scarce in the land, there was a little black terrier called a Spitz largely used on the canal-boats that then carried on the commerce, and, indeed, the traffic of the low countries. His chief qualities—almost legendary—were that he was death on rats and unapproachable as a watchdog. He was a clever little fellow, too, vivacious and attached. But railways had driven him out. An attempt was made to procure some for the show. It proved that there was plenty of life in the old breed still. There are yet barges and canal-boats in Holland, and they had Spitz dogs still on board. A very good show was got together. The Spitz became popular, and we shall, no doubt, soon see him here.—*London Figaro.*

—An ignorant man having scraped together fifty dollars, took it to his employer, with a request to take charge of it for him. A year after he went to another friend to know what would be the interest on it. He was told three dollars. Well," said he, "I wish you would lend me three dollars for a day or two. My boss has been keeping fifty dollars for me a year, and I want *to pay him the interest for it.*"

ECONOMY is wealth; wealth breeds extravagance; therefore economy is the mother of extravagance.—*Harper's Bazar*

THERE'S a divinity that doth hedge a King, but put three other kings and an ace in the same hand and there'll be no hedging.—*Life.*

"IN figuring up the sum total of the snake kingdom much dependence is placed on the adder.—*Glens Falls Republican.*

HARD to beat—carpets.

A TENDER attachment is often followed by a train of disaster.—*Time.*

"PERSISTENCY's a jewel" is the way a traveling man perverts an old proverb.—*Merchant Traveler.*

IT all depends on the way it is said. It makes a great difference whether you call a man a "slick citizen" or a "polished gentleman."—*Terra Haute Express.*

THE law allowing three days' grace on a note does not apply to musicians; they must take up the notes at sight as they come due, or the whole will go to protest.—*Dansville Breeze.*

THE prize ring—the solitaire engagement.—*Puck.*

IT isn't so bad to be disappointed in love as in marriage.—*Chicago Tribune.*

SOMETIMES the last thing a man can do when ruin is staring him in the face is to stare back at her.

NEWSPAPERS that would scorn to lie about any one frequently have printing material lying about the office.

VERY often the "May I?" of courtship is answered by the "You must" of matrimony.—*Puck.*

A WHITE salutation—A milk shake.

NOTHING will so retard the blossoming of budding love as a dog in the front yard.

THE attorney who makes a specialty of Admiralty cases must know all about the main law.

—A stuttering Frenchman sat beside an Englishman at the theater, and when a cavalcade made its appearance on the stage the Frenchman said: "One would imagine that he was at the hip—hip—hip——" "Hurrah," broke in the excited Englishman.

BEFORE IT IS BORN.

Some Startling Statements of General Interest.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, on being asked when the training of a child should begin, replied, "A hundred years before it is born."

Are we to infer from this that this generation is responsible for the condition of the race a hundred years from now?

Is this wonderful generation the natural result of the proper diet and medicines of a hundred years ago?

It is conceded in other lands that most of the wonderful discoveries of the world in this century have come from this country. Our ancestors were reared in log cabins, and suffered hardships and trials.

But they lived and enjoyed health to a ripe old age. The women of those days would endure hardships without apparent fatigue that would startle those of the present age.

Why was it?

One of the proprietors of the popular remedy known as Warner's safe cure, has been faithfully investigating the cause, and has called to his aid scientists as well as medical men, impressing upon them the fact that there can not be an effect without a cause. This investigation disclosed the fact that in the olden times simple remedies were administered, compounded of herbs and roots, which were gathered and stored in the lofts of the log cabins, and when sickness came on, these remedies from nature's laboratory were used with the best effects.

What were these remedies? What were they used for? After untiring and diligent search they have obtained the formulas so generally used for various disorders.

Now the question is, how will the olden time preparations affect the people of this age, who have been treated, under modern medical schools and codes, with poisonous and injurious drugs. This test has been carefully pursued, until they are convinced that the preparations they now call Warner's Log Cabin remedies are what our much abused systems require.

Among them is what is known as Warner's Log Cabin sarsaparilla, and they frankly announce that they do not consider the sarsaparilla of so much value in itself as it is in the combination of the various ingredients which together work marvelously upon the system. They also have preparations for other diseases, such as "Warner's Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy," "Log Cabin hops and buchu remedy," "Warner's Log Cabin hair tonic." They have great confidence that they have a cure for the common disease of catarrh, which they give the name of "Log Cabin rose cream." Also a "Log Cabin plaster," which they are confident will supplant all others, and a liver pill, to be used separately or in connection with the other remedies.

We hope that the public will not be disappointed in these remedies, but will reap a benefit from the investigations, and that the proprietors will not be embarrassed in their introduction by dealers trying to substitute remedies that have been so familiar to the shelves of our druggists. This line of remedies will be used instead of others. Insist upon your druggist getting them for you if he hasn't them yet in stock, and we feel confident that these new remedies will receive approbation at our reader's hands, as the founders have used every care in their preparation.

WE have it from a reliable source that it has been called the "pail moon" ever since the cow kicked over it.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

An Important Industry Checked.

This disaster occurs when digestion is interrupted. It is the business of the stomach to manufacture the raw material, food, into blood, the fertilizing tide that bears vigor to the most distant parts of the digestion. When this is checked, inanition, loss of strength, organic disorder ensue. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters impels the stomach to renewed labor. Seek the Bitters if troubled with constipation, rheumatism, malaria and kidney complaint.

THE keeper of a deaf and dumb asylum understands the mute-ability of man.

NOW THAT the rush of the summer work is somewhat over, we desire to call attention to some matters looking forward to profitable work for the fall months, and through the winter. Write to B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va., and they will show you how to do a grand work, which can be made a *permanent thing.*

A MAN sometimes poses for an Apollo when he's only an Apollo-gy for one.—*Texas Siftings.*

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stimulates the torpid liver, strengthens the digestive organs, regulates the bowels, and are unequaled as an

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FOR an example of the power of a single letter compare the phrases "blooming cheek" and "blooming cheeks."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

THE sportsman may lead an idle existence, but his career is not an aimless one.

PLEASANT, Wholesome, Speedy for coughs is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

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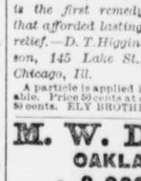

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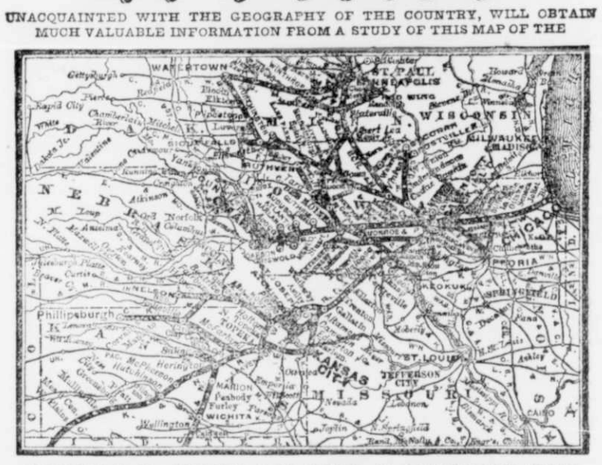

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President's Proclamation.

SPECIAL.

Whereas, From day to day vast numbers are being stricken down with the fell disease Rheumatism, which seems to be greatly on the increase.

And whereas, The nation has within a short time been called upon to mourn the sudden loss of many of our public men, such as Vice-President Hendricks, Gen. John A. Logan, Sec'y Daniel P. Manning, Gen. McClellan, and many others.

Now therefore, I do by virtue of the knowledge possessed by me, proclaim and recommend Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup to be a remedy of great merit, both for Rheumatism and all Blood Diseases,

And further, That this medicine be adopted as a national remedy by all.

Signed by the President.

RHEUMATISM.

I was cut in the wrist by a broken bottle, from which I suffered extreme pain. I called a doctor, who pronounced it sciatic rheumatism. My right side became paralyzed, leg and arm badly withered, and my joints were so stiff that there was but little action in them. About six weeks ago I began taking Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup with marvelous results. Since then I have left off the use of crutches entirely, and only use a cane, and for the past few days I often forget it and walk without any aid. To say that it has greatly benefited me but poorly expresses my idea of your Rheumatic Syrup.

C. D. DENIO, Dealer in General Groceries, Jackson, Mich.

O. D. DENIO is a man well known in this community, and was probably the worst wreck physically of any man this country ever saw. He was paralyzed from rheumatic poison, and no one ever expected he would recover. He is well, and it is simply marvelous. FRANK L. SMITH, Ex-Member State Legislature, Jackson, Mich.

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My daughter Maud had inflammatory rheumatism. Her limbs were badly swollen. She was in terrible agony. She has been taking Rheumatic Syrup and using your Plasters, which has broken it up. The Syrup corrected her indigestion, cleansed the rheumatic poison from her blood, and she is now able to be around the house. We consider Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Plasters remedies of great merit. REV. J. ROBERTS, Pastor First M. E. Church, Fremont, Mich.

Last winter and spring I was a terrible sufferer from rheumatism in my left shoulder and arm, suffering the most excruciating pain. Two bottles of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup cured me. I can with confidence recommend it to all who are suffering with rheumatic difficulty. REV. JAMES BERRY, Moriey, Mich

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OF NEW YORK.

FOR CONGRESS,
Sixth Congressional District,
LEWIS E. McCOMAS.

SATURDAY, OCT. 27, 1888.

Cheap Wool.

Democratic orators say we must have free wool and save $4 on every $12 suit of clothes, or ⅓. Cleveland says free wool is a blessing to everybody. Free wool means Australian and South American wools. It means death to the sheep industry. Oh! no, says Mr. Douglas, you are mistaken, you are taxed just four dollars for tariff on your all-wool suit. Well let us try it. We will go to the Oakland, Listonburg, Bedford or any woolen mill. Well, Mr. Liston, we want an all-wool suit of clothes; you and I are both Democrats and Cleveland says free wool is a blessing, let's make this thing work. Well, my friend Douglas, I am agreed, but I cannot sell my cloth any lower than I am unless I can cut down expenses somewhere. My factory cost me fifteen thousand dollars. I must have hands to repair the factory constantly. I must keep a team, my dyes cost money, I lose a great deal in bad debts and I and my brother work hard with brain and muscle to keep things going and to come out at the end of the year. If it gets much worse I will go to farming. The fact is a great many factories are idle already and the Oakland mill sold for about 1-10 its cost and now won't make a fortune for its owner. Mr. Douglas you go to the farmers and get some wool, and don't forget it must be clean, washed and picked, or we will lose like Boston on it. I think the best way to get a cheap suit is to commence on the farmer and laborer first. I might make a slight reduction, but the fact is I don't "*have* to." My money invested I can do better out at 6 per cent. interest anyhow. Remember wool is free and if the farmer don't come to terms at about eighteen to twenty cents we will send to Baltimore for a whole cargo of foreign wool. I will go to my driver, my blacksmith, and shoemaker, and tailor, and the lawyer and doctor, and also the capitalist; they must give in too. Now, Mr. American farmer, how many pounds of wool have you. Well, Mr. Douglas, my clip in 1880 was 240 million pounds, according to the census. Well, Mr. Farmer, I want a cheap all-wool suit of clothes. I want to get the wool cheap because you know Free Wool is a blessing and if you don't sell I can buy Australia or South America fine wools very cheap since the Tariff is off. Oh! but Mr. Douglas, my flock is decreasing, the winters are long, money is scarce, I owe Mr. Capitalist some money and I don't see how I can sell wool much lower. I think I heard you say Free Wool would make better times. You go to the capitalist, the lawyer, doctor, my shoemaker and all those fellows who are dependent upon me, and if they will throw some off my bills and notes all right. Well, Mr. Capitalist, we want a cheap suit and we have concluded Tariff on foreign wool is for your benefit, so we want a little reduction in interest and mortgages. Oh! I don't "have to." My mortgages and notes are O. K. My county Bonds are at par, but the fact is I was just ordering some fine all-wool suits for my whole family. I don't wear anything else. I am in favor of the cheap suits all the time. Go to the Farmer, he is the one to "squeeze." I have his property under mortgage and he has to sell anyhow; squeeze him. Meanwhile I will just send over to Australia and South America and buy a little lot of fine wools on a spec. Yes, but I have tried the farmer. Then go to the lawyer and doctor. Well, Mr. Lawyer and Doctor, we want to get a cheap suit of clothes and would like a little reduction in the bills. Oh! you do, do you, well I don't "*have to.*" I make my own bills generally, but I am in favor of the cheap fine suit all the same; fact is I don't wear any other. The Minister, the Editor all say they want the cheap suit of all-wool; in fact they don't wear any other, but as for throwing off bills they say they don't "*have to.*" Guess we will just squeeze the American Farmer. He must sell whether he wants to or not and if he don't want to throw one-third off tell him there is a whole cargo of fine Australia, South America and South African wool ready to land. We have abolished that Republican Custom House business on wool, it comes in Free. It won't injure the farmer very much. It may discourage sheep-raising, but I don't believe he will dare to kick much, and, besides, just tell him Free Wool is a blessing and that good times are coming all along the line to the American producer. Just as soon as we can get the Tariff off lumber, off coal, off iron and such things, perhaps we will get our cheap suit after all.

Mr. Mills to Capitalist.

Look here, Mr. Capitalist, we are going to have Free Trade, and we are going to make you sweat a little too. You see the tariff on foreign wool is robbing the farmer and laborer and we are going to take the tariff off wool and such things and give the farmer a lift, and fry the fat out of you. Oh! you are, are you? Well, as I have a good bunch of Government Bonds, which are at a premium, and a lot of mortgages which are all O. K., and a few promisory notes, etc., maybe I might just as well send down to Australia and buy up a few thousand pounds of wool with my little spare capital. Then as I was just about ordering a suit of imported wool clothes for myself and family all around, we will wait for free wool and get a twelve dollar suit for eight dollars. I am putting up a new house and I guess I will wait and get some free Canada lumber, and while you are about it I wish you would make all kinds of hardware free. Of course free wool will kill the sheep business and close our little domestic factories, but the hands can go to farming. The saw-mill men can go to farming, and the hardware men can go to farming; and while you are at it, as I have a block of Gas Bonds and my Gas stock don't pay me barely two hundred per cent., I wish you would make coal free, and meanwhile just keep on shouting for Low Tariff. Don't call it Free Trade; I am afraid you won't succeed very fast, and as I am opposed to Capitalists very much myself, but for the sake of the farmer and poor man here's a little check for Ten Thousand Dollars for your campaign fund; and Mr. Mills don't try to do too much at once. Stick to Free Wool. Get that much once. You must educate the farmer and laborer down to Free Trade gradually, and after while we will get him to believe in universal Free Trade. Fact is my foreign wines, foreign clothes, my foreign furniture, my foreign glass all comes a little high, and custom houses are a Republican fraud, and if I can get my things to this country without going through the custom house I will just send you another ten thousand after awhile.

The Custom House.

Tariff discussion is going on everywhere, and many people seem to think that the tariff is on everything. Now there is several kinds of taxation. First we have direct and indirect. Direct, such as Henry George wants, that is all revenues shall be collected in cash from the people, such as State, county and town taxes. Then we have indirect taxation, such, for instance, is the tax on tobacco, on whiskey and the tariff collected from foreign goods. Then we say we have a tariff on foreign goods coming to our country through the custom houses, and internal revenue on alcohol and tobacco, whiskey, snuff, &c. All our Government taxation is classed as tariff and internal revenue. Don't call the tax on whiskey, on tobacc, or any internal tax "tariff." The word "tariff" is only applied to money collected at our custom houses from foreign goods. Custom houses we have all along the coast and all along the Canada and Mexican line, and all along this immense line revenue officers are watching for smugglers. If a ship comes to port you will find it has been boarded with custom inspectors long enough before it lands.

It has been found from Washington and Hamilton down that there is no better way of raising money than by custom duties or tariff. Over three thousand articles which come from foreign ports have a tariff to be paid before landing. It requires an immense army of custom officers, but the revenue is immense. Too much, and the Senate bill says take it off sugar, off tobacco, &c. Mr. Mills says leave it on sugar 68 per cent., on rice 100 per cent., but take it off wool, &c.

Let's Make it Three.

Who are the leaders pitted against Harrison and Morton? Nominally they are Cleveland and Thurman, but really they are John. G. Carlisle, Roger Q. Mills and Henry Watterson. Behind these men is the solid Democratic South. Now don't be frightened. This isn't a bloody shirt tale. It is business.

This Democratic South has a manufacturing capital aggregating less by $170,000,000 than the manufacturing capital in the single State of New York; has less by $160,000,000 than the manufacturing capital of Pennsylvania alone. These men, coming from this non-manufacturing region, undertake to dictate and demand a new industrial policy for the vast manufacturing interests, and all the countless wage earners of New England, the Middle States, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, California, and the rest of the country. As a business policy it is absurd. Do we go to mantua-makers for advise about music? Do we ask professional men how to increase our trade? Why, then, should we take the direction—this direction, understand, for the counsel is *not* of our asking—of a lawyer, a journalist and a free trade theorist, about how to conduct our vast manufacturing business?

If ever a party was "hist by its own petard," it was when Mr. Blaine last week at Goshen, Indiana, took up the Democratic cry of "trusts." He showed that the five great trusts in this country—the salt, the sugar, the whiskey, the Standard oil and the cotton seed oil trust—are controlled by Democrats, and he challenged any Democrat present to name one Republican trust. Mr. Blaine has effectually disposed of this Democratic cry of trusts, and we shall doubtless have less of it from the Cleveland orators and organs from this on. And what becomes of President Cleveland's assertions as contained in his free trade message of last December, in which he warned the country against the danger of trusts, declaring they were the offspring of the "robber tariff?" Reduced to brief terms, Mr. Blaine's severe arraignment of the President's logic is: If a protective tariff fosters trusts it will foster them most where it operates most powerfully; it operates most powerfully on sugar, which is protected to the extent of more than one-fourth of all the revenue desired from tariff duties; if the President had believed what he said as to the tariff fostering trusts he would have believed that it fostered the sugar trust. If he had believed that it did foster the sugar trust he would have recommended "radical reduction, if not free importation," in the matter of foreign sugars; but he did no such thing; therefore, either the President did not believe that tariff fostered trusts, or, so believing, he was willing to foster the most odious of all trusts that he might have the support of its confederate beneficiaries in Louisiana and its Democratic beneficiaries in New York.

"It is certainly very desirable to have a Christian gentlemen elected to the presidency of the United States," says the *Temperance Evangelist*. "Eight years ago the lamented Garfield, an elder in the Christian Church, was chosen. This year we have two Christian men nominated for that high office—General Clinton B. Fisk, a Methodist layman, and General Benjamin Harrison, an elder in the Presbyterian Church. It is conceded that General Fisk has no hope of election, leaving the choice between General Harrison, a soldier of the cross and of our country, and the present incumbent, who is a soldier neither of the cross nor of his country." Reason would dictate to the Christian and loyal voters of this nation for which candidate they should cast their ballots this Fall.

Farmers of Garrett, to your guns. The Free Trader comes to you in the guise of a friend and says "cheap wool" will help you, "cheap lumber" will help you, cheap iron will help you, but all the while this same orator has on a suit of imported clothes, on which the tariff was four or five dollars. Let him pay it. His hat was imported. Let him pay the tariff on his foreign clothes, his foreign looking glass, his foreign wines. Don't listen to his abuse of the custom house; it is our protection and our only protection against foreign pauper labor, cheap foreign wool, cheap Canada lumber and cheap Nova Scota coal.

☞Don't one of you excellent Republicans sit down and fold your hands just because there is a Democratic split in New York, and a quaking demoralization in the Democratic organization generally. We'll reckon up results on the night of election.

Workingmen intend to make the sixth of next November the Appomatox of free trade.

We were forced to go to press before the joint discussion, in order to reach our patrons all over the county before Sunday. We will give as full account next week of the meeting as our space will allow.

It is no use to say that the Mills bill is not free trade. Its author and every man who helped to frame it are free traders. They asked for as much as they hoped to get. If granted this, they will ask more.

From every section of the country come loud complaints about the wretched mail service. The best mail service the country ever had was under Republican rule. Isn't it time to return to the old method?

Voters of Garrett county, this whole Free Trade business is for the benefit of the capitalist, and from Free Wool all the way down it means cheapness, cheap imported wool clothes, cheap iron, cheap glass, and cheapness everywhere. It means foreign goods of every description and cheap American labor. Don't forget that the first one always to suffer is the laborer, then the farmer. The last to suffer always is the man of capital, whose income is secure no matter what happens.

The interests involved in this campaign are of tremendous importance; but in addition to this the voter has it in his power to elevate to the leadership men who distinctly represent what is best in the American life and spirit. It is an eminent Christian minister who says of General Harrison: "Precisely such a man should be, as I think, at the head of this nation, full as it is of Christian homes, schools and churches," not only to insure a good administration, but for the "moral culture of the country." "To Christian ministers and laymen declares the *Independent*, "these words of Dr. Storrs should come with irresistible force."

The South fought for slavery. Slavery is dead. The South fought for secession. Secession is dead. These are bygones. Nobody wants them to be anything else. The chasm between the two sections of our country is bridged. We of the North ought to know it is bridged, for we built the bridge ourselves.

But the South fought also for free trade. Here is what it put into its Constitution: "Nor shall any duties or taxes on importations from foreign nations be laid to promote or foster any branch of industry." The Appomattox, of April 9, 1865, settled the questions of slavery and secession, and those who lost in that settlement have seen and acknowledged the wisdom and the humanity of that decision. Let us make the 6th of next November the Appomattox of Free Trade. That will end this matter as happily as the other two questions were ended, and we shall get the praises of future generations for saving our industries, just as we are now certain of the praises of the world for blotting out the worst stigma resting upon the Anglo-Saxon name.

A Lesson From History.

It has been well said that "people read too much and think too little." How many American voters, who ought to be sesiously interested, recall the condition of affairs that confronted President Buchanan in 1857 after the Democratic party had had a long lease of power, with no protective tariff, and which led to Mr. Buchanan's well-remembered message to Congress? Here is an extract from that message:

In the midst of unsurpassed plenty in all the productions of agriculture, and in all the elements of national wealth, we find our manufactures suspended, our public works retarded, our private enterprises of different kinds abandoned, AND THOUSANDS OF USEFUL LABORERS THROWN OUT OF EMPLOYMENT AND REDUCED TO WANT.

The country was full of distress, the treasury was nearly empty, and in order to meet the expense of the Government, said the message, "a loan may be required before the close of your present session."

Does not all this teach a lesson that should be heeded?

Suppose the prospective voter sits down a moment and considers the following: Great Britain has ruined every country in the world which she has persuaded or forced into free trade. England, indeed, is the commercial pirate of the world. She is now straining her utmost to rob the United States of its industries and get control of our market. If she succeeds, every workingman and workingwoman in this country will be brought to comparative poverty.

In coming out for Harrison and Morton, General B. F. Butler will bring with him many Democrats who supported him in 1884.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Oct. 22nd, 1888.—Senator Ingalls has never performed an official act that gave his colleagues more genuine satisfaction than when he declared the Senate adjourned *sine die*. And it is only the truth to say that the adjournment was received with great satisfaction by every one; it might have taken place six weeks ago without detriment to any one, as no business of any importance has been or could have been by any possibility passed by both Houses. The adjournment was brought about by necessity; only a handful of Congressmen being in attendance when the adjournment took place—less than a dozen in the Senate and not 20 in the House. The session may fairly be said to have died from exhaustion. It was the quietest adjournment ever seen in this city, about the only incident worth mentioning being the singing of the Doxology by a group of very, very tired newspaper correspondents in the press gallery of the House, immediately after the House adjourned *sine die*. If anybody has a right to return thanks for this adjournment it is the occupants of the press galleries in the House and Senate, who have just completed nearly eleven months of consecutive service writing daily on such exciting and exhilerating subjects as the tariff, the Chinese question, etc

The Senate finance committee will continue its investigation of trusts during the recess.

The first session of the Fiftieth Congress was just eighteen days longer than the longest previous session in the history of the Government.

The delegation of sixty Sioux Indian Chiefs have gone back to their reservation without accomplishing anything. All but 14 of them positively rejected a proposition submitted to them by Secretary Vilas, to sell their lands at $1 per acre. They want $1.25, and want it all paid at once by the Government.

Gen. Alfred Pleasanton has, by act of Congress, been placed on the retired list of the Army with the rank of major. This is the rank which Gen. Pleasanton held in the Regular Army at the close of the war when he resigned.

Senator Mitchell has the honor of having introduced the last bill in the Senate previous to adjournment. It was a bill too, that a good many people think should become a law. It proposes an amendment to the Constitution providing for the election of United States Senators by the direct vote of the people.

Senotor Ingalls will go to Connecticut this week to take part in the campaign.

The latest effort to bolster up the failing fortunes of the Democratic party in New York city, is the announcement that Mr. Cleveland will review the Democratic parade which is to take place there next Saturday. If the sight of Cleveland can raise any enthusiasm among citizens of New York, then they must differ widely from people in this city.

The Republicans of this city are working hard in order to send every man that votes in either of the doubtful States to his home before election day. Those who cannot afford to pay their way have their transportation furnished them gratis.

It is a little queer to note the large number of vessels in our small navy that are just now in urgent need of repairs. It is also queer that they are all sent to Navy Yards located in States that the Democrats are making special efforts to carry. But then perhaps there is a connection between the two facts.

Trouble in New York.

NEW YORK, Oct. 19.—There is trouble brewing in the Democratic camp here, and it looks as if the troubles of the Cleveland followers would be added to by an open rupture between the State and National Committee. Governor Hill came down here this morning from Albany and had a pretty plain talk with Senator Gorman at the Hoffman House. Afterwards messengers were dispatched from the headquarters on West twenty-ninth street for Messrs. Murphey and Murtha, and those gentlemen were called into conference with Chairman Brice and Herman Oelrichs. For the past week evidences have been cropping out all over the State that Cleveland is doomed to defeat here. Not only have the party newspapers begun to discuss the possibility of defeat, but the current talk among the people generally has been turning more toward Harrison every day. The *Herald* publications, giving Harrison at least 70,000 above Harlem Bridge, have not been the only warnings to the committee. Another Democratic newspaper in this city has given Chairman Brice some of the news sent to it by one of its correspondents.

The result has been to bring the Democrats to a realization of the dangers that threaten them. It started the committee on a hunt for the cause of the trouble and the friends of Mr. Cleveland at once attributed it to the lukewarmness of the State Committee toward the national ticket. Under Ed. Murphy's directions they have confined their efforts to booming Governor Hill, and the fact that none of these newspaper warnings intimate that Hill is in peril as well as Cleveland, gives color to the charge of the National Committee that Hill's friends are taking care of the Governor alone.

War to the Knife.

NEW YORK, Oct. 22.—The Democratic business men in this city propose to have their big parade next Saturday afternoon. It was arranged that President Cleveland and Governor David B. Hill should review the parade jointly from a stand erected opposite the Worth monument on Fifth avenue. To-night it was stated officially that Governor Hill refused to review the parade in personal association with President Cleveland. This announcement fell like a thunder-clap upon the Democrats of the city and created widespread consternation. It means more than appears on the surface. It is simply war to the knife and the knife to the hilt on election day.

Democratic Roorbachs.

NEW YORK, Oct. 23.—The managers of the Democratic National Committee hardly know which way to turn, so desperate is the condition in which they find themselves placed by the logic of events. They feel that the drift of sentiment is against them and that their case is hopelessly lost unless they can save themselves by some new and sensational trick. This unpromising outlook was discussed with a great deal of seriousness by Messrs. Barnum, Gorman and Brice at the Democratic Headquarters to-day, and these schemers fairly found themselves at their wits' end for some new device with which to deceive the public regarding the Republican campaign. It was the unanimous opinion of the managers that something must be done and done at once, and it was finally agreed that the most feasible thing would be for them to utter a fraudulent or forged letter, in which General Harrison should be made to express unfriendly or hostile feeling towards the workingmen. Another new device of the Democratic Committee cropped out to-day, and that was an order which has just been sent out to the Democratic committees in all the large cities of the country to get up parades a few nights before the election, composed entirely of Chinamen, who are to be supplied with banners and transparencies bearing Republican inscriptions and injunctions to vote for Harrison, the Chinamen's friend. The Democratic Committee are urging the letter of instruction to spare no pains to secure a Chinese parade, "as the election may hinge on this move."

The Democratic National Committee, of course, pays all the expenses of this parade and is foolish enough to believe that the public can be deceived by them. The Democratic National Committee is turning its attention particularly at present to the State of New Jersey and flooding it anew with fresh versions of "the dollar-a-day" lie about General Harrison, notwithstanding the facth fact it has been denied in an official way by the Knights of Labor of Indianapolis and by such reputable Democrats as ex-Senator Joe McDonald, and English, of Indiana.

Parties, like some other things, are known by their fruits. Massachusetts, where every voter is able to read and write, will give a Republican majority of 25,000 to 30,000, while Louisiana, where the illiterates number more than half of the voting population, will give an overwhelming majority for Cleveland and Thurman. There you have a diagram showing the relative intelligence and character of the two parties. Young voters ought to take this diagram into careful consideration before casting their political lots in life.

This isn't the time to crow, just because the enemy is scared and on the run. What you see only proves that our cause is right, and that this is the time for more hard work. We cannot afford to quit at three o'clock in the afternoon. Sometning might happen and we'd lose the fruit of all our splendid day's labor. Keep right at it. The harder the trial, the more fun it will be to see the enemy run.

The Knights of Labor have the motto: "An injury to one is the concern of all." It is just this fact in a Republic that makes it the general concern that a few shall not follow blind prejudice and vote upon American workingmen a policy that will so reduce them to the level of European pauper labor.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

NOTICE!

W. H. Hagans, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

LOCAL NEWS.

—All persons indebted to G. A. Shirer are requested to call and settle.
10 20 3m. G, A. SHIRER.

—$5,000—To LOAN—On first mortgage on real estate.
THOMAS & SINCELL.

—1,000 pheasants wanted at Felty & Co's., Railroad street, near Depot. 9 29 tf.

—Rev. W. C. Davis acceptably preached in the M. E. Church Sunday night, to a large and attentive congregation.

—WANTED—500 Dozen Eggs, at the Oakland Bakery. Highest cash market price paid.
B. FREISE.

—Wanted, at Garthright's store, ten tons of nice buckwheat flour at $3.00 cash per 100 pounds, or $3.30 in trade.

—Just received at the Oakland Flour Mills, a car load of Old Ohio Valley Corn. For sale in any shape at the lowest possible figure.

—Mr. H. H. Van Meter sold his hotel property at Mt. Lake Park to the Mt. Lake Park Hotel Company. Consideration $12,000 cash.

—Mr. Geo. W. Reitz, of Clayton, Ohio, formerly of this county, is now here on a visit. He is pleased with Ohio, and expects to make that State his permanent residence.

—There is an estray heifer on the premises of Mr. H. R. Duckworth, near Mt. Lake Park. Color black and white. Yearling past. The owner should take it away and save further costs.

—Married, at the home of the bride, near Sand Patch, Pa., Oct. 18th, 1888, by Rev. Ozias F. Harshman, Mr Oliver Baer and Miss Ellen Brown, both of Greenville township, Somerset county, Pa.

—Wanted, at Correll's store, buckwheat flour and and all kinds of country produce, in exchange for goods at reduced prices, and the highest market prices will be allowed for produce.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kern, and youngest son, of near Morgantown, W. Va., arrived at Oakland, Friday of last week, and remained with relatives until Monday, when they started to visit relatives in Sang Run and Selbysport districts.

—A tour of inspection of the B. & O. R. R. from Baltimore to Chicago was made last week by Maj. Johnson and Messrs, J. A. Hunter, Owen Tracey, Thomas Adams and Thomas Aston. Mr. Thomas Carr, superyisor of this division, accompanied the party over his division.

—Married, at the Lutheran Church Oakland, Md., Thursday, Oct. 18th, 1888, by Rev. Finkbiner, of Cumberland, Rev. G. W. W. Amick and Miss Florence Phillips, and Mr. T. C. Hinebaugh and Miss Minnie Phillips. The marriage was witnessed by a large crowd, After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the brides' mother, and the bridal parties went east the same evening on an extended bridal trip.

--Garthright has just received a large stock of boots and shoes. Liston flannels, kerseys, cloths and blankets, Ladies' wraps, and Men's and Boy's clothing. Will not be under sold. He wants for the cash or trade all the buckwheat flour, butter and eggs, nice potatoes, and chestnuts he can get. Just as soon pay cash as trade. Go to see him before you buy or sell. 10 28 2

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M., and 7½ P. M., by Rev. C. T. Trippett.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Excursion to Richmond, Virginia.

The B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets to Richmond, Va., every Monday and Thursday during October and until Nov. 19th, for the accommodation of those desiring to visit the Exposition. The tickets will be good going on day of issue and the day following, and will be valid for return trip until November 26th, inclusive.

We give below station and round trip rates via Washington, D. C.: From Oakland $10.55.
10 13 4t.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Garrett county, Md., for week ending October 27th, 1888:

Bray, Annie,	McConn, Mrs. J. F.,
Dickson, John,	Miller, Mrs. F. F. C.,
Daily William Jos.,	Paul, J.
Dewitt, Rufus,	Rinker, Nicholas,
Friend, Homer,	Simpon, Axe Co.,
Galloway, Jas.,	Thomas, W. H.,
Kelton, Mrs. J. C.,	Wilson, Wm. P.,
Legation., Danish,	Warnick, F. G.
Madison, Jas.,	

POSTAL CARDS.

Ashby, J. F.,	Sell, Mrs, Sabina,
Moon, W. H.,	

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

These letters are chargable with one cent due on delivery.

P. HAMILL, P. M.

DEER PARK, MD., Oct. 20, 1888.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—Thinking that your many readers would like to hear of the grand success of our Democratic brethren, will give a short sketch of a grand Democratic mass-meeting held at Deer Park Friday, Oct. 19th, 1888, where a very respectable and restless crowd had assembled to organize a club, and also to be addressed by Mr. Boyd, of Cumberland, but Mr. Boyd did not appear, but sent a substitute by the name of Devechmon, who addressed this great audience of 16 Democrats and 10 Republicans. He spoke of the indirect tax as coming off the farmer, and the Republicans were imposing it on the farmer just high enough so that he would not squeal; and compared them to a man picking a goose. He said the object was just to pick out as many feathers as possible, so Mr. Goose would not squall. He said Ireland had no snakes and Ireland had no protection. America had snakes and America had protection, therefore snakes makes protection. Tariff is a tax on the poor man and a benefit to the rich man. His argument was of no benefit to the Republicans or Democrats, and his speech was one of the flatest and most pointless efforts ever listened to in Deer Park. He said the Republicans tried to take the tariff off of coal and would have done so had it not been for the Democrats. He also said the Democrats were the strongest party and had been in power from the formation of the Federal Government until 1860, when the Republicans got into power, and remained so for 24 years, and then the strong party again came into power and would remain so.

His argument was so thin and pointless that he was not applauded, and there was a profound silence in the house. Some of the Democrats seemed to have been asleep. He told a great many things the people should do, but gave no reason for so doing. People always like to have a reason for doing this and that before doing it. Some of the Democrats said that he was no voter. A few Republicans had gathered in the gallery, and when Mr. D. closed his speech by saying that he hoped Col. Douglas would be elected to Congress in the Sixth Congressional District of Md., loud cries were heard of "Hurrah for McComas," hurrah for Harrison;" make another speech and quit, &c.

WONDER.

The Merits of Vestibuled Trains.

The chief merit claimed for the Vestibuled appliance is that it effectually prevents telescoping of cars in case of collision, and the second great advantage lies in the fact that the new device entirely overcomes the swaying motion imparted to ordinary trains when rounding curves at high speed. The Limited Express running via B. & O. R. R. between Philadelphia and Chicago, is composed entirely of Vestibuled cars, the Baggage Cars, Day Coaches, Dining Car and Pullman Sleepers all being fitted up with Pullman's Patent Vestibules.

All cars in the train are heated by steam drawn from the locomotive. Porters are in attendance in the Day Coaches as well as in the Sleepers, to look after the wants of passengers. The entire train runs through without change between Philadelphia and Chicago via Washington and Baltimore, and no extra fare is exacted from passengers holding tickets of any class.

The B. & O. Vestibuled limited leaves Oakland at 4.56 P. M. daily for Chicago and at 11.14 A. M. daily for Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia.

For Sale!--Brick! Brick! Brick!

Fire Pressed, hard and soft Brick, cheaper than ever sold in this county. Inquire of

C. M. RATHBUN,
Alderson & Rathbun Planing Mill, Mt. Lake Park, Md, or to D. E. Offutt, Oakland, Md.

Cash For Produce!

If you want money for eggs, chickens, butter, &c., go to Chas. F. White, who is buying for John Shartzer, and will give you highest cash prices. Don't sell your chestnuts until you see him.

Avilton, Garrett County.

MR. EDITOR:—Having been drawn to this place on business, with a few days of social pleasures, it has been thought fit to furnish the REPUBLICAN with a few facts and suggestions of a local and personal nature, that may not be unacceptable to your readers and patrons.

The old name of this neighborhood is "Blue Lick," latterly called "Pea Ridge." The postoffice established here about a year ago is called "Avilton," has a tri-weekly mail supplied from Lonaconing, with rapidly increasing reading matter. Mr. R. E. Garlitz is the attentive postmaster. He also runs a country variety store and drives a thrifty business. The ubiquitous drummer has found him, though far in the interior. At convenient distances are two churches—Catholic and Dunkard, but no school house in range. The frequent remark here is, "Why don't the double-headed School Board quit wasting the people's money in factious lawsuits." The old Robinson mansion is now being dismantled to be used for school purposes for the coming term. Attended Dunkard church last Sunday. This was their annual meeting and the most important one of the year, being the occasion of the Love Feast, which was celebrated the night before. The ceremony consists of the communion, partaking of the lamb soup and feet-washing. The Rev. J. Hoover, from Salisbury, Pa., was the minister. He is a bright, intelligent man, and preached a very respectable surmon; one worthy of attention. He looks like any other respectable minister, and is orthodox in his opinions and teachings, but not oppressively so. His subject was the covering and uncovering of the head, which was clearly handled. Evidently he was dealing with the hat and bonnet question now vexing that sect. The church here is said to be in a prosperous condition. But their spacious, plain edifice now fifteen years old, needs a coat of white paint. They are able, if not willing, for such an enterprise.

This whole neighborhood was once densely covered with white pine and spruce, but it has in years past been cut and made into lumber in its various forms. In the places of once pine forests of pine trees are now many farms under good cultivation, with excellent crops this season and a ready market for all surplus products in the George's Creek valley. The continuous rains for many weeks have delayed and somewhat damaged the crops, but still the yield will be more than an average, even though some buckwheat and corn should be spoiled. Besides the cereals and provender, there is an immense chestnut crop, now nearing its close. Plenty sleek pigs in the woods.

There has been a decided improvement in this community, not only in the people, but in every way, in the past few years. Beautiful new residences greet your eyes in many places, such as Hon. George W. Blocher and his brother Henry, who has just finished a handsome residence upon the old Blocher-Mussellman seat, and Patrick Dorsey, who is comforted in one of the very finest dwellings in the county.

We were the guest of the widow Hanson Brown. She and her son John H. Brown run the best farm on the ridge. Their energy and prudence have been rewarded this season with full crops of all kinds for "man and beast." Her home is one of great hospitality and generosity to the many comers and goers, and, of course, she is much liked and respected. She is a reader and subscriber of the REPUBLICAN, and wonders why her bill does not put in appearance for payment, as it is her only known debt. A healthy financial condition truly. We met another patron, the spouse of a moderate Democrat, and a close reader of the REPUBLICAN—a lady of sense and considerable information. The writer was modestly questioned as to the authorship of certain articles heretofore published in the paper named of a historic character. She seemed to take pleasure in admitting she had read them with pleasure and interest, but she begged to say there was one error, in stating William Conrad was the last survivor of the jury that convicted George Swearengen in 1829. She avered her ancestor Jacob Winters, one of that panel, died a year or two later than Conrad. No doubt she is right. A bright woman is hard to beat on matters of fact. There can be no impropriety in saying the lady refered to is Mrs. Andrew Lancaster. Just here let it be remarked city people greatly mistake and underrate the intelligence and general information of the country people. Many of them are careful readers, and make good practical use of what they read and observe.

It was not difficult to persuade us to make a visit to our old friend P. Dorsey. Here one finds genuine hospitality and pure civility. His much respected wife died several years ago. His household is handsomely presided over by his well-trained daughters, who make it pleasant for you whether it be a short or long stay. Dorsey is doing a large and prosperous business in the manufacture of lumber and singles; for the latter there is more demand now than for some years, at good prices. This industry is now the only one of the kind in this part of the country.

The pioneer settler in this neighborhood was Christian Garlitz, at least 70 years ago. He built a cabin near where the Catholic church now stands in the dense woods, mostly pine. Tradition has it that in clearing a spot of ground around the house a perverse tree was felled upon it with the young wife inside. The anxious cry was, "Sally, are you dead." She was unhurt, but strange to say, more than fifty years after, good old Christly was killed in the woods by the fall of a tree. The men here of three score or more, are Eli Whitzell, Christian Blocher, Andrew Blocher, Leo McKenzie, Israel Garlitz and P. Dorsey, all respectable and good citizens. The two oldest died within the last year—Jesse W. Chaney and Jeremiah McKenzie.

VISITOR.

October 16th, 1888.

Elkins, Md.

Rain rain, and likewise plenty of mud. Owing to the almost incessant wet wether farmers are behind very much with their work. Some have been threshing their grain wet as it is; others leaving it out and unthreshed and all losing considerably.

James Cooper, who is well-known by citizens around here, committed suicide on day last week. He had been atteding court at Petersburg and having some trouble which was decided against him, shot himself while going from court to Mt. Storm.

John McClary, son of Mrs. S. J. McClary, living near here, was shot and killed at Hendricks, Tucker county, on Monday, 22d.

Mr. J. L. Shrout has moved his family to Elkins. We understand he is succeeding quite well in the mercantile business.

We learn that Mrs. S. H. Mickey, our very congenial and highly esteemed agent and telegraph operator, intends moving to our place in the near future. Mrs. Mickey has just been here on a visit. She is a milliner and dressmaker, but perhaps the best of all, she is an active Sunday School worker.

Messrs. Hull & Bro., our new merchants, have purchased what is known as the Joseph Shillingburg property. We are glad they intend making this their permanent home.

Rev. R. S. Welch, our former pastor of the M. E. Church, has returned to serve us another year. We are highly pleased to have him and his noble lady back with us again. May success crown his efforts for good.

Politics are not very exciting here, but we expect to poll a full vote and give Mr. McComas a splendid majority in No. eight, as we hope it will be all over the county and district. Let every Republican and Democrat too who wants a change for the better, come out squarely and candidly and quietly, if needs be, and vote for Harrison, Morton, McComas and Protection.

Tax-Payers Take Notice,

That, under the law creating the office of Treasurer, it becomes the duty of said Treasurer, the first week in December of each year, to publish a list of all delinquent tax-payers for the current year; and that all taxes remaining unpaid on the 1st day of January, 1889 and of each year thereafter, interest will be added dating from 1st day of August last, and said taxes will be collected by due process of law. The Treasurer has no discretionary power in the matter to extend the time, or leniency in any way. Please pay up and save costs.

Respectfully,
ROSS COMPTON,
10 20 tf. Treasurer.

Public Sale of Farm and Personal Property.

The undersigned will sell their farm and personal property, situated two miles from Deer Park, on Thursday, November 1st, 1888. See handbills.

MARTIN MALEY,
10 6 4 ELIZABETH MALEY.

To the readers of the REPUBLICAN let us say: that we are making arrangements to make the REPUBLICAN better than ever the coming year. The time is now coming when our people will be looking around for reading matter for the long winter evenings. Don't forget your county paper. Take it and patronize home industry. Keep posted on your own county affairs. If you have girls or boys, take it for their sakes. The great economic questions of the day are a study well worth time and attention. No man can vote or act intelligently without a knowledge of these subjects. One issue may well be worth the price of the paper alone. We shall endeavor to have prompt news from every part of the county. We are making arrangements to secure articles of interest on many questions affecting the welfare of the county, such as education, agriculture, mining, stock growing, fruit raising, &c., from practical men and citizens of our own county. We must have faith in ourselves, and in the future of our county. The future of Garrett county is simply what we choose to make it. Let each citizen firmly resolve to add his mite to the prosperity of the county. A little of the enthusiasm of the great West, where the "boom" is ever present, and where the "Hustler" is native and to the manor born, would be conducive to every section of our county. Stake out more land in town lots, offer them cheap, make inducements of all kinds and encourage newcomers to settle down. Don't be too exclusive. Go to work. Help your neighbors do the same. Give the hearty grasp of welcome to the stranger, and don't be "clanish." Subscribe for the REPUBLICAN, send it an advertisement of your business and go in to win, and give the young man a chance.

The New York *Times* is for free trade, and of course is for Cleveland. With all the over zeal of a convert it is more bitter than most other Democratic journals. It says: "General Harrison is a citizen of the Republic, who has done worthily such share of public work as has devolved upon him. He was a brave soldier. At Resaca and at Peach Tree Creek he won no meagre title to military renown. There, if nowhere else, he showed himself worthy of his grandsire. In civil life the record of his service is confined to the faithful performance of duties of a minor office in Indiana, and one term in the United States Senate. The eye of curiosity will search the pages of the *Record* in vain for any evidence that Senator Harrison distinguished himself. It is an inconspicuous chronicle, yet we find him in all instances acting with sincerity and for the public interest. His Republican supporters will avoid the subject of his eloquence lest embarrassing reference be made to his too sparing use of that noble gift. Altogether it is an entirely respectable nomination."

The most virulent organ, the most unprincipled sheet in the land—whenever political considerations are up—is the *Sentinel*, published at Indianapolis, the home of our candidate. It is the Democratic organ of Indiana, and is capable of saying and doing political things that would make any fire-eating journal of the South, of slavery, reconstruction, or any other time, blush for shame. Yet the very uprightness of the Republican candidate compelled this organ, unprincipled and ill-mannered as it is, to say: "We wish to do entire justice to Mr. Harrison, and we therefore take pleasure in saying that his private life is unassailable. He is a clever lawyer and a ready and forcible public speaker. He is a man of reading and culture, industrious, energetic and painstaking."

The principal of the Pennington Seminary, New Jersey, who has just returned from Europe, says: "I saw women doing the work of 'longshoremen on the docks; performing the hardest drudgery in the fields; *doing the work of horses* in cities; exposed like cattle to pitiless storms in the market; poorly clad, poorly housed, and poorly fed." Mills, of Texas, says if the Democrats win this election "they will put our own intelligent labor upon a plane of equality with the labor of other countries." How does labor like the prospect?

The Presbyterian Synod of Michigan recently adopted the following sensible temperance resolution:

Resolved, That in view of the sin of intemperance and of the evils arising from the traffic in intoxicating drinks, this synod rejoices in any and all reasonable efforts to restrain, limit or destroy the traffic, and heartily commends all practical and progressive measures for the promotion of temperance, whether by law or the preaching of the gospel, or by personal effort.

Harrison is a clean, pure, true man. So is Morton. Not a breath of scandal has touched or can touch the character of either. If moral integriety in all the relations of life is an excellent thing in the President and Vice-President of a Christian nation, elect these men for the sake of their example.

Many a young Miss who vigorously protests against running the family sewing machine a little while even, would propel herself upon a trycycle for hours at a time without a murmer.

Never treat superiors with servility or inferiors with arrogance. Speak as kindly to a day laborer as to one occupying a high position.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CHANGE OF VOTING PLACE.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Oct. 23d, 1888.

Ordered, by the County Commissioners of Garrett County, this 23d day of October, 1888, that the Voting Place for Election District No. 10, Garrett county, be and the same is hereby changed from the house owned by Peter Connell in which Samuel Moore's Shoe Maker Shop formerly was, to the Store Room of J. C. Rodaheaver, in Deer Park, said county.

BRISON WELSH,
President.

True copy—Test:
W. H. HAGANS, Clerk.

they keep it for themselves, they roll it over and let it gather accretion, they make much of it, and they grow so weary with the weight of it that when real trouble comes there is no strength to bear that, and the nervous powers fail at the time when they are most needed.

Is there to be that most festive of all festivals in the family, a wedding, the trouble borrower is sure that the bride is a lamb led to the slaughter, or that the bridegroom is now to be lost forever to the family in being adopted into the new wife's family, and that nobody knows where they will all be a year from that day. Or else the trouble-borrower is sure that the church will be cold and they will get their deaths, or the dress will never come from the dressmaker's in time, or with the

$25.00 REWARD.

The above reward will be paid for the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who cut down chestnut trees on my farm near Oakland, known as the Brant farm.
10 20 3 T. W. CASTEEL.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

All parties are hereby notified not to trespass upon my lands in and adjoining the town of Oakland, for any purpose whatever.
10 20 8t JOHN BRADLEY.

NOTICE!

My wife, Louisa, having left my bed and board, the public are hereby notified not to harbor or trust her on my account.
GEORGE GEORG.
Accident, Md., Oct. 15th, 1888.—29 3t.

Estate of E. J. Stone Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Wheeling, West Va., hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the real and personal estate of

E. J. STONE,

late of Ohio Co., W. Va., deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 20th day of March next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of September, 1888.

J. T. STONE,
153 1044 Main street, Wheeling, W. Va.,

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

OAKLAND, MD., Oct. 1st, 1888.

By mutual consent the law firm of Thayer & Sincell has this day been dissolved, Mr. Thayer retiring. All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said firm are requested to call and settle, either by cash or note. Settlement may be made with either of said partners.

F. A. THAYER.
E. H. SINCELL.

Formation of Co-Partnership.

OAKLAND, MD., Oct., 1st, 1888.

The undersigned have his day formed a co-partnership, to be known by the firm name of Thomas & Sincell, for the purpose of conducting a general law business. Office in the rooms lately occupied by the law firm of Thayer & Sincell, Oakland, Md.
10 6 tf THOMAS & SINCELL.

J. F. LEWIS,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND PLASTERING LATH!

SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.

Having had Fourteen years practice and experience as a SHINGLE SAWYER, I am confident that I can sell you a better shingle than can be bought any where else in the State for the same price.

J. F. LEWIS,
3 3 '88 1y Cranesville, W. Va

PLANING MILLS.

MT. LAKE PARK, MD.,

ALDERSON & ROBINSON, PROPS

C. M. RATHBUN, Manager.

Manufacturers of and dealers in

Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings.

Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.

☞ Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of mill work. 1 29, '87.

PATENTS!

Caveats, and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE. We have no sub-agencies, all business direct, hence can transact patent business in less time and at LESS COST than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing, or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A book, "How to Obtain Patents," with references to actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address

C. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property.

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

FUNNY THING A BABY IS.

Funny thing a baby is,
With its little, wrinkled phiz;
Scarce a hair upon its head,
Mottled, purple, white and red
From its cunning, cherry nose
To its tiny, puckered toes—
Truly, very certain 'tis
Funny thing a baby is.
But the passing day will bring
Changes unto every thing;
Nature no distinction shows,
And the baby daily grows.

Correspondents must enclose full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a private guarantee of good faith. Rejected communications will not be returned.

FOR PRESIDENT,

BENJAMIN HARRISON,

OF INDIANA.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,

LEVI P. MORTON,

OF NEW YORK.

FOR CONGRESS,

Sixth Congressional District,

LEWIS E. McCOMAS.

ONE WOMAN'S WAY.

The Grand Work Accomplished by Pretty Mrs. Jenner.

The charitable committee had been holding a grave consultation. The town, nameless in my story, was peculiar in having two distinct local features, and two differing sets of inhabitants. Walking in one part of its territory, where, surrounding the green campus, the college buildings lifted their stately fronts, the visitor was aware of a tranquil atmosphere, disturbed periodically by gusts of boyish glee and the shouts of base-ball and tennis players; yet the dominant feeling here was of aristrocratic repose and seclusion. At the opposite end were tall, black-browed factories, with many grimy windows and chimneys belching smoke in puffs and clouds, while all day the hum of spindles and the whirr of looms told their tale of anxious industry. About the factories clustered the swarming homes of the operatives, and fringing these, like tatters on the edge of a garment, were the saloons, which did their best to rob the working man of his wages, and break the hearts of his wife and children.

As the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans, equally as remote from intercourse, and alien in feeling, were the people of the college quarter and the people of the town. The churches did what they could in an intermittent fashion, to bridge the gulf, but their efforts were not successful, and they failed to get into the inner life of the outsiders, to whom their interest came with a half-unconscious tone of patronage quickly resented—for none are more sensitive than the poor. The charity organization did better, and still, when the year's work came up for estimate, there was always disappointment because of evident failure.

"The Greshams are hopeless," said one member, pushing back his spectacles from his puzzled eyes. "Father, a good workman, but seldom sober, and growing worse weekly. Mother, discouraged and frivolous, a gadder about, our visitors say. Jake, in jail three months for theft. Sally, sent to the reformatory. Lucy, John, Theodore and Garfield, all taking their turns at basket begging. It's astonishing that an American family can sink so low."

"Americans surpass foreigners in capacity for shiftlessness, when once they have lost their self-respect," said Rev. Dr. Evandorf, with emphasis.

"We may as well cross the Greshams from the list," said Mrs. Lucas, addressing the chairman. "We ought to assist the worthy poor. These Greshams are distinctly unworthy."

"The Lord does not treat us on that basis, Mrs. Lucas," remonstrated Deacon Bayfield, shaking his grizzled head. "For that matter, He has long suffering for the worst of us miserable sinners. I don't want to abandon the Greshams yet, though I confess I don't see what more we can do."

A silence fell upon the committee. It was broken by a clear, bell like voice from a lady on the outer rim of the circle. She was the youngest person present, blue eyed as a baby, with wavy, golden hair, and color that deepened from shell pink to blush rose, as she modestly said: "I will take the Greshams for next year, Mr. Chairman. Let me have the family as my special work."

Mrs. Lucas frowned, the deacon beamed, the good committee, as a whole, wore an air of relief, and leaving the troublesome Greshams to Mrs. Jenner, passed on to other themes.

Paying her first visit to the Gresham's abode, pretty Mrs. Jenner had need of all her courage. The home was unlike any she had ever seen. No word except "squalor" was sufficient to describe the kind of shameless, out-at-the elbows, defiant poverty, which proclaimed itself in the rents and tears of the frouzy mother's gown, in the dirty floor and windows, the broken chairs, the rusty stove, the wretched apologies for beds, and the general confusion and the lack of thrift. Pausing on the threshold, Mrs. Jenner took in every thing at a glance, but the blue eyes, with the forget-me-not luster, apparently saw nothing except the wailing infant on a pillow in the old cane rocker. It was a peculiarity of the Gresham's to have always a baby, and however the mother might cuff and scold the other children, she was womanly enough still to have gentleness for every new comer into the unattractive nest.

"The baby is teething, I see," said Mrs. Jenner, lifting him up with tender care. "What a pretty boy! Would you lend him to me for an hour, Mrs. Gresham? I'll take the best care of him; I have been used to little brothers and sisters at home. Please let me carry him off for a drive!"

As she spoke, she was dipping her soft handkerchief into a stream at the dirty sink, and washing the not over-clean and fever-flushed little face. Of the soiled slip and shrunken flannel skirt she took no notice, and as the moaning child, soothed and refreshed, smiled up into her face, she stooped and kissed the little forehead.

Had she been an Amazon, instead of merely a *vain*, incapable woman, Mrs. Gresham would have been won by attention like this to her darling, and standing with arms akimbo, a flock of bare-footed boys and gfrls in the background, she complacently watched her visitor step into the luxurious carriage, gather the lap-robe over the baby and drive away toward the green fields in the distance. Then she drew a long breath of wonder and pride.

Was it fancy, or, when the hour was over and the little one brought back, did Mrs. Jenner perceive an effect as of picking up and straightening out in the wretched living room? Had Mrs. Gresham for once endeavored to "tidy the place a bit," that it might wear a more cheerful look in her visitor's eyes?

If so, the little lady made no sign. In a day or two she came again, bringing a scarlet geranium and a pot of mignonette—a pretty ribbon also for little Lucy's hair.

"I thought one of the boys would fix a little shelf where these flowers could stand in the sunshine," she said, simply.

And the result, which she expected, followed; for the bright flowers begged in their own winsome way for a clear pane of glass and gained it. The clean pane was the entering wedge. Mrs. Jenner observed it, and mentally thanked God for so much progress. A clean floor would come in time. And the ribbon made Lucy happy and amiable. She behaved better all day.

Jake, a big, shuffling fellow, with the prison taint upon him, unable to get work because of the report of his dishonesty, which made every one suspicious, was Mrs. Jenner's next object of attack. She prayed over that boy; she went from one tradesman to another, trying to obtain work for him; she listened with patience while his mother, the mendicant whine in her voice, besought Mrs. Jenner to clothe the lad decently. Fortunately Mrs. Jenner knew where and when to say "No."

Sullen and mortified, the boy avoided her gaze, slouched out of the house when he saw her coming, hung his head and answered her curtly when she surprised him within. But none the less was Mrs. Jenner determined, God helping her, to save Jake.

"I wouldn't insult him by giving him clothes," she replied, when Mrs. Gresham had been more urgent than usual; "but if Jake will earn the money to pay for them"——

"Earn the money!" ejaculated Mrs. Gresham, with a scornful sniff. "It's likely he could earn it, when his character's is gone, and not a soul in town will employ him at any price."

"I will employ him myself, and pay him, too," promptly responded his friend, not minding the obstinate set of Jake's shoulders, and the flinging back of his shaggy head. The hair had grown since the prison shears had cropped it closely.

"Jake," she said, looking at him winningly, "my pony, Frisk, needs somebody to groom him, and I want him exercised every morning. Mr. Jenner was saying this very day that the lawn-mower will rust if it isn't used, to say nothing of its being a shame that our lawn should look worse than any in the neighborhood. Now, if you'll come and take charge of Frisk, and see to the lawn, you shall be well paid, and you'll soon earn as fine a suit of clothing as a young man deserves."

The light leaped into the lad's face. If he had a passion for any thing, it was for horses, and to take care of Mrs. Jenner's pony seemed to him promotion indeed. What Mrs. Jenner had gone through in persuading Donald, her trusty old coachman, to suffer this new recruit's invasion, she alone could have told. But Donald was a Christian, like his mistress, and could refuse her nothing when the appeal was made "in His name."

Not a Gresham, boy and girl, could be persuaded to go to Sunday-school. It had happened, as Mrs. Jenner discovered by diligent inquiry, that occasionally one of the girls, when first arrayed in new apparel from head to foot, the gift of some kind friend, would, for a Sabbath or two, in the neighborhood of Christmas, attend some one's class; but as a rule this lasted only until the bonnet or gown had lost its freshness. The Greshams were not even Sunday-school vagrants. They were open Sabbath-breakers, with no belief in God or Heaven. There was not a Bible in the house. One sometimes found a tawdry novel or a copy of the *Police Gazette*, but nothing fit to read, nothing that was not poisonous

"Mr. Lester"—Mrs. Jenner addressed the superintendent of the First Church Sunday-school, one evening after prayer meeting—"please find some one else to take my class. I am going to open a Sunday-school at home."

Drawing him aside, she told him of her plan. It was to gather the Gresham children in her own parlor every Sabbath afternoon, teaching them the Bible, and after simple exercises, prayer and a hymn, finishing the session with a treat of cakes or fruit.

"I think," she said, modestly, "that I can get hold of them in that way. Jake promises that his brothers shall come regularly."

"Aren't you afraid to have Jake Gresham about your place so familiarly," asked Mr. Lester—"with his reputation?"

A flash shot from the soft blue eyes.

"Whatever his reputation may have been, Mr. Lester, the boy is building up a new character. My husband says he would trust him anywhere. And he is to be apprenticed to our good Mr. Gray, who says Jacob will make a capital blacksmith. How is a fellow ever to make up for a past crime if there is no forgiveness in this world?"

"You are right. I beg your pardon," replied Mr. Lester. "Well, we shall lose one of our best teachers, but I see no other way, for you, with your conscience. You seem to have adopted the Greshams."

"I have," she answered, simply.

She already had a plan for elevating Sally, who was at home again, and every one of them was on her mind.

The question is whether there is a more excellent way to help the poor than this of Mrs. Jenner's When each family, among the well-to-do and Christ-loving, shall become responsible for some other family, neither God-fearing nor comfortable, giving them personal care and applying individual help to their up-lifting, our charitable boards, in smaller towns at least, will have easier work. When I had my last talk with Mrs. Jenner the gulf between the college folks and the factory people was not yet bridged; the social conditions of my nameless town, on the surface, were about what they had been for years.

But the Greshams were on the mend. The father had made a struggle to overcome his besetting sin the home had become cleaner and was more comfortably furnished, and the flower in the window was multiplied by a dozen. The boys were all learning trades, and gave promise of working steadily; the girls, taught by Mrs. Jenner, had learned to cook and to sew; and the mother, for the first time in many years, did her washing and ironing on their appointed days, wore clean and whole gowns and disdained to beg. One woman's way of helping had in this case borne good fruit.—*Congregationalist.*

A HINDOO WEDDING.

An Event Interesting Not only as a Ceremony, But as a Spectacle.

The branches of the trees in the garden were outlined with little lamps, and a large pond in front of the house was hung round very high up with flags between which the lamps were suspended. From the balcony of the house I saw the bridegroom arrive on a led horse, accompanied by many friends. He was dressed in cloth of gold, and wore a splendid hat, and his richly caparisoned horse had wreaths of yellow flowers placed at equal short distances across its back and hanging down to the ground. He dismounted at the entrance, where his little bride met him and threw rice over her own and his head as a symbol that she would care for the wants of the household. They went together into the house, where the wedding guests were assembled, and sat down on two red cushions facing each other. A white cloth was held up in front of his face, and she covered her face with her sari, whilst a cord of yellow and white worsted was then put up round their necks, joining them together. A large piece of muslin was then put round his neck and held up close to her, and under this they joined hands. On leaving the house, a bouquet on which attar of roses had been poured was presented to every guest, and wreaths of flowers were hung round our necks by our hosts. A pot of red paint seems to have been one of the "properties" necessary at the wedding, and the veneration in which the red paint was held was exemplified by a fact narrated by the correspondent. When telegraph posts were first set up in some remote parts of India, the gentle Hindo was wont to cut the same down for fire wood. A young engineer, who had studied the aboriginal character, painted the posts red, whereupon the natives worshiped the posts, and ceased to carry them away as burnt-offerings.—*St. James' Gazette.*

Top-Dressing Fall Grain.

As it is better late than never, top-dressing of fall grain is advisable when manure can not be had for plowing in before sowing. Manure does the most good in the soil; on it its value is considerably less. It covers a great many plants, the roots do not reach it, and its plant food is partially wasted on this account; it is more injurious than useful as a mulch, because it lies too close and is too dense. A mulch of straw is useful on fall grain, and it is most probable that the straw alone would be as useful as manure when spread over the ground. It covers and protects the plants and prevents winter killing, which is about all that a top-dressing of fresh manure can do. If some artificial manure is given, that will be of value to the young crop, and if straw is thinly spread this will afford protection, and we would recommend this rather than to top-dress with manure. We have never found any advantage in this use of manure on fall grain.—*N. Y. Times.*

THE SCOTTISH CROFTERS.

Elizabeth R. Pennell Describes Their Exceedingly Miserable Condition.

The gray wretchedness of the afternoon was a fit prelude to Barra. When we came to Castle Bay, rain was falling upon its waters, on the battlemented castle, perched upon a rocky, sea-weed-covered islet, and on the town set against a background of high bare hills. But the steamer stopped and we went ashore to look about us. A few ugly new houses, shops with plate-glass windows, often cited as proofs of the island's prosperity, and then the real Barra: a mass of brick cottages—compared to which those of Mull were mansions, those of Kilchrennan palaces—running up and down the rocky hill-side. Only by a polite figure of speech can the stone pile in which the Hebridean crofter makes his home be called a cottage. It is, as it was described many years ago, but "a heavy thatched roof thrown over a few rudely put together stones." The long low walls are built of loose rock blackened by constant rain. The thatched roof, almost as black, is held in place without by a net-work of ropes, within by rafters of drift-wood. The crofter has no wood save that which the sea yields, and yet in some districts he must pay for picking up the beams and spars washed up on his wild shores, just as he must for the grass and heather he cuts from the solder moorland when he makes his roof. Not until you come close to the rough stone heap can you see that it is a house, with an opening for doorway, one tiny hole for window. From a distance there is but its smoke to distinguish it from the rocks strewn around it.

At Castle Bay, where many of these "scenes of misery," as Pennant called them one hundred years ago, were grouped together, there was not even the pretence of a street, but just the rock, rough, ragged and broken, as God made it. The people who live here are almost all fishermen, and, as if in token of their calling, they have fashioned the thatch of their roofs into the shape of boats. One cottage, indeed, is topped with a genuine boat. There were a few chimneys, but smoke came pouring from the doors, from holes in the thatch and walls. Many of the roofs had a luxuriant growth of grass, with here and there a clump of daisies, or of the yellow flowers which give color to Highland road-sides. But this was all the green we saw on their hill-side of rock and mud.

Through open door ways we had glimpses of dark, gloomy interiors, dense with smoke. We did not cross a threshold, however; to seek admittance seemed not unlike making a show of the people's misery. The women and girls who passed in and out, and stood to stare at us, looked strong and healthy. Theirs is a life which must either kill or harden. Many were handsome, with strangely foreign, gypsy-like faces; and so were the bonneted men at work on the pier. It may be there is truth in the story which gives a touch of Spanish blood to the people of the Outer Hebrides. If the ships of the Armada went down with all their treasure it is said their crews survived and lived and took unto themselves wives in the Islands, from which chance of deliverance was small. We heard only Gaelic spoken while we were at Castle Bay. The people of Great Britain need not go abroad in search of foreign parts; but an Englishman, who only wants to see the misery and wrongs of nations foreign in name as well as in reality, would find little pleasure in Barra.—*Elizabeth Robins Pennell, in Harper's Magazine.*

A New Japanese Shrub.

Japan has given us some of the most beautiful hardy shrubs and trees in existence, and that wonderful country evidently has many fine things held in reserve with which to surprise horticulturists in future years. Travelers in Japan have lately introduced some hardy plants of notable value, among them a shrub known as Styrax obassia. This handsome shrub was found on the mountain of Fusi Yama, and also in Corea. The inflorescence is pendulous in character, and fragrant and white in color. The individual flowers are elegant in appearance, and are set thickly upon the pendulous stalk. The buds before opening are concealed in the base of the sheathing leaf stalks, similar to the habit of the plane tree. Undoubtedly this shrub will prove hardy in America, and when introduced will serve to increase the already rapidly developing taste for hardy shrubs and plants.—*Boston Budget.*

—Wife—"John, if you don't give up drinking whisky you'll kill yourself." Husband—"Sho! whazzer mazzer! I 'spect to live to a good old age." Wife—"Well, you may reach old age, but it will never be a good old age if you go on as you are going on now."—*Boston Courier.*

—The most popular way of committing suicide in California is to sit on a keg of powder and touch it off. It's a sort of demise, coroner's inquest and funeral rolled together, and saves no end of work for the relatives.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—As the grass disappears let the change from green to dry food be as gradual as possible, in order to prevent the cows from falling off in milk. To do this begin the use of hay and other dry food now, so as to supply the deficiency of the pasture.

—It is hard to tell which will make a man suffer more for the time being, dyspepsia or unrequited love; but it is not hard to tell which is the greater evil of the two. Dyspepsia is very, very hard to cure.—*Journal of Education.*

TEMPERANCE.

A "HARD-HEARTED" MAN.

Why He Was Never Known to Shed a Tear—The Secret Sorrow of His Life.

"You are said to be a hard-hearted man. A man who has no sympathy with the sorrow of other people, and strangely lacking in feeling when trouble comes to your own home."

These words were addressed by a young man to one much his senior in years and experience. His name was John Andrews; and one would have compared him to George Washington. There was the same kingly erectness of form, the same firm, commanding bearing and voice. His forehead was high and broad, an index of great intellect. Heavy brows shaded a pair of steel-gray eyes, noticeable for their expression of controlled force. The lower part of his face, especially his squarely-built chin, told of an iron will and an inflexible nature. As he walked the street, many gazed after this courtly man, and owned that his influence counted for much in the town where he had grown up; but the same thing was always said about him: "His heart is as hard as Pharaoh's."

The young man, Philip, who uttered the above words, was a favorite nephew of Mr. Andrews. He was a fine, manly fellow, just entering college.

Philip had been stung to the quick by the oft-repeated opinions of people in regard to this Uncle John's "hard-heartedness," and one day he followed him into his office, and, before he could choose his sentences or soften the words, spoke his heart out in this heavy accusation of others.

Looking up quickly to note the effect, he was pained to see a look of anguish settle like a dark cloud over his uncle's face. "Why!" he exclaimed, "do you mean to say, Uncle John, that you have never heard what people say of you? I heard a man declare to-day that he never knew of your shedding a tear in your life."

Mr. Andrews stood by his desk with his hand shading his eyes. In the bright sunlight which flooded the office his hair was almost white, and deep lines were furrowed in his face that Philip had never noticed before. His form was bowed, and his whole appearance was expressive of extreme agony, as if from the shock of a sudden blow.

He raised his head, gazing long and earnestly at his nephew's bright, young face. "And this," he said, in a voice that trembled, "is the sentence that my old friends have pronounced upon me! I am a 'hard-hearted man;' and yet I have been a good citizen, thank God! a good Christian, I trust; a good husband and father. Ah, my boy, it is too true that I have not shed a tear since I was your own age. There is a secret of my life which others have never known. I have always kept it buried in the depths of my heart; but your hand has unlocked the door; you shall know why no one has ever seen me shed a tear or show any emotion. When I was a boy of sixteen I was not unlike you, Philip. I had your quick sensibilities, your warm, impetuous disposition. I had a brother, your Uncle Charles, who was five or six years older than I, and we were as fond and loving of each other and of your Aunt Helen as any brothers could be.

"She was then a young girl of twelve, and it seemed to us that there never was a daintier, sweeter sister in all the world. She had a timid, clinging nature, that appealed to us for protection. We were all the more tender because she shared the family trouble; our skeleton in the closet was known to her. How many nights have I seen her with her dear, sweet face pressed against the window, peering into the darkness for a familiar form shuffling home at night from the grog-store around the corner.

"Often I would take her into my arms and tell her to leave Charlie and me to watch for father; but she always insisted that she could wait on him when he came in, and, perhaps, comfort mother.

"Things grew from worse to worse, until we would not allow Helen to see father when he came home. His language was often abusive and cruel.

"Our family had never been poor until then, but we soon commenced to feel that father was drinking up all the earnings. Charles had a position in a village academy on a small salary, and I was clerk in a bank. Even with what we boys could earn we had hard work to make both ends meet. I could not bear to have Helen do so much and see her growing paler and thinner every day. My heart was broken as I sometimes heard mother cry.

"One day a thunderbolt fell upon us in the shape of a big bill from Greggs, the owner of the grog-store. We did not know what to do. In those days men were put in jail for debt. We talked of that, mother wringing her hands at the thought of it. Well, your Uncle Charles and I at last succeeded in getting enough money, and I took it to Mr. Greggs, with the firm resolve in my heart that father should never get another drop of liquor at that place.

"It was hard for me to enter the store. There was on the walk outside a group of half-drunken men. They were hovering near like moths round a flame. I was ashamed to go into the brightly-lighted room, where there was another group of men, who were taking their 'night-caps' as they called the final drink. The fumes of the liquors made me sick, and I wanted to rush out into the free air again, and forget what brought me to such a place. As I stood before the bar, my eye followed the revolting faces around me. I turned away with loathing from the profane, obscene jokes that filled the room. And yet I was in the place where my father was most at home—a father who was once my pride.

"Mr. Greggs looked up when he saw me enter, and asked in a jocular tone: 'Well, my lad, what can I do for you? Is there any thing in my line of business that will hit your taste? Perhaps your father has sent you for a little drop to warm him up this cold night.'

"Imagine how my pride was roused at those jeering words. The hot blood rushed to my temples; the half-drunken men watched me with drunken glee. It was all fun to them. At last, holding up my head, I walked past them all, close up to the desk. I held out the bill and the money to Mr. Greggs. 'Ah!' he said, with a greedy eye on the money, 'your dad is paying up brisk this time, eh?'

"'Mr. Greggs,' I said, in as firm a voice as I could muster, 'I have come to pay the money my father owes you for last year. Here it is. You can count it and see that every cent is here, and may it be the last.'

"And now my spirit was up. I went nearer the man. I thought of mother and Helen. I spoke low and firmly. I said: 'Mr. Greggs, I have one thing to ask you. Will you promise me that you will never sell my father another drop?'

"'Humph!' he replied, 'you had better go about your own business, young man. Don't be spoiling my trade. Your dad is too good a customer to give up as easy as this.'

"The tears sprang to my eyes, but I dashed them away, and, going behind the bar, I said to him in a lower tone of voice: 'Mr. Greggs, I know that father pays you a good deal of money. I have thought of that. I should like to make this agreement with you: If you will reckon up what your profit is from the liquor you sell father, Charles and I will pay it to you, if you will promise not to sell him a drop for a year.'

"He laughed at my proposition. At first I was angry. I could have struck him in my passion, but, somehow, I was so filled with pity for mother and Helen and even for father, that my anger all melted away. I was broken in heart, and I thought to soften this man by our great sorrow. Somehow, I didn't know how it was, as I pleaded with him, in my awful agony I fell upon my knees. I clasped my arms around his feet and fairly bathed them with my tears, as I begged him not to ruin my father. I told him of my mother's breaking heart and of little Helen's prayers. For a moment or two he let me lie there, and then he lifted his foot and spurned me with his heavy boot. He kicked me! 'Go!' he said, 'you crying baby. I'll have none of your pious cant and womanish tears. Go home and tell your mother that her son is a weak, snivelling boy, and tell your sister that not if she crept here on her knees and prayed to me would I stop giving your old dad all the drink he wants.'

"When these cruel words were out, he gave me a push and drove me out into the street, following me with a fearful oath that rings in my ear to this day.

"I do not know how long I wandered around in the cold, but I know that my tears gushed out like fountains of water, and that great sobs shook me. I sank down overcome with grief, and for a time I lost myself.

"When I awakened, my eyes were like burning coals, and in place of a heart I felt as if a great stone was in my breast. Ah! the agony of that home-coming! I told mother and Charles all that I had experienced. I saw their tears, but I never mingled mine with theirs. The fountain was dry. The great revulsion of feeling had come, and I was as a dumb animal, feeling a sorrow, but with no voice to utter it. Now, my boy, you know why I am called a hard-hearted man.

"In my own sorrows, the loss of a loved wife and children, I have stood by their silent, dead forms, and my eyes have been dry. I could not cry, though my heart was breaking. Long years ago I sobbed out all my emotions on the floor of that grog store. The cruelty of that man, a sense of his unpitying nature as I pleaded with him, and as he put his foot upon me, it froze my heart. My father after awhile grew to be a better man. He became a Christian.

"One Sunday morning the minister, 'Father Chester' we called him, preached a sermon on the text: 'Nor drundards shall inherit the kingdom of God.' The sermon was very powerful, but the prayer that followed was more powerful, for it was tenderer. Every one was moved when the minister raised his arms to pronounce the benediction; but, just then, father stepped from the pew into the aisle, and, looking earnestly at the minister, raised his hand, a signal that he wished to speak. Mr. Chester, dropping his arms, called out father's name, and asked him what he had to say.

"Slowly father moved down the aisle, and when he came to the pulpit platform he turned around, facing the great congregation, and then he spoke, his voice breaking under his great feeling. He confessed his sin and shame, and solemnly promised that he would never drink another drop of liquor. He asked the minister and the people for their prayers. Every body was in tears; but I, with my heart swelling within me, could not cry.

"Father lived years after, a strong Temperance man, a noble Christian. When he died, I mourned him, but there were no tears. Ah! they say I never cry, do they? The agony of not being able to cry has been the secret sorrow of my life.

"I feel for the trials and sadness of other lives, but I can not express it in any outward way. So they call me 'hard-hearted.' Little do they know what turned my heart to stone. Mr. Greggs, that monster of hard-heartedness, is the cause of all this. He, and men of his profession brutalize themselves by their traffic in human souls. They are putting their feet on the necks of proud sons, praying mothers and sisters, and are surely crushing out the life in them. The monster, Intemperance, is like a fiery dragon, breathing its hot breath upon human hopes, aspirations and loves, and blighting them forever.

"Ah!" he murmured in a sad tone, "they call me hard-hearted. How little they know! How little they know!"

Philip, with his arms around his uncle's neck, felt a tear drop on his cheek. He looked up and saw that again the fountain was unlocked. The strong man was weeping like a child.—*Mary L. Spalding in N. Y. Examiner.*

A Working-Man's Club.

An organization of working-men in Cincinnati has adopted the following statement of principles:

1. We believe the saloon is the greatest economic, social, political and moral enemy of the working classes.

2. The need of organized labor is equitable legislation, and its failure to secure such is due more to the saloon than to any other cause.

3. The saloon robs the working-man of his earnings, tempts him to betray his family, pauperizes and debases him, and turns him from education to self-destruction. It destroys the ability of young men in the ranks of labor to become useful members of their craft, and defeats the end of organization.

4. We regard the saloon as having no part in honorable production or distribution, and hence a parasite upon business and labor alike, and we declare the convict labor problem to be its direct result.

5. We believe it has debauched politics by violations of the ballot-box, by subsidizing the press, by corrupting political organizations, by creating a class of venal politicians who are hired to do its bidding, by organizing to defy the laws and to protect law-breakers, by practicing bribery by system, and thus producing a condition wherein money controls legislation.

Some time ago application was made to the Board of Excise of this city for a license to sell liquor at the corner of Fourteenth street and University place, in the center of a most active retail trade, where many women and children are continually passing and repassing. The business men of the vicinity remonstrated earnestly, some of them declaring that a drinking resort in that locality would greatly injure their business. The Board declined to grant the license, but under the infamous mandamus process the liquor men have triumphed over all opposition, and the Board have been "compelled" to license the place in question.—*N. Y. Witness.*

"LABOR AND LIQUOR" is the title of a suggestive article in the *Catholic World*, in which the writer pertinently says: "Let labor boycott the saloon as the first step towards better homes and better living."

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A FOOLISH GRUMBLER.

What! Pouting at the window
With a big sob in your throat,
Because Arthur owns a musket,
And big Gerald sails a boat,
And Tom has bought a bicycle,
And Ted a Rugby ball,
While you, the friend and playmate,
"Haven't any thing at all!"

Suppose for just a moment
You should suddenly grow wise,
And look upon yourself, dear,
With other people's eyes,
And see yourself as I see,
Growing healthy, strong and tall—
Do you think you'd say: "That boy there
Hasn't any thing at all!"

Do you think you'd count for nothing
Papa sitting smiling there?
And the brothers, and the baby,
And dear little Goldenhair?
And mamma, who's ever ready
At her darling's beck and call?
Can he say, who owns these treasures,
"Haven't any thing at all!"

And the sled for winter mornings?
And the games for winter nights?
And the sunny summer beaches
Full of ever new delights?
And the pile of books and playthings
On the nursery floor and wall?
Aren't you ashamed to say, sir,
"Haven't any thing at all!"

Ah! my foolish little darling!
Wiser folk than girls and boys
Shut their eyes to their own mercies
And see only other's joys.
But if hearts would heed their blessings,
Counting gladly great and small,
Then how few would dare to grumble;
"Haven't any thing at all!"

—Wide Awake.

TOO PARTICULAR.

An Applicant for a Situation Who Didn't Want to Do Too Much Work.

The boy who is afraid he will do too much for the money he receives for his work is most likely to do too little. A business man doesn't think much of an employe who begins stipulating in regard to his hours and vacations when he is engaged.

A merchant who had advertised for additional help at his place of business was waited upon by a young fellow of about eighteen, who made application for the place.

His appearance made a very favorable impression on the merchant—an impression that was dispelled when the young man began talking.

"What hours would be required of me?" he asked, when the nature of the work had been explained to him.

"From eight until six."

"How long for dinner?"

"An hour."

"In some places they allow an hour and a quarter."

"We allow but an hour."

"Is a fellow docked if he is a little late?"

"He is not expected to be late."

"Oh, I presume not; but then he *might* be. How about summer vacations?"

"We allow two weeks with full salary."

"I suppose you never make it three?"

"We do not."

"Do the clerks ever have to work after the regular hours?"

"Sometimes—during the busy season."

"And are they paid extra for that?"

"Certainly."

"I suppose I wouldn't be asked to do any thing but my regular work—that is, if I was employed in one department, I wouldn't be asked to assist in another?"

"No, I think not. Would you be unwilling to render such assistance?"

"Well, I don't know that I would; but then a fellow don't care much about doing work that he has no right to do. I suppose my salary would be raised each year?"

"If you deserved it—yes."

"Well, I don't know but I might try and see how I like the place."

"I hardly think it worth while for you to give yourself that trouble," said the merchant, calmly. "It would be an unavailing effort, and as you seem so afraid of wasting your strength and being defrauded out of your valuable time, I feel it but honest to tell you that you would not suit us at all. Good-day, sir!"

And the applicant was dismissed, somewhat to his surprise, and, let us hope, to his profit in the future.—*Zenas Dane, in Golden Days.*

A QUEER RIDE.

How Tim Was Cured of the Very Bad Habit of Shirking.

Tim Tittleby was eight years old, and a pretty good boy generally, but he had one rather unhappy failing; he would sometimes shirk his duties, especially if they were any thing unpleasant.

Now if there was one thing above another that Tim disliked, it was picking up potatoes.

Grandpa Tittleby had a large field to dig, and it was Tim's business to pick the potatoes up into the cart. How he dreaded it!

Grandpa had been digging all the forenoon of one September day. After dinner Tim went out, and sat down very dejectedly on the bulkhead door. If he could only devise some means to avoid picking up thoses potatoes!

By and by he heard grandpa get up from his nap. It was now or never, and Tim took to his heels, and ran out by the barn, which stood at the top of a long hill. Lying there was a stout old vinegar barrel, and in a trice he had crept into it, and pulled a great bunch of pea-vines in after him to conceal his presence, while grandpa trudged around the barn, and shouted himself hoarse calling for him. He had not been there long before he fell soundly asleep.

Now there was a great hog in the stye, that grandpa called Samson, because he was so strong. He had rooted under the fence, and carried it off on his back so many times, that grandpa had been obliged to put a ring in his long nose. But in some way, Samson had got rid of it that day, and, to celebrate his liberty, had again rooted under the fence. He came warily around the corner of the barn, expecting trouble, but finding nothing worse than the gobbler strutting about, he began to hunt for something to eat.

Immediately he snuffed out a few early potatoes under the side of the barrel, left over from sorting. Ah, how he crunched them! But in a moment they were gone, and Samson began to push his nose farther under the barrel, in quest of more. Soon it began to sway, then to roll down on Samson, who backed off slowly. It had got over the brink of the hill when Tim awoke. Away it rolled, faster and faster. Samson could not understand it; and in great alarm turned and fled down the hill, his great ears flapping wildly.

"Stop it! stop it!" shrieked Tim, with jerky, muffled cries, from inside.

But how could Samson stop it? He would have been glad to, no doubt, for the horrible thing was right on to his heels and nearly skinning them at every jump.

He did what he could—he squealed in sympathy at the very top of his voice, drowning poor Tim's howls for help, 'tis true, but bringing Grandma Tittleby out in a panic. *She* could not catch the barrel! Dear, no! And on it went—bound—bound! bump—bump! poor Tim going over and over with such rapidity that his head was all in a whirl.

It struck a big rock in the road. Away it bounded into the air, coming down on Sampson's back with such force as to send him sprawling in the middle of the road, and rolled on over him, leaving him for a moment nearly stunned. Then he sprang to his feet and fled up the hill to his pen, where he hid himself in the darkest corner, "hooting," and holding his breath and listening for the terrible creature which had overtaken him and nearly broken his back.

"Ow-w-w! Sto-o-opit!" came from the barrel, while it fairly hummed over the stones and ruts. Leaping higher and higher, it flew to the bottom of the hill, and with a little skip, plunged into the goose-pond, right among the squalling, hissing geese, while grandma came on behind, with her cap hanging to the back of her neck and one slipper lost off.

Tim crawled out of the pond, wet and bruised, and so dizzy and sick that he could not stand; and after wiping the mud off him with some tansy leaves, grandma went after Grandpa Tittleby, who wheeled him up the hill in the wheelbarrow, with such a comical twinkle in his eye that Tim was ashamed and hid his face in his old wet hat.

But that ride did Tim more good than any other he ever took in his life, for it cured him of the habit of shirking.—*Youth's Companion.*

Sponges.

Did you ever look at a piece of sponge and see what a curious thing it is? Do you know by whom it is made? One of Nature's smallest children did it. It was once alive and growing on the rocks in some of the far-away seas. It lived, breathed, and grew just as you do.

Some sponges are like round cups. Some are like branches of trees. Others are thin, and spread out like a fan. They are of almost every color, from orange to a dingy brown. When they are on the beautiful floor of the ocean, with seaweed and fish all about, they are very pretty.

As long as the sponges are alive it is not easy to catch them. They can only be torn from the rocks by men called "divers," who, for the sake of getting the little skeleton, destroy the creature itself. All sponge animals can not build a "toilet sponge," for that is the kind you always use. You know how full of holes all sponges are. Well, if there were not a fresh supply of water, full of living things, all the time passing through these queer holes, these little creatures could not live a moment. This is all done by little whiplike hairs inside their bodies, which move to and fro, and do all the work and do it well.

You must examine your piece of sponge after what I have told you, and see if you can tell how strangely it is made! There are many common kinds, but we use the very best for bathing.—*Mrs. G. Hall, in Our Little Ones.*

How It Is Protected.

Altogether, you can hardly help fancying that the sea-slug has dressed himself up in the sea-weed's clothes and is playing a sort of masquerade.

But the sea-slug has been disguised as a plant for a good reason. For the sea is full of hungry fishes, always roving about on the lookout for just such a tidbit as a sea-slug. The sea-slug therefore has been colored and shaped like the sea-weed it lives on, in order that, when some sharp-eyed fish comes swimming along, he may never dream so tempting a morsel to be near. I suppose he looks at it and turns up his nose, saying to himself: "Pooh! that's nothing but an old sea-weed!" and off he goes, while our sea-slug no doubt laughs in its sleeve and says: "Sea-weed, indeed!"

This wonderful resemblance is an example of what naturalists call "Protective Resemblance," which in this case is so perfect as to merit the name of "Mimicry." Because you see, the animal *mimics* the plant, and is thus *protected* from its enemies.—*Edmund Wilson, in St. Nicholas.*

—There are so many American defaulters and boodlers in Montreal that the newsboys can make a sensation any time by yelling "Extra 'dition."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A reward of $1,000 is offered for the discovery of a process whereby canned corn can be prevented from swelling.

—One of the queerest hauls was made by a Cincinnati thief, and comprised a canalboat with its contents, mules, harness, towline, etc. Finding the ownership of his property slightly troublesome, however, the thief sold the boat for $65, traded the mules for a horse and $20 "boot" and then skipped out.

—It is not often that seasickness proves fatal; and yet that it may do so under aggravated circumstances, can easily be imagined. Such an instance recently occurred on the steamer 'Dunara Castle,' on the trip from the Tiree to the Clyde. The patient was a girl, aged eight years, in whom the seasickness terminated in a convulsion, which proved fatal.

—An old writer says: "A long chin declareth a man to be peaceable yet a babbler. They that have little chins are much to be avoided and taken heed of, for they are full of impiety and wickedness, and are spies like unto serpents. If the end of the chin be round it is the sign of nice manners; but the chin of a real man is square."

—It is said that in the southern part of Russia the peasants use a coin of such small value that it would take 250,000 of them to buy an American dollar, and these coins are so scarce that a man who has a hundred is looked upon as rich, and one who has a thousand is considered very wealthy. It is strange to think a person wealthy who owns two-fifths of a cent, and comfortably well off on one-twenty-fifth of a cent.

—Among the crowd of visitor sat the White House the other day was an Englishman, young, good-looking and well-dressed. "And this is the famous White House?" he inquired of one of the ushers. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Ah!" responded the Briton, gazing around the handsome corridor, "I'm very glad I came. To come to this country and not see the White House would be like going to England and not seeing London, you know."

—Julius Thompson, colored, near Waco, Tex., to all appearances died, was shrouded, coffined, and about to be buried, when a mule team ran away with a wagon load of mourners, and the folks who went to see the accident returned to find the corpse, too, at the window looking on with a lively interest. Of course the funeral was postponed indefinitely, it seems, as the subject is reported as now able to pick one hundred pounds of cotton every day.

—Miss Chrysalis (to her brother Percy, after the ball)—"Your friend D'Edge paid me a compliment tonight." Percy—"Quite flattering to you, sis, for he seldom takes such a trouble on himself. What was it?" "He said my cheeks were like a *Marshal Niel* rose." "Did, eh?" "Yes." "Did you ever see one?" "No; but they must be pretty." "Yes—the color *is* pretty in a rose." "What color are they?" "Pale yellow." "The mean brute."—*Drakes' Magazine.*

—Poet—"John, congratulate me! I have received a big price for my poem, 'Amelia's Tresses.'" Friend—"I am very glad to hear it, but where did you find a market? I thought it had been declined by about every paper or magazine of consequence in the country." P.—"So it was, but I changed it somewhat, and it is now in them all." F.—"Indeed? What potent alteration has brought this about." P—"O, I changed the last couplet so as to puff Blank's Hair Restorative, and it has 'caught on' immensely."—*Boston Budget.*

—At a seaside hop the other evening the band master introduced a new figure into a quadrille, which was danced by girls only. Those who took the part usually danced by men were distinguished by wearing Tam O' Shanter caps with two feathers in front. All the dancers at a given signal stood still, and shading their eyes with their hands seemed to gaze anxiously into the distance, while the orchestra shouted: "Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you see a man?" The big trombone answered sadly: "Boom-boom-bah!" and the dance went on.

—A writer in the *Popular Science Monthly*, who has been investigating the causes of the rapid growth of the opium habit in the United States, says that physicians are chiefly responsible for it. He states that he has examined thousands upon thousands of prescriptions on file at apothecaries' stores, and has found that opium in some form is prescribed for nearly every ill that flesh is heir to. He says that for all nervous diseases opium effects immediate relief, "and the doctors, knowing this, and wishing to stand well with their patients, prescribe it more and more. The result is to convert their patients into opium slaves. The doctors are to blame for so large a consumption of opium, and they are the men who need reforming."

—While a shepherd was crossing a prairie near Perderales Creek, northwest of San Antonio, not long since, he felt a sharp substance pierce the sole of his heavy shoe and stab his foot. Thinking that it was an unusually strong thorn he stooped down to remove it, and found that the body of the instrument was buried in the ground. Digging down for some inches he unearthed a stiletto or dagger. The blade was fourteen inches in length, with an exceedingly sharp point and edge. It was buried in a perpendicular position, point upward; the handle was four inches long, making the entire weapon measure eighteen inches. It was all handle and blade, molded of one piece of exceedingly fine tempered steel. The handle and four inches of the blade were heavily inlaid with pure gold.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Ups and Downs of Editorial Life Out in the Far West.

APOLOGETICAL.—We hope our readers will excuse the typographical appearance of the inside pages of the *Kicker* this week. We were working them off as usual on Wednesday, having Joe the Digger Indian as roller-boy, when Judge Shackawacksen made us a call and jumped on our collar. Greatly to our surprise we picked the judge up and mopped him all over the office and flung him out doors. His boot heels, hind buttons, spectacles and tobacco-box flew about and alighted on the forms, and in our excitement we failed to notice them.

The big hole in our editorial on the tariff was caused by a boot-heel. The blurr on the poem entitled: "When Baby Wakes Again," was caused by two hind buttons. Such society items as are unreadable owe their present state to the judge's spectacles. We hope it won't occur again.

NOT THIS EVE.—Our name is being prominently mentioned in connection with the United States Senatorship from Arizona. While we are flattered and feel to step high, we must beg our friends to hold up.

In the first place, we are too honest, sober and conscientious.

In the second place, we are needed at home. We propose to run about 10,000 human coyotes out of this Territory during the next twelve months, and put a thousand others behind prison bars.

While we feel tickled all over and can hardly sleep nights, we can't accept the office nor leave Arizona. Just pass the place along to some other man and leave us to do our work.

A DECEIVER.—We owe no grudge to Colonel Hastings because he once cuffed our ears in the corridor of the town hall. We had proved him a liar, a swindler, and an absconder, and he had to cuff to save his reputation. The Colonel is now seeking the nomination for Sheriff, and is promising, in case he is elected, to secure our town a government appropriation of $250,000 to build a puble building. We are actuated only by the kindest motives when we say that the Colonel is a blooming deceiver. He can no more secure a dollar from Uncle Sam than we can borrow one of the hinges from the gates of Heaven. All the influence he has in this world of sin and sorrow is confined to the Red Hot saloon and its crowd of reprobates. Do not be deceived in the castor oil voice of the Colonel.

AN EXPLANATION.—The cause of the *Kicker* in opposing the building of a bridge over Red Horse river, to connect our town with Dutch Hill, is being severely criticised by some of our citizens, who declare that we are opposed to progress and improvements. Such is far from being the case. Any open bridge across the river would be an encouragement to suicides and accidents. When a man gets drunk on Arizona whisky, he either wants to kill some one or jump off a bridge. There are fifty men in town who would go over to Dutch Hill, fill up, and fall off the bridge coming back if it had a railing fifteen feet high.

As to a covered bridge, it would at once be taken possession of by all the old soakers in town who tried to get home, and in a month would be voted a public nuisance. While we just holler for progress and improvement, we can't see our way clear on this bridge question, and shall therefore oppose it until we have a change of heart.

NOTICE.—We have in our possession about forty deeds and conveyances belonging to as many different parties which we picked up on the street last night. They dropped from the coat-tail pocket of our estimable and efficient Register of Deeds as he was weaving his way homewards at a late hour. In the East this would be called a piece of gross carelessness, and the Register would be expected to resign. Out here in the glorious West no importance is attached, and the estimable Register takes an extra drink and pulls another wire for renomination. And the worst of it is that we owe genial Henry $14 in cash and daren't go for him until it is paid.—*Detroit Free Press.*

DRESSING A "COP,"

What It Costs to Provide the Equipment of a Police Officer.

"What does it cost to make a man look like that?" asked a reporter of a dealer in military goods, pointing to a gorgeous police captain

"I don't know that I could tell you just what it costs to make a New York police captain, for we don't furnish many things to the Metropolitan office, but I can tell you what it costs to provide the equipment for a rural police officer. I'll give you the chief items and you can add them up for yourself. Here are the items and the figures:

Cap	$2.70
Helmet	3.00
Belt	2.00
Club (locust)	50
Billie	50
Whistle	75
Lantern	2.00
Bull's-eye	1.00
Patent nippers	1.00
Handcuffs	4.00
Total	$17.50

"That," said the dealer, "is a private's outfit. I have not included clothes, because the uniform is often bought at home by the police of small cities and I could not give exact figures. Of course, the upper grade officers buy rather more expensive outfits. There are belts at $3.50, shields at the same price, batons at from $1 to $2, and a great variety of handcuffs, 'nippers,' 'twisters' and leg irons, some of plain iron and others nickel-plated, that run in price from $2 to $6 per pair. Then if a policeman is a bit of a dandy with an eye for the beauties of the area, there is no telling how much he may waste on fuss and feathers. O, we live on the vanity of other men."—*N. Y. Telegram.*

DELAYED AN HOUR.

How to Find the True Weight and Value of Things in the World.

The train stopped suddenly between two stations. Several of the passengers rushed out of the car excitedly, and came back with the tidings that there was an obstruction on the track which would cause the delay of an hour.

The countenances of most of the passengers instantly fell into depths of gloom and despair.

"This is simply intolerable!" muttered one middle-aged man to his companion. "I shall not reach the city before the market closes. It will cost me $2,000 or $3,000."

A physician dropped his newspaper and paced impatiently up and down the car. "An hour late with all my patients!" he exclaimed.

"Are any of them in immediate danger?" asked a bystander.

"No. But an hour late! It is unbearable!"

A young girl looked at her companions with the tears in her eyes. "I am going into town for the trimmings for my dress. Now it will not be done in time. I shall have to wear my old blue to the party."

A short, pompous old man talked loudly and incessantly, scolding conductors and brakemen, as if they were personally responsible for the delay.

"I am to lecture this afternoon before the Lyceum," he explained in hot indignation. "The audience will have to wait twenty minutes."

A young man sat immovable, his head bent upon his breast, his face set and hard.

"My little boy is dying," he said to some one who questioned him. "I was telegraphed for. I shall not see him alive."

But while, with most of the passengers, there was a secret conviction that the wheels of the universe had stopped because they were delayed in their pursuits of work, one woman sat silent and tranquil.

She was near the end of a long life of pain and hardship and experience. She had come, too, near enough to God who ruled over all lives to understand how every event and accident, great or little, has its place and purpose in the Eternal Order, as have motes floating in the sunshine. She was close enough to the gates of the future life to see how little in its infinite height and meaning was the old ball dress, or the fall of stocks, or even the loss of an hour with the dying child.

"One of the most singular studies in life," says Bouchet, "is to note how different men, each with his own scales, weigh the same objects, and attach to them different values."

The lost bit of finery which brought tears to the eyes of the school-girl was lighter than a feather in the eyes of the stock broker; and his loss of thousands was contemptible to the man whose child was going from him into the grave without a word; and doubtless even his pain seemed momentary and trivial in the vision of the angels, to whom a thousand years are as a day, and death but a momentary change of life.

How, then, are we to find the true weight and value of things in the world?

In the United States Mint, when they built a machine for weighing coin with absolute accuracy, they sank a shaft deep into the earth and through upper formations, which are shaken by passing jars, and rested the foundation upon the immovable granite beneath. The man who digs in this way to find a foundation for his life, through the flowers and surface growths which shake with every storm, to the everlasting rock below only can weigh the events and belongings of the world at their real value.—*Youth's Companion.*

GREELEY'S PUGNACITY.

How the Great Editor Reproved a Crowd of Gotham Skulkers.

Horace Greeley, as is well known, was a very pronounced non-resistant, yet he was one of the most pugnacious men in the world. A curious instance of this incongruous temperament and its result came under the writer's observation on one occasion, occasioning him some surprise. It was the general opinion that the old fellow was a coward at heart, and made use of his non-resistant professions as a screen to protect himself from personal injury at the hands of an opponent. It was a Sunday morning in New York at the very commencement of the war, just after the great Bull Run scare, and the Government authorities at Washington were frantically calling for troops. The Metropolitan Hotel of New York, then the great up-town exchange, was filled by a motley crowd, drinking, smoking and discussing the situation of beleagured Washington. Among the crowd, were several army officers in full uniform, smoking their cigars and criticising Lincoln as commander-in-chief in a sneering way, when a commotion occurred in the doorway, and Greeley, with his old felt hat on the back of his head, rushed through the crowd and up to the group of officers and addressed them somewhat after this style: "Why are you loafing about here, you miserable cowards? Why are you not reporting yourselves at Washington? This is a resort for skulkers. Aren't you ashamed of yourselves?" The biggest fellow of the group was terribly angry, and lifting his heavy sword he thundered out, "Repeat those words, old man, and I'll split your skull!" Greeley threw off the old felt hat exclaiming: "Strike as soon as you please; I repeat what I have already said." Every one present expected that the old man would be cut down; instead, the fellow turned on his heel, saying, "Come away, boys. I won't strike the old lunatic." Greeley gave them one contemptuous look, and took his departure.—*Boston Budget.*

TROUBLE BORROWERS.

Persons Who Make Themselves as Well as Their Friends Very Uncomfortable.

There is an ancient weather tradition about the month of March borrowing certain days from April, which she pays back, not in the same weather that she borrows, but in one of her own glorious gales, at a later date, and this is perhaps the most poetical expression of the borrowing of trouble that we have. Those who borrow trouble, however, are seldom in the habit of paying it back with the scrupulosity of the month of March in the tradition; they keep it for themselves, they roll it over and let it gather accretion, they make much of it, and they grow so weary with the weight of it that when real trouble comes there is no strength to bear that, and the nervous powers fail at the time when they are most needed.

Is there to be that most festive of all festivals in the family, a wedding, the trouble borrower is sure that the bride is a lamb led to the slaughter, or that the bridegroom is now to be lost forever to the family in being adopted into the new wife's family, and that nobody knows where they will all be a year from that day. Or else the trouble-borrower is sure that the church will be cold and they will get their deaths, or the dress will never come from the dressmaker's in time, or with the lover's well-known dilatory character, he will be sure to be late at his own wedding. Not even a funeral satisfies this trouble-borrower—an occasion when one might feel as if there were already on the spot trouble and to spare; it certainly could not be expected that any one could be late at one's own funeral, in spite of the feelings of the heirs of rich men who persist in living; yet there as well as elsewhere the borrower will be sure to find reason to anticipate disaster. At the christening, again, it is the borrower who, if not the bad fairy of evil gifts in person, is the one who sees that fairy coming, never by any possibility the bright fairy, the good fairy; and a child does not undergo teething in the family where the borrower makes a home, for which, from the first tooth to the last, trouble is not to be extracted. An urchin can not be sent to school from that family where the borrower does not forsee an overtaxed brain and nervous disease, and it can not stay away from school where there is not at once forecast of a dunce. In business matters it is as bad: this debtor is not going to pay, that creditor is going to be inexorable. In all the concerns of life, in short, the borrower is drawing on the future—always a bankrupt future in everything but sorrow; and even when it comes to death, the borrower illustrates this life with the lurid light of the flames of the bottomless pit, although more often concerned in that light for others than for one's self, it may be said. This borrower of ours extends operations even into the outer affairs of nature. There is never a sunshiny, balmy day of south winds but it is a weather-breeder, and the borrower sees no sun to-day for the cloud and storm of to-morrow. Are the first buds early, the bluebirds here, and all things promising a genial spring?—then it is untimely weather, and the premature buds will all be nipped by the frosts to come, and there will be no fruit. On the other hand, has the bad weather held its own till late, knowing apparently, with that strange intelligence of the elements, that everything will come on in the stronger and longer sunshine with about the same celerity as if it had not had its own freer and lingering play, the great law of compensations acting with inanimate as with all other of the departments of nature?—why, then the summer is never going to be long enough to ripen anything, and if there should not be a real famine in consequence, yet prices will put food out of the reach of the poor, and the balance of trade between the continents will be disturbed, and there will be a change in the rate of discount of the Bank of England.

Nobody is made so uncomfortable by all this borrowing of trouble as the borrower himself, although, of course, everybody in the region is disturbed and vexed by the habit. It is a habit that takes on serious freaks sometimes.—*Harper's Bazar.*

BEST FINISHING WOOD.

Why Mahogany Is More Useful Than Cherry, Oak or Ash.

As is known to every wood-worker, mahogany has no equal for durability, brilliancy and intrinsic value for any work which requires nicety of detail and elegance of finish. Cherry, which is a pretty wood for effect and extremely pleasing when first finished, soon grows dull and grimy-looking. Oak, which has been so much used of late, is attractive when first finished, but experience teaches that it does not take many months to change all this, and instead of a light, fresh-looking interior, one that has a dusty appearance is presented, which no amount of scraping and refinishing will restore to its original beauty. What applies to oak is yet more applicable to ash. Mahogany, however, seems to thrive best under the conditions which are detrimental to these other woods. At first of a light tone, it grows deeper and more beautiful in color with age, and, although its first cost is more than these other woods, yet its price is much less than is popularly supposed, and the only objection that has been urged against it has been cost. What is more valuable, however, and what makes mahogany in reality a less costly wood, is the fact that, unlike the cherry, oak or ash, it is easily cleaned, because it is impervious to the dust or dirt, while it does not show wear, and, instead of growing duller, grows brighter and more pleasing in appearance.—*Builder and Woodworker.*

Harrison's Growing Strength.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

Of the many remarkable features of the present campaign there is none more remarkable than General Harrison's growth in the public estimation, since his nomination. The campaign is destined to be a remarkable one in many respects. The remarkable developement of American feeling, the unexpected prominence given to the national flag, the revival of the patriotic memories of the war, the enthusiasm of the old men who were voters in 1836 and 1840, the still greater enthusiasm of the young first voters, fully four fifths of whom are Republicans, are some of the salient features of a campaign which is without parallel in recent times. Not even in the memorable rampaign of 1860, when the Republican party achieved its first national victory the leadership of the martyred Lincoln, were the evidences of individual conviction, popular enthusiasm and local activity more apparent than they are at present.

But none of these features, nor all of them combined, tend more to individualize the campaign and differentiate it from all others than the steady and remarkable manner in which General Harrison has continued to grow in the estimation of the public, from the day of his nomination to the present. Three months ago when the Indiana delegation and his other friends at Chicago were urging his nomination they put it on the ground of his availability, his high character and great ability, his true and tried Republicanism, and his spotless record as a soldier and a statesman. To such as had not closely observed General Harrison's career, or who were not informed as to his intellectual and moral qualities, his friends gave strong assurance that he was eminently qualified for the presidential office, and would meet the highest expectations that could be formed of him as a candidate and leader. At that time it could hardly be said that Gederal Harrison had a national reputation in the sense of being widely and almost universally known, and it was not surprising that some curiosity should exist as to what manner of man the Hoosiers were so earnestly and enthusiastiaally pressing for the nomination.

But the hoosiers knew their man, and were not backward about endorsing him. Knowing that if nominated he would meet every requirement of the position and every expectation of the party, they had no hesitation in giving the strongest possible assurances on this score. How safe they were in doing so let the record of the last three months decide. How completely Gen. Harrison has justified the representation at Chicago of those who knew him best, let his present standing before the American people determine. No man ever grew more rapidly in public estimation than Gen. Harrison has during the last three months, and no candidate ever more completely vindicated the wisdom of a convention's choice. Few men and few characters can stand the ordeal of being placed on such a pedestal, standing for months in the fierce light that beats on a presidential nominee, a target for calumny as well as criticism, without disclosing some weakness or defect.

Fewer still can pass through het far more trying ordeal of receiving thousands upon thousands of visitors and making scores of speeches to acres upon acres of people, touching more or less directly on nearly every phase of public affairs, without making a single mistake that his enemies can sieze upon, or saying a single thing that his friends could wish unsaid. In this respect Gen. Harrison's candidacy is unique and unparalleled. He has already made more than sixty speeches since his nomination, and not a dull one in the entire number, nor a single error. The gifted Garfield was not called upon to make so many speeches, and he certainly did not make better ones, and we do not forget the great speeches of Mr. Blaine. Gen. Harrison's speeches show something more than a mere gift of oratory. They reveal the quality of his mind, the sincerity and strength of his convictions, the breadth and catholicity of his views, the warmth and fervor of his feelings, his fine imagination and his lofty patriotism. This is not flattery; it is the mouths of millions, the common talk of the country. Thus it is that Gen. Harrison, without any self-seeking or ostentatious effort on his part, merely by meeting, to the fullest extent, the requirements of his position and the drafts made upon him by the Republican party, has fulfilled every prediction of his friends and won the unbounded admiration of millions of his countrymen. Where he sits is the head of the table and he is still growing.

Fortune and misfortune are close neighbors, and the man who staggers about in trying to get under the roof of the former often lands under the latter.

Young Voters, Attention.

There will 2,000,000 young men vote for Presidential electors next month who never voted for Presidential electors before. These 2,000,000 young voters hold the result of the present contest in their hands. Now as custodians of a trust at once so important and so far reaching, it is their duty to act with thoughtful caution. As young American citizens you have this responsibility, and in the discharge of it it will not do for you to say that your father acted thus or so. It will not do for you to follow your inclinations solely; to follow your preferences, your sympathies.

Your decision affects your own future. It also affects the future of your neighbor. This is the rub. Here is the moral side of it. You are your brother's political keeper. As a political sentinel—young, patriotic, ambitious—are you going to prove false to your American citizenship at the very outset?

Right down in your heart you have a sympathy for one cause or the other. It is very largely this sympathy that determines whether you are a Democrat or a Republican. Now what right have you to blindly follow this sympathy, when your act directly affects every other man in the land? You are a sovereign, not a serf. You are sitting in judgment upon the future of your own realm.

You elect a judge to the bench. He follows his prejudices and disregards evidence. You quickly degrade him. Ought not you as electors, who put not only judges upon the bench, but lawmakers in Congress and Presidents in the White House,—ought not you to be hauled down from your American citizenship if you follow prejudice, and disregard evidence?

You admit that you ought. Of course you do. You are manly Americans, and can't do otherwise. Now let us submit in evidence, three points:

1. That history shows that whenever the strong, national policy, outlined by Hamilton, saved from destruction by Lincoln and Grant, and now represented by the party of Harrison,—whenever this policy has obtained, we have made progress. Why? Because the policy had in it the elements of success; the opposite, or Jeffersonian policy, the elements of failure. You doubt this? Let us beg our judges to lay aside that lurking prejudice, that suggested the doubt, and read our history through clean glasses.

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As an impartial sovereign, with a decision in your hand that affects not alone yourself, but me, and not alone me, but every other American, you are bound to take this evidence into consideration. Can you gainsay it? If you can find the road to national unity in the precepts of Calhoun; if you can find more material wealth in Virginia and Mississippi than in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania; if you can find the highest culture in the lower wards of New York, and in States where two out of every three men you meet can neither read nor write; if you can do this, then you can conscientiously decide this case in favor of the principles at present represented by Cleveland and Thurman. If you cannot, then as an impartial judge, you are bound to decide it in favor of the principles represented by Harrison and Morton. Bear this in mind: that it is no more a question of men than it is of sympathy. It is a question of principle, not of your prejudice or of your preference.

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Dishonesty is like a man with a club foot—often makes good time, but is easily tracked.

There is no such thing as absolute perfection, and no one need fear ever becoming too well informed.

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We all think we can do better than the other fellow.

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When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

"When in Maderia," writes a traveller, "I set off one morning to reach the summit of a mountain to gaze upon the distant scene and enjoy the balmy air. I had a guide with me, and we had with difficulty ascended some two thousand feet, when a thick mist was seen descending upon us, quite obscuring the whole face of the heavens. I thought I had no hope left but at once to retrace our steps or be lost; but as the clouds came nearer, and darkness over-shadowed me, my guide ran on before me, penetrating the mist, and calling to me, ever and anon, saying: 'Press on, master—press on—there's light beyond!' I did press on. In a few minutes the mist was passed, and I gazed upon a scene of transcendent beauty. All was light and cloudless above, and beneath was the almost level mist, concealing the world below me, and glistening in the rays of the sun like a field of untrodden snow. There was nothing at that moment between me and the heavens."

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Roger's Sp cific Worm Syrup

Is Pleasant, Safe and efficient. Price 25 cts.

For Chapped Hands, Face, &c.,

Use Frangipane Curative Balm, a delightful toilet article for the Hands, Face, Roughness of Skin, Face and Sunburn, Tetter, Pimples, Blotches and Skin Diseases. Price 15 cts.

All the above preparations are for sale at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, Oakland, and by druggists and country merchants in all parts of Garrett and adjoining counties.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

My Poor Back!

That "poor back" is held responsible for more than its share of the sufferings of mankind. If your dog bites a man who kicks it, do you blame the dog? On the same principle the kidneys utter their protest against nervousness, impure blood, and resulting constipation. These force them to do extraordinary work in ridding the system of the poisons which are the result of effete matter retained in the blood. Then the sufferer says the back aches; the kidneys are diseased. "Not yet;" but they will be unless the nerves are strengthened, the blood purified, and the constipation removed. These are the causes of kidney troubles, and Paine's Celery Compound removes them quickly. With its tonic, purifying, and laxative effect, it also strengthens the weak kidneys, making it almost infallible in curing all diseases of the nerves and kidneys. If your hopes of cure have not been realized, try Paine's Celery Compound; it gives perfect health to all who complain of "their poor backs." *Price $1.00.*

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors.
BURLINGTON, VERMONT.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil, Paregoric or Narcotic Syrups. Children cry for Castoria. Millions of Mothers bless Castoria.

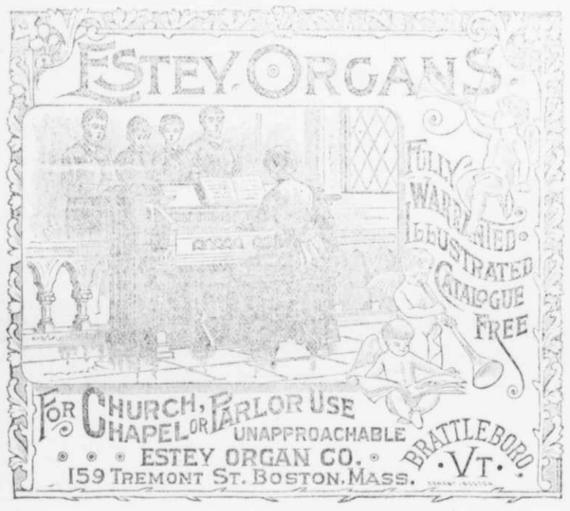
Castoria cures Colic, Constipation; Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation; Gives healthy sleep; also aids digestion; Without narcotic stupefaction.

"I recommend Castoria for children's complaints, as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray St., New York.

They are Growing More Popular Every Day.

W H O ?



MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

OF CUMBERLAND, MD.,

The Acknowledged Largest Dealers in Western Maryland,

Who, by their many years' experience in the music business, together with honest and fair dealing, have placed the World Renowned

ESTEY AND CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN

In the leading ranks of all other Organs manufactured. The Estey Organ is well enough known to be appreciated when seen. The Chicago Cottage Organ is gaining a reputation that ere long will place it at the head of the list. It is elegant in finish, exquisite in design. In tone superlatively fine. Standard in construction. Highly ornamented and heavy volume. It s an Organ whose action speaks lowder than words, and after one sees and trys this lovely instrument, it always pleases and gives entire satisfaction to the purchaser. We also sell the celebrated

DECKER BROS., WEBER, FISHER BROS., AND ESTEY PIANOS,

—AND THE—

New Home Sewing Machine.

This machine has no superior. The cabinet work is of the finest and most artistic made. Its construction is the best and guaranteed not to get out of order. Its attachments are the simplest as well as the most perfect made, and a child can operate it with ease. The attachments are self-setting, requiring no screw driver, not even a thumb screw. No home is complete without this, the grandest, best and most perfect machine made.

Our terms are made in every instance to suit purchaser, and prices the lowest ever offered for first-class goods in this section. We buy for cash in large quantities from the factories direct, thus enabling us to save the purchaser the ordinary agents' commission. A word to the wise is sufficient.

For purchasing write or send for illustrated catalogues, prices, terms, &c., to

MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,
Main Office, MEYERSDALE, PA.
Branch Office, CUMBERLAND, MD. 9 17 '87—1y

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by George D. White and others. Beginning at the Southeast end of Church street, and running thence through the lands of Mrs. E. A. Kilbourn, Mrs. Maria Davis, F. & C. Felty, S. L. Townshend, Mrs Max. Klein and James R. Bishop, and intersecting the Ryans Glade road at a point between John A. Tolaweder's and the line of Mt. Lake Park, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Tuesday, the 30th day of October, 1888, and determine whether the public convenience requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
WM. H. HALL,
WILLIAM WHITE,
Examiners.

9 22 5

VALUABLE

STOCK FARM FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby warned from Hunting or Driving on the lands under my charge. We have fenced to the new county road, and warn all persons from taking down our fences and running over our lands.

J. H. & C. T. SANDERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MASSEY HALL

PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

School year commences

September 12th, 1888.

Regular and elective courses in all Preparatory Studies. Special attention to English and Commercial branches. The number of pupils is strictly limited, in order to insure the most thorough training and individual advancement.

For terms, hours of study, &c., apply to

REV. J. NEWMAN,
7 7 td Principal.

Estate of Samuel Engle, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscribers, of Garrett county, Md., hath obtained from the Orphans Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Testamentary on the personal estate of

SAMUEL ENGLE,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscribers on or before the 20th day of March next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefits of said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of September, 1888.

RALPH ENGLE, Executor,
9 15 3t Grantsville, Md.

TOWN PROPERTY

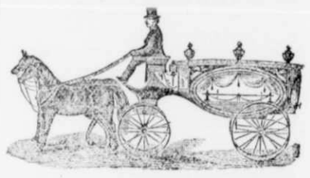
FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

D. E. BOLDEN & CO..

UNDERTAKERS



AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS,

OAKLAND, MD.

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

COFFINS, CASKETS

—AND—

BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS!

—Also a full line of—

FURNITURE,

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and Window Blinds,

And everything usually kept in a First-Class Furniture Establishment

Furniture Rented on easy Terms

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

REPAIR WORK,

PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c

☞ Also make Furniture to order.

D. E. BOLDEN, & CO.
Feb. 25, '88.

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 5d, 1888.

All persons are hereby warned not to remove any stone from the National Road in Garrett county, or from the Bridges thereon.

By order County Commissioners,

W. H. HAGANS,
9 8 tf Clerk.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect April 29th, 1888:

GOING EAST.

No. 2		7.41 A. M.
No. 38	Accommodation	10.30 A. M.
No. 6		11.14 A. M.
No. 82	Accommodation	5.05 P. M.
No. 4		11.43 P. M.

GOING WEST

No. 3		4.49 A. M.
No. 81	Accommodation	9.40 A. M.
No. 5		5.00 P. M.
No. 65	Accommodation	5.41 P. M.
No. 1		9.15 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.

C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

FARM FOR SALE!

For sale cheap, a farm of 305 acres, about 90 acres of which is cleared, and on which are erected a

Two-Story Frame House, Two Stables

and other outbuildings. About 75 acres of the woodland is covered with EXCELLENT TIMBER. The farm is situated two miles from Swanton, B. & O. R. R. About 250 acres is under fence. A young orchard was put out four years ago, and will soon come into bearing.

For particulars and terms, apply to or address

RICHARD CUSTER,
8 25 Swanton, Md

JOHN A. WOLF,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

2 8 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

Harrison's Growing Strength.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

Of the many remarkable features of the present campaign there is none more remarkable than General Harrison's growth in the public estimation, since his nomination. The campaign is destined to be a remarkable one in many respects. The remarkable developement of American feeling, the unexpected prominence given to the national flag, the revival of the patriotic memories of the war, the enthusiasm of the old men who were voters in 1836 and 1840, the still greater enthusiasm of the young first voters, fully four fifths of whom are Republicans, are some of the salient features of a campaign which is without parallel in recent times. Not even in the memorable rampaign of 1860, when the Republican party achieved its first national victory the leadership of the martyred Lincoln, were the evidences of individual conviction, popular enthusiasm and local activity more apparent than they are at present.

But none of these features, nor all of them combined, tend more to individualize the campaign and differentiate it from all others than the steady and remarkable manner in which General Harrison has continued to grow in the estimation of the public, from the day of his nomination to the present. Three months ago when the Indiana delegation and his other friends at Chicago were urging his nomination they put it on the ground of his availability, his high character and great ability, his true and tried Republicanism, and his spotless record as a soldier and a statesman. To such as had not closely observed General Harrison's career, or who were not informed as to his intellectual and moral qualities, his friends gave strong assurance that he was eminently qualified for the presidential office, and would meet the highest expectations that could be formed of him as a candidate and leader. At that time it could hardly be said that Gederal Harrison had a national reputation in the sense of being widely and almost universally known, and it was not surprising that some curiosity should exist as to what manner of man the Hoosiers were so earnestly and enthusiastiaally pressing for the nomination.

But the hoosiers knew their man, and were not backward about endorsing him. Knowing that if nominated he would meet every requirement of the position and every expectation of the party, they had no hesitation in giving the strongest possible assurances on this score. How safe they were in doing so let the record of the last three months decide. How completely Gen. Harrison has justified the representation at Chicago of those who knew him best, let his present standing before the American people determine. No man ever grew more rapidly in public estimation than Gen. Harrison has during the last three months, and no candidate ever more completely vindicated the wisdom of a convention's choice. Few men and few characters can stand the ordeal of being placed on such a pedestal, standing for months in the fierce light that beats on a presidential nominee, a target for calumny as well as criticism, without disclosing some weakness or defect.

Fewer still can pass through het far more trying ordeal of receiving thousands upon thousands of visitors and making scores of speeches to acres upon acres of people, touching more or less directly on nearly every phase of public affairs, without making a single mistake that his enemies can sieze upon, or saying a single thing that his friends could wish unsaid. In this respect Gen. Harrison's candidacy is unique and unparalleled. He has already made more than sixty speeches since his nomination, and not a dull one in the entire number, nor a single error. The gifted Garfield was not called upon to make so many speeches, and he certainly did not make better ones, and we do not forget the great speeches of Mr. Blaine. Gen. Harrison's speeches show something more than a mere gift of oratory. They reveal the quality of his mind, the sincerity and strength of his convictions, the breadth and catholicity of his views, the warmth and fervor of his feelings, his fine imagination and his lofty patriotism. This is not flattery; it is the mouths of millions, the common talk of the country. Thus it is that Gen. Harrison, without any self-seeking or ostentatious effort on his part, merely by meeting, to the fullest extent, the requirements of his position and the drafts made upon him by the Republican party, has fulfilled every prediction of his friends and won the unbounded admiration of millions of his countrymen. Where he sits is the head of the table and he is still growing.

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Is Pleasant, Safe and efficient. Price 25 cts.

For Chapped Hands, Face, &c.,

Use Frangipane Curative Balm, a delightful toilet article for the Hands, Face, Roughness of Skin, Face and Sunburn, Tetter, Pimples, Blotches and Skin Diseases. Price 15 cts.

All the above preparations are for sale at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, Oakland, and by druggists and country merchants in all parts of Garrett and adjoining counties.

NEW ADVERTISEMNETS.

My Poor Back!

That "poor back" is held responsible for more than its share of the sufferings of mankind. If your dog bites a man who kicks it, do you blame the dog? On the same principle the kidneys utter their protest against nervousness, impure blood, and resulting constipation. These force them to do extraordinary work in ridding the system of the poisons which are the result of effete matter retained in the blood. Then the sufferer says the back aches; the kidneys are diseased. "Not yet;" but they will be unless the nerves are strengthened, the blood purified, and the constipation removed. These are the causes of kidney troubles, and Paine's Celery Compound removes them quickly. With its tonic, purifying, and laxative effect, it also strengthens the weak kidneys, making it almost infallible in curing all diseases of the nerves and kidneys. If your hopes of cure have not been realized, try Paine's Celery Compound; it gives perfect health to all who complain of "their poor backs." *Price $1.00.*

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors.
BURLINGTON, VERMONT.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil, Paregoric or Narcotic Syrups. Children cry for Castoria. Millions of Mothers bless Castoria.

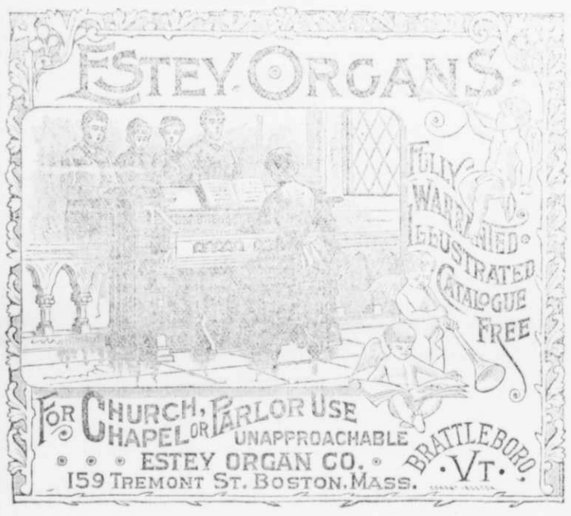
Castoria cures Colic, Constipation; Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation; Gives healthy sleep; also aids digestion; Without narcotic stupefaction.

"I recommend Castoria for children's complaints, as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray St., New York.

They are Growing More Popular Every Day.

WHO?



MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

OF CUMBERLAND, MD.,

The Acknowledged Largest Dealers in Western Maryland,

Who, by their many years' experience in the music business, together with honest and fair dealing, have placed the World Renowned

ESTEY AND CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN

in the leading ranks of all other Organs manufactured. The Estey Organ is well enough known to be appreciated when seen. The Chicago Cottage Organ is gaining a reputation that ere long will place it at the head of the list. It is elegant in finish, exquisite in design. In tone superlatively fine. Standard in construction. Highly ornamented and heavy volume. It is an Organ whose action speaks louder than words, and after one sees and trys this lovely instrument, it always pleases and gives entire satisfaction to the purchaser. We also sell the celebrated

DECKER BROS., WEBER, FISHER BROS., AND ESTEY PIANOS,

—AND THE—

New Home Sewing Machine.

This machine has no superior. The cabinet work is of the finest and most artistic made. Its construction is the best and guaranteed not to get out of order. Its attachments are the simplest as well as the most perfect made, and a child can operate it with ease. The attachments are self-setting, requiring no screw driver, not even a thumb screw. No home is complete without this, the grandest, best and most perfect machine made.

Our terms are made in every instance to suit purchaser, and prices the lowest ever offered for first-class goods in this section. We buy for cash in large quantities from the factories direct, thus enabling us to save the purchaser the ordinary agents commission. A word to the wise is sufficient.

For purchasing write or send for illustrated catalogues, prices, terms, &c., to

MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,
Main Office, MEYERSDALE, PA.
Branch Office, CUMBERLAND, MD. 9 17 '87—1y

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch 204, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by George D. White and others, Beginning at the Southeast end of Church street, and running thence through the lands of Mrs. E. A. Kilbourn, Mrs. Maria Davis, F. & C. Felty, S. L. Townshend, Mrs Max. Klein and James R. Bishop, and intersecting the Ryans Glade road at a point between John A. Delawder's and the line of Mt. Lake Park, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Tuesday, the 30th day of October, 1888, and determine whether the public convenience requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
WM. H. HALL,
WILLIAM WHITE,
9 22 5 Examiners.

VALUABLE

STOCK FARM FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby warned from Hunting or Driving on the lands under my charge. We have fenced to the new county road, and warn all persons from taking down our fences and running over our lands.

J. H. & C. T. SANDERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MASSEY HALL

PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

School year commences

September 12th, 1888.

Regular and elective courses in all Preparatory Studies. Special attention to English and Commercial branches. The number of pupils is strictly limited, in order to insure the most thorough training and individual advancement.

For terms, hours of study, &c., apply to

REV. J. NEWMAN,
7 7 td Principal.

Estate of Samuel Engle, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscribers, of Garrett county, Md., hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Testamentary on the personal estate of

SAMUEL ENGLE,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscribers on or before the 29th day of March next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefits of said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of September, 1888.

RALPH ENGLE, Executor,
9 15 3t Grantsville, Md.

TOWN PROPERTY

FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

D. E. BOLDEN & CO..

UNDERTAKERS

AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS,

OAKLAND, MD.

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

COFFINS, CASKETS

—AND—

BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS!

—Also a full line of—

FURNITURE,

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and Window Blinds.

And everything usually kept in a First-Class Furniture Establishment

Furniture Rented on easy Terms

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

REPAIR WORK,

PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c

☞ Also make Furniture to order.

D. E. BOLDEN, & CO.
Feb. 25, '88.

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 3d, 1888.

All persons are hereby warned not to remove any stone from the National Road in Garrett county, or from the Bridges thereon.

By order County Commissioners,

W. H. HAGANS,
9 8 tf Clerk.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect April 29th, 1888:

GOING EAST.

No. 2		7.41 A. M.
No. 38	Accommodation	10.30 A. M.
No. 6		11.14 A. M.
No. 82	Accommodation	5.05 P. M.
No. 4		11.43 P. M.

GOING WEST

No. 3		4.49 A. M.
No. 81	Accommodation	9.40 A. M.
No. 5		5.00 P. M.
No. 65	Accommodation	5.41 P. M.
No. 1		9.15 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.
C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

FARM FOR SALE!

For sale cheap, a farm of 305 acres, about 90 acres of which is cleared, and on which are erected a

Two-Story Frame House, Two Stables

and other outbuildings. About 75 acres of the woodland is covered with EXCELLENT TIMBER. The farm is situated two miles from Swanton, B. & O. R. R. About 250 acres is under fence. A young orchard was put out four years ago, and will soon come into bearing.

For particulars and terms, apply to or address

RICHARD CUSTER,
8 25 Swanton, Md

JOHN A. WOLF,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

2 88 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, NOV. 3, 1888. NUMBER 36.

John Bowman

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and West Virginia.
☞ Office over Casteel's Drug Store on Main street, Oakland, Md. 2 26 '87.

GILMOR S. HAMILL
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,
Particular attention given to Conveyancing uvestigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

J. B. FAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals Also in adjoining counties of West Va.
☞ Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.
Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

THOMAS & SINCELL,
Attorneys-at-Law and Solicitors in Chancery,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office in Boyer Building, Cor. Second and Alder, streets, Oakland, Md.

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.
OFFICE IN NYDEGGER BUILDING.
☞ Residence in Dr. Keller Building.
Sept. 9, 1885.—1y.

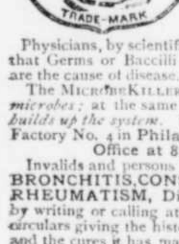
H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.,
offers his professional services to the people of Oakland and vicinity. 5 5 '88
☞ Office with Dr. J. Lee McComas.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n48

Dr. I. D. Newman,
OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.
Office and residence on Mill street, opposite the Helbig bridge
Calls day or night promptly attended to. 8 15 1y.

WM. RADAM'S
MICROBE KILLER



The Great GERM or BACTERIA DESTROYER.
To Cure Disease, Remove the Cause.
Physicians, by scientific researches, have discovered that Germs or Baccilli commonly called Microbes, are the cause of disease.
The MICROBE KILLER CURES by *destroying the microbes;* at the same time *purifies the blood* and *builds up the system.* Mr. Radam has established Factory No. 4 in Philadelphia.
Office at 819 Arch Street.
Invalids and persons suffering from CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION, MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, Diseases of the Blood, etc., by writing or calling at above address, will receive circulars giving the history of the MICROBE KILLER and the cures it has made. Agencies will be established in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia, which this Factory will supply. This Germicide is
A SURE RESTORATIVE TO HEALTH.

A Rare Chance to
Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,
Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodehea ver and others.
These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.
For further information apply to,
JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dr. Seth Arnold's
COUGH KILLER
CURES
Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and Asthma.
PREVENTS CONSUMPTION
Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.
Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, druggist, Oakland, Md. 11 '86 1y

PLANING MILLS.
MT. LAKE PARK, MD.,
ALDERSON & ROBINSON, PROPS
C. M. RATHBUN, Manager.
Manufacturers of and dealers in
Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings.
Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.
☞ Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of mill work. 1 29, '87.

PATENTS!
Caveats, and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.
OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U.S. PATENT OFFICE. We have no sub-agencies, all business direct, hence can transact patent business in less time and at LESS COST than those remote from Washington.
Send model, drawing, or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.
A book, "How to Obtain Patents," with references to actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address
C. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property.
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

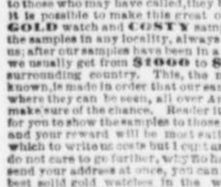
FARM FOR SALE.
A RARE CHANCE TO INVEST!
A farm containing 161 acres, 3½ miles from Oakland, on the West Union Road is offered for sale at a bargain. This is known as the Christian Yutzy farm, has good buildings, is well watered, 100 acres under cultivation and a good ghrist and saw mill on adjoining land.
TERMS.—One-third cash, the balance in two equal annual payments.
For price and particulars apply to or address
JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican office, Oakland, Md.
7 21 6m

E. F. STANSBERRY.
—Manufacturer of—
Boots and Shoes,
Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,
OAKLAND, MD.
☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.
Nov. 21, 85.—1 y.

GEO. P. WHITE, Mt. Lake Park, Md. S. D WHITE, P. M Frankville, Md.
WHITE & BRO.
NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!
AT FRANKVILLE, MD.
Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes. Country produce taken in exchange for goods Call and see us. WHITE & BRO
P. O. address, Floyd, Md.

COLLECTION OFFICE!
Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.
ANDREW J. HARNE.
Oakland, May 19th 1885.—1 y

BLACKSMITHING.
I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."
DAVID LITTLE.



FREE $85 solid GOLD WATCH Sold for $100 until lately. Best $85 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Elegant and magnificent. Both ladies' and gents' sizes with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one FREE. How is this possible? We answer—we want one person in each locality, to keep in their homes, and show those who call, a complete line of our valuable and very useful HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES. These samples, as well as the watch, we send free, and after you have kept them in your home for 2 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property; it is possible to make this great offer, sending the SOLID GOLD watch and COSTY samples free, as the showing of the samples in any locality, always results in a large trade for us; after our samples have been in a locality for a month or two we usually get from $1000 to $5000 in trade from the surrounding country. This, the most wonderful offer ever known, is made in order that our samples may be placed at once where they can be seen, all over America. Write at once, and make sure of the chance. Reader it will be hardly any trouble for you to show the samples to those who may call at your home and your reward will be most satisfactory. A postal card on which to write us costs but 1 cent and after you know all, if you do not care to go further, why no harm is done. But if you do send your address at once, you can secure FREE one of the best solid gold watches in the world and our large line of COSTLY SAMPLES. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address GEO. STINSON & CO., Box 812, PORTLAND, MAINE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR
Unfailing Specific for Liver Disease.
SYMPTOMS: Bitter or bad taste in mouth; tongue coated white or covered with a brown fur; pain in the back, sides, or joints—often mistaken for Rheumatism; sour stomach; loss of appetite; sometimes nausea and water brash, or indigestion; flatulency and acid eructations; bowels alternately costive and lax; headache; loss of memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; debility; low spirits; a thick, yellow appearance of the skin and eyes; a dry cough; fever; restlessness; the urine is scanty and high colored, and, if allowed to stand, deposits a sediment.
SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR
(PURELY VEGETABLE)
Is generally used in the South to arouse the Torpid Liver to a healthy action.
It acts with extraordinary efficacy on the
LIVER, KIDNEYS, AND BOWELS.
AN EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC FOR
Malaria, Bowel Complaints, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Kidney Affections, Jaundice, Mental Depression, Colic.
Endorsed by the use of 7 Millions of Bottles, as
THE BEST FAMILY MEDICINE
for Children, for Adults, and for the Aged.
ONLY GENUINE
has our Z Stamp in red on front of Wrapper.
J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.,
SOLE PROPRIETORS. Price, $1.00.

Constipation
Demands prompt treatment. The results of neglect may be serious. Avoid all harsh and drastic purgatives, the tendency of which is to weaken the bowels. The best remedy is Ayer's Pills. Being purely vegetable, their action is prompt and their effect always beneficial. They are an admirable Liver and After-dinner pill, and everywhere endorsed by the profession.
"Ayer's Pills are highly and universally spoken of by the people about here. I make daily use of them in my practice."—Dr. I. E. Fowler, Bridgeport, Conn.
"I can recommend Ayer's Pills above all others, having long proved their value as a cathartic for myself and family."—J. T. Hess, Leithsville, Pa.
"For several years Ayer's Pills have been used in my family. We find them an
Effective Remedy
for constipation and indigestion, and are never without them in the house."—Moses Grenier, Lowell, Mass.
"I have used Ayer's Pills, for liver troubles and indigestion, during many years, and have always found them prompt and efficient in their action."—L. N. Smith, Utica, N. Y.
"I suffered from constipation which assumed such an obstinate form that I feared it would cause a stoppage of the bowels. Two boxes of Ayer's Pills effected a complete cure."—D. Burke, Saco, Me.
"I have used Ayer's Pills for the past thirty years and consider them an invaluable family medicine. I know of no better remedy for liver troubles, and have always found them a prompt cure for dyspepsia."—James Quinn, 90 Middle st., Hartford, Conn.
"Having been troubled with costiveness, which seems inevitable with persons of sedentary habits, I have tried Ayer's Pills, hoping for relief. I am glad to say that they have served me better than any other medicine. I arrive at this conclusion only after a faithful trial of their merits."—Samuel T. Jones, Oak st., Boston, Mass.
Ayer's Pills,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

CHEAP RATES
TO ALL POINTS
WEST!
Via B. & O. R. R.
The B. & O. is the only line running solid trains to
Chicago, Illinois,
Cincinnati, Ohio,
St. Louis, Missouri.
Where direct connections are made with all trains for MISSOURI, IOWA, DAKOTA, KANSAS, NEBRASKA, COLORADO, CALIFORNIA, and OREGON.
For rates of fare, time of trains and information in detail, call upon or address nearest Agent B. & O. R. R. or
W. W. PICKING,
Traveling Passenger Agt.,
9 29 6 B. & O. R. R., Somerset, Pa.

ROAD PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that thirty days from the first publication of this notice, the undersigned citizens of Garrett county, will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to appoint examiners to view and locate a public road as follows: Commencing at the Pennsylvania line (District No. 3) and running through the lands of Thos. W. Frost, Israel Glotfelty, Henry Pollman, Geo. Inks and Wm. Bepler, to the National Road, a distance of about two and a-half miles.

THOS. W. FROST,
ISRAEL GLOTFE,
GEORGE LINKS.
9 22 5

The Party of Progress.

Written for THE REPUBLICAN.

Master Ben Adams is a bright boy of fourteen or thereabouts, who lives on —— street. He has been hearing for months a great deal about Harrison, Cleveland, Protection, Free Trade and a whole lot of political things, and naturally he fell to wondering what in the world all the fuss is about, and whether it is really worth the candle anyway. Yesterday Ben encountered his uncle—a man up to his head and ears in business, but just then on his way to the railroad station, with about a minute to make the last square. Ben made his uncle understand that he wanted to talk with him, and his uncle, after a hasty glance at his watch and a listening to hear if the train was near, invited Ben to take the train with him, as he was going only a short distance and return.

What I want to know first," said Ben, when he and his uncle were seated in the car," is whether you are a Republican or a Democrat."

"I'm neither one," said his uncle, though I always vote on election day. It is the duty of every citizen to do that."

"Which way do you vote on election day?" demanded Ben, thinking he was about to corner his uncle down to particulars.

"I vote for the party of progress," was the reply. "And now, I suppose," continued his uncle," you will want to know which party is the party of progress. In that case I shall answer that it is not the party that has opposed every great reform for the last—well, ever since I have known anything about public affairs and long before—from the freeing of the colored race to the purging of the civil service of political control."

Ben was a little befogged by these generalities, but he essayed one more question. "Which are the better men?" he asked, "Harrison and Morton or Cleveland and Thurman?

"They are all honest men," responded his uncle. "Don't put any faith in the accounts of questionable acts committed by our public men. These accounts occasionally get into the newspapers, but they ought not to do so. They are a feature of American political warfare. They are a feature, but they will soon pass away.

"President Cleveland means well," went on his uncle, "and has tried to do his duty. He is a man of fair ability, who has drawn some of the ablest men in the country around him as his advisers. I believe these able men have wrongly advised Mr. Cleveland, but that does not argue that they are wholly wrong, or that they and the President are not honest in their convictions. Mr. Thurman is an honest man and an able man. He has had the misfortune to be on the wrong side of about all the great questions that have been successfully settled within my remembrance, but in that respect he has stood with his party. General Harrison and Mr. Morton are both honest and able men, worthy in every respect to fill the positions to which they have been nominated."

"Well, then, Uncle, what is all this fuss about, and what difference does it make, anyhow, which men are elected this year."

"That is just the point, my boy, and I am glad you reach it in this logical manner. But, to answer it, let us go back a little way in our history. Ever since our government was founded there have been two radically different ideas underlying the two great opposing political parties. One of these ideas has been the enlargement of the national powers—that we are a nation, inseparable and indivisible—citizens of one grand republic, destined to lead the New to a higher and nobler civilization. The other idea has been the emphasizing of State lines—that we are citizens of this or that locality—that this and that interest must be guarded. The man who stands for the former idea is Alexander Hamilton; for the latter, Thomas Jefferson. You know who both these men were. The former was the original Republican; the latter, the original Democrat.

"In the course of our history it has happened that at some periods one of these ideas has prevailed, and at other times the other; but it is a fact, easily proven by history, that whenever we have worked together we have made headway; whenever separately we have lost ground. Whenever the Republican idea has prevailed we have been able to make a radical advance in all that goes to make us as a nation rich and great. Whenever the Democratic idea has triumphed, we have either gone backward or stood still. It was the Republican idea that freed the colored man, that purified the ballot, that established our finances on a firm basis, that first started the movement to remove our civil service from partisan control—well, that did about everything that has been done during my day."

"The Republican party, my boy, is the party of progress. It is the party of intelligence, of enterprise, of experience. It has proven itself capable of grappling with every great question we have ever been called upon to solve—and as a nation we have been called upon to solve the greatest and the gravest problems known to civilized man. Republican majorities, my boy, come from our best educated men, from the farming communities, where the moral atmosphere is pure, from the best sections of our cities, from the purest and highest elements in American life. On the other hand, Democratic majorities come largely from the worst wards in the large cities, and from the States where the proportion of ignorance and all its attendant evils is greatest.

"In the present campaign," said Ben's uncle, as the whistle sounded for the station at which they were to get off, "there is no exception. The Republican party is the party of progress. This talk you hear about the tariff is simply whether we shall follow a theory or be guided by experience. The latter has proved that as a nation we thrive best under a protective tariff, and as thrift indicates intelligence and as it means progress, the Republican party is found on the side of it, and it on the side of the Republican party. A decision of the issue is of vital importance to the working people of America. It does not so much affect your father, for he has money laid by for a rainy day—laid by under a protective tariff, but the thousands who are trying to save money as your father has already done must vote for the party of progress if they wish to make any further progress in the accumulation of their savings. This isn't a theory. It is experience.

"There is just one thing more," said the uncle, as the two reached the platform, "no party ever placed in nomination a better man for the Presidency than General Harrison. I was a little fearful of him at first. I had no acquaintance with him, nor with any one who had, and I feared he had perhaps been put forward upon the memory of his grandfather, but I find I was mistaken. General Harrison is a Christian gentleman—the progressive head of a progressive party, and, if there were nothing else, has shone by his manner and utterances, since he was nominated, that he is well qualified for the chief magistracy of the sixty millions of the most progressive people the sun ever shone upon. But you go now, Ben, and look about the town a little. I'll hurry through my business, for we must get back on the next train."

Our Postal Service.

To refer to our postal service at the present time is not unlike that common reference to horses in Iceland. Complaints, so loud and so long, come from all parts of the country that it can scarcely be said that we have any postal service at all.

The Republican party, during its rule from 1861 to 1865, devised the greatest improvements in mail facilities this or any other country ever saw. It took the service from Democratic hands when it was much like the national treasury — remarkable chiefly for what wasn't in it. During four years of war it was impossible to make much headway. The party was then busy fighting Democrats in its front and dough-faces in its rear.

From 1865 to 1885, Republican management, foresight and economy perfected the registry system, so that instead of it being in danger from from death at Democratic hands, because it called attention to valuable mail which was sure to be stolen, it was made to cover all classes of mailable matter. Republican management inaugurated the free-delivery system; the fast mail system, the postal card and the special delivery system. It cheapened letter postage from five cents a half ounce to two cents an ounce. And it reduced the newspaper rate to the low price of one cent per pound, thus rendering almost vital service to the era of cheap but good reading and contributing enormously to the popular education and intelligence of the people.

But a "reform" Democratic administration came into power in 1885, and not only was there no advance, no improvement, no reform, but almost every step taken by Republicans has been nullified, until the service (?) has become synonymous with slowness, with unreliability, with inefficiency. It were bad enough to see experienced men put out to make room for inexperienced ones, merely because the former were Republicans and the latter Democrats for Mr. Cleveland stood against such a thing. It has long been apparent, however, that his word is not to be relied on.

But it was infinitely worse to see Union soldiers pitched into the street to make room for Confederates. It was worse still to see the character of the Northerners who were promoted, in many cases, to one-legged soldiers' places. The postal service, in its best phases, has been filled with ward bummers and political heelers. It is so in every large city. Nor is this all. In hundreds of instances, forgers, embezzlers, thieves, defaulters, blackmailers and jail-birds generally have been placed in positions of trust. And this has been done by President Cleveland personally, by Mr. Vilas and Mr. Dickinson, after they had been fully informed of the character of the appointee.

There is no dodging this record. Any one who doubts it has only to read official statements in evidence. Will the people vote to continue such a record?

We rather think not.

We're Going to Win.

Fellow Republicans, we're going to win this fight. Why do we say so?

Because we have the best men for our nominees.

Because we plead for protection to American homes.

Because we are the progressive party.

Because the people know that the Republican party, just so rapidly as it can overcome Democratic opposition, always carries out its promises.

But why are we so certain about winning?

Because we have it direct from men who ought to know—men who have the vantage ground to view the situation on all sides—men trained by experience in past campaigns and know what to expect in this one—men who hold facts in their hands; facts not always wise to publish at once, but upon which they can safely give a tip to their sentinels.

It is on the strength of this tip that we say: We're going to win.

One more point, fellow Republicans: Don't stop work yet. There's no fear of that on the part of the leaders; but we are speaking now to the rank and file in the party. Just you go and find some wavering soul, tell him we're going to win and ask him to come in out of the wet. Ten to one he'll come, if you ask him cordially. Then, with the wavering souls in, we'll give Democracy such a thrashing that it wouldn't dare attack our homes with Free Trade again in our generation.

Let's make November 6th the Appomattox of Free Trade.

Reduction That Reduces.

The Republican tariff bill proposes to reduce the revenues on sugar, which we do not and cannot sufficiently produce, from $58,000,000 a year to $29,000,000, and to abolish the tax on tobacco, which yields annually $30,000,000 of revenue.

The tax on tobacco is of course a tax. The tariff on sugar is also a tax, because our conditions of soil and climate are such that home competition cannot be sufficient to lower prices. The bill, therefore, if adopted would effect at once a reduction of $29,000,000 in taxes, as well as revenue, on these two articles alone, without injury to any important home industry.

The working people of this country consume 95 per cent of the sugar and tobacco used. The bill, therefore, is manifestly in their interest. It is a bill to reduce the taxes of every American family, as substantially all families use sugar and most of them tobacco. It is a common sense measure and entitles the Republican party to the support of every worker.

We have never yet seen an answer to the question: "If 47 per cent tariff on wool is a robbery, what is a 100 per cent tariff on rice?" What is the matter with our Democratic brethren. Surely they can gratify an anxious public by answering this simple question, as they caused it to be asked.
—*Moundsville Herald.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A LAZY GIRL'S WISH.

You ask, if I could be
That which I would be,
What, from all nature's sisterhood,
Would I change place with—
Would I circle in space with
The stars, as a star? or, from yonder wood,

Pour my soul singing
As, upward winging,
I sought the blue, fit home for a bird?
No, a bird is too busy,
And a star might get dizzy,
So, I'd be neither—now, don't say a word!

Pray, do you suppose that
Lovely red rose that
Nods and beckons and beams on me
Ever gets weary?
That ever a tear she
Sheds but for joy that she can be?

And that great daisy,
So white and lazy,
That stands with her sisters there in the sun—
Has she a care, a
Burden to bear, a
Trouble in life? O no! not one.

I've read the story
Of the King in his glory
Who "was not arrayed like one of these;"
'Twas Solomon; still he
Couldn't equal a lily—
A red field lilly that flaunts in the breeze

So, if I could choose me,
With none to refuse me,
The lot I'd like best of all on the earth,
'Twould be that of the flowers
Who all through the hours
Have nothing to do from the hour of their birth.

There are no traces
On their fair faces
Of sickness, sorrow, of grief or sin;
Their only duty
On earth is beauty—
"They toil not, neither do they spin."

—*Wide Awake.*

LUDDINGTON'S NERVE.

The Story of an Amateur's Brush With Wall Street.

[Written for This Paper.]

JOHN LUDDINGTON was a fifteen dollar clerk in Griggs & Co.'s store. Several years before the time now referred to he had recognized his obligations to society by marrying pretty Alice Mayhew and proceeding to accumulate an interesting family around him. He had now two children, George and Ethyl, and by the excellent economy of his wife and his own patient industry and self-denial in the matter of beer and cigars, the hopeful pair had succeeded in putting $500 into the savings bank, which it was the young wife's dream to have presently go into a pretty home. Her hope never faltered, but John's, it must be confessed, sometimes did. It seemed very slow and very hard work to save money out of a salary of $15 a week and support a family besides.

John got to thinking that there must be faster ways of getting on in the world. About this time the stock market began to attract his attention. He spent odd moments in reading the reports from Wall street, and found it quite interesting to compare the prices of the leading stocks from day to day and note their fluctuations. A New York paper published a diagram each month tracing the upward and downward course of stocks for the month preceding, which, it seemed to John, threw a great deal of light on the subject. In the course of two or three months he fancied that he had discovered a kind of law which seemed to operate with a certain degree of regularity, and believed he could deal in such a way as to make and not lose. It happened that at that particular time stocks were tending upward and had been for some months. All the talk from Wall street was "bullish." It was said there was a practical certainty that stocks would be higher. The argument in support of this view seemed to be conclusive. Never before had stocks been so low in comparison with real estate and other values. John Luddington looked into the matter, read the financial papers, got points from the brokers, and the more he studied it the more satisfied he became that there was money in stocks if one operated with care and intelligence.

He concluded at length to try it in a small way. One day when he was out for his noon lunch, he went to the bank, drew out $50 and hurried to a small "exchange" with a very large name—one of those establishments that are known in common parlance as "bucket shops," although he tried to conceal even from himself the fact that it was such an institution that he was patronizing. He tried to exhibit the coolness of a veteran "operator" but the effort was a failure. He was in a tremble of suppressed excitement. He had settled upon Northwestern for a trial effort and hastily scanning the blackboard where quotations were marked, with his head all in a whirl, he hastily went up to the desk and left an order for the purchase of twenty shares of that stock.

"Common or preferred?" was the prompt inquiry of the clerk in charge as he glanced at the memorandum.

John had been contemplating common so steadily that he had actually ignored the existence of some twenty millions of preferred stock of the road and was nonplussed for a moment. The obliging young man helped him out.

"I suppose you mean common—the active stock, do you not?"

John admitted that that was what he had made up his mind to buy.

"How much do you wish to deposit?" was the next query.

"Fifty dollars," said John, and the money was planked on the counter. He had no mind to put up the ordinary dollar a share margin and have it swept away if the market should happen to fall a single point. He would margin for two and a half points and be safe for a little "shake up" at least. The clerk looked a trifle surprised but took the money and gave him the usual memorandum of such transactions.

John Luddington did not sleep well that night. He had a secret in which his loyal little wife was not to share, a new thing for him. But he had determined that she should not know of this transaction. If the venture were successful it would be a pleasant surprise to her; if otherwise, a knowledge of it would only cause her unnecessary anxiety.

It was with a feeling of apprehension that he picked up the belated paper next morning and turned first to the stock market. Had a fire burned up Chicago during the night he would not have stopped to read even the headlines until he had seen what the bulls and bears in Wall street had done the day before. His pulse beat more calmly when he saw that Northwestern had not declined and read the confident predictions of the bull brokers that the market was "strong" and would certainly show a rise. Yet he felt feverish all the forenoon and strangely anxious to know what stocks were doing. He could with difficulty concentrate his thoughts on his work, thinking one moment what he might make and fearing the next what he might lose.

When twelve o'clock came he did not stop to lunch but hurried first to the "exchange," which he reached, as on previous occasions, by going through a hotel entrance and coming in from the rear. He had not yet lost his self-respect sufficiently to enter boldly through the front door. With ill-concealed nervousness he approached the blackboard before which a number of men were seated and standing. To his consternation he saw that a general decline had taken place.

TWENTY OF HIS FIFTY DOLLARS ALREADY GONE.

Northwestern was 125⅝ (he had bought it at 126¼). Almost $20 of his $50 was already gone. A drop of another point or two would sweep it all away. His heart beat hard and he felt a momentary dizziness come over him. Steadying himself, he asked one of the men, who seemed thoroughly posted, what he made of the market. The man was evidently a "bear," for he said very promptly and with emphasis that stocks were bound to come down; that they had been too high for some time, there was nothing to keep them up, and he had been looking for a grand tumble in them.

At this the place seemed very close and oppressive to Luddington, and he got out into the fresh air as fast as he could. He did not feel hungry and was able without inconvenience to save the ten cents which his bowl of bread and milk usually cost him. He walked the lunch time away thinking.

"My luck!" he faltered. "My luck! I had no business going into it. I have preached against it all my life, and my conscience told me it was wrong. I deserve what I am getting."

He thought whether he should not go back, order the stock sold, lose the $20 and save the other $30 before it should be too late.

"No," said he, "I will not do it. That is just my trouble. I never have nerve enough. I give up too quick. For once I will try what nerve will do. If the thing goes it can all go." And he thought bitterly that that the chances were many to one that it all would go.

The experience he was going through was far from pleasant, and he resolved that whichever way the thing turned out he would let speculation alone thereafter. It was disquieting to the nerves, kept one in constant apprehension, made it hard to sleep at night and disagreeable to wake up in the morning.

Next day the market was better. Northwestern had recovered its loss and had crept up to 126¼. He could close out, make $5 and be out of his worry. He was tempted to do it. But a rising market now elated him as much as a declining one had depressed him the day previous. Like all amateur speculators he was a "bull." He could see no reason why stocks should not continue to rise. Perhaps in another day or two they would go up a point or two and then he would "feel like kicking himself" if he sold now. Again he expressed the conviction that it was a proper time for the exhibition of "nerve" by holding on. So he held on.

For some days the market was "firm but inactive." Stocks would neither go up nor down, and Luddington suffered more anxiety and mental strain than several times fifty dollars would pay for. Then one day there was a little rise. Northwestern got up to 127¼, the point at which he had ordered his stock to be sold, and he drew out twenty dollars of clear profit on less than a week's investment.

Then he shared his secret with his wife. He could afford to tell her now. And Alice was in a sense pleased. She was glad of the clear gain to the small bank account. And yet her satisfaction was not as lively as John had expected. She seemed to be a little troubled about the manner in which this easily-got money was earned, and asked some troublesome questions. Her husband explained the matter in such a way as to reflect a good deal of credit on his sagacity and nerve as a stock operator, but Alice somehow seemed disposed to attribute his success to accident. She advised him to be thankful for his good luck, put the money in bank and let stock alone thereafter, for she had heard that it was not a safe business. He half promised that he would do so.

And this promise he kept for awhile. But he continued to watch the stock market, noted its fluctuations closely and made imaginary investments to see how they would come out. They came out so well that he came to believe that possibly he was a great financier in disguise, a man who might be rich if he had a little more nerve, instead of a fifteen-dollar-a-week clerk for Griggs & Co. He studied comparative tables of stocks and found that less than a year before Northwestern common had been down to 110. To think of that! Why, if he had then bought 500 shares, as he could have done, and held on to it, his $500 would have swelled to $8,500, a sum that he could never hope to get by keeping books at $15 a week. The thought made him fairly dizzy.

Having scored one small success in Wall street it was not likely that this intoxicated young man would keep out of it. The idea of making a fortune in a few months grew upon him. He thought of his faithful, hard-working little wife, cooking, washing, drudging, denying and saving—and he thought what a life he would give her could he but succeed in the stock market. Then would come the long-dreamed-of home, its handsome furniture, its horse and carriage, servants to do the work, friends and pleasure—a life that would indeed be worth living!

But of all these wild dreams he said not a word to patient, loving, hoping Alice. He had surprised her once. Might he not soon give her a grand surprise! She should yet acknowledge his abilities which somehow he felt that she underrated.

But he hesitated and waited. "What if it should go the other way!" he asked himself, and lacked the "nerve" that was to lead him on to fortune.

Monday there was almost a panic in Wall street. Stocks all went down with a tumble, like a row of bricks set on end. Then they rallied, steadied, gained a little and another turn downwards. By and by the market seemed to settle and Northwestern was fully five points lower than when Luddington had made his lucky purchase. The brokers were unanimous that there was nothing to make them go lower. The panic was a mere scare, the result of manipulations by the bears and the circulation of idle gossip and false rumors. Never had there been such a chance to make money in stocks they said. They were bound to go up, and up a good deal higher than they were before. Our amateur speculator thought he recognized his opportunity at last. In a moment of uncontrollable impulse he drew out all the money in bank. This time he would play for a big stake. Instead of 20 he bought 200 shares of Northwestern common. "It served me well before," he thought. "I will try it again. Surely it can't go lower than it is now."

And the very next day was the day on which the great break in Manhattan Elevated occurred, carrying every thing down with it. Then there was a real panic on the New York Stock Exchange. Northwestern went down to 117, snuffing out John Luddington's $500 margin as a whirlwind snuffs out a candle. When he went into a broker's office and saw what had happened he turned pale, but he was cool and collected.

"There is only one more thing to do," he said. "I can't tell Alice what I have done, and I can't long keep it from her. Fortunately I have $5,000 insurance on my life."

He spent the afternoon as usual at his work, and when he reached home his wife was busy getting the supper. He kissed her with a peculiar tenderness which she noticed, but did not guess its meaning. He could hear the voices of George and Ethyl playing in the back yard. He went up stairs quietly to his wife's bedroom. On a piece of paper with which he had provided himself at the office for the purpose, he wrote with a pencil a brief note to his wife. This he folded and laid on the dresser, placing the hand mirror on one corner to hold it down. Unlocking a cabinet that hung against the wall, he took from the top shelf a small, ivory-handled revolver, which he had owned before his marriage and which was reserved as a keepsake and as a defence against burglars. All the barrels were loaded. He lifted the hammer partially with his thumb and turned the cylinder with his fingers. The weapon seemed to be in perfect order. He stood for a few moments reflecting whether there was any thing else that he ought to do. He could not think of any thing. Just then he heard Ethyl's voice in the room below singing one of her baby songs. It sounded marvelously sweet, and was approaching the stairway. Evidently she had heard that papa was home and was coming to find him. Without sound of any footstep on the stairs or in the hall, the door was suddenly pushed open and Alice sprang into the room.

"What are you doing, John?" she asked, with an inquiring glance at the pistol. "Why have you been so quiet up here?"

"O, nothing," he answered, carelessly. "I was just looking at the revolver to see if it was allright in case of an emergency."

He moved quietly towards the dresser, picked up the note and slid it into his pocket.

"Well, is it allright?"

"Yes, I reckon. It seems to be."

"Well, then, put it up and come down to supper."

And she remained in the room until her orders were executed.

John's appetite was not ferocious that evening, but he made shift to swallow a few mouthfuls. After supper he said: "I am going out for a little walk. I feel the need of a little exercise."

He was really going out to think. He lighted a cigar (something he rarely did) to assist him in the operation. (He did think who have never learned to smoke.) He used, to light it with, the note which he had taken from the dressing case, and which he carefully held in his fingers until it was all consumed. He walked and smoked and thought for a long time. His thoughts ran something after this fashion:

"I never can tell Alice that I lost that money. Yet how can I keep her from knowing it? I must get it back some way, and how the deuce am I ever to get it back on a salary of fifteen dollars a week?"

A score of projects rushed through his mind, but each in turn was dismissed as impracticable. At length a new thought seemed to strike him.

"There's that banged old house out at Calcutta," he said aloud. "I do wonder if any thing could be got out of that by this time."

The banged old house at Calcutta was a piece of property heavily mortgaged, which Luddington had taken in a trade, before his marriage, in a small country town, and which, more than once he had been tempted to surrender to the mortgagee for his debt. But Alice, with a woman's impracticability in business affairs, had always persuaded him to "hold onto it a little longer" in the hope that "something *might* turn up, you know, John," and so John had kept holding on year after year, although nothing ever had turned up, or indeed seemed ever likely

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING, JOHN?"

to. It was to this property that the worried man's thoughts now turned, as to the proverbial last straw of a drowning man.

"I'll tell you what," he said aloud, for he had a habit of talking to himself at times when no one else was by. "I'll go out there day after to-morrow and see about it."

He got leave of absence for a day and went to Calcutta without mentioning the fact to his wife. And went at an opportune moment. The little old town looked duller and more desolate than he had ever seen it before and the particular house in which he was interested looked especially neglected and woe-begone. But the natural gas excitement had reached Calcutta. Gas had been found at Argentine, only a few miles away, and the well at Calcutta was nearly down to Trenton rock. The people were full of expectation and wild hope. If gas should be found at Calcutta the town would take a "boom."

And gas was found at Calcutta, sure enough. A few days later the drill went into the Trenton limestone and there was an outrushing of gas that blew things high into the air. It was "a gusher" and no mistake, and Calcutta's "boom" had arrived.

Luddington's little old tumble-down house in the amplified vision of excited Calcuttans loomed up as prospective business property of considerable value. He was promptly offered $5,000 for it but concluded that it was a good time "to hold on" a little longer, as something seemed to be turning up. Six, seven, eight thousand were the offers that rapidly succeeded one another. But Luddington recalled the advantage which "nerve" had been to him in his first stock deal and refused to sell.

"I will take $10,500 for it," he said to himself. "Ten thousand for the property and five hundred to cover what I lost in stocks." And when the offer of $10,000 came he judged that Calcutta's "boom" had neared the bursting point, and coolly adding the $500, let the "banged old house" go.

When Alice was signing the deed she looked up inquiringly and said:

"I thought you said the price was ten thousand, John?"

"Yes, so I did."

"But this says ten thousand five hundred."

"That amounts to nothing, madame," explained the accommodating notary. "The consideration in a deed is often stated to be larger than it really is."

Thus assured by a gentleman whose business it was to know such things Alice had nothing more to say.

And so it was that Alice Luddington never knew that her husband had lost their money in speculation. Once, years after, when she recalled the circumstance of his maiden effort in the stock market and suggested that it was so fortunate that he had never tried his hand again, it was on his tongue to make a full and free confession, but he had not the nerve to do it; or, to speak more truly, perhaps, he had the nerve not to do it, and so held his peace.

ISAAC HERR.

A HORRIBLE CRAFT.

How Russian Criminals Are Transported to Seghalien Island.

The Russian convict transport Nishal-Novgorod sails hence this evening with 460 criminal deportes for the island of Seghalien. The Nizhni-Novgorod is an iron steamship of about 3,800 tons burden, and is especially fitted as a convict transport. With a full complement of convicts the vessel carries 652. The officers and crew number eighty, exclusive of a marine convey escort of sixty-two men specially chosen for this duty.

The iron-barred compartments, or cages in which the convicts are confined run parallel, fore and aft, on either side the upper and lower 'tween-decks. The iron bars, an inch thick, of these cages and the woodwork in which they are set, are heavily and solidly constructed. The cages are of unequal capacity and length, but have a uniform height of seven and a half feet. The more desperate characters are manacled and chained to iron staples in their berths, from which they are released when necessary. The greater number, although retaining the waist and ankle shackles, of light construction, have the freedom of traversing the length of the compartment, which may vary from twenty-five to forty feet. Between the outer bars and the two plain plank shelves or bunks running from end to end of the compartments which afford sleeping room for the occupants, there is a free space of about four and a half or five feet.

Except during the distribution of rations no culinary vessels are left with the convicts. Even the drinking water is obtained only through an india rubber mouth-piece fixed in an enclosed water tank and through which the drinker sucks his draught. Immediately outside the cages and attached to the under part of the deck overhead is a steam-pipe connected with the ship's boilers. Into these pipes are fitted screw nozzles at intervals of twelve feet. The object of the steam-pipe is to suppress any dangerous outbreak among the inmates of the cage. By means of a short hose, specially made to resist the steam heat, quickly attached to one of the steam-pipe nozzles, the turbulent convicts are readily quieted or parboiled. Strong water jets have been found next to useless in allaying these occasional tumults.

After the ship has passed the canal, but not before, batches of convicts are in turn brought upon deck for a shower-bath and short exercise. A strongly constructed iron railing, eight feet high, crosses the vessel amidships, in order that the convict, during his bath and while unmanacled, can not by any sudden rush evade the guard and reach the quarter-deck. Some of the more desperate convicts, who stubbornly resist all disciplinary control, are confined to the cages during the whole voyage. Both the upper and lower 'tween-decks are open and airy, the system of ventilation being excellent, and the cages themselves are kept scrupuously clean. The cages are repainted every voyage. Every convict, in addition to having his hair cropped short, has the left half of the head from front to back closely shaven.

Among the 460 convicts carried by the Nizhni-Novgorod about 100 are murderers. One of these is a relative of the Shah of Persia—Prince Khanalam-Mirza, son of Prince Betman Mirza, twenty-five years of age, and sentenced to twenty years' hard labor, for the murder of his brother in Russia. Upon the greater number of these murderers, in addition to their various terms of hard labor in the mines and quarries, will be inflicted on their arrival a given number of blows from the knout, varying from 50 to 125, according to their crimes.

The scene on board these departing convict ships is altogether saddening and depressing, perhaps the more so that one does not hear a murmur or lament from the stolid looking and broken-spirited wretches crowded behind the bars of these cages, which remind the spectator only too forcibly of the wild beast dens we are accustomed to see in a traveling menagerie. Female convicts of this class are transported in a separate vessel.—*Odessa Cor. London News.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The heaviest metals in their order are tungsten, 17; uranium, 18.33; hammered gold, 19.36; platinum, 22; iridium, 23.

—There are but three factories in the United States in which crutches are exclusively manufactured, one each in Boston, Philadelphia and New York.

—Aluminum resembles silver in appearance, is stronger than steel, will not tarnish and is superior to silver for all purposes for which that metal is used.

—Bones disintegrate quickly in sea water. They are consequently seldom obtained during ocean dredgings, although teeth, which resist the action of the water indefinitely, are often brought up.

—Vegetarianism does not protect from cancer. In a hospital at Jeypore, India, during the last eight years, forty-one operations for cancer have been performed on the persons of meat-eaters, and sixty-one on strict and life-long vegetarians.

—A new glass, recently invented in Sweden, is said to be capable, when made into a lens for a microscope, of "enabling us to distinguish the 204,700,000th part of an inch." It is also said that there is great promise of this glass producing wonderfully powerful telescope lenses and a new departure in astronomy.

—According to a Chicago wagon-maker, white oak requires eighty years to mature; shell-bark hickory, from thirty to fifty years; tulip-tree, sixty or more years; and red or Norway pine, at least sixty years. Artificially grown, fifty-five thousand feet of these kinds of lumber may be obtained from each acre.

—There are in the German Empire between fifty and sixty manufactories of playing-cards, which in the last fiscal year turned out about 5,000,000 packs, of which about 1,000,000 were exported. About four-fifths of the production consisted of packs containing not more than thirty-six cards, and of the larger packs the greater part were exported.

—An English physician of note expresses in the *Lancet* the belief that consumption is due to a constant irritation of the air passages, and that cold air breathed at night is one of the greatest irritants. Those who live most of the time in the open air are the least likely to suffer from phthisis, because their lungs are so accustomed to cold air as not to be irritated by it at night.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Married men are preferred as officers on the police force. The authorities want men who have had their courage tried and proved.—*N. Y. News.*

—"I suffer dreadfully from *ennui*, doctor," said Mr. Bohre. "Do you still retain your old habit of talking to yourself, sir?" queried the physician, innocently.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Wendell Phillips once gave the advice, "Never call a man a liar." We never do. It is much more polite and just as true to call him a gas meter.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

—If a man sued for breach of promise were to set up the defense of temporary insanity he would certainly prove his case by reference to old love letters.—*Puck.*

—Live within your income, says the practical adviser; but if he would tell how one may live without it, he would have the merit and the glory of instructing a larger constituency.—*Boston Budget.*

—Judge (to prospective grand juryman—"What is your occupation?" P. G. J.—"Collector for the gas company." Judge—"You are excused. It would be impossible for you to bring in a true bill."—*Terre Haute Express.*

—A tin peddler down in Georgia the other day ate all the supper prepared for two families, drank several gallons of milk, then asked for a newspaper, and left the spectators hungry, but happy to be rid of him.

—A little pamphlet called "Humor in ye Sixteenth Century" shows that ye joker of that period borrowed a great deal of his wit from ye humorist of ye nineteenth century without giving a particle of credit.—*Norristown Herald.*

—First Lady—"I understand Miss De Vere has gone on the stage." Second Lady—"O, yes; she has been before the public a year." First Lady—"Has she made any reputation?" Second Lady—"Some, I presume, but not nearly as much as she has lost."—*Washington Critic.*

—Impatient Husband—"Where in the world have you been? I want my dinner!" Wife—"Excuse me, John, but I ran down to the sewing society at five, and to my surprise it didn't wind up until eight." Husband—"You mean it was wound up at five and didn't run down until eight."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Editor—"You say you wish this poem to appear in my paper anonymously?" Would-be contributor—"Yes; I don't want any name to it." "Then I can't publish it." "Why not?" "Because I am conscientious about this matter. I don't want an unjust suspicion to fall upon some some innocent person."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Mr. Darringer—"I was surprised to-day to see how our Joe can swim. It is a necessary accomplishment." Mrs. Darringer—"I see it argued that the ladies ought to know how to swim. Couldn't I learn?" Mr. Darringer—"If you could manage to keep your mouth shut long enough, my dear.

—"Local rains, my son, are rains which fall in the locality where they occur. This information is accorded to relieve your mind of any uncertainty which may have arisen in consequence of continued and persistent dry weather in your locality, notwithstanding the Weather Bureau's oft-repeated predictions of 'local rains.'"—*Boston Transcript.*

THE SAVAGE WAY.

How the Indian Treats an Injury—Old Time Methods.

The savage is emphatically the child of nature. He lives close to nature, his only education is gained in nature's school.

When the Indian receives an injury, he does not seek a cure in mineral poisons, but binds on the simple leaf, administers the herbal tea, and, with nature's aid, comes natural recovery.

Our rugged ancestors, who pierced the wilderness, built their uncouth but comfortable Log Cabins and started the clearings in the woods, which in time became the broad, fertile fields of the modern farmer, found in roots and herbs that lay close at hand nature's potent remedies for all their common ailments. It was only in very serious cases they sent for old "saddle-bags" with his physic, which quite as often killed as cured.

Latter day society has wandered too far away from nature, in every way, for its own good. Our grandfathers and grandmothers lived wholesomer, purer, better, healthier, more natural lives than we do. Their minds were not filled with noxious isms, nor their bodies saturated with poisonous drugs.

Is it not time to make a change to return to the simple vegetable preparations of our grandmothers, which contained the power and potency of nature as remedial agents, and in all the ordinary ailments were efficacious, at least harmless?

The proprietors of Warner's Log Cabin remedies have thought so, and have put on the market a number of these pure vegetable preparations made from formulas secured after patient searching into the annals of the past, so that those who want them need not be without them.

Among these Log Cabin remedies will be found "Log Cabin sarsparilla," for the blood; "Log Cabin hops and buchu remedy," a tonic and stomach remedy; "Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy," "Log Cabin hair tonic," for strengthening and renewing the hair; "Log Cabin extract," for both external and internal application; "Log Cabin liver pills;" "Log Cabin rose cream," an old but effective remedy for catarrh, and "Log Cabin plasters." All these remedies are carefully prepared from recipes which were found, after long investigation, to have been those most successfully used by our grandmothers of "ye olden time." They are the simple, vegetable, efficacious remedies of Log Cabin days

OUR NATIONAL FLOWERS.

Beautiful Emblems of Endurance, Vigor, Light and Freedom.

After a midsummer, in this country, our rural landscape is everywhere brightened by the golden rod and asters; they form a distinct and beautiful feature of the scenery. The eyes of our countrymen are everywhere gladdened by their smiles; north and south, east and west, on the hills and mountain sides, in the valleys and on the broad prairies, by the road-sides and the streams, and in the fields and copses they stand as tokens of the genial heat that brings from the soil the golden grains and the beautiful, luscious fruits. No other country in the world is thus characterized; these plants belong to America, and as such should be our pride and delight.

While on this continent there are from sixty to seventy species, and perhaps more, of the solidagos, or golden rods, and nearly all of them of vigorous habit, growing from a foot to eight feet in height, all the world besides affords less than a dozen, and these, for the most part, of small size, and confined to few localities of limited area, and always in such small numbers as to make them rare plants.

The species of asters, in this country, are still more numerous than those of the golden rod. Both are the children of the sun, basking in his favors and reflecting his smiles. Although many indigenous species of flowers are peculiar to this country, yet none so abound and apparently claim possession as these. And grouped together they might appropriately be taken as our national flowers, emblems of endurance, vigor, light and freedom.—*Vick's Magazine.*

A Cure for Deafness.

Dr. Marshall gives many illustrations of morbid fancies or factitious ailments, and some of them are so curious as to read more like the revelations of Miss Braddon or Mr. Wilkie Collins than the quasi-official statement of a sober military surgeon of the old school: "A recruit of those days * * * alleged that he had almost totally lost the sense of hearing (and it may be here incidentally observed that a simulator of deafness is rarely discovered), and the testimony of his comrades served to support his statements. The surgeon of the depot admitted him to the hospital and fed him on spoon diet. He purposely passed his bed during his daily visits for nine days without noticing him. On the tenth day he felt his pulse and made signs to him to put out his tongue; he then asked the hospital sergeant what diet he gave him. 'Spoon diet,' replied the sergeant. The doctor affected to be displeased, and in a low tone said: 'Are you not ashamed of yourself? The poor fellow is almost starved to death. Let him instantly have a beef-steak and a pint of porter.' The recruit could contain himself no longer. With a countenance expressive of gladness and gratitude, he said: 'God Almighty bless your honor; you are the best gentlemen I have seen for many a day."—*London Hospital.*

—A teacher who had asked a girl to purchase a grammar, received the following note from the girl's mother: "I do not desire that Mattie shall ingage in Grammer as I prefer her to ingage in more yousful studies and can learn her to speak and write proper myself, I have went through two Grammers and cant say as they did me no good—I prefer Mattie to ingage in german and drawing and vokal music on the pianno."

—"Your name, my child?" inquired the matron of the poor little waif that applied for charity. "Mary Haddell." "Little Lamb!" feelingly exclaimed the tender-hearted matron.—*Chicago Tribune*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Potatoes should be well dried before storing, that they may not gather moisture sufficient to decay easily.

—Swedish turnips, parsnips and carrots are all excellent for fattening hogs. They will be relished better cooked than raw.

—A little green food, a few apples, beets, potatoes or other roots given to the cow occasionally will help to keep her healthy and maintain the flow of milk.

—In laying in a stock of preserved fruits it is economy to remember no amount of heat and sugar can render fruit better and more healthful than in its natural, ripe state.

—According to some experiment recently made, cattle fed on hay with other food increased in live weight more than those fed with ensilage, but those fed with ensilage gave more and better milk.

—There is a scientific reason why a green crop of any sort, even weeds, is more profitable for land than black fallow. Without it, nitrogen, the most valuable constituents of plants, and especially of wheat, can neither be developed nor retained in the soil.

—Winter pears should be left on the trees as long as safe from frost, then placed on a tray in a cool cellar, covered to keep the air still about them. The proper cellar temperature is a few degrees above freezing. As soon as the pears show color remove to a warm room to develop full flavor, still wrapped or covered.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Unless the shocks of corn are made firm in the field they will be blown down. A little extra care in shocking will save much loss in fallen shocks. Whenever possible haul the shocks to the barn, as corn fodder is always injured to a certain extent, no matter how well it may be shocked.

—Scale insect on plants such as the oleanders, the fragrant olive, roses, abutilons, etc., is one of the most difficult pests to overcome, and no single application of any remedy can be trusted to eradicate it. A remedy that has been favorably reported upon is a mixture of white hellebore powder, with dissolved soap, thoroughly rubbed on, care being taken to remove every scale from stems and twigs, as well as the broad surface of the leaves. Repeat the use of the mixture at intervals of a week or two till all danger is past.

—Beefsteak, Spanish style: Lay a slice of upper round steak, rather more than two inches thick, on a pie-dish, leaving on the rim of suet. Add a very little water, and baste every ten minutes for thirty minutes, baking in a moderate oven. Take it out and cover with a layer of sliced onions; bake fifteen minutes; cover with a layer of sliced tomatoes, and bake again for fifteen minutes; sprinkle over it two grated spoonsful of grated cheese, and place in the oven long enough for the cheese to melt. There will be a thick, rich gravy on it deliciously flavored with the onions and tomatoes.

A VALUABLE CROP.

Why Rye Ranks High in More Respects Than One.

Rye is a crop that can be made to render more service to the farmer than any other, yet it is more frequently overlooked and discarded than it should be. It is a plant that not only endures the cold of winter and the heat of summer, but it will grow on the richest soil or the poorest sandy land. In some sections it is really the clover of sandy soils, for without its aid the advantages of green manuring would be unavailable. Even the seed is cheap, while the cultivation necessary is very little compared with other crops. As a profitable grain crop it is behind oats, wheat, barley and corn, but the straw is more valuable than that of any other crop, for which it is sometimes grown alone.

Leaving out the value of rye as a grain crop entirely, it still ranks high in more ways than one. The fact that it can be sown in the fall and made to produce a late supply of green food after other grasses have ceased growing, should prompt farmers to devote a space to rye every season, but its usefulness extends further. The severe cold of the hardest winters will not injure it, and early in the spring, long before grass begins to grow, rye appears in its green condition to afford a supply of succulent herbage to the stock at a time when it is most needed. It allows the stock the privilege of eating off the early growth, and when the grass appears and the rye is no longer required, it will grow out again and make a crop of grain. It can then, in early spring, if preferred by the farmer, be plowed under instead of being allowed to seed, and it will provide an excellent manure for the corn crop.

In one respect rye is a cheap crop because it requires no land for its growth, to a certain extent. That is, if the seed is sown in the fall on land intended for corn in the spring, and the rye turned in before planting corn, the rye simply holds the land that would otherwise be unoccupied during the winter. It is also excellent on the land intended for potatoes, and, as it assists in keeping down weeds, it saves much labor in that respect.

As rye can be pastured at nearly all stages of growth, and can be turned under as a green manurial agent at any time, the farmer who fails to sow it will deprive himself and his stock of a most valuable plant, and, as it can be seeded down at any time at this season, the land for that purpose should be prepared without delay. Of course it thrives best on rich land, but even the poorest soil should be sown to rye rather than leave it unoccupied.—*Rural New Yorker.*

VALUE OF HONEY-COMBS.

The Practicability of Saving Them for Several Years' Operation.

It has long been a question with bee-keepers whether honey-combs could not be used for repeated filling, thus saving much time to the busy insect. A correspondent of the Germantown *Telegraph* considers the question as settled, for he has thoroughly tested the experiment in his own apiary. He says: "A bee-hive should contain about eighteen hundred or two thousand cubic inches in the brood chamber, which will require one and a quarter pounds of combs to fill it (if properly arranged as the bees will do), this being a fact as every one who any thing can testify. It requires at least twenty-five pounds of liquid, sweet or honey as the case may be, to make the one and one-quarter pounds of combs, which it also requires at least fifteen days' time for a good swarm of bees to gather and secrete into wax in order to build the combs from, which is to supply the brood chamber. It is also a fact, not successfully controverted, that a good swarm of bees, say twenty thousand strong, will gather at least eight or ten pounds of honey in a day if the honey season is a good one. We have often had swarms gather double that amount in a day.

At first thought, those who think but little about the true value of combs can hardly believe that it takes twenty-five pounds of honey for the bees to produce a pound and a quarter of combs, yet this statement is true, and any one who can figure will find that bees will store at least one hundred pounds of nice honey in a season in combs given them to start with, and not compel them to use up the best and most valuable honey for making their combs. We have often contended and are still of the opinion that the best honey is gathered about the time that fruit blooms come out, and especially when the white clover and other earliest blooms are in full vigor, which is usually the time our bees here in the North do their swarming. They are too often placed in an empty hive or gum to build new combs and shift for themselves, or, as it is usually called, luck, while we are very sure the old sinner luck has for many years been a failure. As before stated, the first honey is our best, and in order to procure the best we must save our combs from stocks that may have died or in some other way left their hive which is done too often by spring dwindling. These combs are truly valuable to the live bee-keeper and can be turned to good account by saving them for another year's operation. Don't melt them up for wax, for surely there is but little pay in the wax to the producer at twenty and twenty-three cents per pound, while the combs in many instances can be turned to good account by giving them (nicely transferred and fastened in movable frames) to the bees, which which will soon fill them with the best of all sweets—that of honey—which you can with very little expense extract and return the combs to the bees for refilling, and thus make a saving of at least one hundred pounds of nice extracted honey worth, as a rule, fifteen cents per pound.

"We know whereof we speak when we state that in the year 1882 we took from one stock of Cyprian bees 718 pounds of nicely extracted honey, which netted us twenty cents per pound; this we could not have done had we not have saved our best combs and used them as before stated, saving both time and honey in the early part of the season, giving the bees the full benefit of a splendid honey harvest. Again let me say look well to your bees and they in return will richly repay you for all the trouble you may be at in their care. Time in bee-keeping may be as valuable as any other calling on earth, and he who will not heed its demands must expect to make slow progress."

Wash-Board Statistics.

A traveling agent of one of the largest wash-board factories in the United States gave a reporter the following interesting statistics and information. He said that millions of wash-boards are made and sold in the United States every year, and at least 7,200,000 are sold yearly between the Allegheny mountains and Missouri river. There is one factory which turns out over a million, and at least two factories which make 700,000 and 800,000 a year. There are at least twenty varieties of wash-boards, and the best are made in the West. The Eastern factories make their wash-boards out of pine. Hard wood is undoubtedly the best. Pine is soft, and white pine is too expensive. The poorer kinds can be bought as low as 80 cents a dozen wholesale; these are single wash-boards for family use. The better kinds cost $2.25 per dozen wholesale, and double washboards—that is that have zinc edges on both sides—cost much more, retailing at 50 cents apiece for the best. Laundry sizes of this description cost much more. The first wash-boards were made entirely of wood, and our washwomen used to pound the dirt out of clothes with a stick, by laying them on the board. The first wash-boards made of zinc were put upon the market about twenty-five years ago.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—If the ground is damp a one-horse plow should be run through the spaces between the strawberry rows in order to allow the surplus water to flow off in winter. Strawberries are partial to somewhat damp locations, but in the winter and early spring, when heavy rains cause the water to stand on the plants, it is injurious. The frost will also heave up the plants if the ground is too wet.

THE OWNER OF SOIL.

Why He Is the Preserver of a Fresh, Generous National Character.

The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels, by the laws of the land in which he lives, that he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is, by the constitution of our nature, under a wholesome influence, not easily imbibed from any other source. Other things being equal he feels, more strongly than any other person, the character of a man as the lord of an inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by His power, is rolling through the heavens, a part is his—his, from the center to the sky. It is the space on which the generation moves in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home.

Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers; he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors. The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every enclosure. The favorite tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in boyhood beside the brook which still winds through the meadows. Through the field lies the path to the village school of early days. He still hears from his window the voice of the Sabbath bell which called his fathers to the house of God; and near at hand is the spot where his parents are laid down to rest, and where, when his time has come, he shall be laid by his children.

These are the feelings of the owners of the soil. Words can not inspire them; they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart; they are life springs of a fresh, healthy and generous national character.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

A HUNDRED YEARS A HERO.

How Seth Warner Won a Wife and Became Famous.

Colonel Seth Warner, of Vermont, the famous hero of the Revolutionary war, was a leading fighter for the Hampshire grants.

These titles were disputed by the State of New York, and its authorities obtained an edict of the King of England in their favor. The settlers were stung by the supposed injustice. This state of things brought Colonel Seth Warner to the front. With Ethan Allen and others he actively opposed every effort of the New York State authorities to enforce possession, and finally he, with Allen and others, were outlawed and a price put on their heads!

To circumvent New York, it was necessary that some one should go into that state and gain required information. Col. Warner, assuming for safety the name of "Dr. Howard," undertook this perilous and romantic journey.

While on his way home he stopped at a country inn, where an old gentleman and daughter were storm-bound. The father fell ill and the daughter called upon Col. Warner, who, with his wide knowledge of simple remedies, successfully treated the "old man," and he finally won this devoted woman for a wife.

Such incidents were not uncommon in those years. When the doctor was not easily reached, months of sickness, and even life were often saved by some unprofessional friend versed in the use of simple herbs and roots. The health of early settlers and their powers of endurance convince us that such medicines did only good and left no poison in the blood to work as much injury to the system as would the disease itself.

In time of peace the Colonel was in constant demand for his knowledge of simple remedies and their power over disease. But it was left to another of his name of the present age to give to the public what was then used with such positive success.

Warner for over a hundred years has shared with Ethan Allen the admiration of the American people.

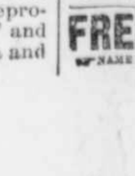
Colonel Seth Warner belongs to a family of wide distinction; no less than eight members thereof won fame in the regular practice of medicine.

Looking to the adoption by the people of this generation of the old time simple remedies, his direct descendant, H. H. Warner, the well-known proprietor of Warner's safe cure, for many years has been experimenting with old time roots and herbs formulæ and, his search having been finally rewarded with success, he gives the world the result. These recipes and formulæ in other days accomplished great things because they were purely vegetable and combined simply so as to cure the disease indicated, without injury to the system. In harmony with their old time character, we learn that he proposes to call them Warner's Log Cabin remedies, using as a trade-mark an old-fashioned American log cabin. We understand that he intends to put forth a "sarsaparilla," for the blood, the sarsaparilla itself being but one of a number of simple and effective elements; "Log Cabin hops and buchu," a general stomach tonic and invigorator: "Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy," "Warner's Log Cabin hair tonic;" a preparation for that universal disease catarrh, called "Log Cabin rose cream;" "Warner's Log Cabin plasters;" and "Warner's Log Cabin liver pills," which are to be used in connection with other remedies, or independently as required.

Warner's safe remedies are already standards of the most pronounced scientific value in all parts of the world, and we have no doubt the Log Cabin remedies, for the diseases they are intended to cure, will be of equal merit, for Mr. Warner has the reputation of connecting his name with no preparation that is not meritorious.

—Mrs. Malaprop has come to the front again; she was heard telling a friend recently that the State of New York had passed a law providing for the execution of criminals by the Electoral College.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—The science of tunneling is an exacting one. One who engages in it must understand the hole business.—*Binghamton Republican.*



Log Cabins were strongholds of love, contentment, health and happiness. Coon skins were nailed to the door and they were the happy homes of strong, healthy, noble men and women. The simple but effective remedies which carried them to green old age are now reproduced in Warner's "Tippecanoe," and Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla and other Log Cabin Remedies.

Living on the Reputation of Others.

"Take everything that I have but my good name; leave me that and I am content." So said the philosopher. So say all manufacturers of genuine articles to that horde of imitators which thrives upon the reputation of others. The good name of Allcock's Porous Plasters has induced many adventurers to put in the market imitations that are not only lacking in the best elements of the genuine article, but are often harmful in their effects.

The public should be on their guard against these frauds, and, when an external remedy is needed, be sure to insist upon having Allcock's Porous Plaster.

The portrait painter generally gets his pay partially in advance. He is thus always drawing a head.—*Idea.*

Smith (with smiling face)—What have you got the blues about?

Jones—Nothing to do. Times are dull.

Smith—Well, now, old fellow, I am glad I struck up with you. You sit right down and write to B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va., and they will put you in a way to make money faster than you ever did before. I was out of work, too, but began a little correspondence with them and now I am growing fat and rich. Too busy to talk longer now.

The man who brings suits is always somewhat sad. There is something plaintiff about him.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

To Take French Leave.

If we could only persuade that unwelcome visitant, chills and fever, to do this, we would be fortunate. But while we can't exactly make it "cut and run," we can uproot its hold upon the system in time with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This is known [illegible] malaria is a periodical caller. It [illegible] matter of wide information that the [illegible]ters cures biliousness, dyspepsia, debility and rheumatism.

Many a fellow who is whole-souled has to go to a shoemaker and get half-soled.—*Dansville Breeze.*

A Sore Throat or Cough, if suffered to progress, often results in an incurable throat or lung trouble. *"Brown's Bronchial Troches"* give instant relief.

The typewriter has banished much bad writing, but it can't overcome the bad spelling.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Send your address for a FREE BOOK on the Liver, its Diseases and Treatment, to Dr. Sanford, 231 Broadway, New York.

Nitrate of silver—he change paid for a half-price telegram.

Actors, Vocalists, Public Speakers praise Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

A "broth of a boy" ought to make a good "supe."—*Harper's Bazar.*

If afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Words of cheer—Hurah! Tiger!—*Texas Siftings.*

If a young lady's maiden aim is successful, she has no maiden name.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Why is the vowel o the only one sounded? Because all the others are inaudible.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

Some men are always willing to stand up for the ladies excepting, perhaps, in a horse-car.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A great yarn—the Golden Fleece.—*Life.*

Time is short, but the tallest man can never get ahead of it.

An after-dinner speech—"How much is my bill?"—*Merchant Traveler.*

Silence is never more golden than when the silent partner has a boodle.—*New Haven News.*

There is [illegible] compensation in all things. The higher [illegible] the price the smaller the ton of [illegible] coal.—*N. Y. Evening Sun.*

[illegible] nonsense—a humorous clipping.

It is claimed that all absconding cashiers are ex-checker players.—*Duluth Paragrapher.*

Sometimes in a trade a man kicks when there is nothing to boot.—*Boston Post.*

A counter irritant—The customer who overhauls but never buys.—*Time.*

The exercising of horses just before a race is the preamble.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

The washerwoman, like the poet, spends a good deal of time over a line and finds life full of hard rubs.—*Boston Courier.*

Now that they have machines for rowing on wheels there may yet be an invention that will enable a man to paddle his own canoe without getting into deep water.—*Baltimore American.*

Dyspepsia is the bane

of the present generation. It is for its cure and its attendants, Sick Headache, Constipation and Piles, that

Tutt's Pills

have become so famous. They act speedily and gently on the digestive organs, giving them tone and vigor to assimilate food. No griping or nausea.

Sold Everywhere.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

CATARRH
Cold in Head
Ely's Cream Balm

ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

$75 to $250 A MONTH can be made working for us. Agents preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va.

☞ NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

$5 TO $8 A DAY. Samples worth $1.50 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write BREWSTER SAFETY REIN HOLDER CO., Holly, Mich.

☞ NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

GOLD. Live at home and make more money working for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

☞ NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

CANCER and Tumors cured, no knife, book free. Drs. Gratigny & Bush, 165 Plum Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

☞ NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

FREE By return mail. Full description Moody's New Tailor System of Dress Cutting. MOODY & CO., Cincinnati, O.

☞ NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

ST. JACOBS OIL

For Strains, Injuries.

RECENT, PERFECT CURES.

Crippled. Streator, Ill., May 20, 1888. Mr. M. ZACK, professional stilt skater, in January, 1887, wrenched his ankle and was crippled for two months on crutches; he used two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil and was permanently cured. C. E. CROSWELL, Druggist.

Crushed. Chandlerville, Ill., May 23, 1888. About six months ago I was jammed between cars; in bed 23 days; suffered four months; used three bottles St. Jacobs Oil; was able to be about in one week. J. ASHURST.

Strained. Mt. Carmel, Ill., May 26, 1888. Strained my back in February last; could not get round for two weeks without a cane; was cured in three days by St. Jacobs Oil. J. F. WARNER.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

Diamond Vera-Cura

FOR DYSPEPSIA.

AND ALL STOMACH TROUBLES SUCH AS: Indigestion, Sour-Stomach, Heartburn, Nausea, Giddiness, Constipation, Fullness after eating, Food Rising in the Mouth and disagreeable taste after eating. Nervousness and Low-Spirits.

At Druggists and Dealers or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. (5 boxes $1.00) in stamps. Sample sent on receipt of 2-cent Stamp.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

Margaret—Where did you get that beautiful new Water-Color, Annie?

Annie—It is one of the series I told you about, that they are publishing in Demorest's Monthly Magazine. Nearly every one thinks I paid from $5 to $10 for it, when the fact is it cost me nothing: for I consider my Magazine worth four or five times what I pay for it. I used to buy at least $3 worth of patterns a year, but now each one of my Magazines contains an order entitling me to any pattern of any size I want. I therefore get my pictures free, my patterns free, and a Magazine, besides, that my whole family anxiously watch for. So we are all pleased. If you send 10 cents to the publisher, W. Jennings Demorest, 15 E. 14th st., N. Y., you will receive a specimen number, and you will certainly lose nothing, for in it you will find a pattern order worth 30 cents; which if you do not care to use, you can pass over to me, and I will give you the 10 cents that you paid for the specimen copy for it.

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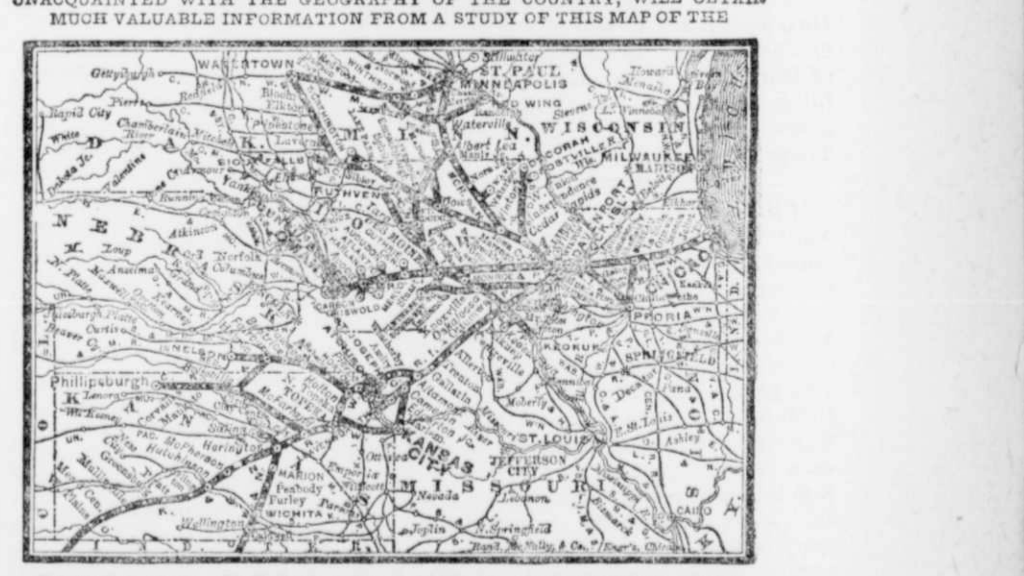

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SATURDAY, NOV. 3, 1888.

Don't Trade.

Republicans have everything to lose and nothing to gain by trading. Don't do it.

Watch out for "Burchard" and "Morey Letter" roorbacks in these closing days of the campaign. They may not take an old form, but the Democratic managers are discouraged, defeated and not particularly scrupulous.

A veteran of the war who can vote for Grover Clevelond after the calumnious veto messages with which he has delayed Congress, with their sneering allusions to the men whose dauntless courage and unrequitted privations saved the Nation, must have a shattered memory.

There are hundreds of Democrats whose hearts are for Protection but who dislike to vote against their party. To those we say, do not give a club to the party that even threatens to pound you over the head. Mr. McComas has proven himself smart, able, willing and anxious to serve us all. Why go against him. He has worked day and night to protect our interests at Washington, and why send a new man whose heart we know is with the Free Trade South.

Let every reader of the REPUBLICAN read Judge Yellott's letter to his fellow-citizens of Baltimore county. Judge Yellott is one of the most distinguished of our Judges of Maryland. He has been an earnest Democrat heretofore, and the reasons he gives for turning are well worth considering. Let no one say: Oh! Judge Yellott don't amount to much. He does amount to one of the most distinguished of our eminent lawyers of Maryland. There must be something amiss with the Democratic party or he would not call it Free Trade in its tendencies.

If this is not a Tariff fight then we don't know what is. The whole American people are now engaged in earnest discussion of this subject. You will hear it everywhere; and if all this talk is for fun, our people must be very funny people indeed. But men and brethren it's business. Business on the first floor, and all the way through it's business, real and genuine, and don't forget that your vote is going to weigh tons if it ever did. Thank fortune the Republican party is now, as it was during the war, on the right side; on the side that wins and that says Protection. Protection to America. Protection to the industries of America, and not Free Trade for Englishmen.

Farmers and working men of Garrett county, you are intelligent men. You can see for yourselves the direction the two parties are traveling. You know that the life-blood of Western Maryland is bound up in having protection. The Democratic party is headed in the wrong direction. England extends three thousand miles along our North with her wool, her coal, her iron. She is on our East and Southwest. The South with England work for one interest. The South raises cotton, sugar and rice. She needs no protection. She don't manufacture anything. One Northern State manufactures more than the whole South. She wants England's cheap goods to come in free of duty. She detests the Yankee. She begrudges the money paid for pensions which comes mostly from the tariff on foreign goods. The tariff which is our protection against cheap foreign labor, wool, coal, iron, etc., is to the South obnoxious. Her Carlisles, her Millses, her Breckenridges and all the host who fill our legislative halls, are bent on destroying our Tariff. Will you send Mr. Douglas, who fought with them, to Washington to vote against our interests? Will you give them more clubs to pound us over the head? God knows the farmer and laborer of Western Maryland have it hard enough, with our long winters, our rough, stony, thin ground, high taxes, bad roads, distance from markets, and many discouragements which dwellers in milder climates know nothing of, without lending assistance to a party who would destroy our markets, depreciate the price of our property and put us on an equal with the foreign cheap markets of the world.

Voters of Garrett County.

Every year we receive enough immigrants to fill a State such as Maryland. Does that look as though times were as good in Europe? Give Garrett county as many paupers in proportion as England has and we would have six hundred to care for. Give us as many as Belgium and we would have one thousand two hundred and sixty. Give us as many as Italy and we would have over six hundred. This is calculating our population at twelve thousand, and it was twelve thousand one hundred in 1880. Last year over six hundred thousand immigrants landed on our shores. The population of Maryland is less than ten hundred thousand.

The Joint Discussion.

Owing to our limited space, we can say but little of the joint discussion between McComas and Douglas Thursday of last week. The large hall was packed with an attentive and orderly audience. Col, J, W. Veitch acted as Chairman for the Democrats and and Hon. George W. Wilson for the Republicans. Mr. McComas opened the discussion and spoke for an hour, confining his remarks entirely to the tariff question. Col. Douglas followed and made frantic efforts to lead the minds of his hearers away from the convincing arguments of his able opponent. The Col. was loudly applauded at the close of his hour and fifteen minutes, when Mr. McComas again took the stand for fifteen minutes, and never was a man so badly used up in so short a time as was the gallant Colonel. McComas was so interrupted by applause that much of his time was consumed in that way, but he so thoroughly put the Democrats to flight that they were dumb after the meeting, while the Repablicans were all smiles and enthusiasm.

Don't forget, fellow citizens, these facts: England is all around and about us, with warehouses overflowing with merchandise, waiting for us to give her Free Trade. The Canadian frontier along our North, three thousand miles long, eagerly waiting to send over her wool, her lumber, her iron and coal. Nova Scotia to the North and East, barely fifty miles from the Coast of Maine, with twenty thousand square miles of territory, ready to come in with coal. On our West Australasia. Go to your school maps and you will see she is almost as large as the whole United States, with one hundred million sheep. There's the place to raise sheep cheap. Flocks with fifteen to twenty thousand and the whole continent covered with sheep, goats and cattle. A square mile of territory to each inhabitant. England is all around us. Go where you will you will find the Englishman has a foothold. Our Tariff alone keeps him out. Why tear down a single stone? Take out wool and you weaken the whole structure. Put lumber on the free list, you remove another stone, and so on. The whole English world is looking hopefully towards us for Free Trade.

Horace Resley, an old and honored citizen of Garrett county, used to say: "You must judge a man by the company he keeps." Now it is almost the same way with parties, only more so. We generally judge a man first by what he does. Secondly by what he attempts to do. That is, if we see a man try to steal, try to kill, or commit any crime, we judge he means to do it if he can. It is the same with political parties. A great many people say oh! if I only thought the Democratic party meant Free Trade I would not vote the ticket. Well just apply these little rules to the Democratic party and see how it works. In 1884 Morrison was Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. The Democrats had full control of Congress. Mr. Morrison got up his little Tariff Bill putting coal free. It took Mr. McComas and the mining interests weeks of hard work to kill that little scheme. Mr. Morrison was defeated when he came before his people for re-election. Then Mr. Mills, of Texas, another out-and-out Free Trader, was made Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and his bill goes just as far as Morrison's bill. Where are all the Free Traders found if not in the Democratic party? Where are all the Free Trade papers? Everyone working for Cleveland. The fact is, there is not a prominent Free Trader in the Republican party. Nor is there a prominent Protectionist in the Democratic party. Citizens of Garrett county, this is a Tariff fight in earnest. This excitement and this forsaking of the Democratic party by hundreds of people everywhere show how earnest the fight is Rest fully assured that every vote cast for Cleveland and Douglas will encourage the Free Traders of the Democratic party. If the American people, who fully understand this as a Tariff fight, say Cleveland by their vote, it means free wool. That much is certain.

One hundred million sheep in Australasia. Oh, no! you are mistaken; you are only trying to scare us—that's only talk. Well hunt up a Rand and McNally atlas and see what that says. Well what does it say? It says Australasia belongs to England, has over three million square miles of territory, a square mile to each inhabitant, and lies in direct communication with San Francisco California. The climate cannot be excelled for mildness. Snow is never known. The country is literaly alive with sheep, cattle and horses. Sheep in 1884 was almost one hunded million, now estimated at more than that amount. There's cheap wool. There's fine wool. Only let it come in tariff free and we will all throw away our "cotton-nixed," and our "home-made," and our "factory-made," and we will all out on fine wool, "imported, don't you know;" and then how we can turn up our noses at the great American sheep.

ENGLAND, October, 1888.

DEAR BRO. MILLS:—We want as big slice of Free Trade as we can get, but we will be thankful for only small favors if only they come often enough. Let me give you some good advice. You know you of the South want to buy of us instead of going to New York, Massachusetts and those Yankee States. We want your cotton and you want our coal, our wool, our hoes, our shovels, our machines, our tools, and we have plenty on hand and cheap; so you see we just feel as you do. Don't say any more about Free Trade. Call it Tariff Reform, and if your Republican folks call you Free Traders you must "pass back," and call them Tariff Reformers. And Dear Bro. Mills and my Southern brethren, we will keep quiet too. Our heart is with you in this fight. You know how we stuck to you from 1860 to 1865; but we will just keep quiet until you get one more vote in the Senate and then we will have them Yankees and Northern fellows just where we have wanted them for years. Try and keep Free Trade in the back ground as much as possible. Tell Bro. Carlisle, and Bro. Watterson, and Bro. Breckenridge, and Bro. Douglas, and Bro. Geo. Wm. Curtis, and Bro. Henry George, and Bro. Godkin, of the *Times*, to cheer up. They talk most too plain for Free coal. Its all a mistake. Mum's the word.

Yours in faith,
JOHN BULL.

ENGLAND, October, 1888.

DEAR BROTHER JONATHAN:—I will write you a few lines to inform you that times are a little hard just now. I think my Island rather small for farming so we have built all kinds of manufactories and I hope you will take down the Tariff wall and let us in. Some of my boys are over in Canada and Nova Scotia waiting to go to work, and also down in Australia, and Cape Colony, and India. Some of the boys are raising money to help our Brother Cleveland. and I think it looks very selfish in you not to ask us in when we are so close. Times have been a little scant ever since you built that Protection wall, and we all join in love, and request that you open your door just a little once, so we can shove in some lumber, coal, iron and wool. You will find them all first-class.

Yours,
JOHN BULL.

The coming very big or very little man is Mills, of Texas. Mills, of Texas, with his little Free Trade Bill which takes away protection from everything but sugar and rice and then calls in the "average fiend" to help him out with his people. Firstly, Mr. Harrison is going to be elected. That will kill Mr. Mills pretty dead. Then Mr. Mills is going to be left at home himself, like Hurd and Morrison. That will kill him and bury him politically besides.

Who killed Cock Robin?
I, said the Sparrow,
With my little bow and arrow.
Who killed the Party?
I, said Mr. Mills, with my little "Bill,"
I killed the Party.

Judge Yellott's Letter.

Hon. George Yellott, of Baltimore county, Judge of the Court of Appeals, in response to a request from Messrs. James E. Hooper. James W. Tyson, Wm. Whitelock, Enoch Pratt, and many other leading citizens of his county, to give the people the benefit of his "observations, experience and reflections upon the system of protection to our producing and laboring classes, as compared with the effects of efforts which have been made and are being made to destroy or injure that beneficient system," has written a letter that deals very candidly and forcibly with the subject. It must be borne in mind that Judge Yellot is a Democrat and has been twice elected to the Court of Appeals by that party. We commend his views to the thoughtful consideration of all who desire to be enlightened on the supreme issue of the hour.

TOWSON, MD, Oct. 22nd, 1888.

Gentlemen:—In your communication just received, you request me to give public expression to my views in relation to the vitally important question involved in the present political contest. You very properly suggest that the paramount issue of the day—the protection of American industry—"rises far above the plane of partisan politics, so that no impropriety would attach to one occupying a judicial station, in defining his position thereon; such a course being rather a patriotic duty, which will contribute to avert a public disaster."

I feel the full force of this suggestion, and could I, at this time, withdraw myself from the sphere of the duties appertaining to my official position, nothing would afford me greater pleasure than to be present at the proposed meeting and give expression to my opinions on a subject which, next to the preservation of the organic law of the land, is the most important which has ever occupied the attention of American people.

The pleasure afforded by an attendadce on the meeting would be the greater as, among the numerous signers to the communication addressed to me, I perceive the names of gentlemen who have hitherto differed in regard to their political affiliations, and, therefore, fully recognize the fact that I am invited to address an assemblage of patriots, and not of partisans. Although I cannot be present, for the reason already assigned, I beg you to accept a written expression of some of my views on the subject of protection to American industry.

* * * * * *

The farmers of this country surely cannot desire to have their home market destroyed. They are told that, if certain foreign goods are let in, they can buy cheaper. Well, a man cannot buy unless he has money. A farmer cannot have much money unless he can sell his produce for a good price. An Englishman comes to him and says: "I can sell you a coat cheaper than the American manufacturer." "Well," says the farmer, "if you will buy my grain for a good price I can buy the coat." Says the Englishman: "I don't want your grain. I get my supply of grain from India. The Hindoo works for a few cents a day. My grain obtained from India cost me not more than half as much as you ask for yours. Lower your price and I may buy your wheat, though the Indian supply is abundant.'" "What!" says the American farmer. "Am I, in order to get the English coat, to sell my wheat at ruinous prices? My farm laborers will not work, like the Hindoo, for a few cents a day. We cannot compete with the pauper labor of India. We are American citizens, and I and the men who work on my farm had better vote for a protective tariff, and have a home market. Mr. John Bull, I can't buy your coat, unless you will consent to pay me a good price for my wheat."

And so with all the workingmen of the country. It would be bitter mockery. It would be adding insult to injury, for a free trader to tell a factory operative about cheap English goods, when he has been thrown out of employment and has no money in his pocket, and sees no prospect of obtaining any. When the Englishman comes in and undersells the American manufacturer, the factory is closed and the operative is out of employ. The Englishman's cheap goods have been the ruin of the American workmen.

A few days ago I was standing at the window of a house in Hampden, I had passed over this very spot of ground some thirty years ago, when. with the exception of a few straggling houses, there was no Hampden, no Woodberry. Now there is a population of many thousands. All this is the outgrowth of the protective system. As I was thinking of these things a wagon was driven up loaded with the finest potatoes I ever beheld. It was soon surrounded, the potatoes sold, and the farmer—the son of one of my old friends—started back to the sixth district of Baltimore county to bring another load. Here was a home market for the farmer created by the protective tariff. Could the Englishman have bought the farmer's potatoes? Oh, no; but he would have offered him a cheap coat, But the farmer must sell before he can buy, and unless he can find a home market he cannot dispose of his produce. There are a vast number of Hampdens and Woodberrys created by the protective tariff. Let anyone travel over this great country, and he will discover hundreds of manufacturing places created by the wise policy of protection, and affording a home market for the farmer's products.

The evil of the surplus in the Treasury can easily be obviated. Let them remove duty on sugar and many other articles which ought to come in free, and there will be no surplus. But it is apparent that men who will keep the duty on sugar and let foreign wool in free, so that our farmers will have to compete with the wool-growers of Australia and Europe, are not the safest depositaries of political power. The State of Maryland has endeavored to protect our wool-growers by a tax on dogs in many of the counties, but the present dominant party in the House of Representatives propose to render such legislation useless by letting in foreign wool free and thus injuring our farmers more than would be done by a thousand sheep killing dogs turned loose in every county.

In conclusion, I would say that any farmer or workingman who votes for a party that is moving in the direction of free trade, will be voting to impoverish himself, beggar his family, and bring on the country the calamities which afflicted us in 1840. In that year I cast my first vote for General William Henry Harrison, and in this year it is my intention to vote for his worthy grandson, General Benjamin Harrison, who, I believe, will make as good a President as any man now living in America. With much respect, I am, gentlemen,

Very Truly Yours,
GEORGE YELLOTT.

The British Case.

Minister West is trying to show, first, that he has the right to hold and express political opinions in American politics, and, second, that he did not express such opinions in the Murchison letter. At the same time Mr. Bayard, who has returned to Washington, has undertaken to do away with the bad impression made by the Delaware interview, in which he declared that the government could not take any notice of Mr. West's letter because it was marked "private." He now says that it was an impertinent interference in our domestic affairs.

It is an impertinent interference. As we have said before, there is no escape from the conclusion that Mr. West intended to secure a vote for Cleveland. The Murchison letter was written by an Englishman who wanted to vote in a way that would be most advantageous to British interests. He naturally applied to the British minister and received the advice to vote for Mr. Cleveland. It was sound advice from his point of view, for there is no doubt that the election of Mr. Cleveland will be best for Geart Britain and Canada. There is no doubt at all that the accession of the Republican party to power will be followed by much unhappiness in the Dominion.

If the administration had not been truthfully represented in Lord Sackville's letter, we should have heard long before this that he had been sent home. A thoroughly American administration, such as Mr. Harrison will give us, would have given him his passports immediately on the publication of Mr. West's letter. But this administration knows that the Minister was right in asserting that Mr. Cleveland was not sincere in his retaliation message, and that he would not do anything to injure Canada if he could avoid it. Therefore, the passport has not been issued and Minister West remains. It would be too late now to insist on his recall. Such a course at this time, so long after the commission of what Mr. Bayard calls his impertinent interference, would simply be another political game, and a game of as low a character as Mr. West describes the retaliation message to have been, We regret that the administration invites such insults as Lord Sackville has inflicted upon the country, but we cannot expect anything better so long as Mr. Cleveland remains in office, After the 5th of March the British Minister will have less influence in American councils, and American citizens will have their rights more zealously guarded—*New York Express.*

Nothing short of a miracle can defeat the Republican party this year. And it would take a pretty able-bodied miracle too.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Oct. 29th, 1888.—The first great sensation of the campaign has come in the shape of a letter from Lord Sackville-West, the British Minister to the United States, advising an American citizen to vote for Cleveland because he is the friend of England and believes in free trade. The letter then goes on to say that Cleveland's celebrated Canadian retaliation message was only a bit of clap-trap intended to influence the Irish vote; also, that the rejection of the fisheries treaty by the Republican Senate was for the same purpose. When confronted with the letter Lord Sackville at once acknowledged it, and to add insult to insult, reiterated the sentiments expressed therein, and added a lot more of the same sort. Of course Lord Sackville wanted to help the Democratic party to win, and in writing the letter was in all probability only carrying out the instructions of the English Foreign Office in London, but the publication of the letter has brought about an effect directly contrary to that intended by the author. The voters of this country will naturally resist the dictation of the British minister as to who they shall vote for.

But aside from considerations, the studied insult to the President, House and Senate, and through them to the whole American people, has raised a storm of virtuous indignation that in any other country on earth would have caused the British minister to have been mobbed. Nothing else is talked of in the hotels, stores, government departments and family circles of Washington. What has Cleveland done to resent this outrageous insult to himself and to the whole country? Virtually nothing. The letter was made public on Tuesday, and up to Friday the administration had taken no action whatever, but on that day the facts were cabled to the American minister in London, and he was directed to lay them before the English Foreign Office. Think of such child's play! When every manly and patriotic American was expecting that Lord Sackville would have his passport sent to him, and that a peremptory demand would be made upon the English Government for his immediate recall, the administration lays the facts before the English Foreign Office, and leaves that office to take such action as it may see fit. The action that office will take will probably be to transfer Lord Sackville to a higher diplomatic position in the diplomatic corps; meanwhile the United States will become the laughing stock of the entire world on account of the cowardice of Cleveland. Here was the opportunity to have carried into effect the "jingoism" which the administration Senators were continually talking about during the consideration of the fisheries treaty by the Senate. Nothing has so strikingly shown the incapacity of the Democratic party to govern this country as this episode. A man who has shown himself to be a coward will never be elected President of the United States, and Cleveland's timid action in this case is likely to make more votes for Harrison than the British ministers letter. In Washington Cleveland's chances of being elected, if he ever had any, are now considered to be gone glimmering.

Few prominent politicians of either party are seen in Washington these days. They are all on the stump, consequently there is very little political news originating here just now, but in another week Washington will again become the political headquarters of the Nation.

Senator Morgan came to the city last week for the express purpose of having himself interviewed, so that he could tell the people what a thoroughly intense American Grover Cleveland is. In view of the action, or rather want of action of Cleveland in the British minister's case, the words of the Alabama Senator proved but empty sounds. When robust action is wanted words will not suffice to satisfy the people.

An American who has been in London since last December and engaged during much of his time in the study of social questions, writes: "It is estimated that out of 908,000 people in East London 314,000 may be said to be unemployed, as they have no regular work; that South London is almost in the same condition, and that North London is not much better off." We may ask what is the benefit of the cheapness of English commodities to this vast mass of miserable English people?

Forty per cent on the "poor man's blanket" and only 30 per cent. on the Axminister carpet of the rich man, as the Mills bill says.—*Samuel J. Randall.*

It is reported that New York and Connecticut people are kept awake nights by the continuous flopping of Democrats to the Republican party.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

NOTICE:

W. H. Hagans, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Remember that Republicans have everything to lose and nothing to gain by trading.

—All persons indebted to G. A. Shirer are requested to call and settle.
10 20 3m. G. A. SHIRER.

—$5,000—TO LOAN—On first mortgage on real estate.
THOMAS & SINCELL.

—1,000 pheasants wanted at Felty & Co's., Railroad street, near Depot. 9 29 tf.

—WANTED—500 Dozen Eggs, at the Oakland Bakery. Highest cash market price paid.
B. FREISE.

—Wanted, at Garthright's store, ten tons of nice buckwheat flour at $3.00 cash per 100 pounds, or $3.30 in trade.

—Preaching in the Ev. Lutheran church, Deer Park, Sunday, Nov. 4th at 11 A. M., by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

—Call at W. D. Nydegger's Nov. 9th and 10th and examine the splendid diamonds, watches and jewelry on exhibition by S. T. Little & Sons, of Cumberland.

—Ex-Gov. W. T. Hamilton died at his home in Hagerstown Friday of last week, and was buried on Monday last. The Garrett Guard armory has been draped in mourning in respect to his memory.

—Married, at the home of the bride, near Deer Park, Tuesday evening, Oct. 23d, by Rev. M. L. Maysilles, Mr. Asberry Bolyard, of Preston county, W. Va., and Miss Emma Pysell, of near Deer Park, Md.

—S. T. Little & Sons., the old and well known jewelers of Cumberland, will have one of the firm at W. D. Nydegger's Drug Store Nov. 9th and 10th, with a large line of Diamonds, Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry, &c., at city prices.

—Mr. Wm. Matthews, residing in Preston county, W. Va., near Cranesville, was thrown from a wagon in Oakland Tuesday and seriously hurt. He is now at the residence of Mr. George Richardson with two broken ribs and his head cut and bruised, besides other cuts and bruises.

—Died, near Accident, on Wednesday morning, October 24th, 1888, Frederick Ault, aged 70 years. Mr. Ault was an old, esteemed citizen of Accident district; one of the first pioneers to come to this county years ago. He helped to make this section what it is. A hard working man, a faithful member of the Lutheran church and a good citizen. Mr. Ault leaves behind six children, all of whom are residents of this vicinity excepting Jonas, who lives in Pennsylvania. Mr. Ault was an uncle of John Ault, Esq., former proprietor of the Commercial House, Oakland, Md. During the troublesome times from 1860 to 1865, Mr. Ault was a steadfast Union man, and naturally became a staunch Republican, which he continued to be until the close of his life.

—Remember that Republicans have everything to lose and nothing to gain by trading.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7½ P. M., by Rev. C. T. Trippett.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M., and 7½ P. M., by Rev. John S. Foulk.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 7½ P. M., by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Y. M. C. A.

The twenty-third annual week of Prayer for Young Men and Young Men's Christian Associations, will be opened by the Oakland, Md., Y. M. C. A., in Sturgiss' Hall, beginning Nov. 11th, Sunday morning, at 9½ o'clock, and continue one week. Everybody is invited. Members are expected to attend.

Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry.

Nov. 9th and 10th, one of the firm of S. T. Little's old and reliable firm of Cumberland, will be at W. D. Nydegger's Drug Store, with a full line of diamonds, watches, jewelry, &c.

—Remember that Republicans have everything to lose and nothing to gain by trading.

—A full and complete line of Pants, heavy weights, for winter wear at CORRELL'S.

Information for Judges of Election.

Secretary of State LeCompte Saturday sent to the different clerks of courts in the counties copies of the registration and election laws of 1888 for distribution at the various polling places on election day. The circular accompanying the pamphlets states they were printed at the suggestion of Gov. Jackson "in consequence of the many changes and for the information of the judges and other election officers."

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Garrett county, Md., for week ending Nov. 3d, 1888:

Baehtel, Elijah,	Kahn, Pauline,
Carden, Mrs. Jane,	Snyder, Silas,
Elzie, Ben,	Smitten Henry,
Gower, James,	Stalnaker, I W.,
Jones, J. P.,	Wilmoth, A. & Son.

POSTAL CARDS.

Davidson, Frank, S., Kimmel, D.
Dumbold, Mr.,

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

These letters are chargable with one cent due on delivery.

P. HAMILL, P. M.

Swanton.

Our new miller, Mr. Roadman, is doing good work, and is running the mill almost night and day. He is giving general satisfaction.

Mr. W. L. Maysilles, of Westernport, was visiting Mr. A. F. George last week.

Mr. John Ashenfelter is unwell.

Mrs. E. Riggs, of New York City, and Mrs. Lewis, of Vienna, Md., are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Foster.

Next Tuesday will be fought the great battle for protection to home industry. It is the duty of every man who loves his country to cast his ballot for the best interest of his country. "Tariff reform," "free trade," or "tariff for revenue only,"—call it what you please—has always brought ruin and desolation to the best interests of the American people. This is a historical fact. Let every Republican, at least, stand by the old flag and vote for Harison, Morton, McComas and Protection. Let the old soldiers rally around the flag again, remembering that McComas has done more for them in the way of hurrying through their claims, &c., than all the Representatives of Maryland for the last fourteen years.

Let the farmers of Garrett county remember how they were treated by the Mills bill. The products of your fields and forests put upon the free list, while the sugar planters of Louisiana, and rice planters of Georgia were enormously protected.

Let the old soldiers remember how they have been treated by Cleveland. He would not fight for the old flag but sent a substitute, and now takes delight in vetoing pension bills. Veto him on the 6th of November.
HOOSIER.

Selbysport.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—The Harrison, Morton, McComas and Protection Republican Club of District No. 2 has been increased to over 100 members. The club has been doing some excellent work since its organization. The Jonas Frazee Republican Marching Club has about seventy-five members. The club will turn out for the first time on next Saturday evening, Nov. 3d. Mr. Chas F. Frazee, of Pittsburgh, Pa., presented the club with two large photographs of Harrison and Morton, flags, banners, &c. Turn out boys and help paint the town red on Little Mac's credit.

Between the railroad and the election the excitement is kept pretty high. Everybody is talking McComas and protection, and are confident Mac will get there again.

Our enterprising merchant, Mr. Jonas Frazee, has just returned from the city with the largest and best stock of goods that was ever brought to this town or vicinity before. Mr. Frazee is an experienced buyer as well as a first class salesman.

Franklin Mines.

The mines continue to work full time.

An accident occurred here Friday, which nearly resulted in the death of two men. Mr. John J. Laughlin and Charles McDade were securing a loose piece of slate, when it came down, covering Mr. Laughlin completely up and striking Mr. McDade in the back while trying to escape. Mr. Laughlin escaped with a few bruises on the head, and Mr. McDade was hurt but slightly.

Misses Flanigan and Martin, of Frostburg, spent a few days in our town.

Mr. Douglas is to be here the third. Wonder what he'll give us now that Mr. McComas has disposed of his free coal hobby. Guess it will be the old diet of war taxes and free whiskey. Mr. Douglas is a great champion for a tariff on coal. It appears to us that if a tariff is good for the coal industry it ought to be good for the lumber industry, wool industry and so on.

The war between "Citizen," of this place, and the Bloomington correspondent of the Piedmont *Herald* was declared off by the Editor. Friend "Citizen" has a bad case of tooth-ache, which makes him a little cranky, and therefore the Bloomington correspondent ought not to have wasted so much space.

Mr. Sloan will be here on the 5th of November. He will speak at Firm Rock.

Our school started Monday with a small attendance.

Mr. Geo. T. Michaels has fitted up a school room on his place for the benefit of those in the south end of the District, which starts on the 29th.

For Sale!--Brick! Brick! Brick!

Fire Pressed, hard and soft Brick, cheaper than ever sold in this county. Inquire of

C. M. RATHBUN,
Alderson & Rathbun Planing Mill,
Mt. Lake Park, Md, or to D. E. Offutt, Oakland, Md.

Cash For Produce!

If you want money for eggs, chickens, butter, &c., go to Chas. F. White, who is buying for John Shartzer, and will give you highest cash prices. Don't sell your chestnuts until you see him.

Democratic Extravagance.

OCTOBER, 30th, 1888.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—There are so many things to say to the voters who read the REPUBLICAN, and but a single issue due till the election!

The subject I have been pressing cannot be finished now, and will be bottled up, corked tightly, and carefully preserved for use in the local campaigns of the future.

I must now refer to a subject which has seldom been discussed by the Republicans, and never with a view to making political capital of it.

Republicans have refrained from using it against their political opponent because there was no prospect of mending matters, and they are too patriotic to jeopardize a matter of such vital consequence by what might be regarded as captious opposition or criticism.

Our Public Schools, since she county organization, have been exclusively under Democratic control. The Bench that appointed, as well as the appointees, have always been two to one Democratic, and the examiner has always been a Democrat. The Public Schools have therefore been managed and conducted entirely under Democratic influence. The ablest Democrats of the county have had a whack at it, and it is notorious that no other department of our county government has been so presistently mismanaged and abused. But the result has been precisely what might have been anticipated. The appointing power has been taken away from the source of power, and lodged in the hands of a corrupt political organization, and the whole thing is rotten from top to bottom, and from core to circumference. The school books are speculated on, and made to cost four times over what they should. In the last three years we have had but nine months of school. The schools had to be almost stopped for two years, so there could be money enough to pay the salaries of the officials, which were not diminished in the least. The children have been denied the opportunities they were entitled to, have grown up in ignorance, while the money intended for the support of the schools has been consumed, and is being consumed by the warring factions of the county Democracy; and to-day we are confronted with the question as to whether we have a legal school system at all, or whether our masters have not been levying annual contributions on us for their individual support.

The fact of the business is, the Democratic bosses, State and county, have come to regard the tax-payers as their legitimate prey. The people who mistakenly regard themselves as the source of power, are treated simply as the source of supply. Thousands and thouands of dollars have been extorted from the tax-payers of Garrett county, and used by the Democratic bosses to intrench themselves in power over the people. Whenever the salary of a Democrat has been increased, or whenever a useless office had been created for one, the idea has been to strengthen the party. But Garrett county has an atmosphere considerably rarified, so much so indeed, that Democratic methods are not likely to be crowned with any considerable degree of success. They will naturally drive the decent Democrats into a better party, and it requires so much boodle to keep the boodle-gang in line, that it must soon come to be regarded as a very expensive and altogether unreliable sort of amusement.

But I must refer to last winter's Legislature. I have said, if I remember rightly, that when your average Democrat tackles the all-important question of salaries, it works according to circumstances. If a Democrat's salary is changed it goes up, but when a Republicans salary is effected, it always goes the other way. They have not announced publicly that a Democrat is better than a Republican, or that as an officer he is in any way superior, only as regards the size of his salary. They have not proclaimed on what principle a Democrat should have more pay for doing a certain thing than a Republican should have for doing the same thing. It is a sort of Chinese puzzle, the solution of which everybody knows. No Democrat has been elected in Garrett county unless assisted by Republican votes, and we might reasonably expect their gratitude to manifest itself in a different way.

Those exhibitions of contemptible, mean, rank partisanship might be suppressed in the interest of decency and good taste, and the Republican voter and officer treated with something approaching civility and equality. The Republican's vote is good enough, but when it elects a Democrat he uses his position against the Republican and his party. His money is good enough, but it takes so much more of it to pay the salary of the Democrat that if he is sensible he will not use his ballot to give him a salary.

At the late session the spirit of Democratic equality and fairness manifested itself in the usual way. They not only tried to legislate a number of Republicans out of pay, but they wanted to steal the offices. Four years ago when the Sheriff was a Democrat his fees and allowances were largely increased, and about $800 additional added to his emolument; but last winter, when a Republican had the office the fees and allowances were reduced, and the $800 taken off again. The State's Attorney was also maliciously deprived of his customary allowances because of his Republicanism.

Our friends probably took lessons of the fellow who aimed his gun in such a manner that if it was a calf he would miss, but would hit if it was a deer. They directed their shot so that when they struck a Republican his pay went down, but every time a Democrat was hit his pay went higher.

The State's Attorney and Sheriff were the Republicans they struck last winter, and the crier of the Court, and the eleven registrative officers in the county were the Democrats. The latters' pay had already been increased in the session of '82 and now again a second time. The Registration Officers already had $50 to $60 for doing almost nothing, but in order to furthe strengthen the party, they raised it to from $90 to $100 for each Registration Officer, making an additional expense on the tax-payers of about $50.

The atempt to steal the office of Tax Collector, the appointment of the Schod Commissioners, and the beauties of our "Legislative Road" system will have to go for a more convenient season; but enough has been said to direct attention to the subject of Democratic extravagance and wastefulness, and to convince all who are in doubt about it, that the worst thing a tax-payer can do for himself or the county is to help put Democrats in controlof the offices.

In State and National affairs the same principles hold good. Therefore vote for your pocket-book now by voting for Harrison, Morton, McComas and Protection, and hereafter by electing good, honest Republicans, who will not deceive nor rob you, to all county offices.

Yours truly,
W.

Tax-Payers Take Notice,

That, under the law creating the office of Treasurer, it becomes the duty of said Treasurer, the first week in December of each year, to publish a list of all delinquent tax-payers for the current year; and that all taxes remaining unpaid on the 1st day of January, 1889 and of each year thereafter, interest will be added dating from 1st day of August last, and said taxes will be collected by due process of law. The Treasurer has no discretionary power in the matter to extend the time, or leniency in any way. Please pay up and save costs.

Respectfully,
ROSS COMPTON,
10 20 tf. Treasurer.

Railroad Connection to Berkeley Springs.

The Berkeley Springs and Potomac R. R, operated by the B. & O. R. R. co. running from Hancock, W. Va., a station on the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. to Berkeley Springs, W. Va., will be opened for business on Thursday, November 1st, when trains will run as follows: Leave Hancock 9:40 A. M., 12:45 P. M. and 5:10 P. M.

Leave Berkeley Springs 8 A. M., 10.35 A. M. and 4:10 P. M.

The running time between the two points being 25 minutes.

General Jackson on the Tariff.

Below we give General Jackson's views on the tariff question, which we commend to "the old Jacksonian Democrats" of Garrett county:

WASHINGTON CITY, April 20, 1824.—Heaven smiled upon and gave us liberty and independence. That same Providence has blessed us with the means of National independence and National defense. If we omit or refuse to use the gifts which He has extended to us we deserve not the continuation of His blessing. He has filled our mountains and our plains with minerals—with lead, iron and copper—and given us a climate and soil for the growing of hemp and wool. These being the great materials of our National defense, they ought to have extended to them adequate protection; that our manufacturers and laborers may be placed in a fair competition with those of Europe, and that we have within our country a supply of those leading and important articles so essential to wear. I will ask what is the real situation of the agriculturalist? Where has the American farmer a market for his surplus produce? Except for cotton he has neither a foreign or home market. Does not this clearly prove when there is no market at home or abroad that there is too much labor employed in agriculture? Common sense at once points out the remedy. Take from agriculture in the United States 600,000 men, women and children and you will at once give a market for more breadstuffs than all Europe now furnishes us. In short, sir, we have been too long subject to the policy of British merchants. It is time we should become a little more Americanized, and, instead of feeding paupers and laborers of England, feed our own, or else in a short time, by continuing our present policy, we shall be rendered paupers ourselves.

ANDREW JACKSON.

When the campaign newly opened, Cleveland's chance was rather fair, for he held the seat of office and the power that centers there, and the hosts that bore his banner seemed united, firm and strong, so the mark that showed his chances preadventure was this long:

But he wrote his little letter, which of platitudes was full, and which promised less to natives than it did to Johnnie Bull, and it breathed so much the spirit of "Big I and little you," that the mark which showed his chances, to this small dimension grew:

When the horny-handed toilers came to think the business o'er, they decided that they'd never vote for Cleveland any more; his election threatened ruin to the work that gave them food, so that little mark still dwindled till it something like this stood:

When the men who carried muskets in the crimson days of war, had their little pensions vetoed by this Presidential star, then they quietly decided that they'd work for his defeat, and that little mark kept shrinking in a way quite hard to beat:

As election day approaches, still that mark is getting small, and upon the fateful morning there will be no mark at all. Cleveland to be re-elected? Never will he know such bliss; even now his name is Dennis, and his chance not long as this:

—*Nebraska State Journal.*

An Affront to America.

"The *Sun* takes a patriotic view of the British Minister's astounding letter. It remark: "If this letter is an audacious forgery, Lord Sackville should denounce it as such without an hour's delay. If it is genuine, Mr. Bayard should send him his passport before to-morrow night. The *Sun* is a consistent Democratic journal of great power and influence; but it is also thoroughly American in its instinct. It perceives that if this this letter is genuine, the British Minister has not only violated one of the established principles of diplomatic practice, but that he has also invited his own dismissal from the important post which he now occupies.

The letter in question was reprinted the *Tribune* from the Los Angeles *Times*, which vouched for its genuineness, and stated that the original document was in its possession. Even with this guarantee, it seemed incredible that the British Minister could have been guilty of so scandalous an indiscretion; and we have refrained from commenting upon his performance until indisputable proof could be received that the letter was not a forgery. Our regular Washington correspondent has telegraphed to us that the British Minister acknowledges that the letter is genuine. Undoubtedly he would lose no time in denouncing it as an audacious forgery, as the *Sun* suggests, if he were in a position to do this.

The impropriety and indecency of the British Minister's intervention in a political canvass in the United States do not require demonstration. He represents his own Government and has official relations with the country at large. He ought to have no dealings with parties or factions. Diplomatic usage is most exacting in this respect. The accredited representative of a foreign court is debarred from taking part in political struggles and election controversies. The British Minister has so far forgotten the unwritten law of diplomacy as to advise naturalized citizens of English and Canadian birth to support the President as a candidate for re-election. The correspondent who ventured to address him on behalf of English-American admirers of the Administration could not have been left in doubt respecting Lord Sackville's sympathies and good wishes. The letter was an official certificate that the President is the English-Canadian candidate and worthy of receiving the suffrages and unbroken support of naturalized citizens of English or Canadian birth.

The country is well aware that the President is the English candidate. The judgment of the London and Canadian press has been decisive on this point. Sir Charles Tupper fully confirmed it when, after negotiating the Fisheries Treaty, he informed the Dominion Parliament that the Democratic and Canadian policies were one and the same thing. The British Minister is right in his facts. The President is England's man. He stands for foreign rather than American interests. But it is an unpardonable effront to the intelligence and patriotism of the country that Lord Sackville in the pending elections should take advantage of his official position to influence naturalized citizens of his own nationality. Americans want no advice from representatives of foreign courts respecting their political affairs. They must resent an official attempt on the part of the British Minister to array citizens of English and Canadian birth against the Republican party.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

In 1887, according to the New York *World*, a Democratic paper, we imported goods to the amount of $309,681 more than we exported. What would the balance of trade be against us if the Cleveland policy should be inaugurated? What will be the result when a farmer buys more than he sells? The same result would follow in the case of a nation.

This is the last number of the free papers sent out from this office. We hope to have a large accession of subscribers. Subscriptions left at the following named places will be cheerfully forwarded to us:

Jonas Frazee, Selbysport.
John E. Gnagey, Accident.
Samuel Specht, Jr., McHenry.
William Smith, Hoyes.
Lewis Mulenberg, Grantsville.

Any Republican in your vicinity will no doubt take pleasure in forwarding subscriptions.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE.

—:o:—

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting as a court of Equity, passed in a cause, being No. 486 Equity, in said Court, wherein Maria Grove, by her husband and next friend William P. Grove, is complainant, and Amanda Moore and John J. Moore, her husband, are defendants, the undersigned was appointed Trustee to make sale of the real estate described in the proceedings in said cause. In discharge of the trust reposed in me, by the terms of said decree, I will

On Saturday, November 24th,

1888, at the hour of eleven o'clock A. M. on the premises, about one mile from the village of Selbysport, offer at public sale that part of a tract of land known as

"RICH HILL,"

and described as follows: Military Lots Nos. 2793, 2794 and 2795; beginning for the same at a stone or bounded stake standing West eighty perches from a bounded chestnut tree, it being the original boundary of Military Lot No. 2790, and also of "Rich Hill," and running thence West 80 perches, North 100 perches, West 80 perches, South 200 perches East 160 perches, then by a straight line to the beginning, containing one hundred and fifty acres, more or less. Also Military Lot No. 2792, beginning for the same at a White Oak stump standing West 160 perches from a bounded chestnut tree, it being the beginning of "Rich Hill," and running thence East 80 perches, North 100 perches, West 60 perches, then by a straight line to the beginning, containing fifty acres, more or less, it being the same land which was conveyed to the said Amanda Moore by William P. Grove and wife by deed dated 31st day of March, 1883, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 2, folio 308, one of the land records of Garrett county.

About one hundred and forty acres of this farm are cleared and in a high state of cultivation. The other improvements consist of a comfortable

TWO-STORY FRAME HOUSE,

a good bank barn and all necessary outbuildings. Water is conveyed in pipes from the spring almost to the door.

There are valuable orchards containing apple, peach, plum, pear, cherry and quince trees upon the farm.

TERMS OF SALE—As prescribed by said decree:—One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, one-third in one year and one-third in two years from the day of sale, the whole to bear interest from day of sale, and the payment thereof to be secured by the bonds or notes of the purchaser with a surety or sureties to be approved by the undersigned trustee, or the whole of the purchase money may be paid in cash at the option of the purchaser, and when the whole of the purchase money is paid, and not before, the undersigned will convey said property to the purchaser or purchasers in accordance with the terms of said decree.

Conveyancing at cost of purchaser.

WILLIAM P. GROVE,
11 3 4 Trustee.

EDWARD H. SINCELL, Solicitor.

Estate of Elizabeth Swauger, Dece'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscribers, of Garrett county, Md., hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

ELIZABETH SWAUGER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 10th day of May next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefits of said estate. Given under my hand this 30th day of October, 1888.

JONAS E. GNAGEY, Executor,
11 3 3t Grantsville, Md.

CHANGE OF VOTING PLACE.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Oct. 23d, 1888.

Ordered, by the County Commissioners of Garrett County, this 23d day of October, 1888, that the Voting Place for Election District No. 10, Garrett county, be and the same is hereby changed from the house owned by Peter Connell in which Samuel Moore's Shoe Maker Shop formerly was, to the Store Room of J. C. Rodaheaver, in Deer Park, said county.

BRISON WELSH,
President.

True copy—Test:
W. H. HAGANS, Clerk.

fourth lay on the deck. In two trips the survivors were conveyed to the Lord Gough. The master of the schooner went in the second trip of the boat, but before doing so he read, with such solemnity as he could in the awful storm, the burial service over the remains of his comrade and then the body was committed to the deep. Of course the first inquiry made by Captain Hughes of the American captain was, why did he haul down his signal? The reply was: "Sir, we saw that you were preparing to make an effort to save us, but we saw, also, that it was a sea in which it was very doubtful whether a boat would live. I said then to my men: "Shall we let those brave fellows risk their lives to save ours?" and they said 'No!' Then I hauled down the flag."—*Cornhill Magazine.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

MY DARLING'S COMING.

What makes the sky so bright and blue?
The earth around so wondrous fair?
The woods and fields are full of song,
A thousand sweets are in the air.
The golden sunbeams fill the place
Where once the heaviest shadows lay,
'And all outdoors seems glad because
My darling's coming home to-day.

But yesterday 'twas dark as night,
And full of desolation, too;
And thoughts of ill, so dark and chill,
Appeared with every breeze that blew.
But with the morn a message came
That drove the shadows all away,
And right along I've sung this song:
My darling's coming home to-day!

How long and wearisome the time
That we were doomed apart to dwell!
Ah, was it months? or was it years?
Alas! alas! I can not tell.
Each day appeared a century
Of loneliness and bitter pain;
My heart at war, and longing for
My darling to come home again.

And now the waiting-time is o'er;
Hope's sweet fruition fills my breast;
And dismal doubts and gloomy fears.
Those evil birds, have fled their nest.
All things around a radiance wear,
As if in festival array,
And smiling so they surely know
My darling's coming home to-day.

—*Josephine Pollard, in N. Y. Ledger.*

A DESPERATE PLOT.

Determined Efforts of a Crook to Assassinate Me.

If you were certain in your own mind that a man sought your life, and that he would not desist until one or the other of you were dead, the feeling would be a strange one. No matter how brave you were, you could not hide your anxiety and alarm. No matter how strong your nerve, you would feel broken up. Let me send you word to-day that I seek your life and will not rest until I have seen you dead at my feet, and an hour after you receive the message you will be a changed man. You can't help but worry, and the more you worry the sooner your nerve will go. If I was to fight you fair and openly, you would not hesitate. It is the knowledge that I am to strike you at an unexpected moment, that I may stab you in the street car, shoot you down in the park, cut your throat while you sleep, that unsettles you and makes your flesh creep.

While a member of Pinkerton's detective force I made the arrest of a highway robber at Madison, Wis. He was arrested for a robbery committed in Illinois five months before, and I had been on the case two months when I finally ran him down. He was a machinist by trade, and was then working in a shop. I proved him to be an old crook and a dangerous one, and was satisfied that he went into the shop to baffle pursuit; but it seemed to strike others differently. The reporters wrote him up as one anxious to reform, and they wrote me down as a bloodhound hanging to his trail, and so considerable public sympathy was aroused for him. I then had proofs of four other crimes committed by him, any one of which would send him to prison, but I had to keep silent and to take public criticism. My man got a sentence of five years, and he had scarcely departed for prison when I received through the mail a note reading:

"You have by money and perjury sent an honest man to prison. You knew he was honest and hardworking. You wanted to glorify yourself. The poor fellow is a friend of mine, and I have sworn to revenge him. Take notice I will have your life on the first opportunity!"

There was no signature to the letter, but I knew at a glance that the writer meant business. It was a plain, bold hand, and after half an hour's study I made these deductions:

1. It was written by a crook.
2. It was written in prison.
3. The writer was in dead earnest.
4. He was a large, muscular man, with light hair, blue eyes and fair complexion.
5. He would wear a silk hat and darkish clothes.
6. He would aim either to throttle me or strike me down with a club.

How did I reach these conclusions? Well, the average detective catches on to a crook's chirography by instinct. It was written on a half sheet, and the pen and ink were poor. The paper was creased and soiled, and I felt certain that the writer had passed it to a prisoner about to be discharged. The latter had mailed it to me in an envelope addressed by himself. The chirography of the letter was bold and earnest. Large men are more sympathetic than small ones. Large men who betray this sentiment are of sanguine temperament. They are also vain and dress well and in taste. Large men seldom ambush a victim. They depend on their strength.

That is about the way I figured it out, and I was so firmly satisfied that I

our East and Southwest. The South with England work for one interest. The South raises cotton, sugar and rice. She needs no protection. She don't manufacture anything. One Northern State manufactures more than the whole South. She wants England's cheap goods to come in free of duty. She detests the Yankee. She begrudges the money paid for pensions which comes mostly from the tariff on foreign goods. The tariff which is our protection against cheap foreign labor, wool, coal, iron, etc., is to the South obnoxious. Her

window I had left mine unguarded. I now had them put on, and there was no way to reach me in my room except to open the street door and come up stairs. I had the inside of the door covered with sheet iron, and arranged a spring gun for the stairs.

Was I afraid? No, I had plenty of confidence in myself, and I wanted to get the drop on the stranger first. He had pitted his wit, nerve and courage against mine, and my professional pride was aroused. He had a big advantage in knowing me and my habits, and it was only fair to offset this by taking some extra precautions.

I gave the writer of the anonymous letter thirty days to come out of prison, and ten more to get himself in shape to begin the campaign. I was not far wrong. On the thirty-eighth day after receiving the warning, as I boarded a State street car to come down town, my man was a passenger. He was a man who exactly corresponded to the picture I had drawn, and it never occurred to me that I could be wrong. While I was sizing him up from the corner of my eye, I saw that he was taking my measure. I purposely turned my head to let him see a scar on my neck, and when I glanced at him again I was sure that he was satisfied of my identity. Now, the chase had begun. He had sworn to have my life, and I knew by the set of his jaw and the compression of his lips that he had still further resolved. Where had he been in prison, and what for? His face was strange to me. Had I desired to take an unfair advantage, I could have run him in as a suspect, or trumped up some charge to hold him and investigate his record, but I wouldn't do that. It was to be a fair fight. He would ask for no outside help and pride would forbid me to.

When I left the car he followed me to the office. I stopped at the door to speak to a messenger, and he asked the messenger who I was. Then he had me "dead," as the saying is, and there was room for no further doubt. It so happened that at that time I was detailed on a case in the city. But for this I should have been going and coming, and he would have had hard work to keep me in view. I was very regular in my routine. I had my meals at the same hour each day, and at the same place. At a certain hour in the evening I went to a certain hotel, played three games of pool, drank one glass of beer, sat and smoked a cigar, and then took the car to my door and went to bed. The dullest kind of a plow-boy could have picked up my trail.

On the evening of the second day my would-be murderer appeared at the billiard room of the hotel as I was playing my first game of pool. I was expecting him, and so arranged it as to ask him to play the next two games. He was puzzled and nervous. If he was nervous over the idea of handling a cue alongside of a man whose life he was plotting to take, I was excusable for feeling a bit queer to find my would-be assassin offering me a cigar and praising my skill. I entertained him better than he did me, because I knew his game and he supposed me ignorant of it. When I was ready to leave for home I invited him to meet me at the hotel next evening. He smilingly assented, but next instant compressed his lips. This meant: "This detective is not the fellow I supposed he was. He is pleasant and chatty, and wants to be friendly, and I rather like him. But he sent my friend to prison, and I have sworn to take his life. He shall not escape me."

That night some one broke a skeleton key in the lock of my street door. How foolish to suppose I would trust to locks! It was no doubt my friend, making his first attempt on my life. It is a curious trait in criminal nature that two out of five men will abandon an undertaking if meeting with disappointment on a first attempt. Those who persevere become more dangerous than before. It was a question now of how my enemy would act, but I was satisfied as soon as I set eyes on him the next evening. At sight of me he compressed his lips. The failure had fired his zeal, and I realized that from this on I must certainly be on my guard every hour in the twenty-four.

We played the three games together, sat side by side and smoked our cigars, and an outsider would have supposed us the best of friends. The man perhaps feared that I would wonder and speculate about him, and he handed me his card and explained that he had come on from the East expecting to engage in the lumber business.

His name was printed as "S. R. McKnight." Could I be mistaken in him, you ask? I had no doubt that he was the writer of the threatening letter. If I had doubted, something occurred as we sat smoking that would have reassured me. A man who was known to me to be crooked entered the billiard room for a drink. He started in surprise at seeing McKnight, and was about to approach him with extended hand when a signal stopped him. Unless McKnight was a "fly" man he could have no knowledge of the other.

Fre ...ended to see vacancy, and parted
tick ...my enemy in the greatest good
rul ...e. That night an attempt was
see ...to bore a panel out of my door,
was ...e bitt was stopped by the sheet

Me ...d not see McKnight the next even-
had ...or the next, but he showed up on
Mo ...ird evening and explained that
put ...l been to Milwaukee. I knew
Cor- ... He had been trying to work
we ...me new plan to get at me, and
sch ...pent a portion of the time at a
wh ...'s resort. He had hit upon a
re- ...I knew this from the cordiality
anc ...greeting, and all through our
...I was wondering what scheme

he had hit upon. It was revealed to me at midnight that very night. I had a bell on my door, and at that hour it was vigorously pulled. In case of my being wanted at the office the messenger was instructed to ring in a certain manner. As this was not his ring I waited for a few minutes, when the bell jangled more vigorously than before. I slipped on my pants and went down and opened the slide in the door. McKnight stood there, and when I asked what was wanted he replied:

"Really, old fellow, I am sorry to have troubled you, but I came to ask your advice. I was handed a very queer letter after I left you, and I want you to read it and tell me how to act. I'll go up stairs with you."

I told him that one of our men was occupying the room with me that night, and advised him to see me at the office next morning. He had planned to get to my room and pounce upon me, but I snuffed the game. He did not show up again. He may have believed that I suspected him, and was determined to keep out of my way until he appeared to strike the fatal blow. Next door to me, on the down-town side, was a vacant lot. One day, a week after last seeing McKnight, several dry goods boxes were brought to this lot and piled up in such a way as to form a good hiding place next to my door. I scented an idea as I investigated, and that night, when within a square of the place, I met a couple of young fellows and offered them a quarter to ground displace the boxes, explaining that a vagrant had taken up his quarters there. They went with a whoop and a man rushed out of hiding and ran off. It was McKnight.

The next day I was sent out of the city and was gone two weeks. I had not been back two hours when I discovered that a boy was dogging me about. He was no doubt in the pay of McKnight, who would now be ready for some other move. I had no sooner reached my room than I made the discovery that the window bars had been tampered with, two having been wrenched out and allloosened so that a little work would remove them. That night I asked a friend to stay with me. While I sent him to the room before dark I made my usual rounds and did not turn in until eleven. If McKnight was looking for me he saw me. We turned out the gas, placed our revolvers at hand, and sat down near the window to wait. At one o'clock McKnight climbed a shed from the alley, entered the insurance office by a back window, passed through two rooms, and appeared at the window opposite mine. When he had raised the sash he pushed a plank across the five feet of space, and rested the end on my window ledge. It was a summer evening, and my sash was up, but so quietly did the man work that the lightest sleeper would have heard no sound. He waited and listened, and then came across. We moved to the right and left, and he could not see us as he put his face to the bars. He must have been certain that I was asleep, for he began work and soon had an opening by which he could enter.

McKnight had come to kill me, but I did not thirst for his life. As he bent to enter the window I fired over his head and uttered a shout. He straightened up, lost his balance on the plank, swung half way round, and tumbled to the ground. It was only from the second story, and had he alighted on his feet he might not have been hurt. But he turned over and struck head first, and never knew what hurt him, his neck being broken by the collision. When he was dead he was identified as a New Orleans crook named Red Pete, and when he wrote me the letter he was in Joliet prison. His only weapon was a knife, but one thrust of that would have settled me forever.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

Why Good Men and Women Should Refuse to Participate In It.

The well-known philanthropist, Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, who gives her entire income, which is very large, to various enterprises for the benefit of humanity, retaining for herself only enough to meet the simple needs of her quiet home life, writes me as follows, and I think the words so golden that I wish every woman in American would heed them. Coming from such a source, these words have peculiar weight, for Mrs. Thompson is one who lives her belief, and knows its blessedness by every day experience: "I wish the women of the world would call on the men to give up this wild, ungovernable chase for more money, and the women govern themselves accordingly. Who is the happier for such extravagance in dress, furniture, useless decorations, grand equipages, etc.? Are they not more or less procured at the expense of the moral and spiritual nature? What is there that many men, and women too, will not sacrifice for a few dollars more to be spent for that which enriches them not, but makes them poor indeed? Are they wiser, better or in any way happier for having gained this surplus sum? In my experience I have found more health, more contentment, more kindly feeling among the better laboring class, than I have ever seen among that class who make money merely for the sake of display. There is more truth than poetry in the saying that 'enough is as good as a feast.' Few realize the true significance of industry and economy. But why do I talk? I am so weary of words, words, words, and yet some good may come of words. Are not all great and good things simple? And might it not be well for more people to set the example of a simple and well-ordered life, that the young might not be tempted into such extravagance as is now the bane of life?"—*Frances E. Willard, in Union Signal.*

A SINCERE OPINION.

An Anecdote of the Earl of Dorset and Immortal John Dryden.

"We talk of writing easily and dashing off impromptus; how say you if we should try it now? Here are six of us, who are all thought to have some knack of that work; and here are pens, ink and paper ready to our hand. Let us see who can write the best impromptu."

He who thus addressed the gay group of London fashionable wits assembled in the chief room of Will's coffee-house (at that time their favorite place of resort) was a tall, handsome man in the prime of life, who still lives in English history as Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, one of the kindest as well as richest men in all England, the friend of all distressed poets, and himself possessed of powers that would have made him a poet of no mean rank if he had but had the luck to be born poor.

"Agreed!" cried the rest, with one voice; "and 'glorious John' here shall be our umpire."

The last words were addressed to a plump little old man with very large bright eyes, who was sitting in a snug corner by the fire, and seemed to be treated with great respect by the whole company, notwithstanding his rather shabby suit of threadbare black. Nor was this without reason; for this quiet old man was no other than John Dryden, the greatest poet whom England had produced for a whole generation.

Dryden readily undertook the office of judge, and to work went the whole six with paper and pen. But to the amazement even of those who best knew his ready wit and wonderful fluency, Lord Dorset finished and folded up his contribution almost before his companions had begun theirs.

"You see now, gentlemen," said a laughing voice, "why Charlie proposed this trial to us; he had his 'impromptu' ready beforehand."

"Thou canst scarce rail at me for that, Jack," retorted the Earl, "for men say thou hast once written an 'impromptu' which took thee a month to compose."

The papers were handed over to Dryden, who had hardly taken time to glance over them when he pronounced that the best was that written by Lord Dorset. All the other competitors looked surprised, as well they might; but the wonder ceased when the contributions were examined, and Dorset's effusion was found to run thus:

"Pay to John Dryden, on demand, the Sum of One Hundred Guineas.—DORSET."—*David Ker, in Harper's Magazine.*

MOTHER GOOSE'S AGE.

Interesting Information Concerning America's Most Popular Authoress.

Mother Goose was not a mythical person, nor a nom de plume, but a real live woman, who, although she may not have had so many children that she didn't know what to do, and was not compelled to live in a shoe, nevertheless had children, grandchildren, and (probably) great grandchildren of her own before she died at the advanced age of ninety-two. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Foster; she was born in the year 1665, was married to Isaac Goose (or Vergoose as it is written in the description of her contained in the probate of her will) in 1693, and died in 1757. The first edition of the songs, which she sang to her grandchildren, was published by Thomas Fleet, in 1761. There is an edition of her works published by Houghton, Osgood & Co., of Boston, well worth perusal by all mothers who would like to know about the good old lady who wrote the lullabys and melodies which are now sung and will continue, doubtless, to be sung for ages yet to come.

Mother Goose resided in Charleston, where she was born, until her marriage. She then moved to Boston, where her husband had a home ready to receive her on what is now Washington street. She was Mr. Goose's second wife, and began her maternal life as step-mother to ten children. This numerous fact was probable the cause of her writing the touching melody of "The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe," especially as we learn that she afterward had six children of her own. One of her own children became the wife of Thomas Fleet, the publisher of the "Melodies by Mother Goose," and when Mother Goose's first grandchild was born she insisted on going to live with her son-in-law as nurse to his son. She sang her ditties to this grandchild from morning till night—

"Goosie, goosie gander,
Where do you wander?
Up stairs and down strairs,
And in my lady's chamber," etc.—

until her son-in-law become alarmed at the fertility of her genius for making this kind of rhyme. Mr. Fleet took down the various songs she sung until he had a book full, which he printed. This book had a great sale, and, it is needless to say, has increased in popularity until this day, so that there is scarcely a child in the land that does not know Mother Goose by name and her melodies by heart. She was left a widow in 1710.—*Chicago Mail.*

Experience Teaches.

"Mister," said a countryman to a Sixth avenue dry goods dealer, "I want to git a shawl for a purty little girl down at Starin's Corners. You needn't say nothin' 'bout it to the newspapers, cos I want to keep it quiet, but we're goin' to be married in a month an' I'm thinkin' of givin' her a shawl. Suthin' bang up—han'some."

"I can show you a fine line of India shawls, sir."

"N-no, I guess I don't want them. I had a pair of moccasins onct, an' I'm dinged if the beads didn't all come off."—*N. Y. Sun.*

WAGGING THEIR TONGUES.

A Three Minutes' Conversation of Six Girls Overheard by a Quiet Scribe.

"What on earth did you do with my needle, Lou?"

"It wasn't me. I had Lillie's. Don't pull the floss like that!"

"Can I help it? Do move your chair a little so I can get my feet up."

"Jen's shoes are just like yours!"

"Jen's shoes never saw the day they'd look like mine; nor Jen's feet, neither."

"Just see how my hands are tanned. The sun was blazing on the water."

"You had gloves on."

"I hadn't.

"You had, too. I saw them."

"What! yesterday?"

"Yes—yesterday."

"No such thing—not yesterday."

"Well, I've got eyes, I hope. When we stood on the pier there, before you got into the boat, you had those long brown chamois."

"That was Thursday."

"It was yesterday! Maud, didn't Lil have gloves on yesterday?"

"I guess you are thinking of me. I wore old dark ones."

"I'm positive Lil had gloves on when we stood on the pier any way."

"No, that's a mistake. I didn't really. My brown gloves were in my gray coat pocket. Honor bright!"

"O, I suppose I've got to believe you. I must have been hallucinated then, for I certainly saw those gloves."

"No; you saw mine; your brain's all right so far, Nell. You mistook the hands, that was all."

"There goes the 'Maggie.' Who took her out this morning?"

"That isn't the 'Maggie.'"

"Will Manning took her out."

"Of course, its the 'Maggie.' I should think I ought to know the 'Maggie.'"

"You ought to, but you don't. That's the 'Mystery'"

"O listen—the 'Mystery!' It's the 'Maggie.'"

"It's the '*Mystery*.'"

"It's the '*Maggie*,' and Will Manning. He's got those Reilly girls on board. I hope he'll steer them back to their native isle."

"Will Manning couldn't sail the 'Maggie.' He couldn't sail a tub."

"He'd be a mighty clever seaman if he could, Miss Lil."

"I know I'd be awfully scared to go out with him."

"So would I."

"I, too."

"I wouldn't dare go out with Will Manning. Would you, Laura?"

"Well, that's too bad, girls. He wants us all to go. He told me to ask my party and he'd run us down to Cliff House for lunch."

"O my! he didn't. Did he, really?"

"Yes, he did, and it's the jolliest place for lunch—lots of Yale boys. But, of course, if you are all afraid"——

"Afraid?"

"Who's afraid?"

"There isn't any danger in the 'Maggie!'"

"I'll go."

"I'm going."

"The idea of being afraid. I never said I was."

"Well, he's putting in now."

"Goody! sure's you live."

"Let's go down to the pier."

"O, let's."

Rustle, scamper, general stampede and grateful silence.—*Madeline S. Bridges, in Judge.*

A REMARKABLE STORY.

Novelist Cable Tells of a Louisiana Romance of Slavery Days.

George W. Cable said to a newspaper reporter the other day: "It is interesting that so many short stories have their scenes laid in and around New Orleans and Louisiana. It is a romantic country. A friend in New Haven told me some time since that while rummaging around among some old law reports he found an account of a slave girl who secured her freedom by learning that she had no colored blood, as she had always herself supposed. It was a noted case at that time, but had passed from the memory of the present generation. I applied to an ex-Justice of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, and he knew nothing of the case until he searched and found it in the records. The case was first tried in the lower court, which declared the girl a slave. The Supreme Court reversed the finding at once. Its decision substantially said that if the girl was black that fact would be proof enough of her slavery, but as she was white the girl could not be compelled to prove her right to freedom, but she must be assumed to be free, and her negro blood and slavery must be proved. That could not be done and she was no longer a slave. The court records I possess by courtesy of the court to which I must return them. These records of the case tell a fascinating story of the girl's life. In company with her parents and a sister she came to America from the French province of Alsace. The ship was captured by mutineers, and her father was killed. The mother died soon after landing, and the daughter experienced various adventures among the Indians, where they were cast by the mutineers. They finally were sold into slavery and became separated. She was at last recognized by some of her relatives, who had followed her family to America. Her identity was proved by a startling resemblance to her mother and by birthmarks in the shape of blackberry signs upon the inside of both legs, just above the knees. I believe that she is still living, an aged woman, in Sacramento, Cal., where she has a family, and where her strange history is unknown.—*Nashville American.*

—Pullman says he can build sleeping cars containing six nice bedrooms, but passengers would have to pay six dollars instead of two dollars per night.

WONDERS OF THE SEA.

A Remarkable Scene Viewed From a Vessel in the China Sea.

G. R. Berwick, the second officer of the British steamer Strathliven, has forwarded from Port Said, to the Hydrographic Office in this city, a story of an unusual phenomenon in the China sea. He says:

On March 11, latitude 4.59 north, longitude 106.26 east, at 9:45 p. m., a strange phosphorous light was observed coming from the eastward and passing over the ship in crescent-shaped waves and could be seen some distance to leeward. Shortly after another lot seemed to be coming from the westward, but these did not get across the vessel. By this time the easterly one had undergone several variations, shifting its center sometimes more to the northward, and sometimes more to the southward. At 10:12 the whole appearance changed, and, instead of the two, there were, as it seemed, three revolving lights, two to the east and southeast and one in the west, two to the starboard and one on the port beam. They seemed like three electric projecting lights, only that you could not see the center, and that the beams of light were brightest at the end nearest the ship; they kept revolving sometimes the one way and sometimes the other, and at one time those on the starboard side going one right-handed and the other left, so you could see the easterly one passing over its fainter rival in the southeast. The "beams of light" were passing over the steamer at about seventy-five beams per minute, though at times slower. I think they were at their brightest at 10:20 p. m., after which they gradually grew dim. At 10:30 p. m. steamer passed through a large patch of what appeared to be greasy water surrounded by circles of luminous matter, which did not break as is usually the case, and later on a large patch of luminosity of irregular shape, which was swelling and contracting in a violent manner, though too quickly to be caused by the sea or swell that was on at the time, after which nothing more was seen. To see the full effect and beauty of the early part of the strange phenomena it was necessary to remain on the upper bridge, where I seemed to be higher than the light and could see the "beams" passing over our dark awnings and likewise see all motions which those on the main deck missed. It was a sight that I have never seen equaled, even surpassing the finest of "Southern Lights," which, by the way, this very much resembled, only that one has the heavens for a "background" and this had the sea, and in this the light did not seem to be under any law.—*N. Y. Letter.*

LIFE IN GOSSIPVILLE.*

Where Rumor Is a Divinity Worshiped by the Old and Young.

There are many Gossipvilles scattered about the country. One can scarcely go fifty miles in any direction without plumping into a Gossipville. From some cause or other, the name has been omitted in the gazetteers, and untraveled persons may possibly consider this circumstance *prima facie* evidence that the places referred to belong only to the topography of Dreamland. But as we know that many villages described and depicted on paper have no existence in fact, why should not villages that exist in fact be sometimes uncatalogued on paper?

That last suggestion is thrown in for the benefit of inductive philosophers. Practical men are well aware that every county, to say the least, has its Gossipville. The specimen of the genus we have in our mind's eye at present it is unnecessary to locate. We will merely describe the peculiarities of the inhabitants, and any community that the cap fits is respectfully invited to put it on.

The misanthropic individual who acquired a fortune by minding his own business would be out of his element in Gossipville. There the inhabitants magnanimously neglect their own affairs, to attend without fee or reward to those of their neighbors. The womankind are so unselfish that they will leave the most pressing household work unfinished, to canvass confidentially, in committees of twos and threes, the sayings and doings of their dearest friends.

Rumor is very potent in Gossipville. In fact she is the tutelar divinity of the place, "whom all in public and in private worship." Exaggeration is cultivated there as one of the fine arts, and the legend of the three black crows would be considered a very feeble attempt at amplification by the Gossipvillians.

Reader, if you have ever been among them, we need not tell you what a deep, not to say enthusiastic, interest they take in the private concerns of the stranger within the gates; how skillfully they examine and cross-examine him; how they watch his incomings and outgoings, and what unpleasant theories they get up in relation to his antecedents, his means, his motives and his morals.

Dr. Franklin, who knew the Gossipvillians well, was accustomed on entering their territory to display a card which forestalled inquiry. On it were inscribed his name and age, manner of life, the object of his visit, and such other information of a personal nature as he supposed to be in special request at Gossipville. This is a very excellent plan, and we heartily commend it to all who may have occasion to sojourn among these inquiring people.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—A drummer who has been to the Cincinnati Centennial reports that he saw the Kansas corn towering above that of the other States, and he heard an old lady remark as she gazed at it: "You needn't tell me that corn grew that tall in one year. There is two or three years' growth there."—*Coffeyville (Kan.) Sun.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

THE PROGRESS MADE.

The Pronounced Success Attending the Temperance Reform Movement — The Great Work of the W. C. T. U

The State Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, held in this city last week, is a plain indication of the progress which the temperance reform is making. A few years ago such a meeting would have been impossible. Though women have always been the greatest sufferers from the evils of intemperance, and though they have been more ready than men to express their minds on the subject, yet organized effort among them is of comparatively recent date. Their Temperance Union, with its divided and systematized work, its efficient officers and its large membership, is not only a manifestation of progress but a prophecy of success. It may be years yet before the end aimed at is accomplished, but it is evident to every thoughtful observer that deliverance from the liquor curse is nearer than when the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was formed.

It would be too much to expect that this organization would make no mistakes. It is unfortunate that in the first years of every reform movement, many impracticable persons, who desire to force their peculiar notions on the public, are brought into prominence. It was so in the early days of the anti-slavery agitation. That cause made many "strange bed-fellows;" earnest Christians labored side by side with pronounced free-thinkers. There were times when it seemed as if all hope of success was destroyed by the schemes of unbalanced enthusiasts; but history tells us that wise counsels at last prevailed, and the "sum of all villainies" became a thing of the past.

The voice of the "impracticables" is sometimes heard in the Temperance reform. Side issues, of comparatively little importance, are now and then grafted upon the central doctrine in which all are agreed, and these side issues are given such a prominent place that the more sober-minded are grieved. But through the ferment of excitement this evil will remedy itself. The main issue will after awhile stand out clearly. When this is done, the final victory will not be far distant.

The friends of the Temperance cause should not weaken in their love, or give over their efforts, because there may be some measures and methods advocated which they can not approve, or because some supporters of this reform are wild on other subjects. Patient waiting and wise working will make the right so plain that all will be able "to see eye to eye."

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But in spite of differences on minor points between workers in the same cause, such an organization as the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and such a convention as the one held last week, with its six hundred delegates, are indications of decided progress. Nor are these the only encouraging signs. Such societies and meetings are not confined to one locality or one State. Church courts have taken emphatic action. The secular press is beginning to speak with no uncertain voice. Public sentiment is setting strongly against the sale and use of intoxicating liquors. The time is easily within the reach of the memory of those who have not lived their "threescore years and ten," when the traffic in liquors was regarded as honorable as any other traffic, and when it was counted a trifling matter to become intoxicated. It is different to-day; a man who uses or sells alcoholic drinks forfeits the respect of a large part of his fellow-men.

Much yet remains to be done. The monster evil is unwilling to let go his grasp. But if the workers in the Temperance cause are in danger of becoming discouraged, they have only to recall the past and compare it with the present. The progress made in the last twenty-five years promises success at no very distant day.—*United Presbyterian.*

KILLED BY DRINK.

One-fifth of the Coroner's Cases in a London District Due to Liquor.

The following testimony from W. Wynn Westcott, M. D., deputy coroner for Central Middlesex, lately appeared in the *Lancet:*

Prompted by my friend, Dr. Norman Kerr, I have made an analysis of 1,220 consecutive inquests held by me in London, and I can not refrain from making the results public. I am not, and never have been, a total abstainer, or an advocate of that cause, so there need be no fear that the figures are exaggerated. Of 1,200 cases of deaths, including deaths from violence, sudden deaths, persons found dead, and deaths with regard to which no medical certificate is forthcoming, 470 were infants, children and persons below the age of 16 years. These may be presumably removed from the list of deaths from alcoholic excess.

Of the remaining 750 deaths, no less than 143 are recorded as being the result of chronic alcoholic disease, acute alcoholism, delirium tremens, suicide caused by drink or of accidental death while drunk, or of accidents arising because of incapability when intoxicated; that is, one death in every 5.24. Of these 143 cases, 21 were suicidal, 23 accidental, and 99 the result, more or less sudden, of syncope, apoplexy, etc., due to disease of the heart, liver and kidneys, stated in sworn evidence as due to alcoholic excess. Of the 143 cases, 9 died suffocated during the stupor of alcohol, 3 died of syncope due to degenerative cardiac muscular tissue, and 3 were run over by vehicles in the streets. Only 9 of the cases were of persons under 30 years of age, but 21 cases were of persons over 60 years old.

An Effective Auxiliary of Temperance.

The cause of Temperance is greatly helped by other appliances than those that are political and legislative, important, in their due measure, as these are. No doubt there may be, as there is, the immoderate use of coffee as a beverage. Yet, rightly used, coffee may become an effective auxiliary of Temperance. "An important adjunct to Temperance reform is the coffee-house movement, which has now attained a good degree of success on both sides of the Atlantic. A representative of the New York committee on coffee-houses was recently invited by the supporters of similar establishments in London, Liverpool and Birmingham, to inspect their working, and he has spent some time in England gathering suggestions which will operate to the advantage of the enterprise here in America. Lockhart's cocoa-rooms are well-known throughout Great Britain, not only for their effective opposition to the saloon, but as financially successful, even though very high rents are in some cases paid. That the nobility take an interest in the success of such measures is shown by the fact that, in the city of Chester, the Duke of Westminster, one of the wealthiest men in the realm, supports several coffee-rooms in the interests of the working-men. Elsewhere in England cafes of a higher grade are drawing in the upper classes."—*Watchman.*

From An Old Newspaper.

Here is a newspaper clipping, a quarter of a century old:

Hon. Edward Everett: What ardent spirits have done in ten years in the United States:

1. It has cost the Nation a direct expense of six hundred millions of dollars.

2. It has cost the Nation an indirect expense of six hundred millions of dollars.

3. It has destroyed three hundred thousand lives.

4. It has sent one hundred thousand children to the poor-house.

5. It has consigned at least one hundred and fifty thousand persons to the jails and penitentiaries.

6. It has made at least one thousand maniacs.

7. It has instigated to the commission of one thousand five hundred murders.

8. It has caused two thousand persons to commit suicide.

9. It has burned or otherwise destroyed property to the amount of ten millions of dollars.

10. It has made two hundred thousand widows and one million of orphan children.

A Fearful Legacy.

The evil of strong drink would be of comparatively small magnitude if only those addicted to its use were involved in the deplorable consequences. The editor of the *Northwestern Lancet*, in a suggestive article on "The Medical Aspect of Inebriety," says: "The close relationship of insanity, epilepsy and inebriety is strongly shown by the remarkable manner in which, through heredity, one form of disease may pass into another, as where drunkenness in one generation is followed by epilepsy or insanity in the succeeding generations." It is this inevitable nerve or brain deterioration on the part of those of a previous generation who indulged in alcoholic beverages, and became parents, which undoubtedly would, if careful investigation should be made, account for the presence therein of many at the present time of those by whom our insane asylums and hospitals are over-crowded. The drink evil involves not only those immediately connected with the drinker here and now, but leaves a fearful legacy of suffering and incompetency to future generations.—*Temperance Advocate.*

An Inherited Curse.

In the International Congress of Anthropology, held in New York City lately, among the papers read was one contribution by Dr. Norman Kerr, of London, president of the Society for the Study of Inebriety. The paper, which was read by Dr. Lewis D. Mason, of Brooklyn, awakened much interest. Heredity, it was affirmed, was the most potent cause of those leading to inebriety. "Fully one-half of inebriates," says Dr. Kerr, "have had this fatal inheritance handed to them." Again he says: "A morbid state of organ or tissue may descend. Thus, the first child of inebriate parents may be an idiot, the second an epileptic, a third a neurotic, and a fourth an inebriate. The heredities are so powerful that the health history of inebriates should be carefully traced, so that the proper allowance could be made for the physical inability under which many suffer." The lessons of this paper emphasizes very strongly the wisdom and duty of total abstinence, especially for all those who would assume parental responsibilities.—*Witness.*

THE report of the Commissioners of Inland-Revenue for Great Britain, states that the total income of the liquor traffic for the year ending March 31, 1888, was $275,000,000, being a decrease of $1,000,000 on the preceding year.

THE Long Island Railroad Company recently discharged eight employes, conductors, baggage-masters and brakemen, for drinking intoxicating liquors while on duty, thus violating one of the most stringent rules of the company.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Somebody has said of Volapuk that it can be learned in five minutes. Professor March replies: "It may be so; it can certainly be forgotten in five seconds."

—In five hundred years from now, said Dr. Pohlman in his recent address at Buffalo on "Changes in the Falls of Niagara," the work of retrocession will have so far progressed as to obliterate the present American Falls entirely and convert Goat Island into a peninsula.

—There is an old porpoise that has been in the harbor of St. Augustine, Fla., years and years. The porpoise is particularly tame and frolicsome. He is called Old Ghoul, and is known by having one fin gone. He often plays around the fishermen's boats and his presence always augurs a good catch.

—All readers of "Lothair" will recall the famous pearls that had to be opened and aired to preserve their pale luster, but few, observes the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, understand that almost the same care is needed by the mock pearls now so plentifully sprinkled through the handsomest bead garnitures. "Yet such is the fact and it is well to know, also, that a layer of the antiseptic cotton used for dressing wounds is the best possible covering for them when not in use.

—"My young friend," said old Mr. Surplus to young Mr. Giddiboy, "did you not think that you were rash to ask my daughter to marry you when you are not able to support her?" "Well," said the young man, craftily, "perhaps I was. I admit my fault, and throw myself on your generosity, sir." "That's right," declared the old gentleman. "You shall not lose by it, I assure you. There, sir, is a nickel to pay your car fare home. No thanks, if you please. Good-day, Mr. Giddiboy."—*Chicago News.*

—A seedy-looking man came into the office of one of the largest soap manufacturers in Philadelphia the other day and said: "Mr. ——, I'm a needy man and would like twenty-five cents." "Well, now," remarked the man addressed," I consider that cool. You might have fared better if you had asked for a few pennies." With a look of real indignation and a voice almost angry the applicant said: "Now, see here, Mr. ——, you know your business and I know mine, but if you think you can give me any points on begging just start out and try it." He got the quarter.

—Two stories, illustrating phases of mind cure, or Christian science, or whatever it may be called, come from Boston. A lady called to see a friend whose mother is a firm believer in Christian science. The mother came to meet the caller, and remarked cheerfully as she entered the room: "My daughter has a belief in a boil and can't come down." The second story is told with evidence of sincerity: A lady strong in the faith fell down a long flight of marble stairs, and while she was in the air bethought herself and said: "Here is a chance to apply my truth." She did so, landed gently, and rose and walked unharmed.

—It is pointed out by Darwin and others that certain kinds of birds have a remarkable appreciation of beauty, and that in building their nests they use materials possessing the most beautiful colors, which they interweave in such a way as to give an artistic and picturesque character to their abodes. The bower birds of Australia construct a large assembly room shaped like a bower, (hence their name of bower birds) every spring, where they assemble at pairing time, "when every male bird in his best plumage attends and disports himself in the way which to him seems best calculated to win the object of his affections."

CURIOUS VEGETATION.

One of the Most Interesting Botanical Phenomena Ever Recorded.

Dr. Treub, the director of the Botanical Garden at Buitenzvig, Java, has published his experience with regard to the reappearance of vegetation upon the Island of Kraketan, which partly sank and was wholly overwhelmed by the ashes and pumice-stone from its volcano during the violent outbreak of 1883. Three years after this date Dr. Treub (on the 26th of June, 1886), visited the island, and as he approached it he found that it was covered with vegetation to the very summit of the mountain. The plants could not have grown from the roots or seeds of those existing before the great eruption, for the toughest organism must have been destroyed by the excessive volcanic heat. The whole island was covered with a layer of ashes and pumice-stone from three feet to 240 feet thick. Nor could the vegetation, Dr. Treub thinks, have been introduced by man, for the island is uninhabited and difficult of access. It must have been by means of seeds carried thither by birds, the wind, or the currents of the sea that the new vegetation arose. It consists for the most part of ferns, of which eleven different varieties were found, and of single specimens of blossoming herbs, such as are found on coral reefs that have lately risen above the level of the sea. Dr. Treub has, however, found that the ferns were not the first living plants that had found nourishment on the destroyed island. Almost everywhere there were signs that the ashes and pumice-stone had been covered by a thin layer of algæ, which rendered the surface of the soil soft and capable of absorbing water. These microscopic algæ prepared the way for the ferns, and the latter, in their turn, for the blossoming herbs.—*London Standard.*

POVERTY AND RICHES.

Brave Hearts That Perish With the Light of Hope Still Burning.

Solon's dictum that no man should be accounted happy until after his death, may be recalled by a pensive philosopher now and then while inwardly conning the long list of the old citizens of New Orleans who have survived their wealth. How often does one meet upon the streets of this city gray-headed men who once were princely merchants or lordly planters and now are compelled to struggle hard for a scanty support!

At a spectacle like that, one may query whether such a man is more to be pitied than he who has never tasted the sweets of good fortune, but all his life long has toiled hard at the oar against an adverse tide. "Use," said Shakespeare, "doth breed a habit in a man," and it might be argued that he who has never known prosperity, having become hardened to poverty, can not suffer as he does who has fallen from a high estate. But to argue thus would be to ignore the numerous disappointments that enter into every poor man's life. In this country it is especially difficult to settle down to "hard commons." There seems to lie before us so much opportunity for enterprise, and we are surrounded by so many examples of brilliant success, that even the poorest and most obscure have their alluring day dreams of riches and fame. This is particularly true of the young. It is said that every American boy expects to be President of the United States, and when one thinks of Andrew Jackson, Andy Johnson and Abraham Lincoln, that expectation is in some measure justified. But, as Tennyson puts it, "The one succeeds, the many fail." And it is sad to think of the many thousands and tens of thousands of young hearts that have broken in silence while the light of hope faded before their eyes and left the world to darkness and to them.

The great doctrine of compensation holds good all along the line. The balance may not be exactly even, but there is always some offset for either good or evil fortune. The other day we read that Mr. Wiliam Vanderbilt felt a constant sense of pressure from the magnitude of his wealth. He was a slave to his own property. He was harrassed by continual demands for money, being in that respect almost as badly off as an impecunious wretch beset by a throng of relentless creditors. The condition of his stomach would not permit him to enjoy champagne or rich viands. He complained that his grand mansion was only a boarding house for servants, and as for his wealth, he never had been able to see it. After all, physical enjoyment is limited not so much by fortune as by bodily strength, and the highest intellectual pleasures are within reach of the poor. A few good books, a seeing eye and a hearing ear will equip a man for empyrean flights.

On the other hand, it would be easy to push this view too far. It is not true that the rich man has no real and serious disadvantages over the poor man. In this commercial age money always commands consideration and confers distinction. The poor man does not easily secure an audience. The first inclination is to set him down as a hero—there are too many of this sort already. He can not return your hospitality, introduce you to influential people, or provide an eligible bride for your son. The fact is, the man has not yet won his spurs. Why is he poor, unless it be that he lacks the elements of a powerful character? The rich man who has made his own fortune feels that he has at the same time demonstrated his manhood. He forgets how often he has succeeded by reason of unforseen circumstances—sheer luck.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE NOBLEST PRIESTHOOD.

Wearing the Robe of True Mannood, Virtue and Righteousness.

To Shammai a heathen once came, saying: "Promise me that I may some day be invested with the High Priest's robes, and I will become a Jew." "Away with you, heathen mocker!" angrily rejoined the rigorous master, and drove him off.

He next applied to Hillel, and the liberal minded teacher said: "My son, do you expect to become High Priest in Israel without being familiar with the law? First study, and I will instruct you."

Partly in fun, partly from curiosity, the Roman sat down at the master's feet and began studying, and as he proceeded his interest grew. He learned to admire the religion he had made a laughing-stock of.

After some time he came across the words of the law: "No one who is not from the house of Aaron may enter the holy of holies, or he must die." "Is this the law?" he asked, with quivering lips. "Not even King David, with all his power, would have been exempt from the rule," sharply answered Hillel. "Then how could you at the start hold out the promise to me of once wearing the High Priest's vestments for which I stipulated when first addressing you?" the Roman said, reproachfully.

"To be sure. I could not offer you what was forever denied to myself," was the master's mild reply. "But there is a High Priest's robe accessible to you and to me, more precious than the costly apparel which adorns the chosen descendant of Aaron. It is the priestly robe of noble manhood, of virtue and righteousness. This I did not want to withhold from you should you aspire to it."

The heathen was satisfied, and he become a loyal Jew.—*Dr. Kohler, in American Hebrew.*

RESOLUTIONS OF 1798.

According to the Best Authorities They Were Framed by Jefferson.

The alien and sedition laws, enacted by Congress in the summer of 1798, met with much objection in some parts of the country. They originated with the Federalists, then in the majority in Congress, and were strongly opposed by the anti-Federalists, then called Republicans. By these laws the President was empowered to banish from the country any persons not citizens whom we might judge to be dangerous to the peace and safety of the country, or to imprison any such persons should they refuse to depart. He could also cause any person who conspired against a law of the United States, or wrote or published any false or malicious accusations against the President or either house of Congress, to be fined heavily or imprisoned. The unwise attempt that had been made to secure help for the Revolutionists in France, by means of French agents who had been sent over here to raise funds, etc., from the people, gave apparent cause for these laws. They were not generally approved by the people, however, and petitions came in from every part of the country urging their repeal. The Anti-Federalists wished to identify their party with the movement of opposition, and in the autumn of 1798 Mr. Jefferson and two well-known politicians of Kentucky, Wilson C. Nicholas, and George Nicholas met to discuss the matter. Mr. Jefferson declared his conviction that the laws were unconstitutional, and expressed a wish that Kentucky would join with Virginia in protesting against them on that ground. George Nicholas took up the suggestion immediately, and offered to have resolutions against the laws introduced into the Kentucky Legislature, if Mr. Jefferson would frame them. This Jefferson agreed to do on a solemn pledge from both the gentlemen present that they would never reveal the name of the author. He forthwith drew up a set of resolutions which in November were laid before the Kentucky Legislature, discussed and to some degree modified, and finally passed, with scarcely a dissenting vote, November 14. Jefferson immediately sent a copy of them to Madison, for use in the Virginia Legislature. Madison took the hint, rewrote the resolutions, preserving their general drift, but rendering them less trenchant and less bitter than Jefferson's version. They were then introduced, through one John Taylor, into the Virginia Legislature December 21, 1798, and passed December 24. The House vote stood; 100 votes for, 63 against; the Senate vote, 14 to 3. The minority in the Assembly dissented, and justified their views in a long address to the Virginia people. But Madison defended the resolutions in an able address, which was printed with them, and copies sent to all the Legislatures of the different States and to the Virginian members of Congress. The Kentucky resolutions were sent out in like manner. Concerning the doctrines embodied in these resolutions some of the States had nothing to say, but the five New England States, New York and Delaware replied, with emphatic and unqualified dissent. Virginia and Kentucky, therefore, thought it wise to explain their position, and they did so in new sets of resolutions adopted in 1799. These claimed that the doctrine that the General Government was the sole judge of its powers stopped nowhere short of despotism, and that, while the alien and sedition laws were accepted by the dissenting States, they could not cease to protest against them as palpable violations of the Constitution.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

CANDIED ROSE LEAVES.

Fashionable Sweets Retailing at Three Dollars a Pound.

"Have you candied rose leaves, you know?" asked a young man about town of the pretty girl in a fashionable candy store.

"Yes, sir; how much would you like?"

"One pound, aw—in a nice box, you know."

"O, certainly, sir. We put them up in French bon-bon boxes. Here it is, sir; four dollars, please."

"What? Four dollars for one pound of candy. Impossible!"

The young man was frightened into speaking good English. The pretty girl smiled

"The candy is only three dollars a pound. The bon-bon box is one dollar —that makes four."

"I-I-don't think I'll take it. You can give me a pound of mixed candies at the regular price, if you don't mind."

"Certainly, sir," and the obliging clerk changed the order, and the young man escaped solvent.

"There are plenty of young men who do buy them," said the girl. "Some take sweet violets, some like the candied rose leaves, and others prefer pinks done in sugar."

"What is the object of eating candied flowers?"

"To perfume the breath. All young society ladies carry perfumed sweets with them to the theater and to parties, everywhere they go indeed. Some of these are tiny lozenges put up in fancy vials like these."

They looked like homeopathic medicines—small sugar pills in all colors. There were violet bijous of a lovely lavender color. Musk bijous, pink and pretty, and a lot of other sweets for the breath.

"And the price?"

"O, those are cheap enough; only ten cents a bottle. Then there are the mixed flavors for the bonbonnieres, the little round boxes fastened to the corsage. Even the gentlemen are begining to use them instead of cloves and coffee to sweeten the breath."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE SIGNAL SERVICE.

How Uncle Sam's Meteorological Tipsters Perform Their Work.

In nearly every city of prominence from Maine to California is stationed a man whose sole business is to keep an eye on the weather. The Government pays him, feeds him, gives him the necessary instruments for observation, and calls him a soldier. But the public, for whose benefit all this is done, usually berates him and vows he bears more resemblance to the long-eared animal that hauls the army baggage. For many years the Signal Service has been obliged to bear the slings and arrows of an outraged public, without other retaliation than that of occasionally pouring down water upon the heads of its alleged traducers, snowing them up, roasting, freezing or blowing them into subjection.

There are nearly 150 Signal Service stations in the United States, employing at present about 450 men. They are graded in rank from privates to lieutenants, with General A. W. Greely as chief of the department.

The weather prediction, which is the most important part of a newspaper to many people, and it is at least interesting to everybody, is a peculiar production, and at present is the work of one single individual, who is considered the greatest scientific weather prophet of the age. This is Lieutenant Dunwoody, and he lives at Washington, where he visits the headquarters of the Signal Service daily to predict the weather for the whole country. The Lieutenant, instead of gazing at the sky with a big telescope, as many people imagine, simply sits at a large table, on which are scattered a number of maps bearing telegraphic markings of storms, storm centers, high and low barometers and the general state of the weather in every section of the country. From these data alone he is able to foretell approximately which way a storm will move and what time it will reach a certain spot. The Lieutenant has been in the Signal Service for sixteen years. There are two other Lieutenants, also stationed at Washington, whose predictions are occasionally seen. One of them, Lieutenant Craig, is the acting chief signal officer in General Greely's absence.

At eight o'clock every morning, Washington time, the weather observer at each station throughout the United States takes his observation, which he at once telegraphs to Washington. From this observation is made the prediction which the afternoon papers publish. At eight o'clock in the evening a second observation is made, which results in a prediction that is published in the morning papers.

The cost of fitting out a signal service station is about $5,000. The yearly allowance for the incidental expenses is $500, and big stations, despite the fact that they have no rent to pay, have a hard time to make both ends meet when January 1 arrives.

A few of the Signal Service's maxims regarding the weather are: "A low barometer signifies a storm center;" "winds blow into a storm center;" "storms move spirally;" "the velocity of the wind does not indicate the velocity at which a storm is moving in any direction;" "a storm may move in a circle and create a cyclone by the air thrown off from its center."

The chief instruments used are barometer, thermometers and anemometers. There are many other devices for calculating the wind's velocity, the atmospheric moisture and temperature, but the principle of foretelling weather hinges on a combination of science and brains, and each helps the other out or into a hole.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

TWO GALLANT MARINERS.

An Incident Whose Heroes Deserve a Place in the Temple of Fame.

"Captain George W. Pendleton, American fishing schooner Cleopatra, of Gloucester, Mass.

"Captain Edmund Miller Hughes, American Line Steamer Lord Gough. Date of rescue, December 27, 1885."

The Lord Gough, though of the American Line of steamers (Liverpool to Philadelphia), is a British vessel; her captain is, I think, a Scotchman. On the 27th of December the Lord Gough, on her way to Philadelphia, saw the flag of distress on the mast of the Cleopatra. The wind was blowing a gale, making it a matter of serious risk for the Lord Gough to send a boat to the rescue, but Captain Hughes thought it his duty to do this, and he called for volunteers. The second officer (I think) and a crew volunteered, and a boat was lowered. Suddenly, however, the signal of distress was lowered from the mast of the Cleopatra. Captain Hughes was much perplexed; it seemed almost certain that the vessel was in extremity. On the whole he thought it his duty to send the boat.

The brave fellows made their way over the perilous waters and the schooner was reached. There they found the master and eleven men, but for the Lord Gough, utterly without hope. Three others of the crew had been washed away and the body of a fourth lay on the deck. In two trips the survivors were conveyed to the Lord Gough. The master of the schooner went in the second trip of the boat, but before doing so he read, with such solemnity as he could in the awful storm, the burial service over the remains of his comrade and then the body was committed to the deep. Of course the first inquiry made by Captain Hughes of the American captain was, why did he haul down his signal? The reply was: "Sir, we saw that you were preparing to make an effort to save us, but we saw, also, that it was a sea in which it was very doubtful whether a boat would live. I said then to my men: "Shall we let those brave fellows risk their lives to save ours?" and they said 'No!' Then I hauled down the flag."—*Cornhill Magazine.*

Irish Americans for Protection.

NEW YORK, Oct. 25.—Irishmen turned out in full force to-night to attend the mass meeting of the Irish Protectionists at Madison Square Garden. The immense building was crowded to overflowing half an hour before the meeting was called to order, and the adjacent streets were thronged with people eager to get a glimpse of James G. Blaine, the attraction of the night. Seven thousand people were in the building at 5 o'clock when Judge A. L. Morrison, of Arizona, read on behalf of Chairman Patrick Ford an address in which these passages occurred: "We are here to-night not as Irishmen to consult for the interest of Ireland, but as Americans to discuss American affairs with American ends in view.

Patrick Egan and David Healy spoke, and Mr. Blaine commenced after a message from General Harrison had been read. Mr. Blaine said:

"MR. CHAIRMAN:—I speak to-night to men of Irish birth, but not in relation to their connection with the British Empire. I speak to them in relation to their citizenship of the great American republic. [Applause.]

"So great is the agricultural wealth of Ireland that only forty years ago she shipped a greater amount of produce across the channel of England than the United States exported to all countries—greater than the empire of Russia sent to the other countries of Europe, and with all of this where is Ireland to-day? She shares the fate of all countries purely agricultural, she shares the fate that would in a larger degree overtake the United States if the free trader should have his way and reduce us to an agricultural people. [Applause.]

And yet to-night the fear is that a majority of the Irish voters of America, or the Irish American voters, will cost their ballots on the 6th day day of November as the present government of England would desire them to cast it. [Cries of "No" "No."] I wish I could make that no a large majority of the Irish vote of the United States. For the last four months the Democrats have been denying and the Republicans have been affirming that the first and last and constant wish of England was that Mr. Cleveland's administration should be sustained by the whole force and effect of English public opinion. And just when they had begun to make an expression and an impression upon the American people, that such might not be the fact, we have the letter of the British minister to Washington himself [groans] urging the re-election of Mr. Cleveland." Mr. Blaine spoke at length on the recent letter written by the British minister urging Mr. Cleveland's re-election. He said the action of West in view of his position was disgraceful,

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Congressman McKinley, in his speech at Brooklyn Monday night said:

"There isn't a piece of goods that today enters into ordinary consumption that hasn't been made from 33 to 60 per cent cheaper by a protective tariff. Hardware in 1860 was 95 per cent. imported 5 per cent. domestic. To-day it is 5 per cent. imported 95 per cent. domestic, while the prices are 33 to 65 per cent. lower. If Grover Cleveland had consulted the prices current for the past thirty years instead of political text books one hundred years old, he wouldn't have made such a blunder.

"You can buy a barrel of salt in New York cheaper than you can buy a barrel of sand. You can get it for sixty cents, and twenty cents of that is for the barrel. Salt on the other side is sixty-five cents a barrel, and the duty is thirty-two, so, according to Cleveland, it should cost us ninety-seven cents, but somehow it doesn't. Carpets we didn't make at all until the tariff was put on in 1871; we paid from $2 50 to $3.50 a yard for them abroad. Now we can buy the best Brussels made for from $1 to $1.25 per yard.

"Why talk of a foreign market? We don't possess our own yet. The best market in the world is the American market. Talk about free raw materials giving us the markets of the world! Why, we have free cotton, and yet we still import more cotton fabrics than we export. Let's get the balance of our own market. We've got more money than any other market in the world. [Cheers.] We spend more money than any other country in the world. [More cheers.] We earn more money than any other country in the world. [Wild cheers.] We waste more money than any other country. This market is the prize of the nations of the world. They would give untold millions to carry this election."

A Massachusetts cat, which lived to the age of twenty years and two months, is buried under a granite obelisk shaped to resemble Bunker Hill monument, and deeply chiselled with the name "Beverly," the which high sounding appellation belonged in life to the cat.

Cleveland's Burchard.

NEW YORK, Oct. 25.—Nothing in this campaign has so stirred up the Irish people of both political stripes as the impertinent and insulting letter of Lord Sackville-West, British Minister, of Washington, intimating that it would be a source of great satisfaction to the British Government to see Cleveland re-elected. Loud denunciations of Cleveland are heard on every hand here, and Irish Damocrats whose national pride is thus touched by this attempt of a foreign minister to spread the idea that Cleveland is in direct sympathy with the British Government roundly anathematize the whole thing. Conspicuous Irish-Americans here declared to-day that Cleveland was alwas British when he has had the chance and that his administration has taken every possible opportunity to promote British interests, resisting every effort of Congress to put a stop to outrages against our fisheries or to retaliate against them. "It reveals," said a prominent and influential Democrat to-night, "that there is a perfectly understood alliance between the diplomatic agent of Great Britain in this country and the Democratic administration."

Is there now any doubt that the President who refused to appoint P. A. Collins to his Cabinet because he was Irish is in sympathy with the movement which is the enemy of Ireland and whose chief colony commits outrages upon American citizens undeterred by President Cleveland?

The Irish are now in arms against this studied insult against our institutions and the endeavor of the British minister to electioneer for Cleveland and under the guise of a private citizen.

It has for years been a cardinal political principle with National Chairman Quay to first get your own political chickens safe and contented under your campaign wing. That done, it was then time to go gunning for votes in the preserves of the enemy. That was the rule Quay successfully followed in Pennsylvania. That is the rule he has followed in this national campaign. Do you know of any Republicans who are not fighting under the regular Republican banner? Quay won on this line in Pennsylvania. He will win under it in the nation. It's a way Quay has.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

So long as Maryland practically restricts its Representatives to two terms in Congress, it is doubtful whether she will ever be represented at the head of an important committee. Mr. McComas is now serving his third term, and although he is a member of the minority party, he occupies a far more conspicuous place in the house, and will serve on a more important committee than all of his Democratic colleagues combined.—*Baltimore Sun.*

No candidate before General Harrison ever made so many strong speeches, no two the same, and yet all alike in their simplicity of phrase and their surprising adaptation to time, place and business. Apprehension long ago gave way to admiration. The campaign in Indiana is as good as if the General had addressed his fellow citizens in each of the country seats. Perhaps it is better.

Sailors believe religiously that the frigate bird can start at daybreak with the trade winds from the cost of Africa and roost the same night upon the American shore. Whether or not this is a fact has not yet been conclusively determined, but it is certain that the bird is the swiftest of winged creatures, and is able to fly, under favoring condition, 200 miles an hour.

There was a race lately in Zanzibar between a zebra and an ostrich, and, though the bird came in a hundred yards ahead, the beast won the purse. It was done in this wise: The zebra's rider claimed that he had been passed by a fowl, which nobody with a sense of orthography could deny, and so the race was awarded where it did not belong.

A bettle as large as a sparrow has been received by the State Entomologist of New York. It came from Central America. He has another curiosity that resembles two green leaves attached to a twig. It is called a camel cricket, and was produced in Texas.

The first patent in American was issued in 1790 to Samuel Hopkins, of Philadelphia, for an improvement in the manufacture of potash.

Curious Facts.

Wisconsin has a champion player of the game of draughts.

No gold or silver coins are issued by the Chinese Government.

Edith Brinkham of Racine, Wis., lost her life by falling out of bed.

The leap year privilege is said to be six hundred and sixty years old.

Ben Franklin recognized the value of time. He invented three clocks.

A skipping rope has been patented which sets in motion a small musical box in one of the handles.

Mary Goodwin, of Atlanta, Ga., is thirty-eight years of age and the mother of twenty-seven children.

It is against municipal law in China to dig over 190 feet to find well water. It is the idea that the bottom would fall through.

Ice was produced in summer by means of chemical mixtures by Mr. Walker, in 1783. This was the first known attempt in this direction.

Near Oakland, Tenn., an express train struck a fallen tree and every car left the rails, yet not a single passenger was either killed or wounded.

A Washington Territory man left $2000 for all the delicacies of the season to be fed to his dog, while his old father was made heir to his watch and chain only.

Eighty-four children belong to four mothers of Media, Penn. Mrs. Samuel Field has 28, Mr. Joseph Chandler 25, Mrs. James Jarrett 16, and Mrs. William Wright 15.

A Missouri horse fell over a cliff thirty-five feet high and escaped with only a scratch on his leg. Next day he got a piece of corn-cob in his throat and choked to death.

The Bermudas take their name from their discozer, John Bermudas, who visited them in 1522. The first settler was Sir George Summers, who was cast away on them in 1609.

While Charles Cogswell was courting a pretty young woman of Birmingham, Conn., the other day, he dropped by her side. She fainted from the shock, and was for a time likely to die.

Timothy Carter is believed to be the oldest stereotyper. He introduced the trade in Boston. School books spoke of him in 1817. He is still a living man, lives at Newton, and is ninety years of age.

At Texarkana the other day a long-horned steer undertook to knock out the elephant of a traveling circus, but even on his native heath was no match for the big foreigner, and was laid out stiff and stark in just half a round.

At Kearney, N. J., a factory chimney is being erected, which will, when finished, be the tallest in the country, and the fourth highest in the world. It will be 335 feet high. There are two taller chimneys in Scotland and one in England.

A hotel waiter in Cincinnati who stole from a guest, hid the money in his "turn-down" collar. He was suspected of the theft, and, while being conducted to the stationhouse, the officer noticed a greenback protuding from the novel hiding place.

Be rude to none; rudeness harms not even the humblest and poorest to whom it is directed, but it injures the exhibitors.

If You Have a Trifling Cough

Don't neglect it. Use Roger's Specific Cough Cure. It is a sure and speedy cure for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, &c. 25 cts. a bottle.

For Sprains, Burns, Bruises, &c.

Use Roger's Specific Liniment. It has no equal as a cure for Sprains, Burns Bruises, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Dysentary, Rheumatism, &c. 25 cts.

Dyspepsia and Habitual Constipation

Speedily cured by a few doses of Appetite, the Great Stomach, Kidney and Liver Remedy. Price 50 cts.

Piles! Piles! Piles!

Roger's Specific Cocaine Pile Remedy will cure in a short time the most aggravated case of Itching, protruding, Bleeding, or any other form of Piles. Price 50 cts. a box.

Roger's Sp cific Worm Syrup

Is Pleasant, Safe and efficient. Price

For Chapped Hands, Face, &c.,

Use Frangipane Curative Balm, a delightful toilet article for the Hands, Face, Roughness of Skin, Face and Sunburn, Tetter, Pimples, Blotches and Skin Diseases. Price 15 cts.

All the above preparations are for sale at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, Oakland, and by druggists and country merchants in all parts of Garrett and adjoining counties.

J. F. LEWIS,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND PLASTERING LATH!

SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.

Having had Fourteen years practice and experience as a SHINGLE SAWYER, I am confident that I can sell you a better shingle than can be bought any where else in the State for the same price.

J. F. LEWIS,

3 3 '88 1y Cranesville, W. Va

NOTICE!

My wife, Louisa, having left my bed and board, the public are hereby notified not to harbor or trust her on my account.

GEORGE GEORG.

Accident, Md., Oct. 15th, 1888.—20 3t.

NEW ADVERTISEMNETS.

If You Are Sick

With Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Blood Humors, Kidney Disease, Constipation, Female Troubles, Fever and Ague, Sleeplessness, Partial Paralysis, or Nervous Prostration, use Paine's Celery Compound and be cured. In each of these the cause is mental or physical overwork, anxiety, exposure or malaria, the effect of which is to weaken the nervous system, resulting in one of these diseases. Remove the CAUSE with that great Nerve Tonic, and the RESULT will disappear.

Paine's Celery Compound

JAS. L. BOWEN, Springfield, Mass., writes:—"Paine's Celery Compound cannot be excelled as a Nerve Tonic. In my case a single bottle wrought a great change. My nervousness entirely disappeared, and with it the resulting affection of the stomach, heart and liver, and the whole tone of the system was wonderfudly invigorated. I tell my friends, if sick as I have been, Paine's Celery Compound

Will Cure You!

Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

For the Aged, Nervous, Debilitated.

Diamond Dyes

Warranted to color more goods than any other dyes ever made, and to give more brilliant and durable colors. Ask for the *Diamond*, and take no other.

A Dress Dyed
A Coat Colored
Garments Renewed
FOR 10 CENTS.

A Child can use them!

Unequalled for all Fancy and Art Work. At druggists and Merchants. Dye Book free. WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Props., Burlington, Vt.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil, Paregoric or Narcotic Syrups. Children cry for Castoria. Millions of Mothers bless Castoria.

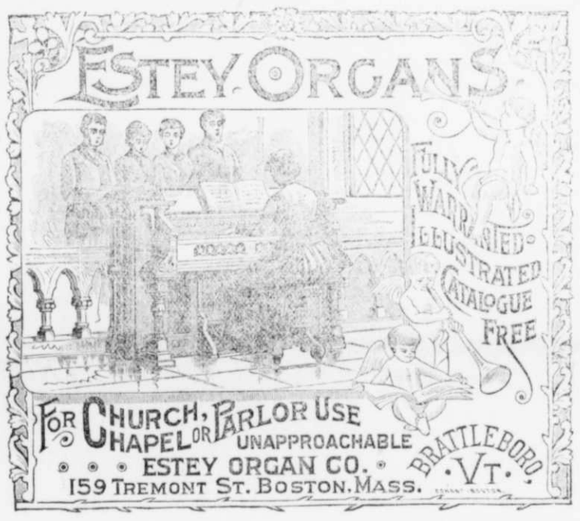
Castoria cures Colic, Constipation; Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation; Gives healthy sleep; also aids digestion; Without narcotic stupefaction.

"I recommend Castoria for children's complaints, as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray St., New York.

They are Growing More Popular Every Day.

WHO?



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OF CUMBERLAND, MD.,

The Acknowledged Largest Dealers in Western Maryland,

Who, by their many years' experience in the music business, together with honest and fair dealing, have placed the World Renowned

ESTEY AND CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN

in the leading ranks of all other Organs manufactured. The Estey Organ is well enough known to be appreciated when seen. The Chicago Cottage Organ is gaining a reputation that ere long will place it at the head of the list. It is elegant in finish, exquisite in design. In tone superlatively fine. Standard in construction. Highly ornamented and heavy volume. It is an Organ whose action speaks lowder than words, and after one sees and trys this lovely instrument, it always pleases and gives entire satisfaction to the purchaser. We also sell the celebrated

DECKER BROS., WEBER, FISHER BROS., AND ESTEY PIANOS,

—AND THE—

New Home Sewing Machine.

This machine has *no* superior. The cabinet work is of the finest and most artistic made. Its construction is the best and guaranteed not to get out of order. Its attachments are the simplest as well as the most perfect made, and a child can operate it with ease. The attachments are self-setting, requiring no screw driver, not even a thumb screw. No home is complete without this, the grandest, best and most perfect machine made.

Our terms are made in every instance to suit purchaser, and prices the lowest ever offered for first-class goods in this section. We buy for cash in large quantities from the factories direct, thus enabling us to save the purchaser the ordinary agents commission. A word to the wise is sufficient.

For purchasing write or send for illustrated catalogues, prices, terms, &c., to

MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

Main Office, MEYERSDALE, PA.

Branch Office, CUMBERLAND, MD. 9 17 '87—1y

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by George D. White and others, Beginning at the Southeast end of Church street, and running thence through the lands of Mrs. E. A. Kilbourn, Mrs. Maria Davis, F. & C. Felty, S. L. Townshend, Mrs Max. Klein and James R. Bishop, and intersecting the Ryans Glade road at a point between John A Delawder's and the line of Mt. Lake Park, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Tuesday, the 30th day of October, 1888, and determine whether the public convenience requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
WM. H. HALL,
WILLIAM WHITE,
Examiners.

9 22 5

VALUABLE STOCK FARM FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 165 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby warned from Hunting or Driving on the lands under my charge. We have fenced to the new county road, and warn all persons from taking down our fences and running over our lands.

J. H. & C. T. SANDERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MASSEY HALL PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

School year commences

September 12th, 1888.

Regular and elective courses in all Preparatory Studies. Special attention to English and Commercial branches. The number of pupils is strictly limited, in order to insure the most thorough training and individual advancement.

For terms, hours of study, &c., apply to

REV. J. NEWMAN,
7 7 td Principal.

Estate of Samuel Engle, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscribers, of Garrett county, Md., hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Testamentry on the personal estate of

SAMUEL ENGLE,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscribers on or before the 20th day of March next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefits of said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of September, 1888.

RALPH ENGLE, Executor,
9 15 3t Grantsville, Md.

TOWN PROPERTY

FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

D. E. BOLDEN & CO..

UNDERTAKERS

AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS,

OAKLAND, MD.

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

COFFINS, CASKETS

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BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS!

—Also a full line of—

FURNITURE,

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and Window Blinds,

And everything usually kept in a First-Class Furniture Establishment

Furniture Rented on easy Terms.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

REPAIR WORK,

PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c

☞ Also make Furniture to order.

D. E. BOLDEN, & CO.

Feb. 25, '88.

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 3d, 1888.

All persons are hereby warned not to remove any stone from the National Road in Garrett county, or from the Bridges thereon.

By order County Commissioners.

W. H. HAGANS,
9 8 tf Clerk.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect April 29th, 1888:

GOING EAST.

No. 2		7.41 A. M.
No. 38	Accommodation	10.30 A. M.
No. 6		11.14 A. M.
No. 82	Accommodation	5.05 P. M.
No. 4		1.43 P. M.

GOING WEST

No. 3		4.49 A. M.
No. 81	Accommodation	9.40 A. M.
No. 5		5.00 P. M.
No. 65	Accommodation	5.41 P. M.
No. 1		9.15 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.

C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

FARM FOR SALE!

For sale cheap, a farm of 305 acres, about 90 acres of which is cleared, and on which are erected a

Two-Story Frame House, Two Stables

and other outbuildings. About 75 acres of the woodland is covered with EXCELLENT TIMBER. The farm is situated two miles from Swanton, B. & O. R. R. About 250 acres is under fence. A young orchard was put out four years ago, and will soon come into bearing.

For particulars and terms, apply to or address

RICHARD CUSTER,
8 25 Swanton, Md

JOHN A. WOLF,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

2 88 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

Samuel Kessler

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, NOV. 10, 1888. NUMBER 37.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

☞ Office over Casteel's Drug Store on Main street, Oakland, Md. 2 26 '87.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. je14-1y

J. B. FAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals. Also in adjoining counties of West Va.

☞ Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.

Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

R. A. THOMAS. EWD. H. SINCELL

THOMAS & SINCELL,

Attorneys-at-Law and Solicitors in Chancery,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
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AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office in Boyer Building, Cor. Second and Alder, streets, Oakland, Md.

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.
OFFICE IN NYDEGGER BUILDING.

☞ Residence in Dr. Keller Building.
Sept. 9, 1885.—1y.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.,

offers his professional services to the people of Oakland and vicinity. 5 5 '88

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DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n48

Dr. I. D. Newman,
OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence on Mill street, opposite the Helbig bridge

Calls day or night promptly attended to. 3 15 1y.

WM. RADAM'S

MICROBE KILLER

The Great GERM or BACTERIA DESTROYER.

To Cure Disease, Remove the Cause.

Physicians, by scientific researches, have discovered that Germs or Baccilli commonly called Microbes, are the cause of disease.

The MICROBE KILLER CURES by *destroying the microbes;* at the same time *purifies the blood* and *builds up the system.* Mr. Radam has established Factory No. 4 in Philadelphia.

Office at 819 Arch Street.

Invalids and persons suffering from CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION, MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, Diseases of the Blood, etc., by writing or calling at above address, will receive circulars giving the history of the MICROBE KILLER and the cures it has made. Agencies will be established in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia, which this Factory will supply. This Germicide is

A SURE RESTORATIVE TO HEALTH.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE.

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodehea ver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dr. Seth Arnold's
COUGH KILLER
CURES
Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and Asthma.

PREVENTS CONSUMPTION

Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.

Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, druggist, Oakland, Md. 11 '86 1y

PLANING MILLS.

MT. LAKE PARK, MD.,

ALDERSON & ROBINSON, PROPS

C. M. RATHBUN, Manager.

Manufacturers of and dealers in

Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings.

Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.

☞ Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of mill work. 1 29, '87.

PATENTS!

Caveats, and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE. We have no sub-agencies, all business direct, hence can transact patent business in less time and at LESS COST than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing, or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A book, "How to Obtain Patents," with references to actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address

C. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property.

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

FARM FOR SALE.

A RARE CHANCE TO INVEST!

A farm containing 161 acres, 3½ miles from Oakland, on the West Union Road is offered for sale at a bargain. This is known as the Christian Yutzy farm, has good buildings, is well watered, 100 acres under cultivation and a good ghrist and saw mill on adjoining land.

TERMS.—One-third cash, the balance in two equal annual payments.

For price and particulars apply to or address

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican office, Oakland, Md.

7 21 6m

E. F. STANSBERRY.

—Manufacturer of—

Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,

OAKLAND, MD.

☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.
Nov. 21, '85.—1 y.

GEO. P. WHITE, Mt. Lake Park, Md. S. D WHITE, P. M Frankville, Md.

WHITE & BRO.

NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!

AT FRANKVILLE, MD.

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes. Country produce taken in exchange for goods. Call and see us. WHITE & BRO
P. O. address, Floyd, Md.

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
Oakland, May 19th 1885.—1 y

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

DAVID LITTLE.

FREE $85 solid GOLD WATCH Sold for $100 until lately. Best $85 watch in the world. Perfect time-keeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Elegant and magnificent. Both ladies' and gents' sizes with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one FREE. How is this possible? We answer—we want one person in each locality, to keep in their homes, and show those who call, a complete line of our valuable and very useful HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES. These samples, as well as the watch, we send free, and after you have kept them in your home for 2 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property; it is possible to make this great offer, sending the SOLID GOLD watch and COSTLY samples free, as the showing of the samples in any locality, always results in a large trade for us; after our samples have been in a locality for a month or two we usually get from $1000 to $5000 in trade from the surrounding country. This, the most wonderful offer ever known, is made in order that our samples may be placed at once where they can be seen, all over America. Write at once, and make sure of the chance. Reader it will be hardly any trouble for you to show the samples to those who may call at your home and your reward will be most satisfactory. A postal card on which to write us costs but 1 cent and after you know all, if you do not care to go further, why no harm is done. But if you do send your address at once, you can secure FREE one of the best solid gold watches in the world and our large line of COSTLY SAMPLES. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address GEO. STINSON & CO., Box 812, PORTLAND, MAINE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TAKE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

TORPID LIVER

Is known by these marked peculiarities:

1. A feeling of weariness and pains in the limbs.
2. Bad breath, bad taste in the mouth, and furred tongue.
3. Constipation, with occasional attacks of diarrhœa.
4. Headache, in the front of the head; nausea, dizziness, and yellowness of skin.
5. Heartburn, loss of appetite.
6. Distention of the stomach and bowels by wind.
7. Depression of spirits, and great melancholy, with lassitude and a disposition to leave everything for to-morrow.

A natural flow of Bile from the Liver is essential to good health. When this is obstructed it results in

BILIOUSNESS,

which, if neglected, soon leads to serious diseases. Simmons Liver Regulator exerts a most felicitous influence over every kind of biliousness. It restores the Liver to proper working order, regulates the secretion of bile and puts the digestive organs in such condition that they can do their best work. After taking this medicine no one will say, "I am bilious."

"I have been subject to severe spells of Congestion of the Liver, and have been in the habit of taking from 15 to 20 grains of calomel which generally laid me up for three or four days. Lately I have been taking Simmons Liver Regulator, which gave me relief without any interruption to business."—J. HUGG, Middleport, Ohio.

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Long-Standing

Blood Diseases are cured by the persevering use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

This medicine is an Alterative, and causes a **radical change** in the system. The process, in some cases, may not be quite so rapid as in others; but, with persistence, **the result is certain.** Read these testimonials:—

"For two years I suffered from a severe pain in my right side, and had other troubles caused by a torpid liver and dyspepsia. After giving several medicines a fair trial without a cure, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was greatly benefited by the first bottle, and after taking five bottles I was completely cured."—John W. Benson, 70 Lawrence st., Lowell, Mass.

Last May a large carbuncle broke out on my arm. The usual remedies had no effect and I was confined to my bed for eight weeks. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Less than three bottles healed the sore. In all my experience with medicine, I never saw more

Wonderful Results.

Another marked effect of the use of this medicine was the strengthening of my sight."—Mrs. Carrie Adams, Holly Springs, Texas.

"I had a dry scaly humor for years, and suffered terribly; and, as my brother and sister were similarly afflicted, I presume the malady is hereditary. Last winter, Dr. Tyron, (of Fernandina, Fla.,) recommended me to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and continue it for a year. For five months I took it daily. I have not had a blemish upon my body for the last three months."—T. E. Wiley, 146 Chambers st., New York City.

"Last fall and winter I was troubled with a dull, heavy pain in my side. I did not notice it much at first, but it gradually grew worse until it became almost unbearable. During the latter part of this time, disorders of the stomach and liver increased my troubles. I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, after faithfully continuing the use of this medicine for some months, the pain disappeared and I was completely cured."—Mrs. Augusta A. Furbush, Haverhill, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

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ROAD PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that thirty days from the first publication of this notice, the undersigned citizens of Garrett county, will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to appoint examiners to view and locate a public road as follows: Commencing at the Pennsylvania line (District No. 3) and running through the lands of Thos. W. Frost, Israel Glotfelty, Henry Pollman, Geo. Inks and Wm. Bepler, to the National Road, a distance of about two and a-half miles.

THOS. W. FROST,
ISRAEL GLOTFE,
GEORGE LINKS.

225

CAUGHT NAPPING.

In a populous city in the west of England lately lived a Jew named Solomon Isaac. He had for many years carried on the combined business of a pawnbroker and jeweler. At the time of which we write he was in decidedly easy circumstances, and having entered upon the declining years of life, he had transferred to his son the active management of his business, and had resolved to take things comfortably. In appearance, Solomon bore but little resemblance to the conventional Hebrew money-lender. His features, as a whole, clearly denoted his extraction, but his nose lacked the significant hook, and his form was portly, while his [illegible] cheerfulness evinced that he [illegible] neither remarkably avaricious or malevolent.

In the afternoon of a summer day, no many years since, Solomon was seated at his his desk in that part of his establisment which was known as "he office." His son was away for the day. The heat was oppressive, and to an attentive observer it must have appeared that Solomon—like Homer—occasionally nodded. Solomon was disturbed in his nap by the entrance of a stranger. He was a tall, middle aged man, showily dressed and self-possessed. After explaining that unexpected calls had been made upon his purse, he begged that Soomon would accommodate him until the morning with a loan of ten pounds, and he proffered as security a valuable-looking diamond ring. Solomon tested the gold and scrutinized the stones, and, feeling satisfied of the sufficient value of the ring, conceded the desired advance; whereupon, with a profusion of thanks the stranger—who had given the name of Wilkins—took his departure.

In the morning the son resumed his duties in the business. He also tested the ring, and, to the amazement of his father, pronounced the stone to be paste, and the value of the ring to be a fifth of the sum for which it had been pledged. Solomon again examined the stones, and was obliged to concur in his son's opinion. He was extremely mortified [illegible] having proved such an easy [illegible] felt it a [illegible] indignant that [illegible] attempt should have been made to swindle him, who had grown old in the trade, and whose acuteness in business was a matter of common notoriety.

It was not very long, however, before Solomon regained his usual composure of mind, and when, a little later in the day, a second stranger entered the shop, Solomon stepped forward with alacrity to serve him. The new arrival may be appropriately described as an "elderly gentleman of respectable appearance," and he made known to Solomon his desire to purchase "a trifle for a present." As he had previously inspected, from the outside, the contents of the shop window, Solomon at once placed before him for selection a considerable quantity of other jewelry. The fancy of the gentleman, oddly enough, was at last taken by some rather valuable rings. A nice ring, he thought, would answer his purpose admirably; but he was remarkably fastidious. None of the rings which he looked at would exactly suit, and it seemed to be impossible to please him, when the son fetched from the office and posited in his father's hands the ring pledged by Mr. Wilkins on the previous day. It was strange that it had not occurred to Solomon to offer this ring. Both he and his son, by an easy process of reasoning, had arrived at the conclusion that Mr. Wilkins would be unlikely to relieve them of it, and they had therefore determined to sel it. On beholding this ring, the eyes of the gentleman sparkled. He fitted it on his finger, extolled its beauty, and gazed on it approvingly; yet he seemed unable to come to a decision. With the ring in his hand, he entered apparently, into an abtruse mental calculation, and finally gave back the ring with a show of great reluctance, and an expression of regret that, unless his judgment deceived him, the price must be more than he could afford. Solomon generously inquired what he would give for it, and the gentleman, after some further hesitation, diffidently suggested five pounds. With this offer Solomon promptly closed; and the gentleman left apparently quite satisfied with his purchase.

As soon as he was fairly out of hearing Solomon and his son exulted over their good fortune. The son, in a bantering tone, took the credit to himself for having introduced the ring; but Solomon, while appreciating his son's astuteness, was not to be deprived of the credit of having, as he said, made the best of a bad bargain.

The day, however, had yet another surprise in store. The innocent raillery in which Solomon and his son had indulged had hardly subsided when Mr. Wilkins again appeared upon the scene. With a smile of recognition, he advanced towards Solomon, and informed him that, according to promise, he had come to return the loan with which he had been favored on the previous day, deposited the amount with his ticket on the counter, and politely asked for his ring. Solomon and his son were stupefied, and for some seconds gazed in confusion at each other. The silence was effectually broken by Solomon, who, addressing Mr. Wilkins, explained that having detected that the stones were spurious, they had assumed—and too hastily, as it now appeared—that he would not return to redeem the ring, and it had, therefore, been sold. At this intelligence the rage of Mr. Wilkins was intense. It was evident, he said, that they were incompetent to judge of the value of the ring, which was, at least, three times as great as the paltry sum which they had lent him. For what had they sold it? Five pounds? Ridiculous! They knew that they had no right to sell property received in pledge except at the time and in the manner authorized by law; and had they possessed the right to sell his ring, how could they justify their accepting even five pounds for it, seeing that they did not believe the diamonds to be genuine? In answer to these pertinent inquiries Solomon could only tender an humble apology for his mistake. But this, as was to be expected, was hardly sufficient, and threatening to consult his legal adviser, Mr. Wilkins strode towards the door.

Solomon could not disguise from himself that it would be extremely awkward to have his character for fair dealing successfully impeached in a court of justice. He had also, as he knew, directly violated the law in two respects—first, in selling within the year allowed for redemption, and second, in selling privately instead of by public auction. As he reflected upon his position, his mind filled with alarm, a fact which Mr. Wilkins did not fail to perceive. Solomon therefore besought him not to create unpleasantness, and expressed his readiness to make every atonement for the consequences of his error. This conciliatory attitude on the part of Solomon seemed to soften the resentment of Mr. Wilkins. The ring, he said, was a souvenir, and he prized it highly on that account. But he had no desire to take undue advantage of Solomon's mistake, and would be satisfied with the money value of the ring, which, at the lowest estimate, he put at £30. It was painful to solomon to accede to these terms, but it was clear to him that he had no alternative. He was also wise enough to perceive that, while some part of his conduct would receive the censure of many, the other part would provoke the laughter of all. He therefore doled out the £30, which Mr. Wilkins leisurely gathered up, and, bidding both Solomon and his son a friendly adieu, left the shop with the air of one who felt that he was a benefactor to his race.

On the following day Solomon chanced to be at the local railway station; and had there lingered in his mind the slightest doubt that he had been cruelly victimized, it would have been rudely dispelled when, at one of the windows of a train slowly steaming away he descried the jubilant faces of both Mr. Wilkins and the elderly gentlemen, the purchaser of the ring. Solomon's emotion at the sight, and his utter helplessness, must be left to the imagination of the reader.—*Chamber's Journal.*

A Temporary Loan.—Chumley—"I'm in a little fix to-day, Brown, for money; what would you say if I were to ask you for a temporary loan of a hundred of two dollars?" Brown—"Well, Chumley, if the loan will be temporary, I might let you have the two dollars."

"Papa," said a rich and beautiful girl, who has many, many beaux, "what is your idea in building our new mansion so near a graveyard. It will seem so ghostly after dark." "That is exactly the idea," responded the old man, "I want to try and have the house closed before midnight."

Wit and Humor.

A bad fit—a fit of despondency.

Why is a city official like a church-bell? One steals from the people and the other peals from the steeple.

"Shoot folly as it flies," is good enough for a winter quotation. The summer rendition is: "Shoot flies as they follow."

"You know," she said as a clincher, "woman is the salt of the earth." "Yes," replied he, savagely, "and the pepper, too."

What is the difference between an apple and a pretty girl? One you squeeze to get cider, and the other you get 'side her to squeeze.

The trouble with the concert-hall singer who warbles "I cannot sing the old song," is that she doesn't succeed any better with the new ones.

The man who has "grit" and ability and is willing to start in business in a small way, usually makes a success of it.

Theory and Practice.—The Rev. Moses Meecker (jumping up)—"Why on earth do you interrupt me in this way, Maria? You're enough to drive one crazy! Didn't I tell you I should be busy all the morning writing my sermon on patience?"

Jovial bachelor—Well, Charlie, my boy, I hear you are going abroad this fall? Young Anglomaniac—Ya-as, I expect to go—er—I shall spend most of my time in London yer know. J. B.—To acquire the language, I suppose.

First German actor—I has been dinking dot I vill blay me in English next season. You dink mine accent vos goot enough, Schweitzer? Second German actor. Mine gracious, yes! You speak not English yust so well like me.

The man who doesn't want a wife who knows more than he should marry the woman who doesn't want a husband that knows more than she does. Probably they would both succeed in getting what they are after, and their married life should be ideally perfect.

"We passed a derelict last night," said the talkative passenger at breakfast. "You don't say so!" exclaimed Mrs. Parvenue, and then whispering to her daughter, whose seat was next beside her she said: "There, Jennie, remember that 'derelict' is French for 'iceberg' when we get to Paris!"

The husband stood at the door, hat in hand, and spoke with a tinge of impatience in his tone. "I am waiting, Maria," he said, "for my customary good-by kiss." "I kissed you only a moment ago, John," replied the wife. "Why, so you did, my love," said John, putting on his hat, "so you did." "If I smoked as nasty a pipe as you do," said Maria, "you would have no difficulty in remembering my kiss."

Just as a friend of ours, who lives in Winslow, had completed a watering trough by the roadside and stood watching it as it filled with clear, cool water from the spring above, an elderly couple, of well-to-do appearance, stopped for their horse to drink. Noting the delight of the animal and realizing the benefit of the contrivance to the public the lady remarked to Mr. D——, "The Lord will reward you for this." "I have no doubt of it, madam," said D——, with a low bow and a twinkle in his eye, "but I shall make out my bill to the selectmen."

"Daniel," remarked the President yesterday morning, with a merry twinkle in his laughing eyes.

"Yes, sire," replied the happy Daniel in reply.

"You have seen the recent letter of the British Minister?"

"Yes, sire," said Daniel, with caution.

"Do you know, Daniel, what I'm going to do about it?"

No, sire, but I'd like to."

"Well, Daniel, I'll tell you," and the President's amplitude fairly quivered with suppressed laughter. "I'm going to inform John Bull, Esq., that he had better pull down his West."

For a minute Daniel gazed on his chief. Then the reaction came and he fell over in a dead faint, and the President's merriment was shrouded in gloom.

We understand what we ought to do; but when we deliberate we play booty against ourselves; our consciences direct us one way, our corruptions hurry us another.

A note obtained by fraud, or from one intoxicated, is void.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

COMPENSATION.

I did not think that I was old,
Albeit in my hair
I noticed that some silver threads
Were scattered here and there.
The age in which we live, they say,
Makes people prematurely gray.

Though dependent on my glasses,
It gave me no surprise—
Sewing and reading as I do,
Would try most people's eyes:
And half our young folks now, you know,
Wear glasses everywhere they go.

Rheumatic twinges might have been
A hint of age to me;
They used to be old folks' complaints,
But doctors all agree
That changes of the weather tell
On young folks nowadays as well.

I know I'm getting "fussy ways,"
I want things plumb and true;
I like my cup of tea at noon,
My quiet corner too.
But such things come about I've found,
Where children are no more around.

But I am old. I'll tell you why:
I'm grandmother to-day.—
A fact I've seen and felt, and one
That holds undoubted sway.
Yes, grandmother! That used to be
A name that sounded old to me.

But with such a compensation,
How blessed to be old!
A little grandchild for my own,
To love, to kiss, to hold!
A benediction gift the good,
All Father gives to womanhood.

—*Susan Teall Perry, in Good Housekeeping.*

"SUSAN NIPPER."

Story of a Cow That First Caused Discord and Then Concord.

"Uncle Smith is gone."

"Gone where?"

"Why, Kate! John means that he is dead!"

"O-oh!" She tried to look sober, but smiled. It was very silly.

"There, mamma—I know I'm a dunce; you needn't frown to emphasize the fact; but in a case like this, where is the use of repining?"

"When did it occur?" asked Mrs. Emslie.

"About two weeks ago. I received word yesterday that I was mentioned in the will."

"Sensible old gentleman. I think I could have mourned him, if—I had known him! I hope your portion was large."

"As large as that of all the rest."

"How much?"

"Katharine! I'm disgusted with you. So will John be."

"Not a bit, mother, dear. Leave me to manage Jack. I shall have to soon, you know."

The handsome fellow beamed upon her; he had no fear of her management.

"You needn't smile, sir. It's going to be serious for *you*. See here." She held forth a volume with a glittering title: "How to Manage a Husband. By One of the Managers."

"Where did you get that thing?"

"Letty Stone sent it. She is the author, and it's making her famous."

"She is an old maid."

"That doesn't matter, it sells all the same. But tell me about your legacy; what is it?"

"A cow."

"A—*what?*"

"A cow; neither more nor less."

[illegible]

"Not at all. He really hadn't much to dispose of, and he portioned it out equally."

"Humph! What did the rest get?"

"One had the cottage; another, a few bank shares; Henry, a few acres of ground. The division was fair enough. I am satisfied."

"Inheriting a cow! It's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard!"

Off Katherine went in a gale of laughter, but presently observed that her mirth was unshared by the others.

Mrs. Emslie looked perplexed; she was practical, and any thing out of the common annoyed her. Jack seemed perfectly serene and content.

"Perhaps you would like to hear about 'Susan Nipper'!"

"And who is she, pray?"

Kate sat down beside him to listen.

"My legacy. She is a valuable Holstein."

"And why 'Susan Nipper'?"

"Because she is a registered thoroughbred. No other animal can ever bear her name."

"None in its senses would wish."

"Perhaps not. She is young; she will be more famous by and by. Even now she is worth two thousand dollars."

"John Lansing—a cow! Humph!"

"Yes. I was offered that this morning by Mr. Sampson, of Holbridge Farm."

"Well—but why didn't you take it?"

"I preferred—'Susan Nipper.'"

"And what are you going to do with her?"

"Keep her."

"As an attraction, in the store?"

"I fancy there was sufficient 'method' in Uncle John's 'madness.' He knew me when a little shaver, and how I loved a farm; and was always an advocate of every one following 'their bent.' Agriculture was my desire—a dry-goods store my fact. Now, I'm going to sell out and buy some land."

Katharine was speechless with astonishment, and Mrs. Emslie prudently left the scene.

"You do not look pleased, darling."

"I am not, I assure you."

"Then I am very sorry."

He drew her close, and smoothed the pretty curls in his tender, awkward way.

"You can't be in earnest, Jack, dear."

"Never more so in my life. It is generally a trifle which turns the course of a man's life, and uncle's legacy has turned mine. You know I have often talked of this."

"O, yes! when you are old and retired from business. I wouldn't mind that. Cousin Walter has a farm and an elegant Queen Anne house, and lots of servants. That is nice enough, and the only kind of farming which would suit me."

"You don't know, dear. Why, my sweetest dream is to see you flitting about, caring for our simple but comfortable home, with plenty of room to live, without stifling ourselves in a 'flat,' our own broad fields about us, and no restrictions on enjoying 'the grass.' Then, in the winter, with a cozy sleigh and good horse to carry us over the glittering roads. *Here* a sleigh-ride is an extravagance for us."

For a moment the pleasant picture her lover drew woke a mild enthusiasm in the gayety-loving heart, but it soon vanished.

"Jack, I will never marry a farmer." The angry flush in the beautiful face emphasized the tone.

"Hush, Kate! don't say things without thinking."

"No, I will not 'hush'! and I am thinking."

She sprang up and paced the narrow parlor, whence—in true city fashion—God's daylight was excluded, her dainty white tea-gown trailing over the carpet. Finally she paused before the long mirror.

"I look like it, don't I? *A farmer's wife*—ugh!"

Now, Katherine Emslie was in truth a lovely girl, not a bit more vain than was good for her; just enough so to make her study her own apparel to achieve the best results, and she succeeded in being always charming. She shrank from things ugly and coarse, and—well, she had seen this despised class of women times and times! She knew.

Last summer at Neversink, and the year before among the Berkshires; in those long, delightful drives, when Jack was taking his vacation with mamma and her. He would stand and gossip with the men, till every old "hayseed" in the community knew and had a kind word for him; while she would watch and pity the wives, in untidy gowns and barren of "frizzes." She be one of them?—never! Still, there was a piece of work before her, if she was to banish "agriculture" from that obstinate Lansing head over on the sofa-pillow. Preparing to begin the siege, she was disconcerted by the first remark.

"She has beautiful eyes, large and mild."

"Who, pray?"

"'Susan Nipper.'"

"Indeed! my rival."

"Ridiculous, Kate!"

"Isn't it true?"

"Certainly it is not. I thought, at first' that I would sell her; but she looked at me——"

"And that settled the matter."

"Exactly. Depend upon it, 'there *is* a destiny,' etc. I was a farmer born. I love the soil; the very odor of it is sweet to me; and to own it, to work in it, to enjoy the freedom of a life in the open fields—Oh! I wonder I have ever imprisoned myself in town so long."

"If you had not, you would not have met—*me!*"

"True, sweetheart—another proof of 'destiny'—but now that I *have* you, I am free to live out my nature."

"I thought a wife—that is to be—had an interest in—in—her husband's plans." The shyness and the blushes were irresistible. John did what any other lover would have done.

"Ah, yes! a true wife like my Kate!"

"But you have decided without consulting *me!*"

"Why, my dear girl, you shall settle all the details, even as to the locality; although, for your sake, I prefer Glastonbury, where your Cousin Walter lives."

"Jack," very slowly and bewitchingly, "I am not going to marry a farmer."

"So you said. Pardon my contradicting you." He tried to kiss her pouting lips, but she drew back.

"No; you are in earnest—so am I. I will not be like those dreadful women."

"You can never be any thing but the sweetest in the world."

"Then you won't give up the notion!"

"I can not; it is not a 'notion.' In such a life lies my success. We are made what we are; we can not remodel ourselves."

"Then *eccentricity* runs in your family, and—excuse me—I am afraid of it. Though you may have had a fancy for it, you had no intention of farming till your uncle died and left you—a cow! Immediately you give up a good business——"

"Which I detest!"

"And put your fortune into a *pasture* for your cow! I object to have my life ruined, and you forthwith trample my prejudices under foot to indulge the desires of 'a beautiful, mild-eyed' cow! If I rightly understand, the line has now to be drawn between your—wife—and this *cow!*"

She had risen and gone away from him, speaking with a distinct, inimitable sarcasm.

"Come, darling, don't let us keep this up any longer. Of course it is to make no difference in our lives together; our wedding-day is fixed, thank God! and *our home* shall be ready."

"No, John." She put out her hand with a forbidding gesture, and all the color left her face. "You have chosen your life, and I choose mine; they do *not* lie together. Here is your ring. I wish you success and joy—of 'Susan Nipper'!"

"Sweetheart!" But the slim figure ascending the stair did not turn back, and there was temper as well as obstinacy in "the Lansing head;" so the door was closed between them.

* * * * * *

"Mamma, I have 'broken off' with Mr. Lansing."

"Very well, dear. Then we will go abroad for a year or two."

They did; and for many a month neither heard or knew aught more of the would-be farmer, though Katharine wisely opined, that since he was quite free to select his own "locality," it would *not* be Glastonbury, or any place near relatives of hers.

They tired of Europe at last, for though Kate was gay, she was restless, and her mother was glad enough to improve the first suggestion to "go home." There they found a letter waiting.

"My dear, Cousin Walter writes that Emily is miserable, the children and the servants running wild; and he wants us to come up for a few weeks and help him out. Are you willing?"

"It doesn't matter."

"Don't be so indifferent. I, too, would prefer the quiet of home, but I feel under obligations to him. He has managed my business most kindly and faithfully since your father died."

"We will go, of course."

Mr. Emslie's hobby was scientific farming, and the Long Acre estate a magnificent one; and he who had not visited this "lion" of the county had missed a glimpse of fairyland.

"You are not going to send those beautiful animals to a country fair!" expostulated Katharine.

"Certainly; I believe in this kind of life and all farmers, great or small, must make an exhibit of their best to encourage their neighbors."

"I should think it would *discourage* them to compete with your stock. It is a foregone conclusion that you will capture all the prizes."

Cousin Walter smiled; he would rather take "first premium" at the forthcoming exposition than be bank president.

"I don't know—I don't know," he said, complacently rubbing his hands. I thought I had the finest of every thing in my line; but, perfect as my herd is, there is one creature I covet."

"And what is that?"

"A beautiful Holstein-Friesian, whose record beats even my 'Maggie Darragh's.' She is owned by a long-headed chap who runs the small farm next mine."

"Why don't you buy her?"

"Can't. Have offered him four thousand, but money seems no inducement. However, she and 'Maggie' are to compete at this fair, and if my neighbor comes out ahead—why, I'll have her, if I have to double my offer."

Katharine felt but little interest in the "Farmers' Show;" yet when the pastures of Long Acre were emptied of their splendid herds, they looked strangely lonely to her; and on the second morning of the exhibition she was quite ready to accept her cousin's invitation to visit the grounds.

"I shall have to leave you alone, though, most of the time. You see, I have so many 'entries' to look after."

"Is your neighbor's cow here?"

His face fell. "O, but she's a royal beauty! Not a blemish in her, and at yesterday's milking contest five quarts ahead of famous 'Maggie Darragh.' I don't know how it will be to-day, but I fear the issue."

"There is no perfect happiness, Cousin Walter. All the world envies you, and you—envy a poor farmer."

"Can't be very poor and own 'Susan Nipper'!"

Kate visibly started. "Who?"

"'Susan Nipper.'"

"Strange! I knew a cow—I mean, I heard of one—of that name."

"Must have been this one, then."

"Why? Can't there be two?"

"Not in registered thoroughbreds. Names may be similar, not identical. But the animal you—were acquainted with—may it not have been a Holstein?"

"Yes, it was."

"Then it's my neighbor's, and you'll have an opportunity to renew civilities. Was it in Holland?" The girl did not reply: she was too busy wishing herself at home.

It was a noisy, crowded place; and finding "Exhibition Hall" and the numberless tents uncomfortable, she wandered off towards the rear of the grounds, and found herself among rows of frame cattle-sheds, where were her cousin's "quarters." An attendant brought her a camp-chair, and placed her comfortably, where she was glad to rest and watch the midday milking. Now she was here, she wondered about "Susan Nipper," and wished she could see that fateful animal just once, herself unseen. "Where is the cow that rivals 'Maggie Darragh'?"

"Behind you, miss, in that shed on the left."

Katharine glanced furtively over her shoulder. What if "her rival's" owner should be present!

But he was not, and she ventured to approach and gaze upon *her enemy*. Here, too, the milking had just been accomplished, and she found herself listening to discussions of "the judges."

She fancied that there was something a little strange about "Susan's" attendant; he was evidently indifferent to the success of his side, and—she thought he needed watching.

"Where is the owner?" asked one gentleman decorated by a "badge."

"Couldn't come to-day," replied the employe, carelessly.

"No man ought to leave a creature like that in inexperienced hands," said another. "That fellow doesn't understand his business; her yield falls below Maggie Daragh's,' yet she's by all odds the finest creature. Well, we'll get around here by six and see her milked again.'

They did, and Mr. Emslie and his fair cousin as well. If her—her old friend, Mr. Lansing, could not be present, there was no impropriety of her availing herself of this amusement, sheltered behind Cousin Walter's responsibility. The operation was carried on with spirit in the two rival stalls. Mr. Emslie and "the judge" flitted from one to the other; but Katharine was stationary, watching with eager eyes the attendant of "Susan Nipper," who, supposing himself to be the object of special interest, "lost his head" in his clums vanity.

"You have made a mistake in that measurement."

The rustic was dumbfounded. "I reckon not, miss."

"Yes; I watched you. It must be done over."

Cousin Walter and the others drawing near, she appealed to them, and one in authority commanded, briefly: 'Try it over."

The accused refused to obey.

"O, but you shall!" cried Kate. "It's cheating else. 'Maggie Darragh's' owner is here to look after his own affairs, and his men are honest; but you, either ignorantly or purposely, have blundered."

"Quite right," said "Judge" Emlston. "If there's a question of fraud, we'll see that milk remeasured. Is this beautiful creature yours, madam? Are you Mrs. Lansing?"

Poor Katharine's face was scarlet; but a well-known voice replied for her—for she was dumb.

"Thank you, dear. You [illegible] play bravely."

He lifted his hat to the assembly, drew her arm within his own, and led her away. In a dream, she suffered this masterful intruder to place her in his own carriage, and carry her out from the crowded, dusty place to the sweet and open country; and not till he drew rein before the gateway of a vine-embowered villa was silence broken.

"This is where I and 'Susan Nipper' live—waiting for you to come and make a *home*. Are you ready yet, sweetheart?"

The words were not much, but they roused her from her reverie. After all it was quite natural, and in the old order of things, for Jack and her to be riding through green lanes and byways; and it was quite the old Kate who turned her tearful eyes, but smiling lips, towards him.

"I'm tired, John, and—I guess—I—am ready."

And the way he drew her head upon his shoulder—well, that was quite natural, too!

"But sir," she cried, suddenly sitting erect, "that man is a cheat. You must discharge him."

"You shall have that privilege, darling—you have earned it."

Cousin Walter drove home very much astonished, and not a little wroth. Mrs. Emslie received his report calmly.

"There they come now—the impudent pair!"

Kate sprang lightly out, and tossed a kiss to her irate relative; then whispered in his ear:

"Patience; you shall have the creature yet."

When the brief wedding journey was over, and Mrs. Lansing was home at "The Meadows," she dispatched a note to Long Acre.

"For Sale—One Holstein-Friesian, 'Susan Nipper.' Price, $8,500."

The millionaire whistled, laughed, and returned answer:

"Check ready when goods are delivered."

"But, little wife, you won't sell her—my wedding-gift to you?"

"Indeed, and I will, sir. That money is better in bank than in a homely, awkward thing, that is likely to get the—the—I don't know what."

"But *I* am really attached to her."

"Exactly. That is why I hate her. She'll have to go."

And "Susan Nipper" went.—*Frank Leslie's Newspaper.*

An Oculist's Advice.

Keep a shade on your lamp or gas-burner.

Never read or sew directly in front of a light, window or door.

It is best to let the light fall from above, obliquely over the left shoulder.

Never sleep so that on first wakening the eyes shall open on the light of a window.

Never begin to read, write or sew for several minutes after coming from darkness to light.

Do not use the eyesight by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate, whether twilight, moonlight or on cloudy days.

Finally, the moment you are instinctively prompted to rub your eyes, that moment stop using them.—*Troy Times.*

—Remove the seeds when feeding pumpkins to cows. They do harm by acting as a strong diuretic.

MR. AND MRS. JONES.

They Deprecated Family Broils, But Quarreled About Their Wedding Day.

"It's very strange," remarked Jones to his spouse, as he laid aside the paper he had been reading, "that men and their wives will wrangle and fight in the manner they do."

"It is indeed," rejoined Mrs. Jones, putting up her knitting. "Thank goodness no one can point their finger at us and say we ever quarreled; can they, love?"

"No dear; I trust that we love each other too well for that. Here we have been married nearly five years, and never yet have the waters of our conjugal sea been ruffled by a single ripple of contention or strife."

"It's nearly six years, darling," corrected Mrs. Jones, sweetly."

"Why, no, my dear, it is but five years. You are mistaken."

"Surely, you forget, Constantine! You know how uncertain your memory is sometimes."

"I know nothing of the kind," retorted Jones, getting red in the face. "You don't suppose I've been asleep for a year, do ye?"

"I guess I ought to know when we were married!" replied she curtly, shifting about uneasily in her chair. "It was in September, 1882—nearly six years ago."

"In September, 1883—nearly five years ago, you mean."

"I don't mean any such thing! I mean just what I said!"

"Why don't you call me a liar, and be done with it. I'm a confounded idiot, am I, and don't know whether I'm a bachelor or a hen-pecked husband, eh?" and Jones jumped up and pranced around the table to where his wife was seated.

"Don't tell me you're a hen-pecked husband, Constantine Jones!" exclaimed his better-half, bustling up to him bantam-fashion."

"I didn't say I was!"

"You did!"

"I didn't!"

"Don't stand up there and lie to me in that way, you old serpent!"

"Don't you call me a liar again, you—you—vixen, or I'll maul you!"

"You dare to touch me, and I'll scratch your eyes out!"

"Hold your tongue, termagant, or I'll—I'll——"

"You will, eh? You don't dare to! I'd just like to see you lay your hands on me, you murderous old beast!"

"Don't dare me, woman, or I'll beat the carpet with you!" snorted Jones, sparring around her like a Pawnee at a war-dance.

"Just try it, and I'll pull every hair out of that pumpkin head of yours!" retorted she, following him about the room.

"Keep away from me, you pestiferous tarantula, or I'll mangle you so that your own mother wouldn't know ye! There now take that, will ye!" and Jones delivered a push that sent his wife sprawling over the rocking-chair.

"And you take that! an' that! an' that!" yelled she, scrambling up and flicung wildly with both hands.

During the hottest of the fight a policeman rushed in upon them and quelled the disturbance, dragging the combatants off to the police station, thus adding one more to the list of "disgraceful affairs" which had so aroused the indignation of Mr. and Mrs. Constantine Jones.—*Yankee Blade.*

CURIOUS BELIEFS.

Superstitious Notions About Teeth Prevailing Among the Unsophisticated.

In Lower Canada and the Eastern States children are told when a tooth comes out that the new tooth will be a gold one if the tongue is kept out of the cavity.

An "old woman's" saying, handed down by many a fond mother, tells us that to lose a tooth or an eye is also to lose some friend or kinsman, or is, at least, attended by some ill luck.

To dream of teeth was considered a warning of some impending disaster, unless you happened to shape your dream so that the teeth would fall out, when you must gather from that sort of nightmare that you would soon meet your lover, who would propose.

There was a tradition that from the time Chosrees, the Persian, carried off a piece of the true cross from Constantinople, the number of teeth in the mouths of men was reduced from thirty-two to twenty-three. It is needless to say, however, that mankind is usually provided with a full complement of thirty-two.

Teeth have been worshiped, and, in fact, are venerated as relics in some religious shrines. Buddha's tooth is preserved in a temple in India, and Cingalese worshiped the tooth of a monkey, while an elephant's tooth and a shark's tooth served a similar purpose among the Malabar islanders and the Tonga islanders respectively. The Siamese valued a monkey's tooth so highly that they are reported to have offered the Portuguese, into whose hands it had fallen by the fortunes of war, 7000,00 crowns for it.

The period of teething being an anxious one in childhood, it is extremely important to have it over with. In the west of England a necklace of beads made from peony root, was placed on the child's neck to assist the operation, and one of amber beads was also thought to be powerful, either being considered a help; according to the complexion of the child, so were the different colored beads used. It was also said that the first teeth must not be thrown away when they fall out, for if any animal got such a trophy, the next tooth would be like that of the animal finding the old one.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

NERVES AND MOODS.

How to Secure Good Health, Mental, Spiritual and Bodily.

A nerve is a wonderful, wonderful thing. A little white filament, sometimes so delicate and so fine as hardly to be visible when exposed from the tissue in which it has lived. Exquisitely sensitive and strangely responsive to the sentiments of pleasure or pain which are conveyed through it, this wonderful thing does its duty and bears its burdens and stands the racket imposed upon it, with a degree of patience and fortitude almost impossible to realize. Nothing in nature is more marvelous than the network of nerves constituting what we somewhat carelessly call our nervous system. Each nerve is a telegraphic cord in itself. Each is a part of the whole complex and inimitable system of telegraphy by which messages from the headquarters in the brain are sent to the minute stations in the extremities. If this telegraphic system of nerves were erected on diminutive poles outside of our bodies, it would be a most peculiar exhibit. Happily for us, our nervous systems are, as it were, a harmonious arrangement of underground wires, carefully buried within us, and deftly concealed from outside observation. We can not see them, nor know whether they are too slack or too tightly strained. We can tell when they are disturbed, for neuralgic agony shoots along their course from station to station. When we are glum, and dismal, and low-spirited, the telegraphic apparatus is out of order, and the nerve forces are demoralized. When nerves work wrong, it is as when telegraphic poles are shaky or wires tangled or crossed, or currents irregular, or batteries confused.

According to the irregularity of our nerves, so are our irregular moods. If all is right, we are happy and cheery and sunshiny. But let the batteries blunder, or currents cross, or the wires become entangled, and we are irritable, sulky, ill-tempered or angry, as the case may be. In some of our distressful moods we pout, and sulk, and misinterpret and misunderstand. We take offense where no offense is intended, and we impute to others motives which are never conceived by them. At times when the moods are out of sort, we think the whole world is persecuting us, and we, the afflicted objects of persecution, are above all other human creatures singled out for martyrdom. That this gives us hateful and unpleasant feelings toward our fellow-men is not to be denied. How can we help it?

If it were necessary for us continually to abide in such a state of sin and misery as this, our lot would be hard indeed. But for the most of us it is as unnecessary as it is for a home to be perpetually distracted by a lot of howling and ill-mannered children. Some families allow their little boys and girls to be in a constant wrangle; to tell tales on each other, and to whine for what they want. Others give the youngsters to understand that they must behave themselves decently, or else go without what they would like to have. So with the nerves. There is no more use in letting our nerves get the better of us so that we have to tell people we are moody, and odd, and queer and cranky, any more than there is of letting our children turn home into a howling desolation. There are circumstances under which most of us can without insuperable difficulty, rise from the moodiness which is brought about by letting the nerves have their own way. Mental and physical diet has much to do with it. Brooding over real sorrows and imaginary miseries will make the best of us moody and wretched. Nursing grief and affronts, and telling the sad story of our woes, has as depressing an effect as narcotic drugs. Sleeping in unventilated rooms often produces chronic wretchedness, even if these rooms be furnished with the appliances of wealth and refinement. Association with grim persons is depressing and dispiriting. Eating greasy or indigestible food at a table surrounded with grumblers is enough to upset our whole nerve-system and throw us into dark blue horrors.

"Good health," mental, spiritual and bodily, is worth working for. It casts out the malaria of moodiness and lifts us into the sunlight of joy. Good health is more easily attained than most folks suppose.—*Cor. Christian at Work.*

Too Doocid Vulgah.

Noodletop—I haven't seen Puffy in your company lately, Kanob; what's become of him?

Kanob—Ah, we—ah—don't twain together now.

N.—What is the matter? Have you quarrelled?

K.—No. I—aw—was obliged to cut the fellah, you knaw; he was too doocid vulgah.

N.—Indeed?

K.—Yaas, I accompanied him to his tailors's where he was to be measured for a pair of twrousers, and he asked to be measured for pawnts, yaas, actually asked to be measured for pawnts—*Boston Courier.*

—It is said the boys in Scotland are not in the habit of using profane words. When a gang of Scottish boys in one of Mr. Black's novels suspended one of their number over a stream with the threat that he would be dropped therein if he did not "say a swear," the worst thing he could think of was "Deevil." But that was considered so bad that he was promptly released.

—A German statistician figures up that England has caused the death of 50,000,000 people and has wrought $10,000,000,000 worth of destruction.

SHE MAKES US TIRED.

How Some Women Act After Making a Seventy-five Cent Purchase.

"You may send it to my address, please," said one of those wound-up women to the clerk of whom she had bought two spools of thread and a yard of dress goods to match a sample, "and don't fail to get it there to-day or I can't have the dress finished to-morrow, and I want it——"

"What street did you say?" asked he clerk.

"It would be the *greatest kind* of a disappointment if I didn't get the goods to-day. I speak of it because you know sometimes you *don't* get goods there when you say you will, and if I thought there was *any possibility* of your *not* getting it there I'd——"

"What number, please?"

"Take it with me, but I'm going to make a great many other purchases and I can't carry this very well; besides, I'm not sure I'll get there as soon as——"

"What street, ma'am?"

"O, East 172nd street, and be sure you write it plain, for once I ordered some goods here and you sent them to 127th street and I didn't get them for three full days, and if you should make such a mistake to-day I don't know what I *should* do; for, as I said before——"

"You haven't given me the number."

"O, haven't I? Well, it's 1729, and be *sure* that you don't write *thirty*-nine as a clerk did once, and we'd just moved to that street and no one knew us and *such* a time as the driver had. It's seventeen-*twenty*-nine East 172d street, and——" there were about two chapters more of it before she had run down and out.—*Time.*

Log Cabin Grandmothers.

An Indiana doctor has recently discovered in a common weed whose medicinal qualities have never before been suspected, a valuable remedy for bowel disorders.

There is nothing particularly strange about this fact.

Nothing.

And yet the very simplicity of the new discovery would, with some, seem to throw just doubt upon its power. To make it one has only to pour hot water over the leaves of the plant. In its preparation no vast chemical works and appliances are required.

Is it to be wondered at since such plainly prepared remedies are accounted as of such great merit in these days, that such wonderful results attended our grandmothers, whose teas and infusions of roots and herbs and balsams, have exerted so great an influence in the maintenance of health and life?

Certainly not!

The greatest pieces of machinery strike us most by their exceeding simplicity.

The secret of the success of grandmother's remedies was their freshness and simplicity. Every autumn found the little Log Cabin abundantly supplied with fresh leaves, roots, herbs and balsams, which were carefully dried and prepared and laid away for use. Dreading to call a doctor because of the expensiveness of his far-made trips, they immediately gave attention to the disease and routed it before it had gained a foothold.

The old Log Cabin grandmother, in cap and high tucked gown, and perchance bespectacled in rough silver, her weary feet encased in "hum made" slips, is the dear sweet nurse who rises to the view of many a man and woman to-day as the early years of life pass in retrospect.

The secrets of grandmother's medicines were rapidly being forgotten and the world was not growing in the grace of good health. To restore the lost art of log cabin healing has been for years the desire of a well-known philanthropist in whose ancestral line were eight "goodly physicians" of the old style, men who never saw a medical college save in the woods, nor a "medical diploma" except that inscribed on the faces of healthy and long lived patients. Much time and money was expended in securing the old formulæ, which to-day are put forth as "Log Cabin remedies"—sarsaparilla, hops and buchu, cough and consumption, and several others, by Warner, whose name is famous and a standard for medical excellence all over the globe. These oldest, newest and best preparations have been recognized as of such superexcellence that to-day they can be found with all leading dealers.

When Col. Ethan Allen was making history along our northern frontier during the revolution, Col. Seth Warner, the fighting Sheridan of that army, who was a skillful natural doctor, used many such remedies, notably like the Log Cabin extract, sarsaparilla and cough and consumption remedy, among the soldiers with famous success.

They are a noble inheritance which we of to-day may enjoy to the full, as did our forefathers, and using, reap, as did they, the harvest of a life full of days and full of usefulness.

THE laboring man is in hard luck. The wheat corner decreases his loaf and protection increases his loafing.—*Chicago Herald.*

IN many of the States out West there is a bounty offered on jack rabbits, which encourages the people to gopher them.—*Somerville Journal.*

A LUMP sum—the coal-dealer's profits.

IN Texas a man rarely cuts an acquaintance, but a stranger from the East has to be mighty careful.—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE ice-man, like the small politician, never gets tired delivering his little piece.—*Boston Gazette.*

IT is now believed that Venus rose from the sea to allow the hired girl to make the bed of the ocean.—*Detroit Free Press.*

IT is pretty hard to raise a child without losing your temper occasionally. The same applies to a car window.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

PARTS unknown—on a bald head.—*Texas Siftings.*

ALTHOUGH not subject to the ague, cows are responsible for the milk shake.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

EXPANSIVE hats are now being made for gentlemen who get full to the brim, and want a hat that is not felt.—*Drake's Magazine.*

THE man who sells what he does not own can not cheat the man who never pays him for it. A great deal of business is done on that basis.—*N. O. Picayune.*

WHAT wind should a hungry sailor wish for? One that blows fowl and chops about.

THERE is only a distinction without a difference between an auburn-haired sweetheart and a red-headed wife.—*Washington Critic.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—A sure and safe way to remove grease spots from silk is to rub the spot quickly with brown paper. The friction will soon draw out the grease.

—If you will be as pleasant and as anxious to please in your home as you are in the company of your neighbors, you may have one of the happiest homes in the world.

—In putting away summer lawns and muslins it is best not to starch them, as it rots cotton when long in it. Wash and dry thoroughly and roll away till spring time.

—The average farmer can not see where his "independence" comes in when he has to work hard all summer to pay the interest which falls due on his mortgage in the winter.

—It is of no advantage for an animal to be a "small eater." In order to produce largely the animal should consume as much food as possible, and always have a great appetite.

—Cull out the flock and fatten for the butcher those sheep which failed at shearing-time to yield a profitable fleece. Lambs that are intended to urn off should be given generous feed.

—Cows lying out in the pasture or open barnyard through chilly nights will entail a loss in diminished milk-yield of far greater amount than the cost of keeping them under shelter at night and during cold storms. After the frosts come pasturage should be supplemented by liberal rations of bran, ground oats, or other feed.

—Never grow trees of different kinds together until satisfied one does not injure the other, as is frequently the case when plums are grown near peaches, thus inducing the curculio to sometimes attack the latter. A single wild-cherry tree near an apple orchard will provide a harboring place for caterpillars, which finally injure the apple orchard.

—Those who sow wheat after corn should move lively or they will be too late. Fall plowing for spring crops should be done at once, except on land infested with foul grasses, which ought not to be touched until just before freezing up. While waiting don't forget to provide plenty of good fuel for winter, and thus increase the happiness of the household.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—If red clover is cut for seed or is permitted to ripen seed on the ground it will last for several years. When the seed is produced the plant has completed its functions and then the root perishes, but when it is kept mown or fed down it will continue to grow. Naturally red clover is a biennial plant and dies when it has seeded the second year of its growth. The pea vine clover is a perennial and is the best of the clovers for pasture, but it is not suitable for horses, as the late growth causes profuse salivation.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

—A very handsome window lambrequin is of plush; cut a piece the required depth, and width of window. At some distance from each end make a deep perpendicular slash, and draw the portion between the slashes—which should be a little shorter than the ends—from the left end and lift high at the right edge by folding in it three upturning plaits, tacking securely. Fasten a bow of ribbon over the plaits and finish the edge of lambrequin with plush balls. On the end pieces embroider a spray of flowers. Line with silesia, satteen or canton flannel. —*The Housewife.*

CURE FOR IVY POISON.

It is Sulphate of Soda, Properly Dissolved and Used as a Wash.

Poison ivy, while it is very poisonous to some, is entirely harmless to others. Actual contact with the plant is not in all cases necessary to poison a man. Persons are known to have been poisoned by simply passing by places where the vine grows abundantly. Those who are not familiar with these plants will on general principles do well to avoid any vine or bush growing by rocks, fences and wood sides with glossy leaves arranged in trees, and in the fall any particularly brilliant tree in swampy places, with leaves resembling, but slightly broader than the common sumach.

Fortunately ivy poisoning is not a dangerous affection, although persons severely poisoned present a very distressing appearance. No scars or permanent injury to the skin or general system are apprehended in ordinary cases, and no danger of catching it by contact with the eruption upon another person need be feared.

The bruised leaves of the common plantain are an excellent antidote and always convenient. Rub them over the eruptions and bind them on if possible. Fine table salt often effects a cure. Applications of soft soap sometimes affords relief. Sweet oil is one of the surest and most agreeable remedies. Bathe the irritated parts frequently with the oil. A leading physician speaks in the highest terms of sulphite of soda as a remedy, prescribes it for his patients, as he knows its value from personal experience. As to his own case he was completely covered with the poisonous eruptions and tried all the old and new cures without any good resulting from them, until one day a drug clerk gave him ten cents worth of sulphite of soda, dissolved in one pint of water, with which he bathed the parts freely. It acted like magic; it allayed the itching and was very soothing. The cure was complete in a week. Sulphite of soda can be obtained at any drug store, but in ordering it will be well to state that it is sulphite of soda and not sulphate that is wanted, otherwise there is a possibility of getting the latter, which will not answer the purpose."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

STONE IMPLEMENTS.

Many of Them Still Used in Virginia and Other Southern States.

All over our country we find many interesting relics of the Indians. Stone spearheads, arrowheads, hammers, chisels, knives, scrapers, etc., together with pottery, some of burned or baked clay, some cut from soft stone, as slate, steatite, etc. Similar remnants of the so-called stone age of mankind are found in nearly every portion of the globe, and, besides their interest as curious survivals of a by-gone time, they aid us toward a discovery of the prehistoric man. It is hardly of less interest, or of less historic or scientific value, to note how the stone age still survives among us to no little extent.

Here in Virginia, for instance, many people still scald their slaughtered hogs in hogsheads or barrels, as our barbarian progenitors boiled their meat in skins, by heating stones and putting them into the water until it is hot enough for the purpose. The stones ordinarily used in this way are roundish, hard and very heavy black or brown modules, sometimes called "negro heads," or iron stones, although they are compressed lava upheaved in strata through crevices in the rock crust of the earth at remote periods of geological time.

We sometimes encounter stones that are hollowed out in the center, often to a socket, and these not infrequently are treasured by their finders as an ancient Indian stone for mashing or grinding corn, with the aid of a stone pestle; yet they are nothing more or less, for the most part, than discarded stones once used by our rural brethren for their gates to swing upon—many gates in all parts of the Commonwealth being still thus pivoted.

Many a housewife in remote country regions still has her stone weights, more or less rough, but honest. Wherever the old Kentucky rifle lingers there is likely to be found still a set of soapstone bullet moulds; our log cabins yet have rough stone and clay chimneys, where they are not of mud and sticks; in many a humble household, a thin rock not always smooth, is the utensil for baking corn bread, and the stone "mash trap" is familar to all our country boys. The stone pipe, believed by many to have gone out with the Indian, is made and used to-day by many colored folks and by no few white folks. Whenever soapstone, or steatite, is found not only the stone pipe, but many other articles supposed to be archaic, are still manufactured, and put to service by the ingenious and thrifty. In such localities stone pans, stone troughs for children, etc., are still common. Some day they will be dug up and attributed to the Indians, or even to their predecessors. A little inquiry and investigation would show much more of the stone age still here than we have reverted to.

It is not rare to see stone sinkers in use for lines and nets in fishing; the flint is not yet superseded wholly by the match; there are clocks in the land yet run by stone weights; stone hovels, with dirt roofs, are not unknown in our mountains; the colored ruffian, and sometimes the white one, carries a stone in a stocking, along with his razor, when on the warpath; many a cider press and tobacco press are still made effective by stones swung at the end of their lever; and our small boys are all in their stone age whenever they can give their natures full and free play.

We are not so far off from the stone age man as some imagine; many of the implements and relics supposed to be prehistoric, and doubtless so in many cases, have their modern duplicates, and in some instances are all in use among us. Professor and Dr. James C. Southall, of Virginia, has written a big book to prove the recent origin of man, and Dr. Arthur Mitchell, of Scotland, has published a very interesting work to illustrate how the past and present are identical in many things; and so we may conclude that, as there is nothing new under the sun, so there is nothing very old beneath that luminary.—*Petersburg (Va.) Index-Appeal.*

FOOLISH AGREEMENT.

How According to an Old Song, a Husband Gave Himself Away.

In the old Scotch song entitled, "The Barring of the Door" we are informed that there was a disagreement between husband and wife as to which of the two should attend to the duty of locking up the house for the night. The husband ordered the wife to do it, as husbands use to order their wives in those days, and she being busy refused. Thereupon as the song says:

They made a law between the twa,
They made it firm and sure,
The one that spoke the foremost word
Should rise and bar the door.

So they sat and sat in silence with the door open. By and by two gentlemen came along, and, entering the house, asked whose habitation it was and various other questions, but neither husband nor wife would open their mouths in reply.

For the barring o' the door.

Thereupon the gentlemen became somewhat facetious and proposed to have a little fun with the silent couple. One was to engage the husband's attention while the other kissed the wife. Thereupon the husband arose in great indignation and demanded if they intended to kiss his wife before his eyes.

Then up gat the guid wife just then
Gied three skips through the floor,
"Guid man, ye spoke the foremost word—
Rise up and bar the door!"

It ocurrs to the Penciller that the husband made a very foolish agreement. No true woman cares a snap about the first word. If the agreement had been on the last word, he would have had her, sure, before the night was over.—*Boston Courier.*

How to Feed Young Pigs.

The man who throws a few ears of corn to his pigs three times a day and expects them to "laugh and grow fat," writes a correspondent, will be disappointed. They squeal and grow thin. I had this year a sow that raised only two pigs, but those two grew faster than any pigs I have fed for a long time. This is why they grew: Their parents were not scrub stock, but sleek, clean-cut Berkshires. There were not thirteen pigs crowding in a trough that would only accomodate twelve. No, there were only two, and they ate slowly, quietly and comfortably. They were not filled up with dish-water at breakfast and then compelled to wait till noon for their next meal. No; they had rich milk, and when they wanted more they trotted off to their mother until she gave it to them. They were not shut up in a nasty, ill-smelling pen, but had range of the farm (while they were small) and had dry quarters in which to sleep. I profited by these observations, gave my pigs rich slop—not too much—five times a day, and sometimes oftener; let them have a lot in which to graze and exercise, visited them between feeding times, and if no unfortunate calamity happens to them, the pigs will be a profit to me.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Ex-Speaker of the Assembly of the State of New York.

STATE OF NEW YORK, ASSEMBLY CHAMBER, ALBANY, April 16, 1886.

My family for the last twelve years have been using ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, and have found them wonderfully efficacious in coughs, colds and pains in the side and back.

About ten years ago I was thrown from a wagon and badly bruised. In three days these plasters entirely removed the pain and soreness. Twice they have cured me of severe colds which threatened pulmonary trouble. They also cured my son of rheumatism in the shoulder, from which he had suffered two years.

JAMES W. HUSTED.

ON board the ocean steamers descending from a high berth has nothing to do with genealogy.

YOUNG MEN who need business experience, and at the same time to increase their cash on hand, will find it greatly to their interest to confer with B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va.

WHEN a vessel gets a hole stove in her bows it usually makes it hot for those on board.—*Ocean.*

FOR BRONCHIAL, Asthmatic and Pulmonary Complaints, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" have remarkable curative properties. *Sold only in boxes.*

IT is the middle-aged man whose increasing girth tells him what the waist of time is.—*Boston Bulletin.*

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SATURDAY, NOV. 10, 1888.

GARRETT O. K.

HARRISON 289!

McCOMAS 293.

SANG RUN HEARD FROM.

OAKLAND REDEEMED!

THE COUNTRY SAFE.

Harrison is certainly elected President, the House of Representatives will probably be Republican and the Senate will be strengthened. Such is the good news as we go to gress, and such is no doubt the result of the election.

We gain one member of Congress in Maryland, and re-elected McComas by from 1,400 to 1,600 majority.

The majority in this county will be gratifying to our Republican friends.

"The Black Horse" is an ill omen for the Democrats.

A telegram was sent from Lonaconing to the editor of the Cumberland *Times* telling him to "feed the rooster on coal slack or culm."

The Republican majority in Garrett county is the largest in her history—and it was'nt Mr. Peddicord's fault this time. Whose fault was it?

The "Tribune" Claims the Next House.

NEW YORK, Nov. 6.—The *Tribune* bulletin says the next House of Representatives will be Republican by twenty to twenty-five.

The "Sun" Admits Defeat.

NEW YORK, Nov. 6.—New York *Sun* bulletin says New York Republican plurality State will be small. Hill is probably elected. Hartford 107 towns including Hartford and New Haven, give Harrison a gain of 1,340.

Harrison Elected.

It is a great and glorious victory. Harrison and Morton are elected. The people in the largest vote ever cast by any nation on earth have declared their allegiance to the great Republican principles and their support of the Republican candidates. From all the doubtful states comes the news of a magnificent triumph. From all sections of the country comes the intelligence of increased Republican strength in Congress.

First in the Empire State, New York rolled up an impregnable plurality of over 15,000. Cleveland's gain in New York city was only twelve thousand. In Brooklyn he lost 4,390. Harrison and Morton came down to the Harlem Bridge with unprecedented strength and wiped out all the opposition of the twin cities and their neighboring islands. The victory was decisive and unquestionable and in every part of the country the Republicans spent the night in rejoicing over the proud record of the day. Not enough returns are yet in to settle the governorship of New York, but the probabilities at this writing are in Hill's favor, although Miller may yet overcome his lead. Grant, Tammany's candidate, is elected mayor of New York city. His vote was 107,537 against 68,134 for Hewitt, and 68,721 for Erhardt. From all parts of New York State the returns show the great and increasing strength of the party of protection.

It is a cheering story of Republican gains from all around. Maine will even give Harrison a heavier majority than it gave Blaine. The Republicans gain one congressman in New Hampshire, and, as usual, sweep the state by an overwhelming majority. In Vermont, Massachusetts, Iowa and Michigan the Republican majorites are largely increased over those of 1884. Rhode Island gives Harrison 4,000 majority. From Delaware comes the surprising intelligence that the Republican gains in Secretary Bayard's state are likely to lead to the election of a Republican United States Senator to succeed Saulsbury. Cleveland's majority in this state has also been reduced.

The few returns received up to one o'clock from Indian indicated large Republican gains. Both parties are still claiming the state, but the chances are highly favorable to the Republicans. The count is unusually slow, owing to the long ticket and heavy vote. The wildest excitement prevails in Indianapolis, and great crowds are gathered in front of General Harrison's residence, cheering him lustily. Ohio gives a splendid majority for Harrison. Connecticut is claimed by the Republicans, and "Bob" Vance is defeated for Congress. The Democrats claim New Jersey by about 5,000 plurality, but in many towns there are Republican gains.

While Cleveland's majority will be reduced in Virginia, the Democrats claim a gain of four Congressmen in the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth and Tenth; but their claims are disputed by the Republicans. In one or two of these districts the official count will probably be necessary to decide. In Norfolk county the Republican gain is 400, and quite a number of towns show Republican gains.

Morris Thomas was defeated for the clerkship of the new Circuit Court. This announcement will be received with unmixed gratification by all who believe in decent methods in politics and honesty in the administration of public affairs. His nomination was an insult to this community so direct and palpable that *The American* during the campaign declined to mention his name, and is only induced to do so now to point a moral though not to adorn a tale.

CONGRESS REPUBLICAN.

WASHINGTON, November 6.—At midnight from the best information that can be obtained here from the returns now in, and from correspondence which has been had with committeemen throughout the country it is estimated that the next House will stand about 176 Republicans and 149 Democrats. This will give a Republican majority of over twenty. The gains are in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire, New York and some of the Western and Southern states. Of course, the estimate may be lowered somewhat by later returns, but it seems perfectly safe to predict that the next House will contain a good Republican working majority.—*Baltimore American.*

England's Reply.

LONDON, Nov. 3 (Special by Cable).—Lord Salisbury will begin to take positive action on the Sackville incident at the very moment when the affair ceases to be able to have any influence on the American election. Next Tuesday, Lord Salisbury, who is Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs as well as Premier, will place before the Cabinet a note which he has prepared for transmission to the American Government on the Sackville matter. He will express his regret that the action of Secretary Bayard was so peremptory, since the effect of it must be to deprive England for some time to come of full representation at Washington. All the leading weeklies discuss the affair pretty fully this week, some of them with not much respect for American institutions. The *Spectator* says: "The incident reveals the subservience of American politicians to the Irish vote; but it is an affair of municipal, not of international, history. It would be absurd to quarrel with the Union in defense of Lord Sackville's folly. Considering how often the American legislative bodies have interfered in our domestic politics by accepting motions in favor of home rule in Ireland, Lord Sackville's offense was not a grave one. It was ungenerous to make so much of a piece of mere silliness, and to visit the blunder upon an innocent man as if it had been a crime."

The *Saturday Review* remarks: "The boorish rudeness of Mr. Cleveland does not require to be demonstrated. What will strike Europeans, especially those who are concerned in politics, is how disagreeable it must be for persons who know what is meant by the words 'honest man' and 'gentleman' to have to live in contact with American politics."

Mangled Miners.

RENOVO, PA., Nov. 6.—The Cook's Run coft coal mines, situated ten miles above here, were the scene of a terrible explosion on Saturday afternoon, in which sixteen miners were killed outright and three were so badly injured that they will die. Two causes of the explosion are given. The superintendent of the mines, George L. Miller, thinks that a fissure of gas was struck by the miners in drilling and that a current of air carried the gas against a light in the hands of a miner. It is also said that an Italian miner who received 100 sticks of dynamite from the store keeper in the morning handled the stuff so carelessly at his work that the whole was ignited.

The explosion occurred in a pocket about 250 feet from the opening. Of the 160 men employed in the mine only nineteen were at work, sixteen of them in the pocket, two near the opening some distance off, and one still further away from the main body. The force of the explosion was so great that the bodies of some of the victims were hurled up through the air shaft and carried many yards away from the mouth of the mine. The bodies were so shockingly mangled that in some cases recognition was impossible.

A little blacksmith shop near the scene of the explosion was turned into a morgue. There the dead were laid out. One of them was August Person, who was blown out through the air shaft fifty feet in the air and some of his clothes can be seen hanging to a limb of a large tree near by. Next to him was Mike Curren, who was blown 200 feet out of the mouth of the mine, and was found dead in a ditch still clinging to the handle of his shovel. He leaves a wife and several children.

Beside him lay P. F. Donley, who also was blown out of the mouth of the mine. Donley leaves a wife and four children. Then in a row were laid Samuel Gillinger, Charles Almon, John Carlson, John Anderson, Stephen Plutco and others whose names cannot be learned. The names of those badly burned are Wesley Smoke and John and Aaron Anderson. They will recover.

John Farrell, the mule driver, tells this story: "I was behind pushing the car and in raising my head saw a flash. I immediately dropped to the ground, moving quickly as possible toward the mouth of the drift and escaped uninjured. My mule and a Swedish miner alondside of the animal were killed instantly. I felt but little of the effects of the explosion and its force must have been all above me, although all the timbers at the mouth of the shaft were carried out 200 feet beyond the mouth of the shaft."

The land upon which these mines are situated is the property of Edgar Munson, of Williamsport. It is leased to a number of gentlemen from New York and Williamsport, who began operations last February.

It Shook the Earth.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 6.—A terrific explosion of nitro-glycerine occurred about half-past 4 o'clock in the morning in the Delaware Terpedo company's storehouse at Shannopin, the well known oil and gas field some seventeen miles southwest of this city.

Three men are said to have been killed, but other reports do not confirm this, and say that no one was near the building at the time.

The telephone and telegraph lines were torn down by the explosion, and details of the affair are difficult to secure. It is reported that quite a number of well houses were destroyed, besides some shanties occupied by well drillers.

The force of the explosion was terrific, being felt in this city and Allegheny and for twenty miles around. At points along the Ohio river, including Sewickley and other boroughs, there was a panic among the people, and many of them rushed out of their houses in their night clothes, under the impression that they had experienced a shock from an earthquake.

In some instances glass was broken in houses ten or twelve miles distant from the scene of the explosion. The city telephones were kept busy for hours answering inquiries whether or not there had been an earthquake or an explosion.

The cause of the explosion has not been ascertained. The magazine belonged to the Delaware Torpedo company, and their loss will be $2,000 or more.

Relation of Sex to Crime.

From the circumstance that a much smaller number of women than men are convicted of crimes the conclusion is drawn that their criminal propensities are weak or are under better control. It is seldom taken into consideration that young girls are watched more carefully than boys and are kept under greater restraint. Neither is it taken into the account that older females spend almost all their time at home, while males of their own age are on the street or mingling with persons whose habits are not the best. Many of the temptations to crime come from business complications, in which women have no share. As women spend most of their time at home with their children and female companions, they are less likely to be tempted to do acts of violence. Most homicides are the results of anger incited when persons are away from their homes and families. Violent quarrels generally take place in the street and not in the sitting-room.

The history of crime, however, shows that most of the murders committed by the administration of poison are perpetrated by women. They show careful preparation and great deliberation. In almost every instance treachery is employed. The victim is generally invited to partake of refreshments supplied by one who is presumed to be a friend, and does so without the slightest suspicion. Murder by the administration of poison is the darkest of all crimes, but it is the one to which women have been addicted more generally than men in all ages and countries.

Statistics in relation to crime have never been carefully compiled in this country, and till recently little attention has been given to classifying them. In Great Britain, however, the matter has received more careful consideration. In an extended review of criminal matters there during a period of fifty years the singular fact has been ascertained that men generally commit their crimes before they are 40 years old, while women commit theirs after that period in their lives. In other words, men generally cease to commit crimes at the age when women commence.

Another very remarkable fact has recently been contributed to a London paper by the chaplain of Clerkenwell Jail. It is to the effect that women criminals are practically incurables. He has prepared a table extending through ten years, and showing how many men and women have been convicted of offenses more than ten times during that period. During last year there were committed to the various prisons and jails in England and Wales 5,686 men and 9,734 women who had been committed not less than ten times previously. Such is the case at a time when crime is rapidly decreasing, when the number known as criminals is constantly diminishing and when there are six thousand fewer inmates of prisons than there were in 1886.

A partial explanation of this strange state of things may be found in the fact that women are more thoroughgoing in all things—good, or bad—than men are. They do nothing by halves. Be the matter the construction of a short cake, the making of a crazy quilt, or the poisoning of a rival, she devotes all her time, knowledge and talents to it.

Doubtlessly a woman finds more difficulty in reforming, if she ever desires to do so, than a man does. The latter can go to a strange or distant place, raise whiskers, or shave off those he had, and commence a new life. If he is skilled in any branch of work he can generally find renumerative employment. A strange woman is always looked upon with suspicion, as it is presumed that she would prefer to live in the town where she was brought up and where her old acquaintances are. A man gets credit for his enterprise if he goes to a new country and engages in business for himself. Such is not the case with women.—*Chicago Times.*

Shipping Fruit to Market.

There are three principal ways for sending fruit to market, requiring correspondent treatment and packing. First, by spring wagons to neighboring towns or cities. Baskets are the best and cheapest packages; and now that they are made so cheaply by machinery, it is hardly necessary to require of purchasers the return of the baskets. They are commonly of some use to the consumers, who thus obtain them at the low price by the thousand at which the shippers buy them. If returned they are apt to be more or less soiled, and purchasers prefer new and clean packages. Secondly, shipping by express. Nearly the same rules apply; and for all soft or perishable fruit as peaches, cherries, strawberries, raspberries and grapes, baskets only should be employed—they will naturally be lifted with the large handle by the railway men and not tumbled on their sides like boxes. Square or cubical boxes will be sure to be pitched in upside down, in spite of any "this side up" with which they are distinctly marked.

Hard fruit, like winter apples, or like autumn or winter pears which are put up a week or more before they soften, may be packed in kegs, half-barrels, and barrels by the mode generally understood by fruit men; and if the freight trains are known to run directly to their destination or to make direct connections, these barrels and half-barrels may be sent in the third method, as freight, much more cheaply than by express. The importance of thus packing and sending in kegs and barrels hard fruit only, should be well understood by men who put them up. A single instance will explain this importance. New hands were employed to pack Bartlett pears in half-barrels, a week in advance of the softening of the fruit. Care was taken not to admit any bad specimens; but among others a very fine yellow pear was so attractive that "just this single ripe one" was included. The usual pressure of about one inch was given, and the contents were pronounced safe and solid. But the jarring in transit caused the surrounding hard pears to indent the ripe one; this produced rattling, and rattling made larger and increasing dents; then the rest of the pears began to rattle, and by the time the package reached the market the whole contents were bruised, defaced and spoiled.

Shippers of fruit may be divided into two classes—those who succeed, and those who fail. The former, by good cultivation, careful picking and honest assorting, place none but the best fruit in market, with their names on every package. In a few years their brand becomes well known to consumers, who are willing to pay well, because they know they are receiving their money's worth. The other class raise poor fruit, put the worst in the centre of the package, get rid of it at slow sale as they can, and fail to sell even at a low price in future when they become known, for both wholesale dealers and consumers will try to avoid them.—*Country Gentleman.*

Russia as a Competitor.

Till recently Russia has constituted a little world of its own and its immense population has not disturbed the people living in other countries. In seeking to enlarge its borders it has had troubles with other nations, but otherwise it has not crossed their track. It has not been a competitor in the great commercial marts of the world. It has produced some superior leather and iron that have been used for certain purposes, but lately it has been held that articles equally good have been made in other countries. It has exported considerable wheat, but there has been little fear that the amount would be increased. It has not seriously injured our market for grain and meat, while it has bought our cotton, tobacco and petroleum.

But within the past four years Russia has revolutionized the petroleum trade of the world. It has established lines for conveying oil from near the Caspian to the Black sea, and has constructed iron vessels for carrying it in bulk not only to all the leading ports of western Europe, but to Africa, India and Australia. The Russians were the first to use crude petroleum for fuel on locomotive and stationary steam boilers, for making illuminating gas for burning brick and earthenware.

Recent English papers state that arrangements have been made for bringing frozen beef, pork, mutton and poultry from Russia to British ports during the coming winter, and the belief is expressed that live animals and eggs will soon be brought at all seasons of the year. If desirable they can be brought most of the distance by rail or sent all the way by water from ports on the Baltic sea. It is now believed that immense quantities of grain raised in Siberia will be sent to England, France and Germany from the same ports. Siberia is the largest if not the best grain territory in the world. It is capable of supplying all western Europe with breadstuffs. The central and southern portions of it are well adapted for raising wool.

The building of the Transcaspian railroad has opened up one of the finest cotton raising regions in the world. The soil is rich and the climate delightful. Labor there is cheaper than in Egypt or India. One-half the cotton used in Russian mills last year was produced in central Asia, and efforts will be made to produce the entire amount needed within the next four years. At the end of that time Russia expects to export raw cotton. The profits of raising it in a region where plowing may be done during most of the year and where no fertilizers are required are enormous. With cars and steamers run by petroleum cotton raised in central Asia may within five years be laid down in Liverpool to compete with that produced in the United States.

The region traversed by this same system of railroads is also said to be wonderfully adapted to the production of fine wool and tobacco. For centuries large flocks of sheep and goats have been kept there and have been the chief sources of wealth. With good facilities for transporting their fleeces it is likely that these flocks will be largely increased. Some state that the tobacco raised in central Asia is superior to that produced in Turkey, which is preferred for making cigarettes and smoking in pipes.—*Chicago Times.*

Capt. Covert, late of the American bark Silas Fish, which was wrecked off the coast of Turk's Island during the cyclone in September, arrived at home in Brooklyn Wednesday, after an absence of over a year. Capt. Covert and one seaman are the sole survivors of the Silas Fish. J. J. Frith and his young son, Robert Clarke, the pilot, a passenger named Kelly and eleven seamen perished. Mr. Frith was one of the most prominent merchants of Turk's Island. Capt. Covert sailed from New York for the River Platte about a year ago. After remaining there for some months he sailed on his homeward voyage, reaching Para in August, where two of his sailors died of yellow fever. August 31 he left East Harbor, in Turk Island, with a cargo of salt for this city. He arrived off Grand Turk's on the night of September 1, but too late to land his passengers. The following morning it became very stormy, and the bark was driven out to sea. The wind came in heavy puffs from the northeast, but soon settled down to a violent revolving cyclone. All the sails were torn out of the gaskets, and wave after wave swept over the vessel, tearing away all the bulwarks. To make matters worse, the cargo of salt shifted. The main and mizzen masts were cut away, but that did not succeed in righting the vessel. The fierce cannonade of waves was more than the Fish could stand and her decks burst, making a noise like the report of a myriad of cannons. Before the sea-tossed mariners could realize anything their vessel foundered and they sank beneath the waves. Of the sixteen persons, the captain and the rescued French sailor were the only ones that again came to the surface. They had been carried down a distance of thirty feet. He seized a piece of wood when he came up and clung to it for several hours, when he and the French sailor reached part of the forward house of the bark, which drifted towards them. They lashed themselves to it, and for fifty-six hours, exposed to warlike tempests and the pangs of hunger, thirst and exhaustion, they were cast about at the mercy of the elements. Then they drifted ashore at a desolate place called Good's Hill. All their clothing was torn from them, and the torrid sun blistered their weak bodies as they lay almost lifeless upon the bleak shore. A lonely colored fisherman came to their rescue and carried them on his back to his house, where he treated them most kindly. Capt. Covert was not able to get around for nearly a month, and only for the colored fisherman both he and his sailor would have died. The American consul at Grand Turk's sent them home when they had recovered.

In conversation with a number of gentlemen some time since Colonel W. H. Hulsey remarked:

"Gentlemen, a little deed of kindness will sometimes go a long ways. When I was quite a little boy Judge C. H. Strong kept a general merchandise store on Whitehall street, in the old MacNaught building. I wanted to go hunting one day, but had no ammunition and had no money with which to purchase any. I was afraid to go to my father for the money for fear he would put me to work, so I went to Judge Strong and got him to credit me for ten cents' worth of ammunition. I was the proudest boy in the world. Since that time I have been honored with a place in the Legislature, was promoted to the rank of colonel in the Confederate army, and have been mayor of this great city; but none of those great honors ever gave me half the pleasure I experienced when Judge Strong credited me for the ten cents' worth of ammunition."

"Did you ever pay him for it?" asked one of the gentlemen.

"I'll be shot if I haven't forgotten whether I did or not."—*Atlantic Journal.*

It is no great matter to live lovingly with a good-natured, humble and meek person; but he who can do so with the forward, wilful, ignorant, peevish and perverse hath true charity.

Repent the day before thy death (Consider every day as possibly your last, and be ever prepared through penitence).

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

NOTICE!

W. H. Hagans, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

LOCAL NEWS.

—All persons indebted to G. A. Shirer are requested to call and settle.
10 20 3m. G. A. SHIRER.

—$5,000—TO LOAN—On first mortgage on real estate.
THOMAS & SINCELL.

—1,000 pheasants wanted at Felty & Co's., Railroad street, near Depot. 9 29 tf.

—WANTED— 500 Dozen Eggs, at the Oakland Bakery. Highest cash market price paid.
B. FREISE.

—A full and complete line of Pants, heavy weights, for winter wear at CORRELL'S.

—Estrayed from the owner Tuesday night last, a Bay Colt, with black legs from knees down, and black mane and tail. Yearling past.
MRS. ELIZABETH SANDERS.

—Call at W. D. Nydegger's Nov 9th and 10th and examine the splendid diamonds, watches and jewelry on exhibition by S. T. Little & Sons, of Cumberland.

—Mr. W. S. Lantz, of Deer Park, has rented the shop lately occupied by Mr. Wagner, in Oakland, where he will carry on the shoemaking business. Mr. Lantz comes well recommended.

—The election in this district passed off quietly. The vote polled was not large, but the Republican majority was a surprise to both parties, and especially to the Democrats, who confidently counted upon at least 25 majority.

—S. T. Little & Sons., the old and well known jewelers of Cumberland, will have one of the firm at W. D. Nydegger's Drug Store Nov. 9th and 10th, with a large line of Diamonds Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry, &c., at city prices.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M., by Rev. C. T. Trippett.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M., by Rev. John S. Fouik.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M., by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry.

Nov. 9th and 10th, one of the firm of S. T. Little's old and reliable firm of Cumberland, will be at W. D. Nydegger's Drug Store, with a full line of diamonds, watches, jewelry, &c.

For Sale!--Brick! Brick! Brick!

Fire Pressed, hard and soft Brick, cheaper than ever sold in this county. Inquire of
C. M. RATHBUN,
Alderson & Rathbun Planing Mill, Mt. Lake Park, Md, or to D. E. Offutt, Oakland, Md.

Tax-Payers Take Notice,

That, under the law creating the office of Treasurer, it becomes the duty of said Treasurer, the first week in December of each year, to publish a list of all delinquent tax-payers for the current year; and that all taxes remaining unpaid on the 1st day of January, 1889 and of each year thereafter, interest will be added dating from 1st day of August last, and said taxes will be collected by due process of law. The Treasurer has no discretionary power in the matter to extend the time, or leniency in any way. Please pay up and save costs.
Respectfully,
ROSS COMPTON,
10 20 tf. Treasurer.

Railroad Connection to Berkeley Springs.

The Berkeley Springs and Potomac R. R. operated by the B. & O. R. R. Co. running from Hancock, W. Va., a station on the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. to Berkeley Springs, W. Va., will be opened for business on Thursday, November 1st, when trains will run as follows: Leave Hancock 9:40 A. M., 12:45 P. M. and 5:40 P. M.

Leave Berkeley Springs 8 A. M., 10.35 A. M. and 4:10 P. M.

The running time between the two points being 25 minutes.

The Vote of Garrett County.

The following table gives the vote of Garrett county by districts:

DISTRICTS.	President.		Congress.	
	Harrison	Cleveland	McComas	Douglas
1—Swanton	108	100	105	102
2—Selbysport	168	109	168	109
3—Grantsville	240	223	240	223
4—Bloomington	105	135	109	133
5—Accident	139	137	139	137
6—Sang Run	130	37	130	39
7—Oakland	282	227	286	231
8—Ryans Glade	192	92	129	92
9—Johnsons	31	74	32	73
10—Deer Park	136	66	138	67
11—The Elbow	67	44	67	44
Totals	1533	1244	1543	1250

Harrison's plurality, 289.
McComas' plurality, 293.
Fisk received 22 votes and Moore 7 votes.

The Merits of Vestibuled Trains.

The chief merit claimed for the Vestibuled appliance is that it effectually prevents telescoping of cars in case of collision, and the second great advantage lies in the fact that the new device entirely overcomes the swaying motion imparted to ordinary trains when rounding curves at high speed. The Limited Express running via B. & O. R. R. between Philadelphia and Chicago, is composed entirely of Vestibuled cars, the Baggage Cars, Day Coaches, Dining Car and Pullman Sleepers all being fitted up with Pullman's Patent Vestibules.

All cars in the train are heated by steam drawn from the locomotive. Porters are in attendance in the Day Coaches as well as in the Sleepers, to look after the wants of passengers The entire train runs through without change between Philadelphia and Chicago via Washington and Baltimore, and no extra fare is exacted from passengers holding tickets of any class.

The B. & O. Vestibuled limited leaves Oakland at 4.16 P. M. daily for Chicago and at 11.14 A. M. daily for Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia.

Mt. Lake Park.

We now have bright warm weather again, with an occasional shower. The most of the leaves have fallen from the trees, and we are busy burning them so as to secure the cottages as well as to clean off the grounds.

Miss Swan is having the foundation dug out for a large building for school purposes.

Rev. Mr. Osborn, accompanied by Rev. Mr. Smith, of India, dined at Grace Cottage last Saturday. They took quite a stroll over the Park and were highly pleased with it. Mr. Osborn has aided in starting and building up several of our prominent summer resorts. We hope to learn of his connection with this enterprise in the near future, as we believe him to be the man the Association has been looking for.

J. A. E.

Cash For Produce!

If you want money for eggs, chickens, butter, &c., go to Chas. F. White who is buying for John Shartzer, and will give you highest cash prices Don't sell your chestnuts until you see him.

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania on Friday rendered a remarkable decision relative to the trials of persons charged with murder. It was decided that a disagreement of the jury in murder trials is equivalent to an acquittal, and that the accused person cannot be again arraigned for trial after one jury has failed to agree. The ground for the decision is the constitution, which says that a man cannot more than once be put in jeopardy of "life and limb." The Supreme Court in its decision declares that the constitution is very clear on the point raised, and this fact makes it remarkable that the point was never raised before. Many men have been tried for murder a second time, convicted and hanged, and it would be interesting to know how many have been hanged unconstitutionally in Pennsylvania. The decision will have the effect of releasing several men who are now awaiting trial after juries in their first trials had disagreed. Hereafter it will be much more difficult to convict a man of murder in Pennsylvania, since the lawyers need only work for a disagreement in order to save their clients.

If Cleveland is elected a young man in this city will have the privilege of kissing one of the prettiest young ladies in Cumberland three times. If Harrison is elected he will present her with a dozen pairs of the best kid gloves.—*Cumb. News.*

It is not very strange that a man should mistake in point of duty; short-sighted, crook-sighted, blurred and defective, what else could be expected?

A good name when deserved gives a strength and mild courage, quiet boldness and modest assurance, which are worth all that they cost.

Household Cares.

If the vote of women could be taken on the question of housekeeping, it would be a matter of great surprise to men to learn the result. The business as it is conducted at present would be voted out of existence, or, failing in that, the voice of the majority would be for boarding. The work of the household has increased greatly within a quarter of a century, and the servant of the period is not an improvement upon the typical one of the past. The luxuries which one by one have come to women, the multitudinous things that are required to make homes attractive and the modern houses which have their mountainous stairs to weary weak backs, are all things which have combined to make housekeeping a drudgery. Time and strength are consumed while the routine work is being performed, and the intelligent minds of American women rebel constantly.

What can be done? Break up homes and live in those modern caravansaries—hotels? Not so. The remedy lies in simplyfying home life; in leaving out of houses the endless traps that are hard to keep clean, and harder still to make and by putting in homes nothing too good for usage.

Women used to know so much that they do not now, and cannot while they worry and fret over lamberquins and pillow-shams, tidies and Hamburg borders on clothing, that it is discouraging to try to fight the matter at all. They are trying to do their best, working early and late, saving here, spending there, judiciously at they hope, yet never realizing any blessing for themselves or others. What is a nice parlor or a fine dinner to a vtsitor, if the hostess is a dull, worn out person? The guest who is bidden to enjoy such hospitality is cheated out of the better company at home and deserves an apology rather than offer thanks for such attentions as are extended.

House wives do not emancipate themselves from the thraldom put upon them by a variety of conditions. In the first place their homes are not adapted to housekeeping. Men, and not women, plan houses and the sole idea in view in building them is to get the largest number on the smallest possible space. Then women, having inconveniences of this kind to start with make every effort to overcome them by furnishings.

Fashion has to be consulted in this latter matter, and upholstered articles that get soiled and fade out are bought when the family purse cannot afford it. Nice china or glass is purchased when ignorant or careless help will make quick work of it and the company rooms are furnished as richly as possible, when in fact the social circle in which the family move is so limited that a sitting room would answer every purpose.

If cheap carpets, and stone-ware, and plain clothing should be fashionable for all people, how soon the burdens would drop away from the shoulders of the housekeepers. How soon would the fault-finding and complaning cease, and the dull women become intelligent interested members of the family circle. Suppose the pillow cases have no shams; it would be all the better for the home-life of home. Shams should be unknown in them anyway, and real pillow cases would give more satisfaction.

Then common sense should save women from wasting their time on ruffles and fallals that add nothing but wrinkles to all brows. Households, as they are now, seem to be run for the benefit of lookers on, rather than the comfort of inmates, and the result is a generally dissatisfied army of housekeepers. It is not amazing that they are dissatisfied, for that urges appreciation of uncongenial work, and those who are alive to the fact that their tasks hurt them in a spiritual sense have one hope of saving themselves.

Simplify life; this is the way through which women may hope to rise to an estate wherein they will find themselves serene and patient, honest and true. It were worth all of life to live if the best half of humanity could be lifted out of drudgery of a domestic kind and placed where the home would be what the Divine power designed it would be, a temple where

"Sin and evils cease,
And only rest and peace
Constantly are found."

It is worth while to expose our ignorance to others, that we may learn it ourselves. This is many times the only way we shall ever learn it.

As the old man grows more and more blundering, if he will grow more careful it will go far to counterbalance that infirmity.

If a word spoken in its time is time is worth one piece of money, silence in its time is worth two.

The Island of Birds.

The Island of Birds—for such, it has been conjectured, is the meaning of the word "Foula"—is not so frequently visited by the tourist as it deserves to be. Situated at a distance of fifteen miles from the nearest part of the mainland of Shetland, its cloudlike form, which seems to float on the horizon, is visible from every hill top of any importance in the archipelago.

The eye of the observer of the picturesque, as it glides along the distant prospect, is caught by the fine bold peaks of Foula, and returns again and again from its general survey to gaze fondly on that island as the finest feature of the scene. Nor is it only at a distance that it looks grand.

The cliffs on the west side, which are beaten by waves which have rolled without a check all the way from Greenland, are the loftiest in the British Isles. The highest hill is the sneuk, which has an altitude of over thirteen hundred feet above the sea. Another peak, almost as high, confronts the ocean as a stupendous precipice from summit to base. These crags are the homes of innumerable sea fowl, the norie or sea parrot and the kittiwake being most abundant.

On the east side the rocks are comparatively low, but not uninteresting. On the north there are some remarkable stacks, or isolated rocks, one of them being pierced by a lofty Gothic archway, and another surmounted by a ruin. The hollow center of the island affords peat, and the grassy slopes at the back of the cliffs afford good pasturage for cattle and sheep and a number of handsome ponies.

The population numbers 270, and, with the exception of three families, is engaged in crofting and fishing. The Foulaese are masters of many trades. They make their own turning lathes and spinning wheels. Some can repair clocks and watches; all can make and cobble shoes. A few are weavers and tailors, as well as dyers. Every man is a mason. The women clip, and, I am afraid, sometimes roo or pluck the sheep. They spin the wool and knit excellent stockings and sailors' frocks or jerseys. I believe if a Foulaman were to be placed naked on a desert coast with nothing in his possession but a clasp knife he would not only contrive to find food for his support, but in a short time would, by his unaided efforts, be provided with clothes, with a house having a clock on the walls and with a boat and fishing tackle.

When they go to sea they never use the language that is employed on shore, but a jargon sacred to the occasion. A woman they call "cloven foode" or "hemelte," a parson is an "upstander," and the church is a "bone house," and so on.

To use a land word in a boat is certain to frighten away the fish. A copper coin is nailed on every keel to prevent the "brigdy" (which is the Danish name for the basking shark) from sucking the boat to the bottom. A worsted thread having nine knots on it is tied around a joint when it is sprained.

Sick cows are cured by drawing a tom cat by the tail over their backs. If a minister or a person with flat feet crosses the path of a man going out fishing no fish will be got. To accidently wet the feet when stepping into the boat is a favorable sign. A cat should never be mentioned when a man is bating his line.

A rusty nail from a coffin will cure the toothache if used as a toothpick, and a sip of water from an old kneepan is a sovereign remedy for some disorders. To catch a halibut for bait the fishermen put nine pieces of peat into a kettle above the fire before proceeding to sea.

A hen should be set when the tide is flowing, and an egg should be placed among the seed corn before it is sown. When a sheep is being slaughtered indoors no woman should pass between it and the fire. Stacks should be built and the ground dug according to the apparent course of the sun. Boats always take a turn sunward before going to sea.—*London World.*

The Great Eastern, as she silently lies on the mud off New Ferry, appears to be enveloped in an atmosphere of settled melancholy, which almost conveys the impression that her impending fate is known to her. The vast decks are nothing short of a howling wilderness, here and there studded with deserted and dismantled deck-houses, which are obsolete in the extreme. Below board her appearance is even worse; the enormous tanks which did such good service in the cause of the cable are removed, and nothing remains but a gigantic space large enough to hold a small church. The floor of this tremendous apartment is full of large holes, and the visitor is reminded of their existence by his guide, lest a false step into one of them should be followed by a fall of forty feet into the dark and dismal hold below. The screw engines have been working on her late voyage and are in good condition. They are capable of propelling the ship at about four miles an hour. The paddle engines have not been used for some time, and present a dreary appearance. The gigantic pistons are motionless, and the telegraphic indicator silently points to an ominous "Stop her."—*Pall Mall Budget.*

The truth of the following story is vouched for by the *Sydney Bulletin*: "The other day a leading Sydney solicitor received instructions from London to hunt up a young man who had quitted England ten years previously, and a draft of $300 was inclosed to pay his passage home. After a course of advertising a member of a charitable society called in and directed the solicitor to a certa n hotel in lower Alexandria, Sydney. The solicitor, knowing the 'lay' of the country, judiciously sent his clerk down to catch the fever, instead of doing it in person. That well-dressed young man explored the barbarous region, dodging through back lanes and over mud piles and among broken fences that hung wearedly and lopsidedly amid abysses of mud, and at last he arrived at a hut which boasted a box and a pile of rags and straw for its sole furniture. A weary woman who had once been handsome, and who, under happier auspices, would be handsome again, begged that they should not be turned out of their dismal abode until her husband was better, and a hollow eyed individual stretched on a pile of rags in the corner echoed the petition. And these two were the heirs to a fortune of $30,000."

Wise Words.

The rose grows among the thorns.

Where content is, there is a feast.

Steal the goose and give the giblets in alms.

When the head is sick the whole body is sick.

The envious man's face grows sharp and his eyes big.

Necessity is the argument of tyrants, it is the creed of slaves.

By the very constitution of our nature, moral evil is its own curse.

He who throws himself under the bench will be left to lie there.

He who wishes to secure the good of others has already secured his own.

The place honors not the man; 'tis the man who gives honor to the place.

The doctor who prescribes gratuitously gives a worthless prescription.

The thief who finds no opportunity to steal considers himself an honest man.

Thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend has a friend; be discreet.

Man sees the mote in his neighbor's eye, but knows not the beam in his own.

When thou art the only purchaser then buy; when other buyers are present be thou nobody.

For people to live happy together the great secret is that they should not live too much together.

Law in a Nutshell.

A note by a minor is void.

It is a fraud to conceal a fraud.

A note dated on Sunday is void.

A contract with a minor is void.

It is illegal to compound a felony.

Ignorance of the law excuses no one.

A contract made with a lunatic is void.

Notes bear interest only when so stated.

Signatures in lead pencil are good in law.

A receipt for money is legally conclusive.

Principals are responsible for their agents.

The acts of one partner bind all the others.

The law compels no one to do impossibilities.

An agreement without a consideration is void.

Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced.

If a note be lost or stolen, it does not release the maker; he must pay it.

Each individual in partnership is responsible for their whole amount of of the debts of the firm,

High minds are as little affected by unworthy returns for services, as the sun is by those fogs which the earth throws up between herself and his light.

E. F. STANSBERRY.

—Manufacturer of—

Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,
OAKLAND, MD.

☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.
Nov, 24, 85.—1 y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS
Of Garrett County.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Nov. 7th, 1888.

District Institutes or Reading Circles will be organized on Saturday, the 17th day of November, 1888, at 10 o'clock A. M. in the School Houses, at the following places:

Oakland, Accident, Selbysport, Grantsville, New Germany, Firm Rock, and Shook Shop School House. Teachers are urgently requested and expected to attend at one of the above mentioned places.

WM. HINEBAUGH,
Secretary.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting as a court of Equity, passed in a cause, being No. 433 Equity, in said Court, wherein Maria Grove, by her husband and next friend William P. Grove, is complainant, and Amanda Moore and John J. Moore, her husband, are defendants, the undersigned was appointed Trustee to make sale of the real estate described in the proceedings in said cause. In discharge of the trust reposed in me, by the terms of said decree, I will

On Saturday, November 24th,

1888, at the hour of eleven o'clock A. M. on the premises, about one mile from the village of Selbysport, offer at public sale that part of a tract of land known as

"RICH HILL,"

and described as follows: Military Lots Nos. 2793, 2794 and 2795; beginning for the same at a stone or bounded stake standing West eighty perches from a bounded chestnut tree, it being the original boundary of Military Lot No. 2790, and also of "Rich Hill," and running thence West 80 perches, North 100 perches, West 80 perches, South 200 perches East 160 perches, then by a straight line to the beginning, containing one hundred and fifty acres, more or less. Also Military Lot No. 2792, beginning for the same at a White Oak stump standing West 160 perches from a bounded chestnut tree, it being the beginning of "Rich Hill," and running thence East 80 perches, North 100 perches, West 80 perches, then by a straight line to the beginning, containing fifty acres, more or less, it being the same land which was conveyed to the said Amanda Moore by William P. Grove and wife by deed dated 31st day of March, 1883, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 7, folio 308, one of the land records of Garrett county.

About one hundred and forty acres of this farm are cleared and in a high state of cultivation. The other improvements consist of a comfortable

TWO-STORY FRAME HOUSE,

a good bank barn and all necessary outbuildings. Water is conveyed in pipes from the spring almost to the door.

There are valuable orchards containing apple, peach, plum, pear, cherry and quince trees upon the farm.

TERMS OF SALE—As prescribed by said decree:—One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, one-third in one year and one-third in two years from the day of sale, the whole to bear interest from day of sale, and the payment thereof to be secured by the bonds or notes of the purchaser with a surety or sureties to be approved by the undersigned trustee, or the whole of the purchase money may be paid in cash at the option of the purchaser, and when the whole of the purchase money is paid, and not before, the undersigned will convey said property to the purchaser or purchasers in accordance with the terms of said decree.

Conveyancing at cost of purchaser.

WILLIAM P. GROVE,
11 3 4 Trustee.
EDWARD H. SINCELL, Solicitor.

Estate of Elizabeth Swauger, Dece'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscribers, of Garrett county, Md., hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

ELIZABETH SWAUGER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 10th day of May next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefits of said estate. Given under my hand this 30th day of October, 1888.

JONAS E. GNAGEY, Executor,
11 3 3t Grantsville, Md.

PLANING MILLS.

MT. LAKE PARK, MD.,

ALDERSON & ROBINSON, PROPS

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AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property.

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ROAD PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that thirty days from the first publication of this notice, the undersigned citizens of Garrett county, will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to appoint examiners to view and locate a public road as follows: Commencing at the Pennsylvania line (District No. 3) and running through the lands of Thos. W. Frost, Israel Glotfelty, Henry Pollman, Geo. Inks and Wm. Bepler, to the National Road, a distance of about two and a-half miles.

THOS. W. FROST,
ISRAEL GLOTFE,
22 5 GEORGE LINKS.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE REASON WHY.

He did not seem a man for deeds
  Malicious or inhuman,
He ever had a helping hand
  For friendless man or woman;
Out in the busy working world
  He wrought, each daylight hour,
And men deferred to him, as one
  Whose word was law and power.

Then why, within his pretty home,
  Once filled with joy and gladness,
Stands he with bated breath, and air
  Of deep remorse and sadness?
He has a conscious look, I think,
  So shy and hesitating;
He seems a very knave confessed,
  And for his sentence waiting.

If storms without assailed his peace,
  The hearts at home would aid him,
Now why do wife and sisters dear
  With chidings stern upbraid him?
Come, let me whisper in your ear,
  I'll solve the question may be,
They serve their fellow mortal thus
  Because he waked the baby.

—*Mrs. A. E. Treat, in Texas Siftings.*

CATCHING WILD HORSES.

'Gene Bell, the "Wild Horse King," on the Mad Chase.

An Exciting Occupation Now Gone But Not Forgotten—A Long Race in Which Brains Count—Peculiar Custom of Wild Horses.

The day of the wild horse and the wild horse catcher is over. For nearly twenty years a number of men skilled in the capture of the untamed, arch-necked, mane-flowing denizen of the great plains have gained a livelihood and even a competence. But this once profitable calling has constantly grown more laborious and less remunerative, and this year the horse-catchers have gone reluctantly at other occupations or have drifted to the Pan Handle of Texas or a strip of country in Northwestern Wyoming and Northwestern Nebraska, where a few of the "fleet equines of the desert" still roam in decimated bands. There are a small number of these wild horses still to be found, it is true, on the Republican river in Eastern Colorado, and on the Arickaree river, a tributary. But these are the sole remnants of what a score of years ago were a noticeable and attractive feature of the plains and ranked for numbers almost with the buffalo. Though valueless when killed and difficult of capture except by the most experienced, still the horse has outlasted its shaggy-coated contemporary but a few years, and soon, with the wild Indian as well as the buffalo, will have become a tradition.

At the head of the men who, by the extinction of the wild horse, find it necessary to now seek some more prosaic occupation is 'Gene Bell of Brush Station, Colo. Mr. Bell has made his livelihood for ten years capturing these interesting animals. He was born in the rear end of a prairie-schooner in 1857 and claims to be the first child born who can call Colorado his native State. As he was born on the great plains he has since lived continuously upon them, and although but a boy when he began the difficult calling of a horse-catcher he soon reached a preeminence by skill and endurance that gave him the title of the "Wild Horse King."

So much has been written of the horse of the plains, which, foaled upon the dew kissed grass of the prairie, has never known a halter or the touch of a man's hand, that descriptive reference to their fleetness, wariness, and oftentimes their graceful beauty, particularly among the stallions, would at this day lack interest. But one curious fact is known to but few aside from those who have followed them for hundreds of miles and studied their habits closely. If there are enough in a band, these animals group by thirteens. The regulations of the wild horse allow to each male twelve consorts, and, the remarkable feature is, no more. They draw the line at an even dozen. Even when the bands that roamed these great plains, then tenantless except by other wild creatures, numbered in the hundreds and more than a thousand this peculiar division into families was plainly noticeable. They kept a little apart and never voluntarily mingled.

Usually the occupation of capturing the untamed steeds was followed by three men working together. They used four or five hardy, fleet, well-trained horses. When the section of the country the wild animals frequented was reached, the first thing was to select a suitable location, at the entrance of a ravine generally, for a corral. This the catchers knew how to construct, using great quantities of rope, very speedily. Then near this corral, on the most sightly eminence, one man stationed himself. A distance beyond it, on the apparently most natural runway, another man with one of the fleetest of saddle horses takes his station. The work of the most skilled man of the three then begins. Mounted upon the picked horse of the lot, with a pair of field-glasses, a water-bag, and a supply of food, he swings away in the earliest dawn on an easy lope. It may be ten or twenty miles before his keen eyes, aided by the glasses with which he sweeps the broad expanse of rolling plain, detect a grazing band of horses. He approaches them by the easiest course which will permit concealment as long as possible, and then, within a few hundred yards, he dashes into sight and the sport is begun.

The affrighted animals stand for an instant, the morning breeze fanning their luxuriant manes and tails. They snort in alarm, turn and trot off, at first, and then, as it is apparent this strange creature is pursuing, break into a run. It is now that the race is to both the swift and the enduring. The trained horse, on which the man is astride, knows his part of the work, and he does it intelligently. With head well down, swinging out on a long, swift lope, he follows the fleeing band. They run madly, become more and more affrighted as they perceive that they are indeed pursued. The first wild burst of speed carries them far in advance, but not out of sight. By dexterous engineering the rider and horse behind shorten the distance as much as possible. The band ahead are to be kept on the move. That is the trick. Not a halt are they to get for a bite of grass or sup of water. They have set the course in a generally straightaway direction. That course they must be kept upon.

Mile after mile is rapidly covered. The sun comes up hot and scorching in the cloudless sky. But there is no stop for a restful graze, nor opportunity for a drink from a chance stream. If the band ahead, with tails streaming and nostrils dilated, divert from the general direction to sweep around the base of a low ridge, the wary horseman and his equally wise animal take the shorter and easier way, cutting the sequant, as it were, but always ever in sight and always coming, coming. The fright of the wild horses has grown into veritable terror. They throw bits of foam from their mouths. They are worried, half crazed by this merciless, continuous, unrelenting pursuit. But the man behind knows that they will soon do something that is, perhaps, as strange as their peculiar habits of community relation. He has rested his horse at every opportunity. Whenever there was a chance, his faithful animal has been given a nibble at the succulent grass and had a sup from a spring or little stream. Ridden though he is, the tough and experienced plains pony is fresher than the fleeing equines ahead. They now show signs of the greatest perturbation. Their stomachs are empty, their wind is "blown," their tongues are dry. But fear makes them half unconscious of these sufferings, although they are gradually wearing under them. At length, when they have gone forty or fifty or perhaps sixty miles, the patriarch begins to run in an eccentric way. He is not as sure of his course as he was. He wheels and turns and then goes ahead again, but with uncertainty.

It is this the shrewd man and shrewd pony knew would happen. They drop out of sight for a moment behind the ridge. The stallion, his nostrils dilated and quivering and his eyes flashing, makes a sudden run, and in another moment, with his band of faithful spouses, he is galloping back over the track he has come.

Now is the race in earnest and to the bitter end. The nervy, gamy, swift horse behind knows that his energies have been saved for the task that is yet before him. As he feels the spur he springs ahead with the racing blood aflame in his veins. It is a terrific chase. New terror at this extraordinary, this unlooked for denouement of what the fleeing animals ahead had thought in their brute instinct was a successful ruse to throw the pursuer off the track, gives them desperate strength, too; but they are worn and fretted and starved and burning with thist. They run for their lives. Nearer, mile after mile they approach the starting place. The sun is ablaze after noonday, but still the hot race goes on. Now faithful, plucky, speedy pony, bearing a saddle-worn but grimly determined man, do your best. Your strong legs will fail, sinewy as they are. The faster you run the quicker your day's terrible effort is over.

The man left behind on the eminence is sweeping the plains with his powerful glasses. He has watched an hour, perhaps two, or even three. At last his range of vision becomes centered upon something away in the distance. It may be a bunch of antelope. It may be a band of wild horses that are running for play. But as he watches closer he discerns it is not sport that causes that moving group of specks. He trains the glasses intently until at last he can see behind the running animals a solitary horse, and that horse has a rider. He is in the saddle with a bound, calls to another horse grazing near, and away they fly towards this approaching cavalcade. He runs the horses as swiftly as he can, and at length spies plainly, perhaps two or three miles away, the fleeing bunch, and behind them in hot chase the gallant horse and rider. A signal tells him he too has been seen, and then, seizing the topographical features of the intervening space, he skulks swiftly behind the ridges and elevations to cross the course. This is something which requires rare judgment of the speed of the running band, and a deft choice of the friendly ridges which he must pursue, keeping out of sight of the worn and terrorized animals whose attention should not be detracted from the relentless pursuer behind. The trick, though, is well done, and while the wary but still dauntless stallion and his following mares sweep around the base of an elevation the tired, gamy pony and the two fresh horses and men meet. As quickly as saddles can be transferred the gallant horse that has made a run of seventy-five, eighty-five, or possibly ninety miles is free and rolling on the grass, and the iron-muscled man who bestrode him is on another fleet and fresh horse and again hot after the quarry. It has been human brain against horse brain. The reinforcements have thus far won the day.

Now follows the most skillful maneuvering. The terrorized band can not run much farther. They have almost exhausted even their well-nigh tireless vitality. They again became confused and resort to their last device. Their straight away tactics are deserted and they commence running in a circle. At first it is two miles in diameter. The pursuer makes his circle in a little less space. The diameter reduces to a mile. The man on horseback runs but the circumference of a circle, a distance inside. Gradually this grows less. The poor, panting, exhausted creatures stagger around, determined to die in what they think is their only means of escape. They have entirely lost their reason, if such it might be called. Narrower and narrower becomes their course, until at last, with the sun sinking low in the west, they stand, panting, weaving back and forth, conquered for the time. They may have run one hundred miles. Mr. Bell states that he has had chases to greatly exceed that distance.

The three men close in on them and skillfully drive them towards the corral. Among them and in their lead now has come a strange saddleless horse; but they are too bewildered to know it. This horse slowly marks the course guided by the men driving, and at last leads within the half-concealed seclusion the thirteen prisoners.

Once there the wild horses are wild no longer. They are captives sure and safe. They may rest, and graze, and drink, but escape they can not

A day or two afterward the preliminary breaking to halter is done. This is both dangerous and exciting work The wild animal is caught by a rope and thrown. While down, choked into half insensibility, the jacquina is adjusted. This is a noose loop, and when tightened hurts the sensitive mouth of the unbroken animal terribly. Next comes the saddle, ofttimes requiring an hour's patient work to adjust. But when once in place and the rider on the back that has never borne a burden, the final struggle is made until the man conquers and the free, fearless, swift-limbed Pegasus of the plains is a servant.

Last year Bell caught forty horses. He drove them to Nebraska and sold them for about sixty dollars each. This year he has caught but half the number, and regretfully says that the day of the wild horse is over. One source of revenue, which has been no small consideration during the last five years to the horse-catchers, was the bounty paid for stray animals found in the bands. The Colorado Live Stock Association has paid fifteen dollars a head for all such horses and they are then turned over to the owners upon the repayment of this money. The offering of this reward became a necessity, because if there is one trick a wild horse knows better than another and will always, play it is to coax off with him into a career of perpetual truancy every animal of his class he chances to find. The wild horse of Colorado particularly has always been a superior animal in point of appearance, fleetness, and endurance to those running in Texas or on the ranges farther north. Why this is so is not unexplainable, but it is a fact that in the bands along the Platte and Republican rivers the animals have always been found larger and better, more particularly for saddle use. There are in Denver now a number of attractive saddle horses, highly prized by their owners, that but three or four years ago roamed at their own sweet will among the succulent pasturage of Eastern Colorado and knew neither bit nor spur.—*Chicago Times.*

EXPENSIVE WORK.

What Gilded Domes Cost in This Country and Russia.

The dome of the Boston State House is the most conspicuous object in that interesting city, with, from some points of approach, the single exception of Bunker Hill Monument. The gray color of the latter tends in most conditions of the atmosphere to render it imperceptible, while the gilded dome of the State House in gray weather is visible by contrast and in sunshine it sparkles and glistens so as to attract the eye from every direction.

For some years the gilding has been gradually disappearing, and it is now to be regilded. An exchange gives us the following facts: It will take 5,760 books of gold leaf to gild the dome. Each book contains twenty sheets of gold leaf, each sheet containing a little over nine and one-third square inches. The sheets are so thin that one thousand of them laid one on the other make but an inch in thickness. The gold is within a carat of pure, and weighs three and one half pounds Troy. Each book is worth 70 cents, so that the gold leaf alone cost $4,032. It will take fifteen skilled workmen six weeks to do the job.

But what a small and inexpensive transaction is this compared with the scale upon which such work is done in Russia. The great cupola of St. Isaac's Cathedral, in St. Petersburg, is sheeted with copper and overlaid with gold. Its diameter is 66 feet, and 186 pounds of solid gold were used to gild it. The top of this great cupola is 296 feet. But even this amount of gilding is small compared with that on the Church of St. Saviour, at Moscow, which has five immense cupolas gilded with 900 pounds of solid gold.—*Christian Advocate.*

—A New York girl dropped dead the other day, two hours after having become engaged to be married. It is supposed her death was caused by an attack of heart disease, brought on by joy.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Sir John Lubbock, speaking of bees before the British Association, said that there "seems strong evidence that the mother can control the sex of the egg."

—About 5,000,000 sponges per year are taken from the sea around the Bahamas. Their value is $250,000. Twenty-foot poles with hooks on the end are used to pull the sponges from the rocks.

—The question is now raised whether the distinction which is made between force and matter is not fallacious, and whether matter should not be considered to be force itself, manifested in endless diversity of adaptation to our nature and wants.

—Experiments have been made in Russia on the culture of minute parasitic plants for the destruction of injurious insects. Caterpillars feeding on the beet-root were abundantly destroyed. Various other parasites have been known to produce epidemics in insects.

—The inventive Japanese have begun to use woman's hair in a manner not predicted by either prophets or poets. Ropes are now made of it for building purposes, more than 2,000 pounds having been used in the construction of the new Buddhist temple at Kioto.

—A Spanish physician in Brazil thinks he has discovered that many of the symptoms of yellow fever are like those developed in persons who have been bitten by poisonous reptiles. In proof of his discovery he avers that he has successfully used in cases of yellow fever certain remedies for snake bites that he got from the Indians.

—In the matter of the use of galvanized iron water-pipes or reservoirs, *Science News* takes the ground that it is a practice attended with danger to health, on account of the action of water upon the zinc coating, forming soluble and poisonous salts. Certain cases have come to its knowledge where sickness and even death have undoubtedly occurred from this cause.

—Experience shows that new chimney flues for boilers should be made not less than eight inches square; they should be straight, and to prevent any "blow down" ought to rise completely above all roofs and objects immediately surrounding; long iron smoke-pipe connections are to be avoided, and as few elbows used as possible, the fact being that each elbow and extra length of pipe is a detriment to the draft and a damage to the working capacity of the boiler.

—Colored relief impressions are now manufactured by an ingenious German process. It consists in coating the sheet metal with a certain isolating coat, and on this is painted an elastic back-ground, capable of absorbing colors, and on which the desired pattern is placed. By this means the metal plates can be pressed into reliefs without any displacement of the coloring matters, and the latter are not afterwards affected by chemical action of their constituents with the metal.

—The Buenos Ayres *Herald* says the reeds and rushes of the Parana are destined to become of great value for paper pulp and as a fiber for textile fabrics. By a recent invention wool and silk are made from reeds, and the *Herald* remarks: "We have examined heavy goods for overcoats, blankets and gentleman's wear, feltings and black silk dress goods, all made out of the fiber of these rushes, which for texture, for finish, for strength and for holding colors we could not distinguish from similar goods made from wool and silk."

COSTLY LEGISLATION.

Cost of Getting a Railway Bill Through the English Parliament.

Few of the outside public can have any idea of the enormous cost of getting a railway bill through Parliament. The Parliamentary surveying and engineering costs of the Kendal & Windemere Company, amounted to a trifle over two per cent. on the whole expenditure on the line. Of Parliamentary cost the Brighton railway averaged £4,806 per mile; Manchester and Birmingham, £5,190; Blackwell, £14,414. These figures are almost beyond belief, when we consider that some English lines in favorable positions cost altogether only £10,000 per mile. The Brighton line for two sessions fought a desperate battle against several other companies, and when its bill came before the committee the expenses of counsel and witnesses amounted to over £1,000 a day, and the discussion of the measure lasted fifty days.

The solicitor's bill of the Southeastern railway contained 10,000 folios, occupying twelve months in taxation, and amounted to £240,000! One company found such difficulty in getting their bill through its preliminary stages that at last, when they had reached the long-desired last stage, they had already spent nearly a million of money, and this simply for obtaining the privilege of making the railway. Of the terrible costs which have been incurred only to lead to ultimate failure, one instance will be sufficient. The discussion upon the Stone and Rugby bills lasted sixty-six sitting days from February till August, 1839; and in the year 1840 the measure was defeated, after having resulted in a loss of £146,000 to its unhappy promoters.

It is needless to say that such enormous expenditure cripples many a railway and prevents its share-holders from ever earning good dividends. The ceaseless energy, untiring perseverance and neat diplomacy which have to be shown in pushing a railway bill to a successful issue are almost beyond belief; but it is much to be desired that some means should be discovered of keeping down the expenses which so often go far to ruin a line even before it has begun working.—*Railway Press.*

TEMPERANCE.

WHO WAS THE STRONGER?

Moral Courage the Best Kind of Strength—A Story for Boys and Girls.

Lottie and George, who lived in a small inland town, were glad to make a visit to their Uncle Goodwin at the seaside. Every thing about the place was much more elegant than the children had been accustomed to at home. However, they gave few thoughts to handsome grounds and furniture, but a great many to their fine-looking cousin Tom.

"He is taller and stronger than any other boy I know," said Lottie, "and he looks full of courage."

"Yes," replied George; "his eyes, too, are very bright. Mac, the coachman, told me yesterday that Tom could climb the rocks along the sea-coast as nimbly as a goat."

"I wouldn't be afraid to go with him all along those rocks," said Lottie.

"I am sure he would not let you fall," said George, generously. He remembered that Lottie was sometimes afraid to trust herself in his care.

"I wish you were as tall and manly-looking," said Lottie, but feeling sorry the moment she had made the speech.

George's face flushed a little, but he replied, gently: "I wish so too, sister, though I suppose that can never be; still, I may look stronger when I get quite well."

Lottie put her lips up for a kiss, and said she knew he would; anyhow he was her dear brother. Perhaps George guessed that the wish was still in Lottie's heart, notwithstanding her kisses and tender words, for he moved away to a window that looked out on the sea, and stood there some time, quiet.

Next to her mother and father, Lottie had always thought more of her brother George than of any one else. For the last few days, however, she seemed to forget every one but cousin Tom.

The children had permission to stay at the sea-side a month, and every day something pleasant was happening. In clear weather they were always out on some frolic to the rocks, exploring caverns that had been hiding-places for robbers and their booty, or taking a sail on the bay. On rainy days they found plenty of entertainment in the house. Aunt Sara's closet was supplied with children's books, while Tom had a play-room closet full of the most curious toys that could be gotten, not to say any thing about the little machines he had tried to invent.

Five miles up the coast was a spot that Tom talked much about. Early one morning they packed a basket of good things and set off in the boat to visit the place. Uncle and Aunt Goodwin stood on the bank waiving their good-byes; the sunlight made each drop of water look like a diamond, and Lottie nestled in the corner of the boat beside her brother George, wondering if ever before any children had had as good a time.

"Jane has put up biscuit and cold ham, and enough pies and cakes to share with the fisherman's children," said Tom, dropping his oars and looking into the basket when they were a short distance from shore. "But I slipped in something better," he continued, taking out a bottle and holding it in the sunlight. "I got it in father's wine-cellar. Nothing like taking something to keep up one's strength on the voyage, you know. Will you have some, Lottie?"

If a pistol had been fired close to Lottie's ear, she could scarcely have seemed more surprised or frightened. She moved away from Tom, close to her brother.

"Why, it will not bite you," said Tom, laughing.

Lottie remembered what she had read in the Bible about wine biting like a serpent.

"Will you take some, George?"

"No," said George, firmly.

"Well, you are two greenies!" said Tom, contemptuously.

Lottie could scarcely believe her ears at this rude speech.

Tom seemed ashamed of himself a moment later, and tried to talk in a polite way to George about the good it did him to take a drink.

Lottie looked at the two, and thought she had never seen her brother seem so strong as when he refused to do what he deemed wrong.

"Once I thought as you do, but the boys soon laughed me out of that nonsense," said Tom.

"Oh, Cousin Tom," cried Lottie, "I imagined you so strong!"

"So I am," said Tom, grasping the oars and pulling so as to send them on rapidly.

"I don't call that kind of strength much, if you haven't the kind that can help you to stand against a laugh," said Lottie.

After this Lottie kept close to George, and never forgot the lesson that the best kind of strength is moral courage, and that the brave boy is *he who will dare to do right* though the world laugh.—*Morning Star.*

THE CHIEF CAUSE OF CRIME.

How Far Is the Saloon Responsible for Our Criminals?—Pertinent Answers.

At the Twenty-eighth Convention of the United States Brewers' Association, held at St. Paul, Mr. G. Thomann, head of the Brewers' "Literary Bureau," read a paper which purported to be a record of crimes in this country, as reported in the daily press, with a study of the causes which led to their commission. As might be expected, Brewer Thomann discovered that intemperance cuts a very small figure in the history of crime. Of eight hundred and fifty-nine murders, the causes of which Brewer Thomann says he traced in the daily press reports, he finds only ninety-eight due to liquor. And so of many other offenses.

In order to learn the opinions of those who have most to do with our criminal classes, with reference to this important subject, the relations of crime to the liquor traffic, we sent out to prison officials all over the United States the following questions, replies to which have been received from officials in forty-five different State prisons, penitentiaries and reformatory institutions:

QUESTIONS.

1. How far can you indorse the sentiments of ex-Chief-Justice Noah Davis, of New York, when he says: "Of all the causes of crime intemperance stands out the unapproachable chief?"

2. About what proportion of the prisoners confined in your institution have been drinking men?

3. In your opinion, what per cent. were brought there either directly or indirectly through the influence of the liquor traffic?

4. Is it true that a very large majority of the crimes of violence may be traced to the influence of the saloon?

5. What would be the probable effect upon our penal institutions should every dram-shop in the land be forever abolished?

THE ANSWERS.

Of forty-three answers received to question No. 1 thirty-four fully indorsed the statement of Judge Davis; four more are in substantial agreement with him; three regard the use of intoxicants as the occasion rather than the cause of crime; while of the remaining two one answers: "Of crimes against the person, yes." The other: "Intemperance is the cause of more evils than any other cause."

Of answers to questions No. 2, one says "all"; one, "very nearly all"; one, "ten-elevenths"; four report as high as nine-tenths; one, seven-eights; one, 85 per cent.; three, four-fifths; five, three-fourths or more; two, two-thirds; one, "nearer 70 than 65 per cent."; one, "very large"; one, "one-half or more"; one, 48 per cent.; one, 251 persons out of a total of 375; another, 762 out of a total of 1,360; another, 1,892 arrests for drunkenness alone, out of a total of 5,155; one can give no statistics, and another says that 20 per cent. of the boys in the industrial school have been drinkers.

The answers to question No. 3 indicate that the number of prisoners that have been brought to the institutions through the influence of the saloon is as large, and in many instances larger, than the actual number of drinking men among them. The answer of the chaplain of the Kentucky penitentiary is, "ninety-nine one-hundredths," while the answers from the Arizona penitentiary, the California State prison, the Nebraska penitentiary, and the New York industrial school are each 90 per cent.

Forty-three of the answers to question No. 4 are emphatically in the affirmative. One says: "A large number of crimes result from the use of liquors."

In the answer to question No. 5, "What would be the probable effect on our penal institutions should every dramshop in the land be forever abolished?" there is no consolation for Brewer Thomann. Never have we seen a more powerful arraignment of the saloon as a cause of crime than the answers of these prison officials. Many declare that there would be a reduction of from 50 to 75 per cent. in inmates of prisons and houses of correction. A number think the prisons would close up.—*Homiletic Review.*

Alcohol and Bacteria.

Dr. Ridge has made an important experiment. He took bacteria, putting some into glasses of cold water and some into others with cold water and a certain quantity of alcohol. He found that the alcohol greatly assisted the growth of the bacteria. The action of bacteria upon tissues is of a very destructive nature, and not constructive; and alcohol is of the series of destructive agents, and aids the action of the bacteria. So when a man exposed to the infections of typhus fever or cholera takes a little brandy, instead of the alcohol enabling him better to resist infection, it actually prepares the soil for the development of the dangerous organisms.—*London Alliance News.*

In 1853 in Rotterdam nine hundred persons died during cholera, of which only three were total abstainers. Dr. Macintosh, of Edinburg, said: "The first victims of cholera are particularly those addicted to the use of ardent spirits." It is stated that of one thousand deaths in that city only two were members of Temperance Societies. Dr. Mussey says that during cholera in Albany of five thousand members of Temperance Societies only two died.

And when the victory shall be complete—when there shall be neither a slave nor a drunkard on the earth—proud the title of that land which may truly claim to be the birth-place and the cradle of both those revolutions that shall have ended in that victory! How nobly distinguished that people who shall have planted and nurtured to maturity both the political and moral freedom of their species.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

With the present rate of increase of inebriety and resulting alcoholic insanity and degeneracy, the races which are the bearers of modern civilization will largely owe their degradation and extinction to it, and its inseparable concomitants.—*Dr. E. C. Spitzka, in September Forum.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Epicures declare that the black codfish caught on the Northern Pacific coast are superior to shad, and infinitely better than the ordinary cod.

—English temperance societies delight in such bizarre names as "The Sons of the Phoenix," "The Brethren of the Cockatrice" and "The Royal Antideluvian Order of Buffaloes."

—Sitting Bull says: "Soon we shall not have enough ground to stretch our tepees and rest our limbs. We shall have to pay taxes and be poor and ragged like the palefaces."

—What is termed a "startling departure in the line of horse trading" is reported from Fall River, where a citizen who had a mare for sale "stated frankly that her disposition is so sour that she hates herself, and that he would recommend the creature to no body unaccustomed to horses."

—An Andalusian grandee was boasting to Prince Esterhazy, the great Hungarian millionaire, that he had on his various estates in Spain no less than fifty thousand sheep. "Ah, indeed!" said the Prince. "Well, that's a curious coincidence, for that happens to be just the number of my *shepherds*."—*Harper's Young People.*

—At a recent parachute exhibition in Quincy æreonaut Baldwin fell 1,000 feet before the parachute opened. To better appreciate the awful velocity of such a heart-sinking drop it should be noted that his hat, which was knocked off as he cast loose, was left behind 500 feet, though it passed him after the parachute finally opened.

—Translated from the French: "Tell me," he said to the doctor, "tell me frankly, is there any hope?" "Yes, sir; a great deal. The statistics show that one out of every hundred affected with your disease recovers." "Well?" "You are the hundredth I have treated for the malady, and I did not cure one of the ninety-nine others."—*St. Louis Magazine.*

—A French chef prided himself on having an knack of making an omelette in which could be noticed, among other savory things, a most delicate flavor of onions. It was, however, such a mere suspicion of a flavor that his master begged one day to be informed how the dish was compounded. Said the cook: "O, that is simple, monsieur; after I've mixed the omelette I eat a small piece of onion and breathe into the dish."—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

—The late Rev. William Jay, of Bath, and Andrew Fuller were driving together, when a bird flew across the road and so frightened the horse that he ran away. Having got home without injury they were talking over the matter: "Brother," said Mr. Fuller, "that was a very awkward, disagreeable bird; it was like a *jay*." "No," was the rejoinder, "it was *fuller* in the neck, *fuller* in the body, and *fuller* all over." The bird in reality, as they both knew, was an owl.

—He was a married man, and his wife was the head of the household. He had a friend who was in the same case, only his friend was apparently happy and comfortable, while he was just the reverse. He had long studied this peculiar difference between them, and finally he mustered up courage to go to his friend and ask him: "What is the way to be happy," he asked, "when you are under a woman's thumb?" "Don't squirm."—*Lewiston Journal.*

—Farmer (at country school)—"Be you the teacher?" "Yes, sir." "So it was you that thumped the tar outen my boy Tom last night?" "I did punish an unruly scholar." "Punish! Wal. I should say so. You stamped on him and slugged him an' ended by kickin' him clear across the school yard. Is that correct?" "Pretty near." "Let me shake hands with you. I have to admire a man who can knock out my son Tom, for I'll be hanged if I can do it."—*Nebraska State Journal.*

—A woman with a patent button fastener, has been doing the towns in Eastern Washington, says the Seattle *Post Intelligencer*. Walking quickly up to a staid old gent on the street she will dexterously clip a button from his coat before he lets loose of the idea that she is going to hug him, and when he expostulates she produces her button fastener and instantly replaces the button, tight and solid. Of course he buys a box of the fasteners, and the lady seeks another victim to practice her arts upon.

—When you see a man carrying a book bearing on the cover the title, "Great Expectations," or "Our Mutual Friend," don't rush to the conclusion that he is going to read Dickens. Many of the dainty volumes so labelled are hollow, except that they contain a half-pint whisky flask. By touching a spring the mouth of the flask springs into view, all ready for a "nip." So popular are these flasks that a Chambers street firm offers them for sale under the name of "Temperance Book Flasks."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—"My friend," said a tight-fisted banker to a young man who had pulled him out of the water, "I appreciate the fact that you have saved my life, and I am prepared to reward you—to reward you liberally for your services. What can I do for you?" "Well, sir, there was a suit of clothes spoilt," said the rescuer, who was good-natured though not educated, "that would be about $17; then I lost my hat, that would be fifty cents; then I took considerable liquor to keep off a cold, which cost me a quarter. I don't think of any thing else, sir." "But you do not mention the fact that you have saved my life. What can I do for you on that score?" "O, well, call the whole thing $18 an' I'll throw the life-saving in free."—*Merchant Traveler.*

STRAW ON THE FARM.

Its Usefulness and Value in the Shape of Bedding and Manure.

There is considerable diversity of opinion as to the value of straw on the dairy farm. That it has a value not to be despised is conceded by all, but yet the practice differs very much in the methods of handling it. At the extreme East we find the farmer husbanding it with almost as much care as he does the grain that comes from it. He not only preserves it dry and in good condition, but runs it through the cutting box, mixes the ground feed with it and feeds it to the cows in but little excess in amount with the quantity of hay or other stover that is fed in the same manner.

While it may not be necessary or even economical in the Western farmer to pay quite so much attention to the straw of the farm that his contemporary of the East does, yet it is safe to say he in most cases underrates its value when properly handled. We believe the old practice of burning the straw has been entirely done away with on the dairy farm even at the extreme West, but allowing it to rot in large stacks when threshed at some distance from the stable is still too often the practice.

It is a common thing for book-writers to tell us the relative value of straw as compared with good hay, but these tables are often misleading from the fact that one straw is not like another straw, especially in feeding value. The straw that has become too ripe or the one that is too immature are alike almost worthless for feeding purposes, while the one that was cut at the proper time has a great deal of good in it. Then the straws of different grains have not the same feeding value. Oats and rye make an indifferent feed compared with the straw of wheat and barley. Especially do we recommend this latter article. The farm practice of cutting barley in rather an immature state to prevent the grain from shelling out in the field conduces greatly to the feeding value of the straw. The only serious objection to the use of barley straw lies in the villainous habit the little barbs have of getting in the eyes of the cows, but they rarely do any serious harm if let alone. The men who handle the straw are more apt to suffer from this barb nuisance.

We must not overlook the usefulness of straw on the farm in the shape of bedding and manure. There can be nothing better to put under the cows than dry straw, and when we consider its manurial value it will pay to haul it from a considerable distance, even when a fair price has to be paid for it.

The great trouble with straw is its extreme bulk compared with its weight. This objection can only be overcome by ingenuity on the part of the dairyman. There are many devices for loading and unloading it that remove the bulk objection in a large measure, while the rack for hauling it may be made nearly double the size for other purposes. Baling it is yet too expensive on the farm, and it is to be hoped that some method of handling it much better than any now in practice will soon be invented. One thing is certain and that is that whatever trouble there may be in handling straw it is far too valuable to be allowed to rot in the field, and no man should allow these monuments to his lack of enterprise to rear themselves in his fields and tell his neighbors how shiftless he is.—*American Dairyman.*

JAPANESE COURTESY.

How Acquaintances Greet Each Other When Meeting in the Street.

When a couple of Japanese acquaintances encounter each other in the street, no matter whether high or low, male or female, old or young, they stand with their feet somewhat apart and bow repeatedly while rubbing their bended knees with their hands, drawing in their breath as they rise and closing their lips with a sudden gasp as they flop down again. The conversation opens with a sigh and a dry cough: "Schibaraku o me ni kakarimasen," i. e., "It is a long time since I hung upon your eyes (I have not seen you this long while)." Reply: Deep sigh with a short cough, i. e., "Yes, alas! alas! I have long been deprived of the pleasure of gazing on your features." Q.: "How is it with your respected husband and the charming baby?" R.: Sigh and cough as before, i. e., "Best thanks for your kind inquiry; they are both quite well." "Since I last had the pleasure of hanging on your eyes, you have grown much older and also rather stouter." R.: Sigh and cough, i. e., "Many thanks for the compliment, but I am afraid you flatter me." And so on, ad libitum, until they part again after series of bows. If the salutation takes place in the house, where the cleanliness of the mats affords fuller play to the instincts of politeness, they kneel down, place their elbows and hands, palms downwards, on the floor, and touch the mat with their forehead. They remain in this attitude, gently murmuring complimentary phrases, interrupted with sighs, until one of them, feeling the blood rise to his brain, cautiously lifts his head to peep whether his vis-a-vis has changed his position; if this is the case they both slowly work their way upwards; but if the other still keeps his head on the ground, the first one quickly ducks down again, so as not to be outdone in politeness by his partner.—*Tokio Letter.*

—"The Poodle Dog" restaurant, the San Francisco Delmonico, was yclept by the Frenchman who started it "So poulet d'or" (The Golden Hen), which was too much of a jawbreaker for the natives; hence the present name.

FIGURES IN WOOD.

How Bold Indians, Dudes and Other Popular Cigar Signs Are Made.

The wooden Indian is one of the most frequent sights to be seen in the city. He can be seen in all quarters—on the river front or in the swell neighborhood of Madison and Fifth avenues. Very little is known by the average being as to how these Indians are manufactured. Some people think that they are made by Italians, while others imagine that they are turned out of any ordinary saw-mill.

The manufacture of these figures in New York is confined to three establishments, one of which is located on Canal street, just off the Bowery, and when a reporter called at that shop he found the proprietor busily engaged in putting the finishing touches to an "Injun."

"Business is just as brisk as ever," said he. "In fact, we never have a dull season. There is always a steady demand for our goods. If any thing, trade is on the increase on account of the increase in the number of cigar stores. The decline of wages forces a good many cigar makers to leave their trade and go into business for themselves. That, you see, makes it better for us.

"Yes, there are new figures all the time, but the Indian was the first settler, and he is likely to stay. The latest thing out is a base-ball player. He is in great demand just now, but will not last very long, for there is something new coming up all the time. The figures bring from $25 to $60 each, according to size. The 'dude' that used to be such a familiar sight is now *passe*.

"In making a figure we first take the log of wood—which is of a soft variety, and is usually worth about twenty-five or thirty cents a foot—and cut it into shape with a broad-ax. That is called 'roughing.' Then the face is carved out with delicate instruments, then the body work is finished with a chisel. After that the figure is mounted on its pedestral, and is ready for painting, which, however, is never done until after the figure has been sold.

"The figures are not sold according to their size, but their price is governed entirely by the amount of work upon them. The nearer a figure is to nudity the more work there is on it."

Metal figures cost about five times as much as those that are made of wood, but are not any more durable. If one of them tumbles over it breaks, and the repairs cost almost as much as the whole thing originally cost.

There are only five journeymen engaged in this work in New York City. They work eight and nine hours a day and receive $3.50 and $4.00 for it.

The best workman gets the highest pay and works the shortest hours. The three New York firms control the business in this city, Brooklyn and the New Jersey suburbs. They also send a large number of figures West.—*N. Y. World.*

WATER ON A FROLIC.

An Eye-Witness Describes How a Waterspout Works.

Eye-witnesses describe the waterspout as presenting a most impressing and beautiful spectacle. It formed about half way between Point Clear and Battle's wharf and proceeded slowly toward the shores, roaring at first with a very loud noise. It struck Battle's wharf near the shore and cut it off as neatly as if it had been sawed off. The spout sucked up a great lot of splintered wood and went dashing inland, carrying with it a mass of whirling debris, in the midst of which hundreds of fish were mingled. The waterspout proceeded up the lane, tore off the corner of a barn and then fell to the ground with a loud noise, depositing the load of broken wood and fish. Captain L. H. Kennerly gives a graphic account of the phenomenon. He says that he watched the waterspout from beginning to the end. There was a very heavy black cloud in the sky off the point, and all the clouds in the neighborhood were seen moving toward the center of the black cloud. He knew then that a waterspout was forming, and called attention to the atmospheric disturbance. Presently the water of the bay, about one hundred yards off the end of a long wharf, began to boil and whirl around with a loud noise. This whirlpool was directly beneath the black cloud. The black cloud then formed in funnel shape and let down a point, revolving in a direction contrary to the whirlpool below. Soon the two bodies of water joined in forming a column about fifty feet in diameter in the middle and reaching up about a mile in the air. As soon as the junction was formed the greater part of the rushing water ceased. The column stood apparently motionless for about fifteen minutes, and had an angle with the horizon of about sixty degrees. The funnel at the top was dead black, but the body of the waterspout was slate color. At the bottom, where the spout spread out into a pyramid, the water was green and white. It was a magnificent sight. Then the whole mass began moving toward Battle's, and came majestically along, bending more and more as it advanced. When it reached the shore, just where the wharf joins the shore, the spout bent in the middle, and a report of electric discharge and a flash of lightning announced that the spout was broken. The greater part of the water was sucked up in the heavens as the spout parted in the middle, and the remainder fell with a great noise, enveloping the wharf and breaking it down for a distance of perhaps fifty feet, reaching from the shore to a small house situated on the wharf. The effects of the spout were felt on land slightly. It was only a remnant of the gyrating water that hit the house on land, and the damage resulting was small.—*Mobile Register.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Masculine breach of promise cases will never succeed until there are female juries.—*Baltimore American.*

—Irascible wife to husband: "You are no match for me, sir." Husband (wearily): "If I am not, my dear, why do you always want to scratch me?"—*Washington Critic.*

—Besides preventing consumption, the boiling of milk is important otherwise. It reduces the amount of water that has been pumped into the milk cans.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—When you know all about a thing it loses all interest. It is the imagination playing upon a suspicion that gives it those beautiful colors which gossip delights in.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—A man will dislocate his arm trying to hit a base-ball, and spend an entire day in debilitating efforts to make a home run—but he won't beat a carpet. Not much.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—When a foreign prince comes of age he generally receives many presents of jewelry. This is as it should be, for about the only thing that a foreign prince ever does to distinguish himself is coming of age.—*Jeweler's Weekly.*

—"I see," said Mr. Barkins, "that there are a million more women than men in Germany." "Yes," said Mr. Snarky; "they do that to evade the military requirements of the German Government."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—A white woman in Columbia, S. C., who was charged with her colored husband with violating the law against miscegenation, swore that she had negro blood in her veins and secured a disagreement of the jury.

—A health journal has started the question, "What is the best position in which to sleep?" and a dozen or more willing voices are preparing to shout, "What's the matter with that of a policeman?"—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

—It is a good idea that the country hotels have adopted of furnishing their guests with both kerosene lamps and candles. The kerosene lamps are very useful in helping you to see the light that the candles give.—*Somerville Journal.*

—A late song is entitled "Nobody knows but mother." Generally speaking, nobody knows but mother what kind of a temper a daughter has, but after the honeymoon is over, the young husband begins to find out something of what mother knew.—*Boston Courier.*

—She (in great agitation)—"O, George, I hear papa at the front gate, and he is apt to be impulsive when he comes home late." He (reassuringly)—"Calm your fears, dear. I'm in the coal business, you know, and he has owed the firm money for coal for over nine months."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—One of the great advantages of the electric light for indoor illumination lies in the fact that it leaves the air unaffected, whereas gas and other light formed by combustion not only raises the temperature, but deprives the air of its oxygen, increases the carbonic acid and makes the air poisonous.

—First Texan—"Remember Jim Curry, what's killed every man that said he was no gentleman?" Second Texan—"The Curry what killed an actor fer tryin' to protect a lady?" "That's the one. I hear he's got into the penitentiary at last." "Well, well! Whose hoss did he steal?"—*Philadelphia Record.*

—It was nearly midnight, and she was gazing dreamily into the fire. "A penny for your thoughts, Miss Clara," he said, airily. "I was thinking, Mr. Sampson," she replied, "how very much annoyed papa was to-day over the amount of last month's gas-bill." And then presently he left without giving her the penny.

—Jink's little olive branch made a great outcry when his mother attempted to give him a sea bath. Jinks became provoked at the youngster, and at last exclaimed: "I don't see why the obstinate little fool is frightened at water!" Whereupon Mrs. Jinks cast a withering glance at her liege lord's ruddy nose, and retorted: "Inherited, I suppose. His father objected to water before him." Jinks failed to pursue the colloquy further, and turned slowly and reflectively from the scene.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

PARENTAL OBEDIENCE.

Composition by Johnny Fizzletop, a Bright Young Texas Lad.

The disobedience of parents is often the source of a great deal of uneasiness to their offspring. Men who commit the darkest crimes generally begin by being disobedient to their children. Disobedient parents are often the result of indulgent children, who intend it for the good of their progenitors, but are aware, too late, that it is not beneficent. Of course parents have their privileges, and do not relish having them interfered with, but it is the duty of every conscientious child to see that they do not assume too much authority. Parents are naturally presuming, unless they are checked up once in a while. How often do we see a home where there is no peace, no harmony, and no love? The indulgent kid allows not only his parents, but his grandparents and relatives who may be in the house, to have their own way, and follow the dictates of their own foolish desires. The child who fails to keep a tight rein on the reckless parent is, sooner or later, sure to have his gray hairs, if he lives long enough, brought down in sorrow to the cemetery. Parents who obey their children are the first to obey their Heavenly Father. What a wise old adage it is—"Bring up a parent in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Obedient and good parents make useful men and women, when they grow up.—*Texas Siftings.*

A WOMAN OF POWER.

The Career of Miss Lee, Now the Petted Wife of Count Waldersee.

The Countess von Waldersee, who is now the most powerful woman in Europe, began life as a grocer's daughter. Her father was the late David B. Lee, head of the old grocery house of Lee, Dater & Miller. Mary was the only child and was beautiful, ambitious and clever. She was sent to school to the famous Bolton priory on the Sound, which was then the most elegant and exclusive of young ladies' seminaries. Immediately upon leaving school she went abroad and in a short time sent cards home to her schoolmates announcing her marriage to Prince Frederick Emile August of Schleswig-Holstein, a cousin of Queen Victoria. He was not in very good repair, this Prince. He was decidedly damaged in fact, being old and being on the point of putting his second foot in the grave, one having been there some time.

She took this dilapidated scion of royalty to the East in hopes of restoring him, but to quote the sorrowful phrase of the Misses Bolton, who had been her instructress, "He only reached Beyrout to die." Then the widowed Princess, with her beauty and her millions, was pursued by every fortune hunter in Europe and had beside some of the proudest positions and titles offered her. When she relinquished her high rank to marry a Prussian Count her friends began to think that they were mistaken regarding her overweening ambition, but to one of these gossips at Tuxedo, who was in Europe at the time, she said: "Von Waldersee is only a Count now, but wait—with his talents and my money and encouragement he will be something more." The young Count soon became marked in Berlin as a man who knew his business thoroughly. He distinguished himself in the Franco-Prussian war, and was German Charge d'Affaires during the occupation of Paris. Meantime the grocer's daughter was not idle. She warmly espoused Bismarck's party as opposed to that of the Crown Princess, and when the former began to foment discord between young William and his mother she was William's confidant and sympathizer. Then William married, and the spirited, intellectual and liberal-minded Crown Princess, who would be a second Elizabeth were she allowed to come to the English throne instead of her fat and dissipated brother, discovered that her daughter-in-law was a dull-witted German haus frau, from whom she could expect no sympathy, and was disposed to rather contemptously pass her over. This the Countess von Waldersee saw and used. William's wife deeply resented her brilliant mother-in-law's contempt and fell back on the Countess for advice, and allowed her to manage her salon as she pleased and for her own uses. When Frederick came to the throne the Von Waldersees were promptly sent into political exile at Vienna, but departed cheerfully, knowing the hour of their triumphal return would not be long delayed. Now Von Waldersee, not yet fifty years old, has succeeded the great Von Moltke, as commander of all the Imperial forces. The Countess is a pet and trusted employe of Bismarck. The Emperor is deeply attached to her and the Empress is her most intimate friend, so that all things considered the New York grocer's daughter is to-day the most powerful woman in Europe.—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

WANTED TO STAY.

What Rightly-Directed Persuasion and Arguments Will Accomplish.

[Railway station in the backwoods of Kentucky. Old Zeb Trotter and his wife, who have come out, a distance of fifteen miles, to sell two dozen eggs and three pounds of blue butter, are anxiously awaiting the arrival of the train, which, if the weather is good, makes two trips per week.]

Zeb—"Mahaly, let's go home. That fetch-taked train ain't comin', nohow."

Mahaly—"O, now, don't be snatched. It'll be erlong atter while."

Zeb—"Yas, but we've been awaitin' putty nigh ever sense sun-up, an' it ain't come yit."

Mahaly—"But it mout be along almost any hour. Do you reckon a body wants ter stay out yander in the hills an' work all the time an' not see nuthin'? Jest becuze you don't keer nuthin' fur the 'joyments an' 'citements o' this here life you think that nobody else do. Here I've been er layin' off to see these kyars ever since fall was six year ago, an' now that the good Lawd has give me the chance, you wanter snatch it away from me. I ain't a goin' to move er peg frum here till that train comes."

Zeb—"That terbacker ought to be suckered."

Mahaly—"Don't keer if it do."

Zeb—"An' I bet the chickens air scratchin' up the ingons."

Mahaly—"Let 'em scratch."

Zeb—Old Miz Buck will git her soap made 'fo' you."

Mahaly (much excited)—"Git the hosses, Zeb, an' les hurry on home."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Why He Raised the Price.

Dealer (to clerk)—I'm going to mark those boys' diagonal suits $15 to-morrow.

Clerk—Fifteen dollars! Why, we've been selling them for $10 all along.

"I know it, but I'm going to give away a base-ball bat with each one of them free of charge.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Tramps and anarchists will be interested to know that soap is on the free list.—*Texas Siftings.*

YAKUTAT WONDERS.

Startling Mirages Exhibiting Some Truly Horrible Images.

Along the coast region, southeast from Yakutat Bay, between the beach and the St. Elias Alps, lies a most remarkable tract, which is a veritable wonderland, and which is destined to furnish a large amount of material for museums, as well as problems for naturalists to solve. This section of the country is for most part a low, sandy flat, generally bare next the coast, but covered profusely near the foot of the range of mountains with a growth of small timber and brush, interspersed with lakes, swamps and glades. Grass grows luxuriantly, and were it not for the evidence of a general annual flood, this would be an ideal stock range. At this season of the year most all kinds of game abound except deer. Some of the bears in this country are of immense size. Along the water courses the sand and mud were literally covered with bear signs; the track of one monster, who seemed to be monarch of all the country, measured twenty-two inches from heel to toe.

On some of these long, low flats are found skeleton remains of some gigantic animal, some of which are in a good state of preservation. A joint bone twenty inches in diameter and about three feet in length was found standing upright near a hole which had once been its bed, it having been placed in its present position but a short time before by some other party. Leg bones, sections of backbones and ribs and other bones and pieces of bones were found lying exposed, or nearly so, while others only show pieces protruding from the sand, gravel and clay. A rough measurement of one of the largest ribs, that lay flat and almost wholly on top the ground, showed it to be about sixteen feet in length. Picture an image of an animal whose skeleton rib is of that length; clothe the skeleton with flesh, skin and perhaps a growth of shaggy hair; mount it upon legs, and view the monster. It will not be a difficult matter to secure some of these wonderful curiosities.

Over this waste of sand, mud and gravel are scattered stranded trees, logs, stumps and snags.

Most wonderful mirages are seen during the days and twilights, and mimic lakes and water courses fringed with vegetation mirrored upon the surface, while the grassy mounds, stumps, trees, logs and roots, which have an actual existence, are distorted and magnified into the shapes of huge, ungainly animals and reptiles of enormous proportions. The fogs and mists are driven across these wastes by the winds, and as the objects referred to loom up in the flying vapors, they appear like living creatures, and appear to be actually moving rapidly across the land at times, at other times flying through the air and again lunging through the sea at a terrific rate of speed, dashing the spray high in the air while huge breakers roll over them and on toward the mountains, against which they appear to be dashing, twenty miles away. Monstrous serpents, apparently several hundred feet long, sometimes with riders on their backs, men on horseback thirty feet high, animals and birds of all kinds of horrible shapes, seem to be scouring past, racing and chasing each other until they are lost in the darkness of the flying mists.

One scarcely knows which to wonder at the most, or think which is the strangest, the phenomena of these mirages with these horrible images, or the remains of these gigantic animals.—*Alaska Mining Record.*

Where Log Cabins Flourish.

A party of American gentlemen, who had been camping out on an island in the great Lake Nipissing, Canada, last summer, were returning in a sail boat and were yet seven miles from port when the sun went down, and with it the sailing breeze.

A discouraging situation, truly.

"Never mind, I can row you there inside of two hours," said the guide who had charge of the party, as their murmurs arose.

"Why, man, it is seven miles, there are four of us in this heavy boat—it's a big job you undertake," said one.

"No matter, I have done the likes before and can do it again," cheerfully replied the broad-shouldered Irishman, as he stowed away the sail and bent to the oars. He was a splendid oarsman and the boat was soon under headway again.

"What would I not give to enjoy your health and strength," remarked the Professor.

"Yes, I am pretty healthy, and though I am past sixty I feel as strong as ever," replied the guide. "But only three years ago I stood at death's door, and never thought to pull an oar again. You see, I was in the woods all winter, logging, and I got into the water one day and caught cold. It settled on my lungs and I had a bad cough which hung on till I ran down almost to a skeleton."

"Call in a physician?"

"Yes, I went twenty miles through the bush to see a doctor; he gave me some medicine, but it didn't help me much."

"How was the cure effected?"

"An old Scotch lady, who had come over from the States, gave me a preparation of balsams and herbs, which she said the early settlers in America used, and it soon stopped my cough and put me on my feet again."

One has but to travel along the frontier to learn how easy it is to get along without doctors, and how effective are the natural remedies which the old grandmothers know how to prepare. They often cure where the best physicians fail.

Every mother of a family knows how coughs and colds are quickly and radically cured with syrups and teas made from balsams and herbs which "grandmother taught us how to make."

Warner's Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy was, after long investigation into the merits and comparison with other old time preparations, selected from them because proved to be the very best of them all. It has brought back the roses to many a pallid cheek—there is no known remedy its equal as a cure for coughs and colds.

WHY must logic have legs?—because it stands to reason.

Common Sense Language.

Says the National Educator: We have frequently advocated in our columns, the use of common sense Anglo-Saxon terms. It would be a vast gain, not only in our educational work, but even also in much of the professional, and, particularly, in our common every-day intercourse, if we did confine ourselves more to good, plain English.

It is not presumed that we must employ only monosylables or baby talk, when we speak common English, but it is well established that the most forcible language is always the simplest and most beautiful. The English translation of the Bible is an exemplification of this. How much force is lost, and how rediculous even some of the most expressive passages become, when foreign terms are substituted for the plain English. If instead of the plain words of the Lord's prayer: "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name," we would say: "Our divine Progenitor, who inhabitest the regions of superlative benedictions; permit thy divine attributes to be sancified," we should at once descend from the sublime to the rediculous.

It is recorded of Luther, that, when he was engaged in translating the Bible into German, he visited the market places and other resorts of the common people to familiarize himself with their language, in order to furnish as popular a translation as possible. We all know how well he succeeded, having given us a version for the multitude, which has stood the test of centuries, and is the accepted translation of all, without danger of its ever being superseded.

Our text book makers have failed in this direction. they have made books for our children which are entirely at varience with all commonsense. Every teacher and parent knows that our text book, in the commonest branches even, such as are designed for eight year old children, presuppose a knowledge of Latin and Greek, if they would comprehend the terms employed. All this is quite contrary to common sense, and should certainly not be encouraged, not to say tolerated in this progressive age.

The Bliss of Ignorance.

She walked into a fashionable shoe store and said to the polite clerk:

"You may show me a pair of walking boots, No. 4. I used to wear 3's, but I go in for solid comfort now."

The clerk tried the boots, but they would not go on.

"Strange," she murmured, "it must be rheumatism. Try 4's, B width. I know I can swim in them, but my feet are so tender."

While the clerk was getting them on she said:

"I used to have a beautiful foot, not small, but such a good shape. I never had a small foot, but I wore 2½ sizes for years, until I walked so much and grew heavier."

"Your foot is a peculiar shape, the instep so high—that is why you require a large size," said the clerk, who had no fear of Ananias before his eyes.

"I've heard," she said." that the Venus dee Medeechy wears No. 5, and she is a model of true proportion."

"Exactly," said the clerk, growing red in the face as he pulled and tugged to get them on. He had never heard of "dee Medeechy," but he was up to a trick or two himself. "After all," he said, "these are too large. You'll find the 4's just right."

He was only gone a moment, but in that time he had erased 5E from the inside of a pair of shoes and substituted 4B.

"There, I thought it was strange," she said when they were on and paid for. "why, these are just as easy as my old ones. I believe I could just as well had 3's after all." And the young-man-without-a-conscience went back to his duties with the air of one well satisfied with himself.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Husband—Wife, you are everlastingly reading books.

Wife—Yes, I find them very interesting.

"It's a pity I ain't a book then you might take some interest in me."

"I wouldn't object if you were the right kind of a book."

"What sort of a book do you think a husband ought to be?"

"An almanac, so I could get a new one every year."—*Texas Siftings.*

Woman (to tramp)—"If I give you a nice dinner will you help me to put up some patent self-rolling window curtains?" Tramp—"No ma'am. I'll saw wood, carry in coal, or dig post holes, but I won't help a woman on window curtains if she gave me a Delmonico spread."

An Iowa justice of the peace refused to fine a man for kissing a girl against her will, because, when the lass came into the court he was obliged to hold on to the arm of his chair to keep from kissing her himself.

The Crown via the Cross.

The Church of Christ in its most exalted hours has never been afraid to be in the unpopular minority. At no time has it felt the force of the sympathy and strength of the most of the people. It seems a threatening evil now, but that is only because we have turned our eyes toward it, and see, as never before, the overwhelming danger. In the time of the Reformation it was always the few against the many. In all seasons of revivals, after the great ingatherings, it was still only the units against the thousands. There is no ground for the present discouragement. They that be for us are more than can be against us. What is the Church for? Is it to drift along gently, and land in a welcoming harbor without a struggle with the tide and tempest? Christianity, like every great historical movement, has won its way to triumph, security, and beneficence by passing through terrible ordeals. The birth of Minerva from the brain of Jove, full-grown and heavily armed when she first lifted her spear, and spoke her first word, was a beautiful dream of the early Greek. But the Church of Christ must develop by the slow and severe process. It reaches its rest by sweat of brow and twelve long hours of burning toil. Nothing strong in truth or magnificent in possession has ever come to the Church by falling, as ripe fruit, into its open hand, All the treasures of God's kingdom on earth have been won like pearls from the depths of the ocean, and gold from the white heated furnace. The birthplace of the Church was at the foot of a cross. It gained its useful fiber and muscle by the strain of three centuries of flame and torture. Since then few have been the years when some new burden has not been placed upon it. If the great multitudes swarm on every side of it, some speaking foreign tongues, and all without sympathy with the holy institutions of the Church, let us remember that this is no novel picture. We must recognize the Devine factor. God is always on the side of His kingdom and the men who love it.—*Bishop Hurst.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Stray Sunbeams.

When is a jealous husband like a cat? When he smells the rat.

Don't be afraid to do right, even if you have a wicked mother-in-law.

"Can a politician be honest?"—Ex. Can a potato wink?

Next to a diary the most difficult thing to keep is a lead pencil.

Once a woman has reached the age of seventy she no longer hesitates to give her age.

What is that which flies high, lies low, has no feet, yet wears shoes? Dust.

One should endeavor to eat soft boiled eggs without publishing the fact on his shirt bosom.

It is said that the ordinary life of a bee is only ninety days. The end of a bee, however, is very lively.

An exchange says: "Let no sly woman tempt thy sliding mind with garments gathered in a knot behind."

Larger beer will not intoxicate when left in the barrel. It is only men who attempt to take the place of barrels that get beer drunk.

A girl in the presence of her beau, will leave half her ice cream and afterward sneak into the cellar and eats even pickels.

"He who does a thing by the agency of another, does it himself," may be very good law, but it won't work well in courting a girl.

A farmer out in Iowa cut open a hornet's nest to examine its internal arrangements. He thinks he will be able to see his barn in about two weeks.

White hats are very popular in Pittsburg. At the end of the summer season they are always black enough for fall.

Old Dick who is a shade or two blacker than there is any need of, says he hates "dese yer spring winds, dey is so tannin."

Farming is one of the best occupations for a young man. Even cabbage culture will enable a struggling youth to get a head.

An Irishman caught a hornet in his hand but dropped it and exclaimed, "be jabbers, what kind of teeth do you birds have in America!

A young woman on her way home from church in Mentone, Ind., recently, was caught in a thunder shower and struck by lightning. Though terribly frightened she managed to reach home. On examination the fluid had bent two of the hairpins on her head and actually melted one. But she was not injured a particle.

"It is Too Late Now, Pa."

During a series of religious meetings held in a school-house of a small village, a very little girl became much interested for the salvation of her soul. Her father, a hater of holiness, who lived next door to the place of meeting, and who had at one time solicited the prayers of Christians for himself, strictly forbade her again entering the "house of prayer."

The poor little girl was much oppressed and knew not what to do, but obeyed her father until the next meeting was nearly half through; then, slipping out without his knowledge, and getting through a hole in the back yard fence, she hastily ran to the meeting. It was some time before her father missed her, but when he found her gone, he went immediately to the meeting, where she was on her knees with others for whom the people of God were praying. So enraged was he that he went directly forward, and took her in his arms to carry her from the place. As he raised her from her knees, she looked up with a heavenly smile and said:

"It is too late now, pa; I have given my heart to the Savior."

This was too much for the hardened sinner. He, too, sank on his knees, while God's children united in prayer; and very soon found that Savior whom he had in vain attempted to shut out from his own and his daughter's heart.

Two Rabbis.

After Jerusalem was destroyed two Jewish rabbis were walking over its ruins. The one wept, the other smiled. The weeping one said to the one that smiled:

"How can you smile when you see our Holy City in ruins?"

"Nay," said the other, "let me rather ask you, why do you weep?"

"I weep," said he, "because I see the fearful judgment of the Almighty. Our beautiful city is no more; our holy temple is laid waste; our brethren—where are they now?"

"All that," said his companion, "is the reason why I smile. I see how sure God's judgments are. I learn from that how true must be his promises. God hath said "I will destroy Jerusalem;' I see he has! But he has also said 'I will rebuild Jerusalem.' Shall not I believe his word?"

What a rebuke to professing Christians is this from an unbelieving Jew!—*S. Sears.*

"Little boy," said a gentleman, "why do you carry that umbrella over your head? It's not raining."

"No."

"And the sun is not shining."

"No."

"Then why do you carry it?"

"'Cause when it rains Pa wants it, when the sun shines Ma wants it, and its only this kinder weather that I can get to use it at all."

A South Hill debating club is wrestling with the question: "Can a community exist without women?" We think it might exist for a while, but it wouldn't know what was going on.

An endorser of a note is exempt from liability if not served with notice of its dishonor within twenty-four hours of its non-payment.

Written contracts concerning land must be under seal.

If You Have a Trifling Cough

Don't neglect it. Use Roger's Specific Cough Cure. It is a sure and speedy cure for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, &c. 25 cts. a bottle.

For Sprains, Burns, Bruises, &c.

Use Roger's Specific Liniment. It has no equal as a cure for Sprains, Burns Bruises, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Dysentary, Rheumatism, &c. 25 cts.

Dyspepsia and Habitual Constipation

Speedily cured by a few doses of Appelite, the Great Stomach, Kidney and Liver Remedy. Price 50 cts.

Piles! Piles! Piles!

Roger's Specific Cocaine Pile Remedy will cure in a short time the most aggravated case of Itching, protruding, Bleeding, or any other form of Piles. Price 50 cts. a box.

Roger's Specific Worm Syrup

Is Pleasant, Safe and efficient. Price 25 cts.

For Chapped Hands, Face, &c.

Use Frangipane Curative Balm, a delightful toilet article for the Hands, Face, Roughness of Skin, Face and Sunburn, Tetter, Pimples, Blotches and Skin Diseases. Price 15 cts.

All the above preparations are for sale at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, Oakland, and by druggists and country merchants in all parts of Garrett and adjoining counties.

J. F. LEWIS,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND PLASTERING LATH!

SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.

Having had Fourteen years practice and experience as a SHINGLE SAWYER, I am confident that I can sell you a better shingle than can be bought any where else in the State for the same price.

J. F. LEWIS,

3 3 '88 1y Cranesville, W. Va

NOTICE!

My wife, Louisa, having left my bed and board, the public are hereby notified not to harbor or trust her on my account.

GEORGE GEORG.

Accident, Md., Oct. 15th, 1888.—20 3t.

NEW ADVERTISEMNETS.

THE ONLY

Brilliant Durable Economical DYES

Are Diamond Dyes. They excel all others in Strength, Purity and Fastness. None others are just as good. Beware of imitations—they are made of cheap and inferior materials and give poor, weak, crocky colors.

36 colors; 10 cents each.

Send postal for Dye Book, Sample Card, directions for coloring Photos., making the finest Ink or Bluing (10 cts. a quart), etc. Sold by Druggists or by

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles, USE

DIAMOND PAINTS.

Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents.

Paine's CELERY COMPOUND

CURES	PROOFS
Neuralgia	"Paine's Celery Compound cured my nervous sick headaches." Mrs. L. A. Brentner, San Jacinto, Cal.
Nervous Prostration	"After using six bottles of Paine's Celery Compound, I am cured of rheumatism." Samuel Hutchinson, South Cornish, N. H.
Rheumatism	
Kidney Diseases	"It has done me more good for kidney disease than any other medicine." Geo. Abbott, Sioux City, Iowa.
AND All Liver Disorders	"Paine's Celery Compound has been of great benefit for torpid liver, indigestion, and biliousness." Elizabeth C. Uhall, Quechee, Vt.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil, Paregoric or Narcotic Syrups. Children cry for Castoria. Millions of Mothers bless Castoria.

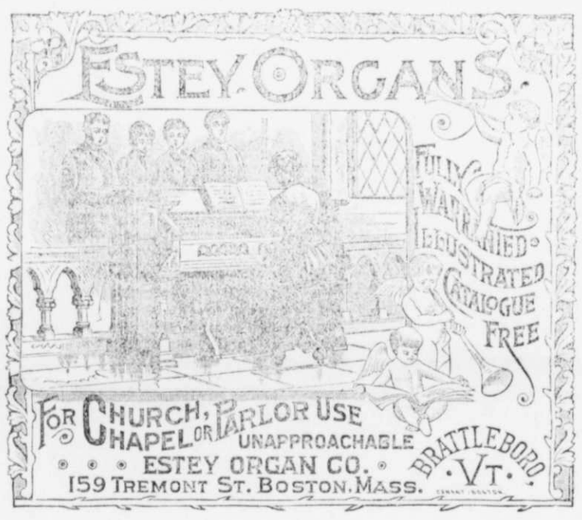
Castoria cures Colic, Constipation; Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation; Gives healthy sleep; also aids digestion; Without narcotic stupefaction.

"I recommend Castoria for children's complaints, as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray St., New York.

They are Growing More Popular Every Day.

WHO?



MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

OF CUMBERLAND, MD.,

The Acknowledged Largest Dealers in Western Maryland,

Who, by their many years' experience in the music business, together with honest and fair dealing, have placed the World Renowned

ESTEY AND CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN

in the leading ranks of all other Organs manufactured. The Estey Organ is well enough known to be appreciated when seen. The Chicago Cottage Organ is gaining a reputation that ere long will place it at the head of the list. It is elegant in finish, exquisite in design. In tone superlatively fine. Standard in construction. Highly ornamented and heavy volume. It is an Organ whose action speaks louder than words, and after one sees and trys this lovely instrument, it always pleases and gives entire satisfaction to the purchaser. We also sell the celebrated

DECKER BROS., WEBER, FISHER BROS., AND ESTEY PIANOS,

—AND THE—

New Home Sewing Machine.

This machine has *no* superior. The cabinet work is of the finest and most artistic made. Its construction is the best and guaranteed not to get out of order. Its attachments are the simplest as well as the most perfect made, and a child can operate it with ease. The attachments are self-setting, requiring no screw driver, not even a thumb screw. No home is complete without this, the grandest, best and most perfect machine made.

Our terms are made in every instance to suit purchaser, and prices the lowest ever offered for first-class goods in this section. We buy for cash in large quantities from the factories direct, thus enabling us to save the purchaser the ordinary agents commission. A word to the wise is sufficient.

For purchasing write or send for illustrated catalogues, prices, terms, &c., to

MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

Branch Office, CUMBERLAND, MD. Main Office, MEYERSDALE, PA. 9 17 '87—1y

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch 281, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by George D. White and others. Beginning at the Southeast end of Church street, and running thence through the lands of Mrs. E. A. Kilbourn, Mrs. Maria Davis, F. & C. Felty, S. L. Townshend, Mrs Max. Klein and James R. Bishop, and intersecting the Ryans Glade road at a point between John A. Delawder's and the line of Mt. Lake Park, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Tuesday, the 30th day of October, 1888, and determine whether the public convenience requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
WM. H. HALL,
WILLIAM WHITE,
Examiners.

9 25

VALUABLE STOCK FARM FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Wilink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby warned from Hunting or Driving on the lands under my charge. We have fenced to the new county road, and warn all persons from taking down our fences and running over our lands.

J. H. & C. T. SANDERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MASSEY HALL PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

School year commences

September 12th, 1888.

Regular and elective courses in all Preparatory Studies. Special attention to English and Commercial branches. The number of pupils is strictly limited, in order to insure the most thorough training and individual advancement.

For terms, hours of study, &c., apply to

REV. J. NEWMAN,
7 7 td Principal.

$25.00 REWARD.

The above reward will be paid for the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who cut down chestnut trees on my farm near Oakland, known as the Brant farm.

10 20 3 T. W. CASTEEL.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

All parties are hereby notified not to trespass upon my lands in and adjoining the town of Oakland, for any purpose whatever.

10 20 8t JOHN BRADLEY.

TOWN PROPERTY

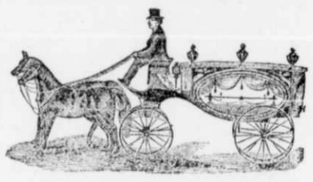
FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

D. E. BOLDEN & CO.,

UNDERTAKERS



AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS,

OAKLAND, MD.

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

COFFINS, CASKETS

—AND—

BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS!

—Also a full line of—

FURNITURE,

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and Window Blinds,

And everything usually kept in a First-Class Furniture Establishment

Furniture Rented on easy Terms

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

REPAIR WORK,

PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c

Also make Furniture to order.

D. E. BOLDEN, & CO.

Feb. 25, '88.

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 3d, 1888.

All persons are hereby warned not to remove any stone from the National Road in Garrett county, or from the Bridges thereon.

By order County Commissioners,

W. H. HAGANS,
9 8 tf Clerk.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect April 29th, 1888:

GOING EAST.

No. 2		7 41 A. M.
No. 38	Accommodation	10.30 A. M.
No. 6		11.14 A. M.
No. 82	Accommodation	5.05 P. M.
No. 4		11 43 P. M.

GOING WEST

No. 3		4 49 A. M.
No. 81	Accommodation	9.40 A. M.
No. 5		5.00 P. M.
No. 65	Accommodation	5.41 P. M.
No. 1		9.15 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.

C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

FARM FOR SALE!

For sale cheap, a farm of 395 acres, about 90 acres of which is cleared, and on which are erected a

Two-Story Frame House, Two Stables

and other outbuildings. About 75 acres of the woodland is covered with EXCELLENT TIMBER. The farm is situated two miles from Swanton, B. & O. R. R. About 250 acres is under fence. A young orchard was put out four years ago, and will soon come into bearing.

For particulars and terms, apply to or address

RICHARD CUSTER,
8 25 Swanton Md

JOHN A. WOLF,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

2 8 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, NOV. 24, 1888. NUMBER 39.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and West Virginia.
Office over Casteel's Drug Store on Main street, Oakland, Md. 2 26 '87.

GILMOR S. HAMILL
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.
Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

J. B. FAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals Also in adjoining counties of West Va.
Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.
Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

WARING THOMAS. EWD. H. SINCELL.
THOMAS & SINCELL,
Attorneys-at-Law and Solicitors in Chancery,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office in Boyer Building, Cor. Second and Alder, streets, Oakland, Md.

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.
OFFICE IN NYDEGGER BUILDING.
Residence in Dr. Keller Building.
Sept. 9, 1885.—1y.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.,
offers his professional services to the people of Oakland and vicinity. 5 5 '88
Office with Dr. J. Lee McComas.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n48

Dr. I. D. Newman,
OAKLAND, MD.
CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.
Office and residence on Mill street, opposite the Helbig bridge
Calls day or night promptly attended to.
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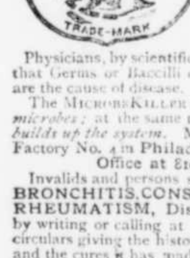
WM. RADAM'S
MICROBE KILLER



The Great GERM or BACTERIA DESTROYER.
To Cure Disease, Remove the Cause.
Physicians, by scientific researches, have discovered that Germs or Baccilli commonly called Microbes, are the cause of disease.
The MICROBE KILLER CURES by *destroying the microbes;* at the same time *purifies the blood* and *builds up the system.* Mr. Radam has established Factory No. 4 in Philadelphia.
Office at 819 Arch Street.
Invalids and persons suffering from CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION, MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, Diseases of the Blood, etc., by writing or calling at above address, will receive circulars giving the history of the MICROBE KILLER and the cures it has made. Agencies will be established in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia, which this Factory will supply. This Germicide is
A SURE RESTORATIVE TO HEALTH.

A Rare Chance to
Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,
Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodehea ver and others.
These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.
For further information apply to.
JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland. Md

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dr. Seth Arnold's
COUGH KILLER
CURES
Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and Asthma.

PREVENTS CONSUMPTION

Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.

Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, druggist, Oakland, Md. 11 '86 1y

PLANING MILLS.
MT. LAKE PARK, MD.,
ALDERSON & ROBINSON, PROPS
C. M. RATHBUN, Manager.
Manufacturers of and dealers in
Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings.
Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.
Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of mill work. 1 29, '87.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property.
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

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A RARE CHANCE TO INVEST!
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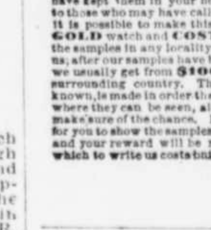

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FAULTLESS FAMILY MEDICINE

"I have used Simmons Liver Regulator for many years, having made it my only Family Medicine. My mother before me was very partial to it. It is a safe, good and reliable medicine for any disorder of the system, and if used in time is *a great preventive of sickness.* I often recommend it to my friends, and shall continue to do so.
"Rev. James M. Rollins,
"Pastor M. E. Church, So. Fairfield, Va."

TIME AND DOCTORS' BILLS SAVED by always keeping Simmons Liver Regulator in the house.

"I have found Simmons Liver Regulator the best family medicine I ever used for anything that may happen, have used it in *Indigestion, Colic, Diarrhœa, Biliousness,* and found it to relieve immediately. After eating a hearty supper, if, on going to bed, I take about a teaspoonful, I never feel the effects of the supper eaten.
"OVID G. SPARKS,
"Ex-Mayor Macon, Ga."

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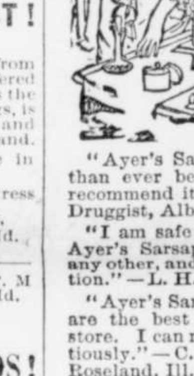
Has our Z Stamp on front of Wrapper.
J. H. Zeilin & Co., Sole Proprietors,
Price, $1.00. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Ask For Ayer's
Sarsaparilla, and be sure you get it, when you want the best blood-purifier.



With its forty years of unexampled success in the cure of Blood Diseases, you can make no mistake in preferring Ayer's
Sarsaparilla
to any other. The fore-runner of modern blood medicines, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is still the most popular, being in greater demand than all others combined.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla is selling faster than ever before. I never hesitate to recommend it."—George W. Whitman, Druggist, Albany, Ind.

"I am safe in saying that my sales of Ayer's Sarsaparilla far excel those of any other, and it gives thorough satisfaction."—L. H. Bush, Des Moines, Iowa.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills are the best selling medicines in my store. I can recommend them conscientiously."—C. Bickhaus, Pharmacist, Roseland, Ill.

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I have sold your medicines for the last seventeen years, and always keep them in stock, as they are staples. 'There is nothing so good for the youthful blood' as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—R. L. Parker, Fox Lake, Wis.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla gives the best satisfaction of any medicine I have in stock. I recommend it, or, as the Doctors say, 'I prescribe it over the counter.' It never fails to meet the cases for which I recommend it, even where the doctors' prescriptions have been of no avail."—C. F. Calhoun, Monmouth, Kansas.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

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W. W. PICKING,
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ROAD PETITION.
Notice is hereby given, that thirty days from the first publication of this notice, the undersigned citizens of Garrett county, will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to appoint examiners to view and locate a public road as follows: Commencing at the Pennsylvania line (District No. 3) and running through the lands of Thos. W. Frost, Israel Glotfelty, Henry Pollman, Geo. Inks and Wm. Bepler, to the National Road, a distance of about two and a-half miles.
THOS. W. FROST,
ISRAEL GLOTFF,
GEORGE LINKS.
22 5

SMUGGLED LACES.

Herman Hatell was a Swiss boy whose father held an humble but important position in the service of the republic. He was stationed in a small hut among the mountains that form a part of the boundary line between France and Switzerland, and it was his duty to look out for smugglers, who were practicing all sorts of tricks to get their goods across the frontier. For some time a great deal of fine French lace had been entering Switzerland without duty, and the frontier guards, one and all, had received strict orders to watch for the lace smugglers,

Sergeant Hatell and his boy occupied what had come to be called "the lace trail," on account of the large amount of the contraband article which had succeeded in crossing the frontier at that point.

It was a lonely enough place in which to live, and the Hatells were in constant danger, for the smugglers threatened them with mysterious letters. But this did not dampen the old sergeant's ardor, nor keep Herman one wit less on the alert,

At odd intervals a little old Frenchman, a veteran of Napoleon's wars, and as shrewd as a Frenchman can be, would drop in upon the Hatells, and pass several hours in their company. Nearly every time he was accompanied by a large yellow dog of the mastiff species. The animal had a thick coat of hair, and when he stood on his hind feet he was a head taller than his master.

Whenever these two friends called at the mountain hut, the boy Herman was sure of some excellent stories about the retreat from Moscow or the battle of Waterloo. During the recital, Bruno, the dog, would lie quietly at his master's feet, watching him with a shrewd eye, and ready to spring up and vanish at the lifting of a finger.

"Monsieur Moscow," as Herman had nicknamed their visitor, professed to be the French agent for a Swiss Watch factory. For once, at least, he told the truth; but the officials thought that he was also engaged in smuggling articles across the boundary.

Their orders: "Watch Monsieur Moscow and his dog," had been anticipated by the sergeant, but, be as shrewd as he could, he utterly failed to detect anything wrong with either.

"I don't see why we are to watch the dog," said Herman to his father, one day, when they had been talking about the pair. "Bruno is friendly enough with me, and I have fondled him so often that I don't think he could carry any diamonds among his hair."

"We are to look out for the laces, my boy," was the reply.

"How could a dog carry such over the frontier?"

Sergeant Hatell smiled and answered that somehow or other the laces continued to cross, and he intimated that unless he discovered the smugglers soon, he would lose his place.

It happened that one night the old guardsman was called away, and Herman was left on duty. It had been the first time, and when darkness closed in around the rough landscape, he took his gun and went down into the pass. Hardly had he reached his favored sentry station ere the wind arose, and for the next half hour the boy guard listened to the roaring of a terrible mountain storm. He got the best shelter he could find, and while he held his post, he thought more than once of "Monsieur Moscow" and his campaigns.

"If Brnno were here, we could have a good time," said Herman to himself. "I would like to know why the custom-house people wants us to watch the big yellow dog. His master may be a hard old nut to crack, but Bruno is so jolly that I can't think of him being a smuggler."

Then Herman thought of the singular reports he had heard about the dog during the past two weeks. Some of the mountain guards said that they had caught glimpse of a large dog crossing the frontier alone, and they all agreed that it looked like Bruno, "Monsieur Moscow's" companion. No one had been a man with the animal on any of these occasions, and few had seen him long enough to say that he was really Bruno.

All at once Herman Hatell was touched softly by something, and the next moment he felt two large paws on his shoulders! In an instant he dropped his gun, and was calling "Bruno, Bruno!" in response to the caresses of a huge dog.

It really was "Monsieur Moscow's" comrade, and the dog seemed as much delighted with the meeting as was Herman, the boy guard. The storm had by this time abated, and Herman sat down on a rock and fondled the mastiff.

"Listen to me, Bruno," said the boy, as he saw by the starlight the large eyes of the dog fixed upon him: "Do you know that you are accused of crossing the frontier alone? They say that you come over into Switzerland one day and go back the next. Aha, old fellow! are you a smuggler, too?"

Bruno's reply was a renewed licking of Herman's hand.

"Come to the cabin with me," continued the boy, rising.

And when he started off down the pass, he had the dog at his heels.

A few minutes afterward the Swiss boy reached the hut and was about to turn on the dog, which had followed him in, when he was accosted by a gruff voice.

"Are you the guard's boy?" it said,

Bruno set up a low growl as Herman turned and saw before him a rough, desperate-looking character, a man who looked bad enough to do anything.

"I am Sergeant Hatell's son," Herman answered.

"I thought so. You don't want people to make a living, but you watch them like hawks day and night."

"We guard the boundary as best we can, which is right."

"Yes but you report everything you see."

"Isn't that right, too?"

"No!"

The right foot of the man slipped forward, and Herman, as he instinctively retreated, saw a long knife along the smuggler's sleeve.

The boy-guard hardly knew what to do. He knew that the man was bent on dark mischief, for his eyes seemed to glow liks coals.

Suddenly Bruno, without warning of any kind, leaped at the smuggler, and in a twinkling the two, man and dog, were struggling against the wall of the hut.

Then it was that the man became unmasked, for in the fight his false beard dropped to the floor, and Herman recognized a fellow whom he well knew.

With a sharp cry the man pushed the dog off, and struck with his knife at the same time: then, as Bruno was recovering at Herman's feet, he darted from the cabin and disappeared.

The next moment Herman opened his eyes wide with amazement, for Bruno was no longer the beautiful dog he had been. He stood erect, looking sheepishly at the boy guard, for the handsome jacket of hair which had covered him from his legs to his shoulders lay under his feet, and his body was wrapped closely in fine lace!

The knife of the smuggler who had fled had solved the mystery of the fronteir, and Herman knew why the officers had given his father orders to watch the dog.

"You're a shrewd old fellow, Monsieur Moscow!" laughed the Swiss boy, as he examined the treasure carried by Bruno. "I have made a discovery that will keep this place for father, and I am going to see that the noble friend who saved my life tonight ceases to be a smuggler's property."

Herman was as good as his word, for when the Swiss officials heard of the strange discovery he had made, they took steps to arrest the little Frenchman; but he affected his escape, getting away without his dog.

Bruno was presented to Herman by the custom officers, and when his yellow coat grew again, he became the most watchful frontier guard in the service.

After Herman's adventure the lace trail was abandoned, showing that "Monsieur Moscow" and Bruno were its principal patrons.

Fannie—So you are married, Hattie, and have wealth and all the possibilities?

Hattie—Yes, my husband is very rich.

Fannie—And you enjoy it all very much?

Hattie—Very much, indeed.

Fannie—And your husband?

Hattie—Oh, well you know in this world, dear, we have to take the bitter with the sweet.

A Nebraska newspaper says: "We don't expect to make a single vote by pitching into the opposition, but we are whoopin' her up simply to prevent our own lambs from going astray.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Cherishing Evil Thoughts.

Every man who has lived long enough to know much about himself or the world in which he lives, realizes that he is in danger, not so much from the temptations which enter into him, so to speak, as from the temptations which he enters into. It is not the evil thoughts which flit into the heart and out again that injures the man; it is the thought for which he makes a place, which he nurses and reverts to, again and again, entering, so to speak, the secret chambers of its foul recesses. It seems at first sight very strange that any one should deliberately and of set purpose enter into a temptation, and yet we are inclined to think that no man ever yet fell into grievous sin who did not first, with more or less deliberation, allow himself to be tempted to that sin. He who never coquets with Satan never comes under his dominion. In view of these thoughts, we see the supreme importance of our Lord's command to "watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation." If we enter not into temptation, temptation will not enter into us. It is not always necessary even to resist the devil. If we avoid him and keep out of his way, there will be little danger of coming within his spell.—*Golden Rule.*

Sunday Religion.

Many a man is, every inch of him, a religious man on one day of the week, and a non-religious man all the other six days. He walks reverently to church on Sundays, sits in his own pew (for he has sitting of his own), sings sacred hymns, joins in the prayers, listens to the sermons, drops his offering in the plate, goes home and wears an air of devoutness all day; but, when Monday morning comes, he stows away all his religion, like his Sunday suit of clothes, and says, "Lie there; you shall not be wanted again till next Sabbath." And, should there happen on Monday to be anything in business that is not straight, and one ventures to say to him, "I did not expect this of a Christian man," he fires up and replies, "What has that to do with religion? Everything in its place. Religion is religion, and business is business." And so there is this hateful falsehood springing up that godliness is a thing distinct from your daily life, a garb for Sundays only like this pulpit robe which is worn but fifty-two days in the year, and all the other days hangs useless in the wardrobe.—*Rev. F. T. Davitson.*

Shake hands with some one the next time you go to church. If you see a stranger near you, reach out your hand, say "Good morning, I am glad to see you and hope you will come again. If there is some one there who is not acquainted with the pastor, ask him to wait and be introduced to him, and you wait and see that it is done. If your pastor has helped you by his sermon, stop and tell him so, and it will do him good. It will not spoil him. He will preach better the next time. See if he does not. Shake hands with the sexton if there is no one else convenient, but don't fold your hands and steal away like a heathen. Touch some one and put some heart in the touch.—*Church at Work.*

Seven is the perfect number, and if the following seven rules were faithfully observed, they would do something toward making a perfect man.

Before thou openest thy mouth think:—

1. What thou shalt speak.
2. Why thou shouldst speak.
3. To whom thou art about to speak.
4. Concerning whom or what thou art abont to speak.
5. What will result therefrom.
6. What benefit it can produce.
7. Who may be listening.

Shun evil speaking. It is a mean and dangerous habit. The criticising carping, fault-finding spirit is easily cultivated, and alarmingly difficult to shake off. Say good, kind, generous things about people when you truthfully can; when you can not, hold your peace!—*Michigan Advocate.*

Over in Michigan the Republicans can sing:

Keep your eye on the American eagle.
That bird of your country's proud destiny hall,
Because that wise bird you can never inveigle
By putting free salt on his venerable tail.

A living, lovable Christian is the best reply to infidelity—the most powerful argument for the gospel.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THOSE STAIRS.

In going up to bed last night,
I climbed with little care,
And when I thought I'd done the flight
There still was one more stair.
'Twas late, the lights were out, and so
Most grievously I stubbed my toe.

And as I lingered, rubbing hard,
There came a soulful noise,
Uplifted from the lone back-yard.
Said I: "I know the voice!
'Tis Tom—excluded hath he been,
I'll haste and let the poor beast in."

On my way to admit the cat
At the dark kitchen door,
I thought, when I had reached the mat
That there was one stair more;
My progress the dull floor did block—
My nervous system got a shock!

I opened to the doleful crier,
And climbing back to bed—
Would you believe?—strove to get higher
When I had reached the head.
Indeed, upon the top-most stair
I stood with one foot in the air.

Then I bethought me: "Mrs. B.
Won't have the cat in nights!"
And I descended speedily
To set things back to rights:
And "Now I'm safe" I sweetly thought,
"This step's the last"—and it was not!
—*Gertrude Hall, in Time.*

MISTAH EZRA JACKSON.

How He Deluded the Colored Brethren of Beech Ridge.

Uncle Moses Bosley put the jug of sorghum molasses and the hickory splint basket, with its parcels containing side meat, brown sugar and coffee, into the wagon, then sat down under the awning to "argify politics with two or three udder colored gemmens and a po' white man," while his wife, Aunt Bettie, finished her trading in the store.

"Kain't you let me hab dis lawn no less 'n five cents! 'Peers like it's pow'ful high, and I ain't sho it will wash anyhow," she said, chewing one corner of it to try the color.

"Couldn't think of selling it for a cent less. It's the most stylish piece we have in the store, and you'll never have such another chance to get a bargain. If you were not such a good customer I wouldn't think of letting you have it for less than seven cents. Why, it cost us six!" said the clerk, glibly.

The gay-flowered fabric did its own silent pleading in Aunt Bettie's heart, and after some hesitation, to keep the clerk from thinking she was too anxious, she ordered ten yards cut off. Then followed a long wrangle over the price of a hat, a coarse white straw made gorgeous with red and yellow roses and green ribbon. Patient persistence on her part conquered that time, and the perspiring and disgusted clerk came down from one dollar and a half to one twenty-five. Counting out the amount in dimes and nickels, Aunt Bettie notified Uncle Moses that she was ready, her fat face shining with grease, perspiration and happiness, the combined results of the hot July day and her good bargains.

With much puffing and blowing Aunt Bettie climbed into the wagon, while Uncle Moses carefully held her [illegible]ages, then clambered in beside her, seating himself on the remaining vacant home-made chair. He took the reins, and had just given a preparatory "Git up dar, boys; time we's trabblin'," when a dapper little darky, dressed in a rather seedy broadcloth suit, a gorgeous necktie, and stove-pipe hat, came walking up quite briskly, carrying a valise and flourishing a slender walking-cane, his shoes evidently fresh from the blacking-brush.

"Good-evening, sah. Scuse me, but is you Mistah Moses Bosley?"

"Dat's me fo' a fac'; but what mout yo' business be?" said Uncle Moses, a trifle suspiciously, somewhat divided in his opinion as to whether the stranger was a gambler or a preacher.

"I has a lettah of interduction heah from de Gubenor ob de State—my fr'en' Dick I allus calls him to his face. I tole him I was comin' down heah, and axed him fur to tell me ob some good, pious, hones' man what I could trus' to tell de squar' troof out en out ebery time, and he said Mistah Moses Bosley was de man, fur dough he didn't know you pussunally, he had often hearn ob you for a good man an' a gembleman, so he writ dis lettah, which I hopes you will do me de honah ob readin', sah."

Uncle Moses took the letter and eyed it curiously before he opened it. The truth was he could not read at all, so he finally refolded the sheet of paper, put it back in the envelope, and thrust it into his pocket. "The sun's kinder blinded me ter-day, and I reckon I'll wait till I gits home ter read it," he said, by way of explanation.

"To be sho, sah, the sun do affec' some people dat away; but ef you'll pomit me, I'll read it fo' you."

So the letter was brought forth again, and was read with such wonderful ease by the stranger that Uncle Moses and Aunt Bettie were rather awed by his superior education.

The letter was profuse with the praises of Mr. Ezra Jackson and assured Mr. Bosley that "any retention showed to him would be a great pussunal favor to yo' fr'en', Richard Oglesby."

Mr. Jackson then handed the letter back with such an air of modest self-consciousness and grace as completely captivated Aunt Bettie.

"Mout I ask what I kin do for you?" said Uncle Moses, politely, much flattered by the familiar and condescending tone of the Governor's letter, and anxious to extend any courtesies possible to the bearer of it.

"Certingly, sah, certingly. I wants to go out to Beech Ridge with you dis afternoon, bein' mo' than willin' of co'se, sah, to pay you lib'ral fur yo' trouble."

"Tha' ain't no springs on de wagon, and nuffin but a bundle of oats to set on, but ef you's a mind to put up wif sech rough ridin', you's mo' dan welcome to go without no pay," said Moses, cordially.

Mr. Jackson declared that under no circumstances would he budge a step without paying for it.

"Well, den, if you is done 'tarmined to pay, s'pose we make it a quarter," said Uncle Moses, reluctantly.

"I couldn't think of imposin' on you that away. It's wuff fifty cents, and I isn't a-going to pay no less. You see, the gubberment pays me two hundred dollahs a month, and I is able to pay well fo' all I gits," Mr. Jackson said, munificently.

Uncle Moses and Aunt Bettie were deeply impressed with the magnificence of the stranger. It fairly took their breath to think of two hundred dollars a month, and they were silent for a moment, while the wagon started on its way through the hot and dusty street.

Aunt Bettie thought of her daughter Alvira, for whom she had bought the dress and hat, and who was the apple of her eye, and a wild ambition took possession of her motherly heart. She wondered if Mr. Jackson was married, but was too wary to ask the question openly. "Is yo' wif come wif you to Cairo, or is you done lef' her at home?"

Mr. Jackson laughed lightly. "I hasn't never found any ob de fair sec dat's entangled my confections yet. Now ef I had knowed you befo' you was Mis' Bosley, tha's no tellin' what mout a-happend," he said, gallantly; and Aunt Bettie came as near blushing as her complexion would permit, and even Uncle Moses was flattered by this compliment to his wife's charms.

"O, you is jest a-jokin' now, Mr. Jackson. You know you doesn't mean it," Mrs. Bosley answered coquettishly.

Mr. Jackson insisted upon his sincerity, then turned the conversation by expressing great admiration for the Mississippi river, which had come into view as soon as they crossed the levee, and upon whose banks the road stretched out for miles.

Cotton-wood, catalpa and pecan-trees, sometimes covered with wild grape-vines, and sometimes adorned with scarlet trumpet-flowers, grew by the way-side, and late berries, black and sweet and lucious, drooped from their thorny vines almost beneath the wheels of the wagon.

Mr. Jackson's praises were voluble, but Uncle Moses assured him that these things were as nothing compared with the giant hickory and beech trees upon his homestead.

"You don't say so, Mistah Bosley! I wish't ef it wouldn't be a-intrujin' too much, that you'd take me fo' a bo'dah! You see, I spects to be in dese parts a week or two anyhow, as my business is impohtant and can't be hurried. I is a pension agent, a-workin' up de claims ob po' culled men who was in de wah, and has nebber been paid yet fo' suff'rin' and dyin' fo' dey country. Ef my membry is correc', Gubenor Oglesby tole me you is disquallified fo' a pension, Brudder Bosley?" said Mr. Jackson, inquiringly.

Uncle Moses hesitated for a moment, but the love of money was deep in his soul.

"Well, I kain't zactly say as I was wounded, but 'pears like my rheumatis wouldn't 'a' been so bad fo' the las' five year ef I hadn't a-driv that rashun wagon in de army," he said, the desire for a pension stronger than his conscience.

"How long you done druv that team, Mistah Bosley?" said Mr. Jackson, with an official air. "Be keerful, now! Remember you is jest the same as on yo' oaf, and I wants de whole troof and nuffin but de troof, 'case I is one ob de gubernment officers, and has took my oaf to do my duty."

Uncle Moses was a little frightened at this solemn assertion, and answered, truthfully: "Well, you see, I wasn't really neber a soldier at all, but I was jest hired to drive a wagon from Villa Ridge to Cairo, when Col. Wallace was dere with his three-months men; but it war a awful rainy day, and I tuk cold that settled in all my bones, and I dest nearly coughed my inards out."

"Ob co'se, den de gubermont owes you a pension, Mistah Bosley, and I is glad I is heah to see dats you gits it. But befo' we goes any furder with dis business, let me come straight to de p'int, and ax you ef you won't boa'd me. I is able to pay well, and since I'se got 'quainted with you and Mis' Bosley, 'pears like I couldn't feel satisfied boardin' nowhars else." Uncle Moses looked at his wife, and waited until she gave a little affirmative nod before he answered: "We's dest po' folks, Mr. Jackson, and has po' livin', but ef you kin put up with our grub, we'll take you."

"I is ever so much obleeged to you, I'm sho, Mr. Bosley, but dere is one thing I done forgot to ax about. Does you hold fambly wushup reglar, and does you say grace at de table? 'Case I couldn't be satisfied less'n you did."

Moses assured him that those religious services were never omitted, and inwardly set Mr. Jackson still higher in his estimation.

"I b'leeves in bein' strict in business matters, so what mout yo' charges be, Mr. Bosley?" was the next inquiry.

The two old people considered together in an undertone for a moment, both deciding that since the agent was so wealthy, they might as well charge a large price.

"We thinks about four dollahs a week would kiver expenses," said Moses.

Again Mr. Jackson's generous spirit revolted against the smallness of the amount. "I couldn't allow you to rob yo'selves dat away, nohow. De gubernent allows me two dollahs a day for boa'd, and I's not goin' to be dishones' enough to pay you only four dollahs a week, and keep de res' myself. I only axed you fo' fear it mout be mo' dan two dollahs a day," he said.

Visions of more five-cent lawns and a new hat for herself began to dance in Aunt Bettie's brain as she listened, and Uncle Moses thought of "dem shoats he done been wantin' to buy for sech a long time from Brudder Jake Bowlegs," and whose possession now seemed almost a certainty with both pension and board money.

Then Mr. Jackson entered into elaborate explanations of his plans of procedure in the pension-work, and engaged Uncle Moses, at a salary of two dollars a day, to go around the neighborhood and introduce him, displaying at the same time a voluminous array of documents bearing so many red seals and gilt eagles on their surfaces that Uncle Moses was deeply impressed with Mr. Jackson's importance.

Meantime Aunt Bettie was fussing and worrying inwardly; she was so afraid Alviry would not be "fixed up" when they got home, and cudgeling her brain for a plan to avoid having her daughter appear at a disadvantage before this fascinating stranger. So she muttered a few words in her husband's ear, and accordingly when they reached their corn-field, through which there was a short cut home, she declared she was too tired to ride another minute longer, and climbed out of the wagon, declining the company of the gallant pension agent as politely as it was offered.

Aunt Bettie came as near running then as her superabundance of flesh would allow, and reached the cabin very warm and almost breathless.

"Alviry! you Alviry! whar is you?" she called, excitedly, the moment she got in hearing distance of the house.

"Halloa, mammy! here I is," said a lank, lean girl of about seventeen years, with big bare feet and straight bony legs that were but sparsely covered with her scanty blue cotton dress. "Land sakes, mammy! what's the matter? You look all beat out and—Where's pappy? Did them horses run away and kill you both?" the girl said excitedly.

"No, no. Run, chile, run, and put on yo' white dress and yo' shoes and stockings! Dar's a gran' rich man comin' home with yo' pappy in the wagon. What *has* you been doin' to yo'self to look so onery?"

"Don't look no wuss than usual, I reckon," said the girl, sullenly. "I's been a-diggin' taters, as pappy told me; and you know you'd a scolded me if I'd a-fixed up to go into the tater patch."

"Well, never min', honey, dest run and dress as quick as ever you can. There comes the wagon up the lane now," said the mother, in honeyed accents, anxious to have Alviry good-humored upon Mr. Jackson's arrival.

The young lady walked away slowly, evidently much more anxious about the appearance of the grand gentleman than her own; and it was only by dint of threats and persuasions that her mother finally hustled her up the ladder into the loft used as her bedroom before Mr. Jackson's elegant figure appeared at the doorway, and his fluent tongue was expressing hopes that Sister Bosley was not fatigued after her long walk through the "cawn field."

Being a devout church-member could not prevent Mrs. Bosley from occasionally doing a little mild lying, so she said: "No, indeed; she always referred comin' through the cawn field, it was so much more coolin' and restin'," the perspiration pouring in streams down her face as she talked. Then she went to the well, drew a bucket of cool water, and carried a gourd full to her guest, who was comfortably seated in the only rocking-chair on the porch. All at once, with well-feigned anxiety, she began wondering where her daughter could be. "Alviry! Al-vi-ree! I spects the chile is asleep in her bedroom," she said, going to the foot of the ladder and calling again, whereupon a pair of legs in bright red stockings appeared on the first round, and Alviry backed slowly down the ladder, anxiously guarding her stiffly starched white dress from danger of being rumpled.

Mrs. Bosley looked at her approvingly giving the yellow ribbon around her neck a more coquettish tie and picking a few chick feathers out of her hair.

Then an introduction followed, in which Alviry felt very bashful and awkward, in spite of her fine Sunday clothes, and Mr. Jackson was the personification of self-complacency and gallantry.

Yet, somehow, in spite of his fine manners and flattering words, Alviry felt an instantaneous antipathy for him, expressing her dislike in language more forcib[illegible] elegant to her mother in a private in[illegible] afterward.

"You nebber did hab no sense, Alvi[illegible] Bosley! You doesn't know a gemme[illegible] when you sees him," her mother sai[illegible] indignantly. "I spects yo' head am [illegible] full ob dat onery nigger, Clem Shores, [illegible] you is plumb blin' and deef to ebery [illegible]y else. I kin tell you right now, dough, [illegible]al, dat ef dat are coon comes playin' [illegible] banjo and singin' around here ob eb[illegible]in's like a squinch-owl while Mr. Jac[illegible]on is here, I'll get yo' pappy to run him [illegible]f, sho' as my name is Bettie Bosley."

"I don't keer if you is d[illegible]e took up wif dis fine darky; he dust p[illegible] me in de min' ob a ole slippery black-[illegible]ke," Alviry retorted, spiritedly.

"See here, now, gal, I [illegible]n't gwine to take none ob yo' sass, spe[illegible]lly after de fine dress and hat I done b[illegible]ed you to-day. I ain't so sho' I'll let y[illegible] hab dem nohow, 'thout'n you behave yo'self like a lady, and fitten to wear dem."

This dreadful threat [illegible]ad the desired effect, for Alviry's whole so[illegible]l had revelled in an ecstacy of pride and [illegible]elight as she gazed on that flowered lawn, [illegible] looked in the ten by twelve mirror, wher[illegible] she saw reflected her own head with its little wisps of wool braided up on white wine strings, and surmounted by the gorgeous hat bedecked with roses.

In her wildest dreams she had never aspired to such finery, and the bare thought of giving it up sent an incisive pang through her heart, so she made no more critical or disparaging remarks about Mr. Jackson.

Aunt Bettie held a consultation with her husband out at the corn-crib a little later. "I don't know what done got in dat fool gal's head, dat she's so sot agin sech a fine, 'ligious gemmen as Mr. Jackson," she said, anxiously. "One ting certain. I has made up my min' she's got to marry him if he wants her, so you kin jest let dat Clem Shores know dat his room am better [illegible] his company nex' time he comes aro[illegible]n' [illegible], ole man, we's got to hab a pullet fo' [illegible], and some ob dem roas'en-years, [illegible] hab to git dem, 'case Alviry kai[illegible] spilin' her clo'es."

Accordingly Uncle Moses meekly [illegible]ed orders, not forgetting to send poor Clem Shores off "wif a flea in his year" that night, as Aunt Bettie had instructed him.

A week, two weeks, went swiftly by, and the pension business flourished, Mr. Jackson's glib tongue convincing nearly every colored man he met that he was entitled to a big pension, no effort on their part being required excepting to pay him for getting the necessary papers made out and sent to Washington. In this way quite an amount of money, varying in sums from two to ten dollars, found its way into Mr. Jackson's pockets, even Uncle Moses contributing two dollars. Mr. Jackson, assured him, however, that this would not have been necessary, as he could have allowed it to go on his board bill, had he not forgotten to draw any money from the bank while in Cairo.

Meanwhile he paid court to Alviry in the most lover-like fashion, and though the girl cordially hated him in her heart, fear of losing her finery, and dread of the unmerciful cowhiding she was sure to get from her mammy if she betrayed this feeling, made her at least passive in her attitude toward her suitor.

When, therefore, he asked her to marry him one evening, she dared not refuse, though she cried all night afterward, thinking of Clem Shores, whom she could not forget, in spite of the riches Mr. Jackson assured her were awaiting her as his wife.

Aunt Bettie fairly overflowed with pride and gratification as the prospective mother-in-law of the wealthy pension agent, and preparations were at once begun for the wedding.

The lawn dress was fitted and made, invitations were sent out all over the neighborhood, chickens were killed, and a big "pot-pie" made; a sheep was barbecued, and a young pig roasted, and its mouth decorated with a big red apple. The soap-kettle was cleaned out, and filled with roasting-ears to be boiled for the occasion, and mashed potatoes completed the more substantial part of the feast. Then there were apple-pies and "watermillions," the crowning delicacy being a big "sweet-cake," such as "[illegible] used to have made down Souf when she giv' a gran' party."

A long table, improvised of boards placed upon empty barrels, was stretched out in the yard and on this the sumptuous repast was laid. When all was in readiness the guests assembled under the big beech tree by the door, and the interesting pair stood on the porch in full view of the crowd, ready to be made one.

Alviry's eyes were red from crying, but she gave no other sign of discontent, while Mr. Jackson was that contradictory thing, a sunbeam in black.

Rev. Ricks Bradley was to perform the marriage ceremony, but just as he stepped up in front of the waiting couple a gentleman rode up to the gate, and dismounting, walked rapidly toward the porch. Mr. Jackson glanced at him, gave a gasp of terror, and, with his face suddenly grown ashy in hue, "staid not upon the order of his going," but snatching up his hat, fled through the cabin out into the corn field, where he was lost sight of in a moment.

"Halloa! what's that rascally darky doing away out here?" inquired the gentleman, dimly comprehending the situation.

Mutual explanations followed, in which it came to light that the gentleman was from Chicago, that he had come to Beech Ridge to buy several car-loads of watermelons, and that Mr. Jackson, the pension agent, was a fraud, a sneak-thief, and a gambler, who had escaped from jail there a month or two before, and that he had a wife and two or three children.

Aunt Bettie put her apron to her eyes and began to cry. "De good-for-nuffin houn'! Here I's been persecutin' my po' chile on his account, an' now he's done lit out and lef' her. 'Sides, there's all dem fine pullets killed that would 'a' been layin' in de fall, and de aigs done et up dat I was 'tendin' to buy aprons wif befo' dat black rascal come. And whar's dat penshum-money, I'd like ter know, and de two dollars de ole man loaned him, and de boa'd-money we was gwine to git!" Here Aunt Bettie sobbed hysterically, then suddenly burst out again: "And here's de wedding garments made, and de parson here, and de supper am ready; but whar am de bridegroom! We'll have to sen' out inter de highways an' de by-ways to fin' him, de good-for-nuffin black nigger!" she wailed, having a vague notion that she was quoting Scripture.

"As to that thar's no trouble 'bout a bridegroom, Mis' Bosley. *I's* here, and I's willin' if Alviry is," said Clem Shores, stepping up beside his dusky sweetheart.

Alviry grinned and hung her head; but it was not hard to tell that the exchange was delightful, even if she had not said: "I's so'n willin', Clem. I nebber could help a 'spisin' dat ole black snake, eben if mammy did make me git ready to marry him."

Clem had always been a favorite of Aunt Bettie's before the wily pension agent filled her brain with worldly ambition; so this arrangement was quite satisfactory, and she wiped her eyes, congratulating herself that "dat snake in de grass hadn't toted off Alviry's new hat nor pappy's silver watch or spectacles."

Some one volunteered to go to Cairo for a marriage license, and as a train was due in a few minutes, and another one would return a short while afterward, but little delay would be necessary.

So the supper was put where it would keep warm, and Uncle Moses went out to his melon patch and drove a good bargain with the Chicago melon-dealer, while Clem and Alviry cast admiring glances at each other.

When the messenger returned with the license, tallow candles were stuck up on the porch and at intervals on the table, and the Rev. Ricks Bradley, who was very hungry, made short work of the ceremony that united Clem and Alviry for life.

Then the supper was demolished in a way that was very flattering to Aunt Bettie's cooking; the "sweet-cake" was duly cut, and many of the young folks carried home pieces to dream on, while the old men laughed and joked each other over the easy manner in which they had been duped by the fluent Mr. Jackson.

When that gentleman was "done come up wif," shortly afterward, and brought back to Cairo for trial, receiving a sentence of three years in the penitentiary, there was much good-natured chaffing among the Beech Ridge men whenever a pension agent was mentioned, but the only ones who really enjoyed it all were Clem and Alviry.
—*Laura J. Rittenhouse, in Harper's Bazar.*

AMERICAN SECRETS.

How They Were Learned by an Enterprising German Official.

A naval officer to-day, in speaking about the presence of foreigners in the navy, told the following story: "I was sent to Europe not long ago on an important errand and it became my duty to form the acquaintance of foreign naval officers, in order to accomplish certain ends I had in view. I met many of them at dinners, receptions and entertainments, and was surprised to find out how well they were informed on American naval affairs. I had occasion to go to Kiel, Germany, for the purpose of visiting the dockyards there. I felt sure that my credentials would admit me to inspect the place, but they did not. I tried a little game of getting the desired pass, by reaching the officials through the use of wines and fine dinners. One day a fine looking German officer met me as I was coming out of my hotel. 'Hello,' said he, slapping me on the shoulder, 'have you got in yet?' He spoke such pure English that for a moment or so I was nonplused."

"'No,' I replied, 'will you get me in?'

"'I can't;' and thereupon he remarked: 'It is easier to get into your yards than ours.'

"I looked at the officer intently and found by his uniform that he was the chief naval constructor, and the man of all men in the German navy that I wanted to meet. 'Will you take a glass of wine with me?' I asked. He consented, and we returned to the hotel.

"After a few minutes' conversation we became quite friendly, and I was surprised at the insight he had of our naval officers. He astonished me by inquiring about certain officers who were at the New York Navy Yard during the late war. I could not restrain my curiosity, and I asked him: 'How did you become acquainted with the officers?' 'The story is a short one,' he replied. 'When the war broke out in 1861, I was in the German navy, and I got orders to go to America and study your methods of building ships and getting guns ready for use. When I got to New York my dress was that of a plain German mechanic. I got work as a carpenter and shipjoiner under a fictitious name, and in a short time I got used to the nickname "Dutchy." Nobody knew me and my curious questions were never suspected, and the workmen readily and in a good-humored way answered them. I helped to build and repair ships, and in time got hold of much information. I made plans of the vessel, machinery, gun rigging, and, in fact, got on to everything. I worked hard at night in my room and kept my Government as well posted as I could. The more English I learned the better I understood things that the workmen said in my hearing. I worked on the big ship Dunderberg; also on the Merrimac, at Norfolk, and on some of the monitors. I sent much valuable information home. Now you see the reason why you can't get into our yard.'

"The narrative was straightforward, and was so full of facts concerning men and affairs, that I readily saw how the German naval constructor got on to my visit, and although I tried to convince him to the contrary, he was not to be hoodwinked. I know where Kiel is, and that it has a dockyard, but I'll have to go to Kiel as a German mechanic before I can get inside of that place. This shows how necessary it is to keep an eye on foreigners in our navy yards if we want to keep our secrets."—*Washington Cor. Baltimore American.*

CHINESE PEDAGOGUES.

Although Glad to Get Foreign Pupils, They Are Ashamed of Them.

All of us have our experiences of the invincible contempt in which we are held by our stolid mentors, who accept our presents with the air of a chief levying tribute from his retainers. Amusing indeed are the ways in which the frowsy old pedagogues betray their feelings, and childishly ingenious the devices to which they have recourse in order to preserve their assumption of their superiority before their countrymen while disguising it before the foreigner. Chinese etiquette helps them, for they can put it on and off at pleasure, and trust to the foreigner not being cute enough to follow its ramifications. But sometimes even the ceremonial forms are a snare to them.

One who was in the habit of being reverentially bowed out of the house after each day's lesson, and stopped at the threshold to return the obeisances of his pupil, found on one occasion a sudden necessity for adjusting his dress, and in doing so omitted the customary formality. Struck by the singularity of the proceeding, the foreigner had the curiosity to follow the teacher into the street, and there saw passing a Chinese Ting-ch'ai, in whose presence the old teacher would not demean himself by doing reverence to the foreigner.

Another kindly disposed scholar induced his teacher to dine and accompany him to a theater. Unpleasant as it is to sit near to a well-nourished Chinese during the time while his thoracic air passages are charged with explosiveness, it must be allowed that the courtesy of the Western pupil was commendable. But the guest felt fidgety, notwithstanding the sedative effect of pork and beans, and soon found an excuse for leaving his foreign friend. He could not, in fact, endure being publicly seen in the company of a foreigner. Needless to say that in the streets your well-bred Chinese walk, like the Levite, on the other side when they see their foreign acquaintances approaching.—*Chinese Times.*

SENSE OF HUMOR.

It Is Well Developed Among the Natives of Yorkshire.

Dr. Hook possessed a gift without which he could never have got on in Yorkshire, and that was a sense of humor. Sydney Smith said that it needed a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotchman's head—an opinion in which no one who has read Dean Ramsay's "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character" can possibly agree, and there is something akin in the grim Caledonian and West Riding humor. I was preaching one of a course of sermons in the open air in a non-church-going part of a town parish, when I was pleasantly struck by the polite attention of the landlord of a small public house close by, who had placed a chair and table at my disposal for a temporary pulpit. So I remarked on it to one of my hearers. "Why, you see," said he, "he reckons on some of 'em dropping in for a glass when you've done." A curate was trying to make a religious census of his flock, and asked a working man what religion he was. "Why, you may put me down as the religion of a wheelbarrow; I go whichever way they shove me," *i. e.*, whichever way suited his interest. Another man, with a grin on his face, boasted of his regular attendance at church; his comrades burst out laughing—the fellow had just left prison, where attendance at public worship was, of course, compulsory. But Yorkshiremen men are civil after a fashion. One day I paid a visit to a hand-loom weaver busy throwing his shuttle, while his loom creaked and groaned so that I could not get a word in. So I asked him if he earned a penny in five minutes. "No;" he said, "how should I?" So I laid down a penny. "Now," I said, "let us talk for five minutes." The man stopped, looked at the clock—"Five minutes is up," he said at the end of the time, "but take back your penny; your talk has been worth more than the 'brass' (money.) You may look in again if you've amind."—*Temple Bar.*

GRAFTS ON WOUNDS.

An Operation Frequently Performed by Skillful Surgeons.

Dr. Redard has communicated to the Academie de Medicine of Paris some observations regarding animal grafts on wounds in human beings. In case of severe burn of the scalp, of eight months' standing, in a child of two years of age, he obtained a rapid cicatrization by means of grafts from a fowl. He first tried grafts of frogs' skin, but as these proved to be repulsive to patients, and did not give very good results, he substituted others from the fowl; and the wound, which measured three inches by two and a half, had completely healed in two months. He had been equally successful in other and subsequent cases. He takes the skin from beneath the wing of a chicken, carefully securing the adjacent cellular tissue, but avoiding adipose tissue. The transplanted pieces varied from a sixth to a third of an inch in size, and they were maintained in position by means of a little cotton-wool and iodoform gauze. The skin of birds and fowls has the advantage of being supple, delicate, and vascular; it adapts itself readily to the surface of the wound, and adheres without undergoing absorption.—*Medical Record.*

—It is stated that two-thirds of the woods used in paper-making is waste, though experiments indicate that this can be profitably converted into fertilizers.

—It is related of a Lincoln, Neb., man that he journeyed to California in order to see an old enemy executed.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Cabbage and saw-grass palmetto is the material that a Florida gentleman is desirous of turning into fiber.

—Cedarwood pulp is now made into paper for underlaying carpets, wrapping up wool, etc., and preservative against moths. The wood used is the heretofore wasted chips of the pencil manufactory.

—Among the products which science has put to valuable service is the nettle, a weed which is now even being cultivated in some parts of Europe, its fiber proving useful for a variety of textile fabrics. In Dresden a thread is produced from it so fine that a length of sixty miles weighs only 2½ pounds.

—Sheep are now being successfully sheared by machinery in Australia. The wool mower can be run by either steam or horse power. There is now very little poetry left in farm operations—if there ever was any poetry in the hard work that prematurely wore out the old-time husbandman.

—Building blocks made of corncobs form the object of a new Italian patent. The cobs are pressed by machinery into forms similar to bricks and held together by wire. They are made water-tight by soaking with tar. These molds are very hard and strong. Their weight is less than one-third of that of a hollow brick, and they can never get damp.

—Some physicians have warmly indorsed the suggestion that "massage," as an employment is peculiarly suited to the capabilities of the blind, in whom the tactile sense is so strongly developed. Indeed, in Japan massage has, for a long period of time, been practiced by blind men, who go about the streets with a flageolet, drawing attention to themselves and their occupation. It is thought that superintendents of blind-asylums will find this a possible avenue to employment for their pupils.

—It has been estimated that an average of five feet of water falls annually over the whole earth. Supposing that condensation takes place at an average height of 3,000 feet, remarks General Strackey, the force of evaporation to supply such rainfall must equal the lifting of 322,000,000 pounds of water 3,000 feet in every minute, or about 300,000,000,000-horse power constantly exerted. Of this great energy a very small part is transferred to the waters that run back through rivers to the sea, and a still smaller fraction is utilized by man; the remainder is dissipated in space.

—Some curious maritime discoveries show that the ocean teems with life at a depth of more than one thousand fathoms. At north latitude fifty degrees thirty-two seconds, west longitude twelve degrees two seconds, there were brought from twelve hundred and twenty fathoms a perfectly black fish, with white eyes, specimens of that strange genus of echinoderms, calveria, and a few silicious sponges and rare, beautiful cassideria, tyrhena, and some large and exquisitely colored sea anemones, and also a quantity of carinaria and pteropoda, which were captured in surface nets.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—It is a wise child that knows what kind of a man its own father is when away from home.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Many men give a too literal interpretation to Scripture maxims. They shun the appearance of evil more than they do the evil itself.—*Boston Budget.*

—The old bachelor cynic says that there are some leading ladies on the stage whose chief claim to that title lie in the fact that they lead their husbands a pretty dance.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—The latest remedy for snake bites is a wash of carbolic acid solution. There are not so many cases now as when it was fashionable to administer spirit frumenti by the quart.

—"I hope you appreciate the fact, sir, that in marrying my daughter you marry a large-hearted, generous girl." "I do, sir (with emotion); and I hope she inherits those qualities from her father."—*Life.*

—"Parson—"I am astonished, sir, to hear a man with three married daughters say that 'marriage is a failure.'" Citizen—"Well, sir, when you have three families beside your own to support you will learn that marriage is a positive bankruptcy."—*Lowell Citizen.*

—It is all right to say that there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught; but if the fishermen are to be believed, there are better fish in the sea than ever were caught. Somehow the finest fish always manage to drop off before they can be landed.—*Puck.*

—"Gentlemen and fellow-citizens," exclaimed an impassioned orator: "what if all the European countries should put a tax on our raw materials, what would be the consequence?" "All of our dudes would have to stay at home," shouted a voice from the rear of the house.—*Georgia Cracker.*

—Fannie—"So you are married, Hattie, and have wealth and possibilities?" Hattie—"Yes, my husband is very rich." Fannie—"And you enjoy it all very much?" Hattie—"Very much, indeed." Fannie—"And your husband?" Hattie—"O, well, you know in this world we have to take the bitter with the sweet."—*Washington Critic.*

—There are two classes of American tourists in Europe who reflect no credit on this country. The members of the first class try to give the impression that they belong to the aristocracy, and those who compose the second class act as though the aristocracy belonged to them. Their equivalents in English society are known respectively as snobs and cads

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—The peach and plum is nearly enough related to be budded or grafted on each other. The plum endures the cold better than the peach.

—Be careful of the water which the cows drink. Physicians say that typhoid fever frequently is produced by impurities in the milk of cows drinking impure water.

—A good way to cook or heat hash is to pack it in a buttered baking dish and let it bake brown in the oven; or brown in a hot buttered skillet or spider and then fold over like an omelet.

—It is is claimed that if melons are packed in sawdust and stored in the cellar they will keep for several months. Squashes may also be kept in the same way, but care must be exercised, as bruising causes them to rot.

—A lamp standing for some time in a cool room, and then filled full of cold oil, will run over through the expansion of oil when taken where it is warm. Then the lamp is blamed for leaking. To obviate this, never fill the lamp quite full.

—Baked Meal Pudding: One quart of boiling milk, one cupful of cornmeal, one teaspoonful each of salt, ginger, mixed mace and cinnamon, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one-half of a cupful of molasses. Bake. — *Good Housekeeping.*

—Farmers often say; "My well can not be affected by my barnyard, etc., because the well is the highest;" that is, the ground at the well is the highest, never thinking that the bottom of the well is much lower, and that the draft will be toward that point.

—Heavy hogs do not sell as readily as do those of medium weight. A 300-pound hog is better fitted for the lard-tub than for the table. Small hogs are always preferred, those weighing about 150 pounds each producing a better quality of meat than those that are heavier.

—As calves pass out of their babyhood and assume a languid indifference to all about them, but flies and grass, they are apt to be neglected; if they are, the loss is irreparable. A calf that has not made a good start by fall had better be disposed of at any price, while having made a good start it must kept constantly gaining, at any cost within reasonable limits.

—Fried Bread Cakes: Cut slices of bread half an inch thick, from a stale loaf; soak these for half an hour in milk, then sprinkle them thickly with a mixture of minced onion, herb powder, pepper, salt, and chopped parsley. Press this firmly into the cakes, on both sides and fry them in boiling fat. Serve them as hot as possible, on a hot dish covered with a napkin, and garnished with parsley.

—Stock sold in the fall, when in good condition, just off the grass, will generally bring fair prices, and it will be found to be materially better to err in one's estimate in the direction of having a surplus of feed than in having a surplus of cattle at the close of winter. The feed will be salable, while the cattle will hardly be so, except at the buyer's own low figures.

—Fowls need green food as well as dry grains, and when they have the run of the farm, as they generally do, can readily supply themselves as they want it. When they are confined in small runs in towns, they need it just as much, and it ought to be supplied by giving them clover and the like where it can be done. It is quite a good plan to sow a little plot of rich ground in the garden very thickly with turnip seed. This, when grown up, makes a great many leaves that keep green for a long time, and my chickens like them very much.—*N. Y. World.*

Cause of Swine Plague.

By all thinking and well-informed swine-breeders it is believed that much can be done in the way of protection. With proper observance of hygienic rules the ravages of disease are not so fearful. And it is well known that on many farms where hogs are kept there has been no cholera for years, if ever. It is generally believed that feeding corn continually weakens the system in such a way as to invite cholera, and many think inbreeding another cause. Dr. Challiss, of Kansas, after a series of experiments and observations, has arrived at the conclusion that bad feeding and bad breeding are the direct causes of hog cholera. Bad feeding comes under the head of continual corn feeding. Bad breeding is as universal as bad feeding. Men will not inbreed their horses or cattle, but will let their hogs breed in until almost worthless before an infusion of new blood is given. Poor selection of breeding stock comes in here.—*Stockman and Farmer.*

A New Disinfectant.

A new and powerful disinfectant has lately been discovered by a Parisian chemist, and if what he claims for it be true, it will be adopted for every conceivable purpose for which disinfectants are generally used. The basis of the preparation has been obtained from coal oil and is a brown liquid of a not very disagreeable odor. It is the result of a peculiar saponification of the oil by a chemical process with a mixture of caustic soda. The value of the disinfectant was accidentally discovered by the author, who, desiring to save a pet tree around which a lot of fungus and moss had grown, sprinkled some of the mixture around the roots. By repeated use the exeresence was shortly afterward noticed to separate from the tree and fall to the ground. Horses were also sponged with a weak solution of the mixture and it was noticed that flies which generally pester the animals gave them a wide birth.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

TO STOP BLEEDING.

Simple Remedies That Can Be Procured at a Moment's Notice.

Some persons have a tendency to bleed, no matter how slight the cause. A small cut, scratch or the extraction of a tooth will cause profuse bleeding and sometimes endanger life. When from the latter cause take a little powdered chalk, roll it up in lint in the form of a cork or plug, dip it in spirits of turpentine and press it into the cavity. Change at every ten or fifteen minutes until the bleeding is stopped. Let the last plug remain over night, and then do not pull it out, but wash the mouth in tepid water until it is loosened, using cold after the first few mouthfuls.

Bleeding from the nose is seldom serious, except in old persons. It is often good for children, if not too copious. If symptoms of faintness ensue, let the person sit upright, bathe the face and neck with cold water, or dash cold water on the face, or, better still, take a cloth or towel, fold, dip in cold water and bandage the forehead, and raise the arms as high as possible over the head or cross them firmly behind the back. This action has the effect of contracting the muscles of the neck and diminishing the rush of the blood to the head. In very obstinate cases pinches of very finely powdered alum may be inhaled or alum water snuffed up the nostrils. Plugging the nostrils should not be resorted to unless by a physician, for, if not properly done, the blood, instead of being stopped, finds its way to the top of the throat and is swallowed.—*Boston Transcript.*

DRAWING BY FIRE.

A Pretty Experiment for Scientifically Inclined Boys and Girls.

Here is an entertaining experiment that any boy or girl may try:

Take a saturated solution of nitrate of potash (saltpeter), and with a quill pen or fine brush draw any picture, design or words upon of piece of white, absorbent paper. The lines should be kept away from each other, and the entire subject coarsely drawn in outline. When dry the lines will be nearly invisible; but if one of them be touched with the glowing end of an extinguished match a spark of fire will run through the paper, following the lines already traced, and cutting out the design as if with an invisible knife.

This experiment is explained by the chemical constitution of the saltpeter. The salt contains a large amount of oxygen, so loosely combined that it readily leaves the nitrogen and potash, and unites with the carbon of the paper when heated to the point of ignition. The heat developed by the combustion is not sufficient to ignite the paper, except where it has been saturated with the oxygen-giving salt; and so the spark of fire, which is really only an indication of a violent chemical reaction, follows the lines previously traced. If an actual flame was brought in contact with the paper, of course the whole would be consumed; but the heat of the glowing charcoal is just sufficient to start the combustion by the aid of the oxygen in the saltpeter. —*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

Work of the Sunbeams.

It has been estimated that an average of five feet of water falls annually over the whole earth. Supposing that condensation takes place at an average height of 3,000 feet, remarks General Strachey, the force of evaporation to supply such rainfall must equal the lifting of 322,000,000 pounds of water 3,000 feet in every minute, or about 300,000,000 horse-power constantly exerted. Of this great energy a very small part is transferred to the waters that run back through rivers to the sea, and a still smaller fraction is utilized by man; the remainder is dissipated in space.—*Science.*

A Good Riddance.

The removal, through the agency of that ungriping and genial laxative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, of obstructions from the bowels is indeed a good riddance. Constipation is no light matter. It gives rise to and perpetuates other maladies, and occasionally winds up in inflammation of the bowels. Banish, also, with the Bitters chills and fever, kidney troubles, dyspepsia and rheumatism.

Double dealing—taking a hand from the bottom of the deck.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Some men are always willing to stand up for the ladies—excepting, perhaps, in a horse-car.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A dangerous place—the Straits of Messina; if the poor mariner escapes the rocks of Charybdis on the one side, he is in imminent peril of getting knocked Scilly on the other.

Good only when used up—the umbrella. —*Life.*

A foolish woman with lots of money is the merchant's salvation.—*Atchison Globe.*

The exercising of horses just before a race is the preamble.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

Judges are generally very slow to commit themselves, but they haven't this consideration for other people.—*Rochester Jewish Tidings.*

Why is slightly warmed beef steak like an honest politician? Indignant chorus—"Because it is extremely rare"—*Western Plowman.*

The Lick Observatory—the postage stamp window.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

The fruits of dissension are no doubt put up in family jars.—*Detroit Free Press.*

It was the lady who thought she was going to swoon who had a faint suspicion.

The hotel waiter who accepts too many gratuities is apt to get tipped out of a situation.—*Boston Gazette.*

In soliciting doughnations for charitable purposes don't forget to call upon the bakers.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

The physician who depends on the gratitude of his patient for his fee is like the traveler who waited on the bank of the river for it to cease flowing in order that he might cross.—*Medical Era.*

Geo. Augustus Sala.

George Augustus Sala, the well-known English writer, on his last Australian trip wrote as follows to *The London Daily Telegraph:*

"I especially have a pleasant remembrance of the ship's doctor—a very experienced maritime medico indeed, who tended me most kindly during a horrible spell of bronchitis and spasmodic asthma, provoked by the sea fog which had swooped down on us just after we left San Francisco. But the doctor's prescriptions and the increasing warmth of the temperature as we neared the Tropics, and in particular, a couple of Allcock's Porous Plasters clapped on—one on the chest and another between the shoulder blades—soon set me right."

We don't suppose that the monopolists will be getting up a corner in glass. That would be too transparent a scheme.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Prosperous Northern Settlements in Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana.

The passenger department of the Illinois Central railroad will issue a new pamphlet about November 1 describing the following prosperous northern settlements in Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana, viz.: Jackson, Tennessee; Holly Springs, West Point, Jackson, Yazoo City, Terry and Brookhaven, Mississippi; Kentwood, Roseland Colony, Hammond, Crowley, Jennings, Lake Arthur, Welch, Iowa, Lake Charles and Vinton, Louisiana. Hundreds of Northern families are now happily located at the above points, and in this new pamphlet will appear interesting letters from Northern men. It will also give the dates of two special Land Excursions south each month from the principal points on the line of the Illinois Central, in Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Dakota. This pamphlet, and also "Southern Home-Seekers' Guide," should be read by every person contemplating a southern trip, either for pleasure, health or a permanent home. Copies of each will be mailed free on application to the undersigned, at Manchester, Iowa.

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A "J" town—Ujiji, Central Africa.—*Terre Haute Express.*

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The man who can turn his hand to any thing generally ends up by turning State's evidence.—*Time.*

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It isn't every composer who has a Handel to his name.—*Texas Siftings.*

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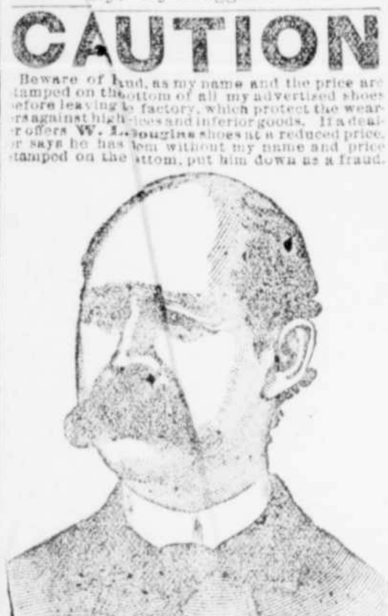

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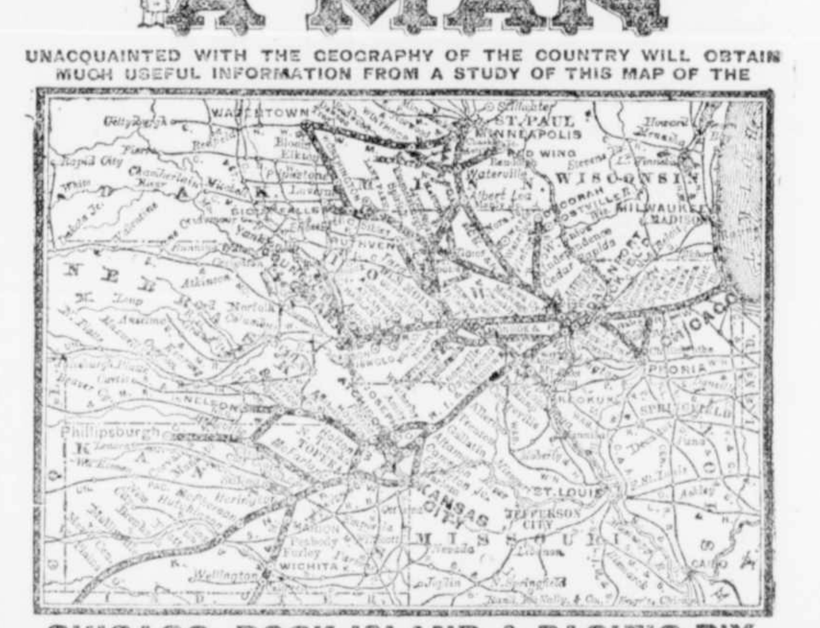

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SATURDAY, NOV. 24, 1888.

Since the election of Harrison the Democratic reformers have gone about hitting a Republican head whereever they could find one in the public service. Go it boys! Have your fun while it lasts. We'll see you later.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

General Grant's political prediction, made twelve years ago, is completely verified. Said he:

When the Democratic party comes near to complete control of the country it will break its back over the Alleghany mountains on the tariff question.

Mr. Harrison and the Civil Service.

The Democratic politicians and newspapers are indulging in the pleasant hope that Mr. Harrison will not enforce the Civil Service law. Never in favor of reform, they have been afraid to make open war upon it, and now hope that the Republicans will set the country back in this respect and restore the spoils system. They are willing enough that their own partisans shall suffer if the reform can be smashed. Then they will try to sneak into power by loud wailing over the wickedness of the Republicans, with the intention, however, to treat the service after the pattern set by the glib breaker of promises whom the country has just retired to private life.

The Democrats are mistaken. They are permitting their corrupt imaginations to run away with them. The only President who has honestly and sincerely administered the Civil Service law was Mr. Arthur. Mr. Cleveland made many promises, but broke them with a nerve so steady and a courage so sublimely impudent, that life-long and professional Civil Service Reformers were dazed into the belief that the cause which they had considered as the most momentous issue of American politics was after all of only secondary importance. Mr. Cleveland's exploits as a civil service reformer are among the finest achievemedts of modern vice, and really wicked Democrats, instead of abusing him, would admire him if their intellects were quick enough to see the deeds of a spoilman through the disguises of disingenuous professions. He will not have an imitator in Mr. Harrison, and if the Democrats, by some unfortunate chance, ever happen to regain power, they will find the classified service so firmly fixed that they will be unable to overthrow it.

The fact, however, that Mr. Harrison and the Republican party believe in the reform and will do their utmost to extend and enforce it, does not imply that many changes will not be made. There is no diplomatic officer in the service, except a few Republicans, who ought to retain his place. Phelps ought not to have succeeded Lowell. Stallo is out of place in Italy. There is no reason why McLane shall stay in France. The same may be said of all the other members of our diplomatic and consular service. It must be remembered that Mr. Cleveland has filled the federal service with Democratic heelers and strikers. It is demoralized by incompetent officers, and is corrupted by the presence of men who are familiar figures as defendants in the criminal courts. The postal service is in a wretched condition. It has not been so bad since Buchanan's time. Letters go astray because railway mail officers do not know the geography of their routes, or they are not delivered because carriers cannot read the addresses. The postoffice has been deliberately turned over to the party, and has become an organized Democratic machine. The Custom House is not far behind, and it is not probable that the Democrats need to be told that the Higginses and Aquilla Jonses will have to go.

In a very short time after Mr. Harrison's inauguration, no Democratic jailbird will be drawing a salary from the United States Treasury. Morris Thomas has resigned his Indian Inspectorship. We wish he had waited to be turned out. Such a man should not be permitted to resign; he should be disgraced by dismissal. The reformers of Maryland will receive from President Harrison what President Cleveland has refused them. The head of the Gorman ring in the State will be broken. Criminals and ex-criminals, gamblers and plug-uglies, thieves and their companions, will not have the encouragement of the national administration when they undertake to run the politics of the city of Baltimore. The course of the next administration will make for purity, and while there will be many removals, none will be made for purely partisan reasons. The civil service will be purified and administered according to the letter and spirit of the law just as it was in Mr. Arthur's time, but with the added experience of the five years during which the spoils system has rioted in sheep's clothing.—*Exchange.*

Southern Expressions.

Our Southern contemporaries are quick to realize that the election of Gen. Harrison to the Presidency does not mean what they said it would signify, during the heat of the campaign. "The South," says the Charleston *News and Courier*, "can afford to be hopeful. It need not ride furiously forward to meet trouble. Every day of devotion to the promotion of Southern industry and the extension of Southern developement will fortify the expectation of security and will invigorate the people for any struggle that in spite of ourselves may come."

The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* says:

We cannot believe that the Republican leaders will pursue a new crusade against the South. To-day this section is stronger, richer, more powerful than during the days of military interference and occupation; it is more closely united, industrially, with the North and West, has more Northeln capital here, capital belonging to Republicans as well as Democrats, and these capitalists would suffer soverely from any Federal policy that would create trouble and confusion in the South.

Other expressions by leading Southern journals are in the same vein, and we are glad to see these evidences of returning common sense in the South. It rests, however, with the leaders of public opinion in the South whether that badly led section shall experience the full benefits of Republican rule. All that remains as a source of peril, bad blood and trouble in the South is the apparent determination on the part of many leading Democrats that the negroes shall either be disfranchised, or intimidated, or cheated out of their votes. No man knows better what we mean by this than ex-Congressman Chalmers of Mississippi, who, in an able letter to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, says:

If Cleveland had carried New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, and been counted in by electoral votes of States where the colored vote was in a majority and confessedly suppressed, it would have been a severe strain upon the conservatism of the Republican people to submit to it, and there would have been imminent danger of another civil war. The election of Harrison averted this and it should now be the aim, as it is the duty, of every true patriot to provide against its possible recurrence. That the local affairs of a State are beyond the control of the General Government all parties admit, and no Republican desires to interfere with local affairs of the South. The junior Senator from Mississippi made an able argument to show that where the effects of race prejudice were confined to local affairs the General Government had no right to interfere. If we should grant this to be true, although doubtful under a strict construction of the fifteenth amendment, it would seem certainly clear that where the exhibition of race prejudice does affect the welfare of the nation, then the General Government not only has power, but it is in duty bound to interfere. The suppression of the negro vote in Congressional and Presidential elections directly affects the welfare of the nation. And if counting the negro vote legally to elect a white Republican to Congress excites the race prejudice of a Southern democrat, certainly counting the negro vote illegally by a Southern democrat to elect a President is well calculated to excite the sectional prejudice of a Northern Republican.

There is a great deal of cold truth in every one of the sentences we have just quoted, and Mr. John S. Wise, in the eloquent speech that he made to the "Spellbinders," stated the same self-evident propositions in words that glowed with the ardor and earnestness of convictions based on personal knowledge.

Let the South be honest and the North will be not only friendly, but helpful in the largest degree.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

Cleveland's majority in Old Virginia is so small that the result is virtually a Democratic defeat. When we say majority we mean what is shown after the returns have been subjected to the Virginia system of counting. It is the settled belief of many of the best informed Republicans that the majority is really a handsome one for Harrison. As it is the showing will be nearer 1,000 than 3,000. It is possible that that slender thread will be broken along with the scarcely less frail one on which hangs the alleged Cleveland majority in West Virginia.—*Pittsburg Times.*

Primitive Life of the Mossbacks.

A bird's-eye view of the Allegany mountains and the country they bisect shows a surface covered in Western Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia and Eastern Ohio with a cobweb of railroads, and the northern and middle parts of West Virginia, the centre of the view, still comparatively without railroad facilities. The State is plentifully provided with the lumber and stone for their construction, but the high mountains, the deep ravines, the impenetrable forests of hardwood trees, and the thick undergrowth of laurel, have for years repulsed the advance of the engineer and his compass, eager as was his employer, the capitalist, to fell the trees and dig for the rich deposits of coal and iron in the mountains.

Ex-Senator Henry G. Davis, of West Virginia, and his brother, Col. Thomas B. Davis, ten years ago led the advance guard of capitalists into this West Virginia wilderness. Their footpaths were the beds of the countless streams, which in summer are sluggish currents or altogether dried up, but which are transformed by the winter's rains into rushing torrents. Secretary Bayard, who was then the Delaware Senator, and Secretary Windom, accompanied by the Messrs Davis, pushed their way through these forests about six years ago, and the result of their journey the West Virginia Central Railway which the Messrs. Davis and other capitalists have extended sixty or seventy miles into a country about which less is known to-day than of the forests of the Rocky mountains. This road, however, only brings a small portion of the unknown and undeveloped land into communication with the outside world.

The advance corps of engineers of the West Virginia Central found a primitive people whose lack of the conveniences and comforts of civilization and geneal ignorance of the outside world increased as they pushed their way through the forest. Elsewhere in West Virginia the population has been blessed with all the facilities of steam and water transportation, and the intelligence, culture, refinement and progressive spirit are unsurpassed. The "mossbacks" of the section, as the first settlers are called, are ignorant because, shut in by the mountains, they have been unable to communicate with the world around them, and the world has encountered the same barriers in trying to communicate with them. While their ignorance is general, some can read and write, and are as sharp as the proverbial Yankee in driving a bargain. The marriage relations are not always strictly observed, and there are authenticated cases of a man being a father and a grandfather of the same child. Their only contact with civilization before the railroad came was an occasional visit to the general merchandise stores, sometimes 50 and 100 miles distant, where they exchanged deer and bear skins and ginseng for powder, shot, coffee and tobacco. These visits are epoches in their lives. Many of them actually do not know the use of coal, and regard its removal from the mountain sides as a wasteless expenditure of labor. They do not know what a watch is. Only one ancient clock has ever been found in their habitations. They do not know that newspapers are printed, and at the late election old Simmy Roy, whose age is 85 years, who had tramped along the mountain paths for miles to the polls, wanted to vote for Garfield. A woman has lived near Cheat river, in Tucker county, who has never been twenty miles from her home.

Scant as is the average mossback's supply of the comforts of civilization, he is a happy fellow, not much given to musing upon the whys and wherefors which disturb his more cultured brother; nor does the question as to what he will eat to-morrow disturb him to-day. He never saves and is never a miser, but he will perform prodigious feats of labor for a silver dollar. One will satisfy his avarice. His hut is made of logs, and Col. Thomas B. Davis tells of one in the construction of which not a single nail was used. The crevices between the logs are filled with clay. Sometimes there is a chimney; sometimes there is not. The fire is kindled in the centre of the bare earth floor, and when the family retire for the night they sweep the coals to a corner and sleep indiscriminately on the hot ground. Straw, leaves and pine branches are their bedding, and sometimes there is no bed tick. Their cooking utensils are ancient pots and bricks. There are huts in which there are no chairs. They have looms—family heirlooms—with which they manage to weave a few yards of homespun for clothing purposes. In winter the only covering for their feet is improvised of the skins of wild animals they kill. A muslin or linen undergarment is a luxury which few of them enjoy.

The daily fare of the average mossback is not samptuous. The flesh of wild animals, pork and fish are his meats, and his bread is made of pounded corn. He digs ginseng in summer. It is a bulbous root and is chewed by the Chinese to ward off, as they believe all complaints and ills to which Chinese flesh is heir. But the mossback's most congenial employments are hunting and fishing, and many are the marvelous tales told of their prowess in killing the deer, bear and other animals which roam through the forests on the mountain sides.

The most celebrated hunters of the section are Bob Eastham, Jule Baker, a woman, and Louis Chidester. There is a law to protect deer, but it is not observed. Out of season venison is called mountain mutton. Jule Baker is the wife of John Baker, and lives near the mouth of Black Water fork. She can handle a Winchester rifle with the dexterity and precision of Old Leatherstocking, and hundreds of deer and bear have fallen victims to the unerring bullets from her rifle. Bob Eastham says he saw her plunging down the mountain side through six inches of snow one day with two rifles and a bear trap strapped to her back and followed by six dogs. She ran three miles to a point where she thought a deer in full chase would cross, and she got there in time to see her husband kill him. She is a big black-haired woman, very industrious, with a heart as large as her foot, and the mother of seven children. She is not pretty. A few months ago, for a silver dollar she carried a valise weighing over 100 pounds seven miles for an engineer. It is said that on one occasion she carried a sewing machine from Grafton to her home, a distance of sixty miles.

Louis Chidester is a hunter renowned throughout the country. He is romantic, honest fellow and will not use dogs to hunt deer. He stalks them altogether. Chidester is thoroughly familiar with the country. He tells of a mountain mystery which is still unsolved. While hunting a few years ago on Dobbin ridge, where by the way, is the unoccupied residence of Judge Dobbin, of Maryland, he found a mound, and when he kicked it his boot exposed the bones of a human skeleton. Whether it was a case of murder or starvation no one has ever been able to tell.

The fishing offers greater rewards than the hunting. Bass, trout and pike abound in the streams.

The ancestry of the mossbacks is involved in mystery. Many of them do not know themselves where they came from. They could never have deliberately migrated to such a country so little fitted for agricultural purposes, nor could they have settled there for the hunting and fishing exclusively. It is more than probable that some settlers, while crossing the mountains in the early part of the century on their way westward, lost their way and wandered off through the mountains, where they were compelled to winter and to resort to hunting and fishing for a livelihood. Their horses died during the winter, their wagons were probably swept away by floods, and they were unable to get out of the woods. It is related of some of them that they now look forward to the time when they can continue to Missouri the journey which their ancestors began. If left to themselves a century or two longer there is no doubt but that in the more isolated mountain regions they would have gradually drifted into a savage existence. But now they are brought into direct contact with civilization and a bright future lies before them.—*Baltimore Sun.*

The Coming Congress.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 17.—Senator Quay to-day authorized the *Star* to publish the following statement from him:

"We have the House of Representatives by a majority of five certainly, and possibly by nine on the official count of congressional districts. As to the Democratic threats that Democratic governors of states will refuse to certify the election of Republicans to the Clerk of the House, and he will refuse to place our people on the roll, we do not care what the Democratic governors or the Clerk of the House may do. They are not dealing with children or old women. The Republican party will hold with a mailed hand all that it fairly won on November 6th."

Nothing could be more disgraceful or more highly criminal than the transparent efforts now being made in West Virginia to overthrow the will of the majority by chicanery and fraud, and yet the party responsible for these acts professes to have a dread that the Republicans will "interfere" with their election methods in the South! In other words, they are demonstrating to the whole country the absolute necessity of Federal interference, and will have but themselves to blame if their worst fears are realized.—*Pittsburgh Commercial-Gazette.*

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 19th, 1888.—Cabinet making continues to be the most popular industry at the Capitol, but it is very safe to say that up to the present time General Harrison has not finally decided upon even a single name for a stated position. If you care to know who are mentioned here as probable members of the Cabinet, you have only to make a list of every prominent Republican in the country—they are all mentioned. At the present stage it is all speculation and guess work of the wildest sort.

The friends of the several candidates for Speaker of the House in the Fifty-first Congress are already beginning to work hard. It was at first supposed that the main contest would be between McKinley, of Ohio, and Reed, of Maine; but Ohio has another candidate in the person of Benj. Butterworth, who has made rapid strides to the front of late, and his friends are confidently predicting his election. A noticable feature of the contest as far as it has developed, is the good feeling prevailing between the friends of the various candidates.

The household effects of Lord Sackville, the deposed British Minister, were sold at auction here today. The sale was attended by a perfect jam of Washington's swell society, and the prices paid for the articles were in nearly every case far beyond the original cost, to say nothing of the present value. But then, you know, they were desired as souvenirs of his lordship.

The local committee to arrange for the Inauguration of Gen. Harrison, has started in with a vim that promises to make it a very successful event. It is now thought that the ball will be held in the hall of the new Pension Office.

Gen. Rosecrans, in the name of the Army of the Cumberland, has delivered to the widow of Gen. Sheridan the resolutions expressing the sorrow of the society at the unexpected death of her illustrious husband, and testifying its admiration, esteem and fraternal regard for his military ability, public service and personal character. Mrs. Sheridan has written a letter of thanks for the resolutions.

There is a rumor here to the effect that a printer named August Donath, who is connected with the *Craftsman*, of this city, a paper which claims to be the official organ of the International Typographical Union, will be Public Printer. The rumor says that the place was promised Donath in the event of Harrison's election, in consideration of the support of of the *Craftsman*. It is a lie on the face of it. In the first place, Mr. Harrison has made no promises of positions to anybody—this I know to be true. In the next place, Mr. Donath, though a clever sort of fellow, is about nine sizes too small to fill the position, and his friends are probably only mentioning his name in the hope that he will thus be enabled to secure one of the foremanships in the Office.

Mr. Cleveland has appointed Representative Perry Belmot, chairman of the House committee on foreign affairs, U. S. Minister to Spain. Belmont has accepted, and will immediately resign his seat in the House and sail for Europe. Just why he should have accepted this appointment is somewhat puzzling. He has made himself so obnoxious to the Republicans that he cannot hope to remain longer in his place than it will take Gen. Harrison's Secretary of State to decide upon his successor. Perhaps he only wants to take a little excursion to Europe at Uncle Sam's expense.

Many members of Congress are already in the city, and more are constantly arriving. A meeting of the House Committee on Appropriations is called for Wednesday, for the purpose of getting to work on the regular appropriation bills. The general impression here is that no tariff legislation will be taken up at the coming session, and that the whole question will be left for the Fifty-first Congress.

Awaiting the Count.

CHARLESTON, W. VA., Nov. 18.—The official count alone will determine the result of the election in West Virginia. This can't be completed until a recount of the vote demanded in a number of disputed counties has been had. It may be a week, therefore, at any rate several days, before the final result is known. In the meantime the cry of fraud is raised by both parties without as yet sufficient cause, but with the natural result of making the managers of each party extremely watchful. On the part of the Democrats this cry of fraud seems almost gratuitous, because the Republicans, even if disposed to, have no possible opportunity of changing or manipulating the returns. The Democrats, on the contrary, are open to the charge, and in view of their past record, their virtue is by no means proof to the temptation of perpetuating by fraud their power in the State. They are in control of the election machinery, and have been so for a number of years. In a majority of the counties, not only are the commissioners who canvassed the vote Democratic, but the county courts which decide the disputed legality of a vote on appeal have for years been under the control of that party. It should not be forgotten, moreover, that most of the counties not yet heard from officially are Democratic counties, or have been depended on as such by the party managers, who may expect them to bring up their majority to such figures as will offset gains made by the Republicans in nearly every portion of the State. While of course there is no positive proof of attempted fraud, this holding back of returns is, to say the least, suspicious. There are many parts of the State access to which is difficult; but none certainly is so remote or so inaccessible as to require nearly two weeks in which to forward its returns. It is now twelve days since the election was held, and of the fifty-four counties in the State, eight have yet to be heard from. The estimated vote of these counties does not differ materially as given by either Democratic or Republican authorities, and in any other year but the present would probably be accepted as semi-official and conclusive. Just now, however, when it looks as if the next Governor of West Virginia would occupy his office by virtue only of perhaps fifty votes or less cast in excess of that number received by his competitor, it is evident that estimates count for nothing; that figures, and official figures at that, are what is wanted.

Harrison and the South.

MEMPHIS, TENN., Nov. 19.—Col. J. W. Jefferson, a prominent business man of Memphis, recently wrote to President-elect Harrison, asking him to indicate, as far as he might properly do so, the probable policy of his administration toward the South. He has received the following reply:

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov, 14, 1888.

Col. J. W. Jefferson:

MY DEAR SIR:—Your kind letter has been received, and I am glad to know that the result of the election brought satisfaction to an army comrade living in the South. I notice what you say about the situation there, and assure you that I appreciate its gravity, and have the most sincere desire to be well informed both as to men and affairs in the South. I do most sincerely desire to promote the general good of our whole people without reference to state lines, and shall be glad to have the friendly advice and co-operation of the law-abiding and conservative people in all the States.

Very truly yours,
BENJAMIN HARRISON.

Current Notes and Comments.

The *Lewiston* (Maine) *Journal* gives this hint for illuminating purposes: "The best candlestick is an apple. Hollow it out near the stem to hold the candle, and slice it off flat for a base to set it on. These can be put on the window-sash and window-shelf without fear. If the wax melts and runs down the hollow in the apple catches it. The earth has no better candlestick than the sour apple."

The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* says: "The general gloom that prevailed throughout the South at the first news of Harrison's election is being dispelled, and while the whole section feels sorrow and soreness at its defeat, it does not view the Republican ascendency with as much dread and apprehension as it did at first."

The Colt Arms factory at Hartford, Conn., will soon begin the manufacture of the 5,000 navy revolvers for the United States government. The new piece is a five-shooter of thirty eight calibre. Besides being self-cocking, all the cartridges may be instantly removed by a pressure of the thumb.

A train on the Florida Southern Railroad a few nights ago struck a black object which the engineer at first thought was a man, but on stopping the train it proved to be an alligator twelve feet long. The creature's head had been nearly severed from its body.

Samuel Wood, of Coleville, Ind., has a dog that beats anything on record. A hawk caught one of his hens and flew away with it. It got eight feet in the air, when the dog gave a jump and the hen got away all right, but the hawk is on exhibition.

Senator Quay's son says his father won but two bets on the election. One was a silk hat, which he couldn't wear, and the other was a box of cigars, which the other fellows around the headquarters smoked for him.

Hon. Carter H. Harrison on arriving in Chicago a few days ago announced his determination to "keep out of politics" on the ground that it would be a "wise thing for him and a good thing for politics."

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

NOTICE!

W. H. Hagans, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

LOCAL NEWS.

—All persons indebted to G. A. Shirer are requested to call and settle.
10 20 3m. G, A. SHIRER.

—$5,000—To LOAN—On first mortgage on real estate.
THOMAS & SINCELL.

—A full and complete line of Pants, heavy weights, for winter wear at CORRELL'S.

—The Young Girl's Christian Friendly Society, of Deer Park, a short time ago sent ten dollars to the yellow fever sufferers of Florida.

—We clip the following from the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* of Oct. 31, which may be of interest to our readers: "Rev. S. P. Archer, transferred from West Virginia Conference to Central Illinois, and appointed to Raritan, meets with a royal reception. The church is crowded at every service, and the year opens well. About forty recently invaded the parsonage unexpectedly and, after spending a pleasant hour, left pastor and wife rejoicing in the possession of a supply of provisions of every description."

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7 P. M., by Rev. C. T. Trippett.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7 P. M., by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Thanksgiving Services.

There will be Union Thanksgiving Services held in the Lutheran church next Thursday, at 11 A. M. Sermon by Rev. C. T. Trippett.

Change in B. & O. Time-Table.

The following isthe new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect November 18th, 1888:

GOING EAST.

No. 2	7.41 A. M
No. 38—Accommodation	10.34 A. M
No. 6—	3.04 P.M
No. 82—Accommodation	5.25 P. M
No. 4	11.43 P. M

GOING WEST

No. 3	5.54 A. M
No. 81—Accommodation	9.40 A. M
No. 5	3.21 P. M
No. 65—Accommodation	6.06 P. M
No. 1	9.15 P. M

Tailoring Establishment.

Do you want a nice Dress Suit or an Overcoat put up in elegant style and to fit you after Nature's own sweet model? Go to G. Felty.s New Tailoring Establishment, formerly occupied by A. Lowenstein, and we will guarantee you entire satisfaction. Call and see us and we will show you what we can do in this line.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Garrett county, Md., for week ending Nov. 24th, 1888:

Arnold, Albert S.,	Lillen, D. F.,
Bowman, John C.,	McCalley, John,
Bowman, Samuel A.,	Messenger, Olive,
Clark, Thos.,	Moore, Charles W.,
Dentsch, Albert,	Rinker, Nicholas,
Friend, Edwin E.,	Smith, Lizzie,
Gnagy, Mrs. Rhoda,	Smith, Mary,
King, Jennie,	Tenska, Joseph,
Kenlow, Miss E. E.,	Woodland, Wm. C.,
Leuellen, S. A. (2)	Wagner, F.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

These letters are chargable with one cent due on delivery.

P. HAMILL, P. M.

Tax-Payers Take Notice,

That, under the law creating the office of Treasurer, it becomes the duty of said Treasurer, the first week in December of each year, to publish a list of all delinquent tax-payers for the current year; and that all taxes remaining unpaid on the 1st day of January, 1889 and of each year thereafter, interest will be added dating from 1st day of August last, and said taxes will be collected by due process of law. The Treasurer has no discretionary power in the matter to extend the time, or leniency in any way. Please pay up and save costs.

Respectfully,
ROSS COMPTON,
10 20 tf. Treasurer.

We Want Money!

Those indebted to us are again urged to make an effort to pay us. We are sadly in need of money to pay our debts, to carry on our business and to provide for our family. About 300 persons in this county are indebted to us in sums ranging from $1.50 to $18.00, and a number of them have become entirely indifferent as to our needs or their obligation. All we ask of you is to do unto us as you would have us do unto you. Attend to this matter at once. Don't put it off and say that what little you owe won't amount to much, but send what you owe, or at least a part of it. We are not making this appeal because it is customary about this time of year, but because we need what is coming to us, and there is no good reason that we should not have what is ours.

Meeting of Institute.

Pursuant to the call of the Examiner of Public Schools of Garrett county, for the organization of a "Reading Circle or Institute," the Teachers of Oakland and adjoining districts met at the Public School Building Saturday, at 10 o'clock A. M., Nov. 17th, and organized an Institute.

Miss Weber and several young ladies and gentlemen pupils of the school, rendered the following selections: "A motto for every man," and "Sweet and Low," after which the officers were elected.

President, Prof. E. E. Enlow.
Vice-President, Miss Etta DeWitt.
Secretary, Miss Lou A. Thayer.
Assistant Secretary, Miss Ella Stanton.

After the following musical selections: "I love to hear the Nightingale" and the "Whippoor-will song," the Executive committee was appointed, namely:

Prof. E. Lee, Miss Mamie Weber and Mr. H. E. Felty.

The Institute then adjourned to meet Saturday, Dec. 13th, at 10 o'clock A. M., when the following programme will be carried out.

LOU A. THAYER, Secretary.

PROGRAMME.

Following is the programme of the Teachers' Institute, to be held in Oakland, Md., Dec. 15th, 1888, begining at 10 A. M:

I Topic: How to teach Writing—1st Grade, Miss H. K. Palmer, L. W. Nine. Discussion.

II Topic: How to teach Reading—1st Grade, E. Lee, Miss Mattie Porter. Discussion.

III Topic: How to teach Spelling—1st Grade, Miss Ella Stanton, Miss Ettie DeWitt. Discussion.

IV Topic: First Grade Arithmetic, J. Mosser, W. B. Hutson. Discussion.

V Topic: First Lessons in English, E. E. Enlow, Miss Mamie Weber. Discussion.

VI Topic: How to secure and retain attention of Pupils, Spencer White, Homer Friend.

Music will be provided for by Miss Mamie Weber.

EPHRAIM LEE,
MAMIE WEBER,
H. E. FELTY,
Executive Committee.

Drowned while Trying to Save his Bride.

A Thomas, W. Va., special to the Cumberland *Daily News*, of Nov. 19th, 1888, says:

Patrick Walters, a young man of this vicinity, was married yesterday. To-day he and his bride went over the extension of the West Virginia Central Railroad to the new bridge near Parsons, some ten miles beyond this place, where they stopped to see the men at work. While looking down from the bridge the bride became dizzy and fell into the stream below, her husband following her. In his attempt to save her life he became exhausted and sank beneath the water, and his bride, deprived of support, disappeared with him. The workmen attempted a rescue as speedily as possible, and when they reached the bodies they found the couple locked in each other's arms. Prompt methods of resuscitation were resorted to, but failed to revive the groom. With the bride, their efforts were more successful, but her grief is intense, and it is feared that the shock may prove fatal in its effects.

Railroad Connection to Berkeley Springs.

The Berkeley Springs and Potomac R. R. operated by the B. & O. R. R. Co. running from Hancock, W. Va., a station on the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. to Berkeley Springs, W. Va., will be opened for business on Thursday, November 1st, when trains will run as follows: Leave Hancock 9:40 A. M., 12:45 P. M. and 5:40 P. M.

Leave Berkeley Springs 8 A. M., 10.35 A. M. and 4:10 P. M.

The running time between the two points being 25 minutes.

REPUBLICAN JUBILATION.

A Large Crowd Paint the Town Red.

The Republican ratification meeting Tuesday night was a grand success in every way. About five hundred were in line, a large number being on horseback. The line of march was from Water to First, to Oak, to Seventh, to Alder, to Second, to Pennington, to Wilson, to Liberty, to Second, where the parade disbanded.

Capt. J. M. Jarboe was Chief Marshall, assisted by a number of aids.

Along the route of march the business houses and residences of Republicans were handsomely illuminated.

About one thousand people witnessed the parade, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed.

Representatives were present from Sang Run, Accident, Selbysport, Deer Park, Swanton and Ryans Glade Districts.

One of the features of the parade was a live coon, belonging to Charles Glotfelty.

Miss Maggie Shaffer, one of the finest equestriennes in the county, was in the parade.

The arrangements were all under the direction of the Oakland Harrison, Morton and McComas Club, and he following named gentlemen deserve especial mention for their untiring efforts to make the demonstration a success: Messrs. E. H. Sincell, F. A. Thayer, A. G. Sturgiss, J. O. Michael and Dr. S. Townshend.

The Oakland Independent Band furnished music for the occasion.

Among the many mottoes we note the following:

"We protect your Coal, Iron, Salt and Wool."

"No Mugwumps need apply."

"For Sale — one Veto Machine. Apply to G. Cleveland."

"Have you heard from Sang Run?"

"The Old Black Horse did it."

"Walk in Sister Dakota. Welcome Montana."

"Grandfather's hat fits."

"Do you recognize your Uncle Jim?"

"Who struck the Kyd? Little Mac."

"To the Victor belong the Spoils. Turn the Rascals out."

"Wipe your weeping eyes with your Bandanas."

"The Colored Troops fought Nobly."

"Grover's Luck didn't Pan out."

"Who Run against Little Mac?"

"We didn't want the Whole World."

"Who Struck John Bull?"

"Irish Amercian Vote did it."

"Mills' Little Free Trade Hatchet did it."

"The way to Salt River is via. Legislative Road."

"Too much Mudd for Compton."

"No Chinese or Pauper Labor now."

"What's the Matter with the Gravel Train?"

"Americans will rule America."

"More Schools and better Legislation."

"Grover Died in the Wool."

"Harrison all Wool and a Yard Wide."

"$10,000 Check didn't Win."

"G. Cleveland Attorney at Law. No Pension Claims taken here."

"No Free Trade for Irish Americans."

"For Sale at the White House March 4th, a First Class Vetoeing Machine."

Shook Shop.

A small number of teachers met at the Shook Shop school house on the 17th inst. and organized a Teachers' Institute. Mr. Geo. W. Moon was elected President, and Miss Della Savage Secretary.

Mr. Charles Duckworth, who is teaching the Shook Shop school, reports that his school is progressing finely, with a good average.

The Bethlehem School, which is being taught by Miss Della Savage, is getting along finely.

The OAK GROVE school, under the management of Mr. C. J. Fazenbaker, also is progressing nicely.

Mr. Andrew Michaels, who is teaching at Fort Pendleton, is succeeding well, but from reports he evidently believes in "corporeal punishment."

Mr. Geo. W. Moon is teaching the Wilson school, and is having good success, with an enrollment of 32 pupils, but on account of sickness his average has not been as large as it otherwise would have been.

Miss Minnie Chisholm, who is teaching her first school, is having good success at Bear Range.

Miss Jennie Fazenbaker is teaching at Red Oak, and we understand is having an excellent school

A full attendance of teachers is expected at our next meeting, as it is a serious matter *not* to attend.

A TEACHER.

JAYBIRD RANCH, Nov. 15, 1888.

MISTER EDITER:—Things is changed sense 4 years ago. Yes, changed kerflop with the halleluja side on top this time. An I think it's time sumthin wuz a happenin tu put the people in a better umer.

I haden't bin so cused mad sense I commenct farmin as I wuz fur about forty munths after the returns cum in fore years ago. I had nuthen perticler agin Grove, I wished him well, wee'd a bin perfectly willin tu see him go strait tu glory—up yonder—with his boots on, if he preferred, but when it cum tu puttin him in the White House, bi thunder it raily seemed like carryin the joke a leetle tu far.

As I sed everything went a ry; awl the animels got cranky. Ole Rover, the dog, got the mange, the horres got the yaller watter, the cows giv bluddy milk, the pigs died uv kolery, an tu cap the clemax the poltry got beside itself.

I had a little frisky white Rooster who had never dun nuthen tu distinguish hisself untell he heard Cleveland wuz elicted, an then fur too solid munths he jest sot up uv nites an crowed. Yes, crode frum dark tell broad day lite, in seezin an out uv seezin, as did awl the rest uv the dimmycrats. Well, he finally got intirely too big fur his briches and wanted to run the ranch, an even got tu spunk on the ole woman an the kids, an when I couldn't stand it enny longer I finally tuck him out an chopped his head off, just as the peeple hav du Grover fur meddelin where he had no put.

But as I wuz a sayin things is changed mitily now, I tel ye. I node Harrison wuz be elected, I felt it in mi bones an all over me. Everything got just right at the rite time. The evening before the election frum a kam an peeseful starlit ski the noo moon looked downbenignantly, an semed tu smile on all the good Republicans. Its horns pointed strait up on both sides, which wuz a shore sine uv a nu man, an that he wudden't slip off or spill out, which ment Harrison just as shore as sheotin.

That nite me an the ole woman an the childern went tu sleep airly an slep the slepe uv the innercent, an, az it happened, diden't dreme arry bad dreme. I hav a well regulated ole rooster now, which croze every mornin at 5 o'clock sharp, an on the morsin up the lection promptly an the clock struck five, the Rooster exclimed in full sonorus tones, "Harrison's the Bo-o-o-yu, luck! luck!" By this I wuz greatly encouraged and had a mind ter bet ten cents on the general result that da, but forgot it.

When I got to the poles I found all the le boys that wore the blue, an so many more of thar wa of thinkin that the Dimmys war a mity blue lookin set, I tel ye. That nite I slep as usual tell mi reglar gittin up time, an when I awoke I node it wuz all rite. The ole rooster wuz a croin hiz purtyest tu make things lively, an ole billy, the ole buck sheap, was purched up on the end uv a hi log a singin. He sung base an seemed to be a chantin uv sum sort uv a doxology, an tu realize his importance in a wa tu make a free-wool Dimmycrat sshamed uv hisself.

As I listened tu the melting strains of Billy an gazed on him admirinly, me thawt that as a name "Billy wuz tu komon, was not sufficiently poetic, you no. Just then I hapened tu think uv the farmer in the West who had sich a uncomon fine big bull calf that he did'nt no what tu do with him, an as the best wa out uv the scrape he just kalled him "Grover Cleveland," an I thot how consolin it wud be tu pore Grover as he lade aside the cares of offus, an repared tu the repose uv "innocuous desuetude," tu no that he had a place in the hearts uv his countrymen—tu realize that tha remenbered him, tu the extent at least uv callin thar Rams and Bulls after him. An now that sheeps name is grover; an I've bin a tryin tu figure out which one the laff will be on.

Well, mister editer, az I wuz a sain, things *ar* a lookin beter. Grove iz the grandest ole sheep I ever see now, an the orneryest sheap I have, sum I intended tu kil tu save winterin ef it had went the other wa, just looks bully now, and ar wuth fore dollars a head easy. The trees ar twice as tall an a heap purtyer, an az the winds of Heaven blo thru thar branches they clap thar hands an sing fur very joy.

All da on the 7th I felt like I wanted tu holler, an wunst I tried tu la down the plank fense at the rong panel, an 'onor brite, now I swar I had'nt had a drop uv anything all da, I wuz jist naterally so almity proud tu think we had a real, live American President once more insted uv the cross ole step daddy, so given tu flirtin with strangers an furiners, that I cud hardly keep mi close on. I felt like a lam feels wot's bin lost frum its mammy about a da when it finds her agin.

Gud bi, mister editer, I cud sa a grate deel more, but mi rumatiz iz a leetel trubelsum tu rite with, but not near so bad az tha wuz before the election, an besides I don't think it wuth while, fur I recken you no purty much how it iz yourself, so gud bi.

Yours truly,
TIMOTHY HAYSEED.

Institute Programme.

Following is the programme of exercise for an Institute to be held at Accident, Md., Dec. 1st, 1888, commencing at 1 o'clock:

Organization.
Music.
School Government—S. Weimer.
How to teach Reading to beginners—John Englehart.
Recitation—Miss Clara Gnagey.
Methods of teaching Arithmetic—W. E. Keller.
Oration—Jefferson Warnick.
Queries.
Class Drill—Grammar—J. A. Feik.
Essay—Miss Lillie Boyer,
Select Reading—Miss Lizzie A. Thompson.
Debate—*Resolved*, That a compulsory school law should be established. Affirmative, W. E. Keller, Harry Ryland, Negative, J. A. Feik, John Englehart.
Music,

J. A. FEIK,
W. E. KELLER,
MISS MARY ZINKIN,
Committee.

Grantsville.

The teachers of Grantsville and surrounding community assembled in convention Nov. 17th, in obedience to the call of the County Examiner, and elected the following officers: Bruce Lichty, President; E. B. Fuller, Vice-President; Fannie Getty, Secretary; G. L. Bender, Corresponding Secretary. The committee on programme, appointed by the President, submitted a programme which was adopted. The Institute then adjourned to meet Dec. 15th, at 10 o'clock A. M.

One of our teachers of this community asked one of his small boys the following question: "Where does the President of the United States live?" The little fellow replied, "Up Salt River." The teacher was a Democrat.

The many patrons of A. L. Gnagey's store will greatly miss his genial clerk, Mr. John O. Getty, who has received a summons to take charge of a railroad office in Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Getty left for his new post on Tuesday of this week.

Mr. George Charles, of Cumberland, passed through town Monday.

Mr. John Beachy is now on the mail route from Grantsville to Frostburg.

During the recent floods Capt. Lung floated about fifteen hundred cords of wood down Cassleman river, Mr. George Wellington managing the drive.

There was a curious sensation at a church wedding at Bridgeport, Connecticut, Thursday. The groom, a person of violent temper, swore because the bride and her party were behind time. During his ravings to his best man the bride arrived and overheard her fiance roundly abusing her and swearing outrageously. The bride's face assumed a deadly pallor. She approached the altar, and stood motionless until the minister asked if she "would love, cherish and obey," to which she replied in a clear, ringing voice: "Not by a long shot," and majestically marched out of the edifice.

Not many years ago the haircutting and shaving business in New York was in the hands of colored barbers. The Germans came along and gradually drove the colored men out until only a handful remain. Now it begins to look as if the Germans are going to be pushed aside by the Italians, who are coming over in swarms with their razors and strops. Many new shops have been opened by them in the last weeks, some on a rather pretentious scale, too, appealing to a good class of customers.

Referring to the announcement that Salt Lake City is erecting a mammoth salt palace, the *New York Tribune* says: "What the country would enjoy seeing still more out there are the ruins of the notorious whited sepulchre, which has long been the champion eye-sore of the continent. Pull down the temple of Mormonism and then proceed with your salt palace."

The Sentence of Jesus.

A correspondent of Notes and Queries extracts from the Kolnische Zeitung what is called "a correct transcript of the sentence of death pronounced against Jesus Christ." The following is a copy of the most memorable judicial sentence which has ever been pronounced in the annals of the world—namely, that of death against the Saviour, with the remarks that the *Journal Le Droit* has collected, the knowledge of which must be interesting in the highest degree to every Christian. Until now we are not aware that it has ever been made public in the German papers. The sentence is word for word as follows:

"Sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate, Intendant of the Province of Lower Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death by the cross. In the seventeeth year of the reign of the Emperor of Tiberius, and on the 25th of the month of March, in the most holy city of Jerusalem, during the Pontificate of Annas and Calaphas, Pontius Pilate, Intendant of the Province of Lower Galilee, sitting in judgment in the presidential seat of the Prætors, sentence Jesus Christ of Nazareth to death on a cross between two robbers, as the numerous and notorious testimonials of the people prove: 1. Jesus is a misleader. 2. He has excited the people to sedition. 3. He is an enemy to the laws. 4. He calls himself the Son of God. 5. He calls himself falsely the King of Israel. 6. He went into the Temple followed by a multitude carrying palms in their hands. Orders: The first centurion, Quintus Cornelius, to bring him to the place of execution. Forbid all persons, rich or poor, to prevent the execution of Jesus. The witnesses who have signed the execution against Jesus are: 1. Daniel Robani, Pharisee; 2. John Zorobable; 3. Raphael Robani; 4. Capt. Jesus to be taken out of Jerusalem through the gate of Tournea."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,
offers his professional services to the people of Oakland and vicinity. 5 5 '88
☞ Office and residence corner Oak and fifth streets, two doors East Catholic Church.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF—
Personal Property.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Solomon Clark to the undersigned mortgagee, dated the 2nd day of December, 1887, I will sell at public auction

On SATURDAY, December 8th,

1888, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M., on the tract of land called "Winston," near the village of Elkins, Garrett county, to the highest bidder, the following personal property:

One direct attachment Saw Mill and Engine, made by Ira Hart, together with all the fixtures belonging thereto; also 1 other Engine and fixtures, 2 Steam Engine Boilers, 1 Planer, and all Log Trucks, Log Pullers, Saws, Belting, Chains, &c., belonging to and now used in the operation of the saw mill on the tract of land called "Winston," by the said Clark; also the Mill Building in which the aforesaid property is located, it being about 50x80 feet, one-story high.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash.

LOUIS NYDEGGER,
11 17 2t Mortgagee.
THOMAS & SINCELL, Solicitors.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
REAL ESTATE.
—:o:—

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting as a court of Equity, passed in a cause, being No. 453 Equity, in said Court, wherein Maria Grove, by her husband and next friend William P. Grove, is complainant, and Amanda Moore and John J. Moore, her husband, are defendants, the undersigned was appointed Trustee to make sale of the real estate described in the proceedings in said cause. In discharge of the trust reposed in me, by the terms of said decree, I will

On Saturday, November 24th,

1888, at the hour of eleven o'clock A. M. on the premises, about one mile from the village of Selbysport, offer at public sale that part of a tract of land known as

"RICH HILL,"

and described as follows: Military Lots Nos. 2793, 2794 and 2795; beginning for the same at a stone or bounded stake standing West eighty perches from a bounded chestnut tree, it being the original boundary of Military Lot No. 2790, and also of "Rich Hill," and running thence West 80 perches, North 100 perches, West 80 perches, South 200 perches East 160 perches, then by a straight line to the beginning, containing one hundred and fifty acres, more or less. Also Military Lot No. 2792, beginning for the same at a White Oak stump standing West 160 perches from a bounded chestnut tree, it being the beginning of "Rich Hill," and running thence East 80 perches, North 100 perches, West 80 perches, then by a straight line to the beginning, containing fifty acres, more or less, it being the same land which was conveyed to the said Amanda Moore by William P. Grove and wife by deed dated 31st day of March, 1883, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 7, folio 308, one of the land records of Garrett county.

About one hundred and forty acres of this farm are cleared and in a high state of cultivation. The other improvements consist of a comfortable

TWO-STORY FRAME HOUSE,

a good bank barn and all necessary outbuildings. Water is conveyed in pipes from the spring almost to the door.

There are valuable orchards containing apple, peach, plum, pear, cherry and quince trees upon the farm.

TERMS OF SALE—As prescribed by said decree:—One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, one-third in one year and one-third in two years from the day of sale, the whole to bear interest from day of sale, and the payment thereof to be secured by the bonds or notes of the purchaser with a surety or sureties to be approved by the undersigned trustee, or the whole of the purchase money may be paid in cash at the option of the purchaser, and when the whole of the purchase money is paid, and not before, the undersigned will convey said property to the purchaser or purchasers in accordance with the terms of said decree.

Conveyancing at cost of purchaser.

WILLIAM P. GROVE,
11 3 4 Trustee.
EDWARD H. SINCELL, Solicitor.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

LULLABY.

Close your eye-lids, baby, darling,
  Like soft clouds o'er skies of blue!
All unseen the holy angels
  Keep their watch, dear, over you.
To his couch in golden splendor
  Sinks, at last, the summer sun;
While the twilight, soft and tender,
  Tells the day is done!
Lullaby! sleep and rest,
Cradled on this faithful breast!
  Safe from life's storms, fierce and wild,
  Sleep and rest, my little child!
    Slumber!
    Lullaby!

Like a bird, that, tired of roaming,
  Seeks at eve its downy nest,
So my birdling, in the gloaming,
  Sweetly sleeps upon my breast!
Off to dream-land baby's going—
  Slumber's silken sails unfurled—
While night winds are softly blowing
  Over the silent world!
Lullaby! Sleep and rest,
Cradled on this faithful breast!
  Safe from life's storms, fierce and wild,
  Sleep and rest, my little child!
    Slumber!
    Lullaby!

—*Eva Beal, in Detroit Free Press.*

STORY OF A LIFE.

The Quiet Comfort Miss Denny Derived from Her Telescope.

There come unsocial periods to the lives of every one of us; days and weeks when our own moods and employments and thoughts are of paramount and engrossing importance and other people lose their interest for us and recede into temporary distance. It is not that we love man less, but ourselves, for the moment, more; some instinct of self-preservation prompts us to be isolated and left alone for awhile.

Such a period came to me summer before last, when, after nearly a year of enforced idleness, I shut myself in the third story corner-room of Mrs. Merryweather's quaint old boarding-house, to make up for lost time, by a short spell of continuous work. Day after day I wrote, and read and took notes, sitting beside a delightful west window, which, from beneath the pensile boughs, of an immense willow, looked over green meadows and copses to where a distant chain of hill outlines stood against the sky. With that vague, unseeing gaze which does not see, I watched the cloud-shadows blow across the distance and dapple the face of the blue ranges, the crows rising and falling in the meadow with hoarse, jargoning cries, the doves on the neighboring boughs but not the village houses, which formed the foreground of the picture, and the men and women who walked the sleepy streets among them. This was easy, for I am unobservant, both by nature and training, and, for the moment, by intention, I shrank from idea the of interruption, from the danger of becoming interested in man or woman till my work was done. I elected not to see, so I did not see. Happily it rained a good deal just then, so there were fewer people and less temptation.

But by the end of the third week, when the weather had cleared and my work was well along, my dormant observation quickened, and, among other things, I began to wonder idly what could be the purpose of a strange structure on a neighboring roof. It was spherical in form, and seemed altogether too big and ponderous for the very small house which it surmounted. I resolved to inquire of Mrs. Merryweather about it, but forgot my intention from time to time, until one day, when returning from a walk, I found her placidly knitting stockings on her own door-step, with a book on her lap, and suddenly recollected to ask the question.

"That," she replied, "indicating with a wave of her needle the object which had excited my curiosity; "don't tell that you never noticed it before? That's curious, for it's queer enough to look at. Most folks pick it out at once. It's where Miss Denny's telescope is."

"An observatory! I never thought of that. The house is so very small."

"So it is. It always was a small house. They had great times getting the roof fixed to hold it, and bricking up the sides to make it strong. But nothing else would satisfy Miss Denny, so they managed it at last. I guess the whole thing would come down together if they tried to move it away now."

"But who was this Miss Denny and what did she want of a telescope? Was she so very fond of astronomy?" I asked, seating myself on the steps beside her.

"You're one for stories, I guess," observed my landlady, shrewdly. "This isn't much of a story to tell about, tho' it always makes me feel a little bad to think about Marianne Denny. She was one of the Kennybunkport Dennys. I never knew what made them come here in the first place, but here they were as far back as I remember. There was an old mother who was feeble and a sister who was always sort of ailing and complaining, and Marianne. That was all, except Sarah Denny, and she died young. Marianne taught the district school when I was a mite of a child, so you can see there was a good deal of difference between us, as much as seventeen or eighteen years I guess; but we was always friends somehow, from the first."

"Was she so attractive then?"

"Well, I can't say for everybody. I always pitied her and liked her somehow. She was little and thin and timid-like. She had big eyes, which always seemed to be looking far off and not seeing things that was close to her distinctly.

"Well, I grew up and got married about as early as I could, as girls go, but Marianne stayed an old maid. I don't believe she minded much. Sometimes I've thought there might have been something when she was young, before I knew her, to set her against it; anyhow, she never seemed to care for any of the young men. Her mother and sister kept on getting more and more helpless and she kept on teaching. I suppose they didn't have much to live on except what Marianne earned. All the spare time she could get she spent in studying. I never saw such a one for books as she was, always reading about plants and bugs and stones, and going about trying to find and make out about them. But what she cared about most of all was stars.

"It is curious how people grow to feel about such things," went on Mrs. Merryweather, composedly. I never saw the day yet when a good spring cleaning or a new recipe for cake didn't interest me more than any amount of stars. Poor Marianne used to talk to me about planets and satellites and milky ways till it was enough to give one a headache to listen to her. I never could see that they did any body a mite of good, they are so far off and we don't really know any thing about them; they just wink down at us and seem unsympathetic somehow. If I was in a worry or a trouble, I should never think of staring round for a star to comfort me. But Marianne was different; she'd sit on the edge of that little stoop of her's half the night, if her folks would let her, straining up her poor eyes and trying to make out constellations and poring over some heavenly map or other that she had by the light of a little kerosene lantern. I think it was that which made her get old looking before her time. But she didn't care for looks or parties, even when she was a girl. All her mind was taken up by books, and she seemed sort of lonely from the first day I knew her."

"What an interesting person!" I said, involuntarily, as the picture of the eager girl, a student evidently in her very blood, with so little chance to slake the thirst for knowledge in this arid environment, and "lonely from the first moment," rose before me. But the remark was injudicious and did not meet with favor.

"Well, you're the first that ever called her that," exclaimed Mrs. Merryweather. "She wasn't interesting to people in general and never was in her life. She hadn't a grain of common sense, or a bit of faculty, and she never could have made a good housekeeper. Then her looks wasn't any thing to speak of, and folks *do* think a sight of that, especially men folks."

"She wasn't pretty, you said?"

"No—though she had pretty things about her, too. Her hair was naturally wavy and it was quite good and thick when I first recollect it; but it fell off early, and she put on caps before she turned forty. She was sort of queer-looking, and her eyes were too big for any thing but an owl, and her face was always worn and tired. That wasn't wonderful, for her life was never an easy one, not at the best. Let me see, I think it must have been about five years after I got married that old Mrs. Denny died. She had a long sickness, and I guess it used up whatever little money they were able to lay by. There was only the sister left then, and she kept on needing more and more attention. I suppose it was some sort of decline, but she held out for years; and Marianne was clear broke down when at last she died, too.

"She was left all alone then. People didn't pity her as much as they ought, perhaps, for Samantha *had* been a burden; but I knew how she felt. She looked older than ever after that, but she kept on with her books and studies in all her spare times, and she had more spare times than she used to have, because now there was only herself to do for.

"It was just then that Tom Burns came home from Nevada."

"Who was Tom Burns?"

"Why, Sarah Denny's son. Didn't I tell you that she married a man named Burns? Well, she did, and she died young when this Tom was a baby, and he came and stayed with his grandmother awhile till the widower could look round and get married again. Then he moved out West and took Tom with him.

"Tom was always particularly fond of Marianne; I suppose because she had been good to him when he was a little fellow; and Samantha and Miss Denny were pretty strict, I reckon. Anyhow, he struck silver on a claim he had out there somewhere, and the first thing he did with his money was to come home and see his aunt.

"Well, you never did see any thing so pleased as Marianne was at his coming. It was Tom here and Tom there, and she must take him round and show him to every body; and he *was* a real kind fellow, and no mistake.

"'Now, Aunty,' he says, 'here's your chance. I'm able and ready to fix you out any way you say. Shall I build you a new house to end your days in? or will you have the old one done up? or shall I settle a regular payment on you, so that you needn't teach any more, or what? I'll do just as you decide. Take me while I feel rich,' says he, 'for it mayn't last, you know.'

"So that was the way Marianne Denny got her telescope. She said the old home'd last out her time and was good enough, and she didn't want it fixed over, and that she'd always done for herself and hoped she always should; but the thing she had longed for all her life was to get to know something more about the stars. So if Tom really meant what he said, and wanted to spend his money on her, and had it to spend, why, he should give her a telescope. It was the thing in all the world that she wished for, and the only thing.

"I guess Tom thought it rather funny, but he wanted to please her; and he didn't say any thing, only looked sort of queer. He went down to Cambridge—or wherever it is that they sell telescopes—and he got the best one that he could; six inches across it was—as big as the house would bear. Then there was a great time building the observatory and making the wall strong enough to bear; but at last it was all done, and Marianne could turn her telescope to this side and that, and 'sweep the heavens,' as she called it. Poor soul! she never had been much of a hand at sweeping, but this kind of sweeping seemed to suit her.

"I do really believe she was the best contented woman in this town when it was all ready. She used to go up into the tower the minute the sun was down to be all ready, and she could sit up as late as she liked if there was no one now to hinder. All the learned people that came to stay at the Old Beach heard about the telescope, and used to drive over to see it and talk about it. It was the first time she had ever got in with her kind of folks, and it did her lot of good, I can tell you.

"There was one professor at the Beach, that came quite often, and I guess he taught her how to use the telescope better than she knew how at first. Anyhow, all that summer and fall, and way down into the winter she sat up in that place, taking solid comfort. I said then, and I say now, that I never saw but one woman in the world who knew when she had got her wish and was perfectly satisfied about it, and that was Marianne Denny. She did!"

"Did she ever take you up to look through the telescope?"

"Yes, two or three times. She'd have done it oftener if I had wanted to. Marianne was always for sharing with other people. She showed me a nebuly—a ring nebuly I think she said it was—little shiny stars which you can't see without a telescope. It didn't interest me much, except as things do interest you that you can't see always. I liked the star with a ring that looks like a school-globe a great deal better, but Marianne didn't seem to think much of that. She said quite little telescopes showed it; but it needed a big one like hers to show the nebuly. I didn't care a snap for the nebuly, but I did care for seeing Marianne so pleased. She actually looked younger, and she used to talk about the 'summer constellations' and how she was going to enjoy them, never thinking, poor dear, how it was to be."

"Why, what happened?"

"O, she died. It was the very May after the telescope came. She didn't have it quite a year. It did seem too bad! I shall always think that staying up in that cold place so much hurt her."

"What a pity! was she sorry to go?"

"No; I don't think she was. I recollect her saying one day when I was sitting beside her: 'You needn't feel bad about me, Alice. Some people die and never in all their lives have their wish granted. I've had mine. Heaven has been brought close to me all this year. And I know just how wonderful it is and how satisfying; and now I am going nearer still to it. No one will miss me much, and I am content, only I wish I could know that somebody would enjoy my dear telescope as I have done.'"

"And did any body?"

"My dear, not a soul has looked through it since that day! Tom was out in California and his mine didn't pan out as he expected, they say, so he isn't so mighty rich, after all. And Mr. Brown, the baker, bought the place. His first idea was to pull the observatory down, but he found he couldn't without pulling down the house, so he just locked it up, and no one ever goes up there. Poor Marianne! I wonder if she knows.

"It seems a lot of money for just that little while" she added, reflectively, as she "toed" her stocking. "Yet I can't find it in my hear to be sorry about it either. It did make Marainne Denny so very happy just for that year."

I glanced up at the knobby dome where the disused telescope was rusting its days away. The sunset glinted in its closed panes and tinged them with a fiery pink. I thought of the brave patience of the denied and narrow life which had ended in that one year of perfect satisfaction and neither could I find it in my heart to be sorry for the expenditure of Tom Burn's money.—*Susan Coolidge in Independent.*

The Liberal Soul.

"There you go again," said the milkman, as his wife waited on a little boy, "giving nearly double measure, as usual. Why is it a woman never can be trusted to sell milk?"

"'The liberal soul shall be made fat,'" quoted the wife.

"Mary Jane," expostulated the husband, as he looked at the ample form of his spouse, "when a liberal soul already kicks the beam at 297 pounds that soul ought to be satisfied. [Firmly] I'll sell the milk myself hereafter, Mary Jane."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Give your hogs more variety of food if you would have them free from disease and profitable.

REALLY GOOD MANNERS.

They Consist in Making Happier Persons Whom You May Meet.

It has been the fashion to assume a strong indifference toward strangers, even if one does not feel it, and not only toward strangers is this manifested, but toward those who are associated together in business, and the ones whom one meets every day. It is not necessary for two people to fall upon each other's neck every time that they meet in order to be civil, but in the short life that we live here why not give and receive all the good that we can. Strangers upon settling in a new place feel this stony and hard exterior, and when the cheery-faced, really Christian man or woman is met with, what a blessing, and how one loves to remember the meeting and the kindly look. It is like a perfect June day, or the bursting out of the sun after days of cloud and storm.

A woman who was assistant in a large school, one day said to the principal, who was a man, that the manners of the boys in the school were not such as they should be. The man, who was very dark naturally, turned a good deal darker and lost his temper. Then he burst out into a tirade against manners. He said that he did not believe in any such thing (all of the time growing blacker) and finally brought his foot down on the platform with a great jar, saying: "Some of the greatest rogues that ever lived had the most polished manners." That seems to be a poor reason, or no reason at all, why we should not cultivate pleasing and kindly manners toward each other. Not that the books on etiquette should be swallowed whole—for more than one of them has unreasonable and silly ideas—but there is a manner that is respectful, kind and right, and it is born of the kind, true heart every time. Its name is politeness.

A young girl was going from her home in Connecticut to a school in Massachusetts, a distance of one hundred miles, and was obliged to go alone. She waited a weary time in Boston and finally took her train on the Old Colony road, every face being a strange one. After a few miles' travel she noticed that an old gentleman was regarding her, and his very kindly look reassured her. After awhile he came to her and asked her if she was traveling alone, and upon being told that she was he sat in the seat in front of her and talked very kindly and pleasantly, and before she left the car he gave her his card and attended her to the door of the car and carried her sachel. Upon looking at the card she found that the old gentleman was Presiding Elder Ela, and his "Peace be with you," as he left her, was a benediction that can never be forgotton.

It was a very exacting waitress who, when sent to wait upon a guest at a hotel, hesitated and said that she did not like to wait upon him because she had never been introduced. That seemed quite far-fetched, but it is as consistent as the stony manners of the would-be lofty minded people whom we meet. A young woman went to reside in a city where she was a total stranger, and in taking a morning walk always met a man who bowed and said, "Good morning." The first morning she concluded he had mistaken her for some acquaintance, but as he continued to greet her each morning in the same respectful manner, she knew that it must be his practice to so salute the people whom he met. Upon attending one of the churches there she discovered that it was the minister of the church, a highly educated man, who had traveled much abroad, and was eminent in his profession.—*Springfield (Mass.) Union.*

WINNING FRIENDS.

The Value of Association With Able, Honest and Energetic Men.

It is bad policy to be haughty, repellant, unsocial. The most resolute and determined aspirant to wealth or position may stumble as he climbs, and if no one stretches out a finger to save him, may roll headlong to a depth far below the point from which he started.

"An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," was the old law in Judea. A lift for a lift is the business rule of today; and if sometimes broken by the ungrateful when there is most need of its observance, it certainly works better than the principle that a man should care utterly for himself, neither giving nor receiving assistance.

But it is not from prudential motives merely that the energetic and persevering assist each other. All men of vigorous minds and elastic temperaments sympathize with *effort*. They honor the individual who has fought gallantly the battle of life, though reverses may have overtaken him; they recognize him as a kindred spirit, though he lies on his back; they are willing to give him a "boost," because they feel that he needs but a new foothold to assure his ultimate success. These are among the reasons why men who are true to themselves, are almost invariably true to each other, and why their friendship and sympathy mean something more than words.

Let no one, whatever his talents, his opportunities or his confidence in his own powers, despise the alliance of such men. No human being ever was or will be capable of achieving eminence in the business world without at least the indirect help of others. Therefore, let all young men who are entering business life labor in a manly and just way to make friends—and of the right sort.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—He (at a New Jersey race course)—"Several of the horses in this race have been scratched." She—"Well, I don't wonder; I was never so nearly eaten up in my life."—*N. Y. Sun.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

SAVING INFLUENCES.

The Grave Responsibility Devolving Upon Mothers—The Fearful Consequences of Neglecting the Children in the Household.

What a depth of meaning in the very words *home influences*. And yet, are all parents, mothers especially, striving the best to make home the bright, sunny spot they might? Using those sweet, gentle influences true women may and can to make their homes attractive?

We fear not. In a majority of cases the world and its absorbing pleasures; receiving and returning calls; attending parties or preparing for them—these, and other apparently innocent ways of passing time among the wealthy, engross the whole mind, while their homes, elegant though they may be, are so rarely made bright and genial by the sweet motherly presence, that they create to the young a repellant atmosphere. The baby and little ones are left in the nursery to be amused by the nurse, while those a little older sometimes wander aimlessly about between nursery and parlor, library and their own rooms, seeking for some amusement or companionship besides their own. The sons who are thus left independently to come and go as they please soon learn to seek the club and other places of resort, to pass a social evening.

Can we wonder that from this first step in the wrong direction, away from home in the evening, others quickly follow? A glass of wine for good-fellowship, or a game of cards to pass time are indulged in. Then come late hours and a craving for stimulants; a desire "to try one's luck" at winning a little something at cards, faro, etc.; and the steps downwards, after this, are oftentimes startlingly rapid.

But among all the evils which assail the young seeking pleasure away from home, intemperance is the greatest, and leads, through a weakened and debauched mind, to almost any step of degradation, in rich and poor alike. To stem this evil we should steadily and persistently work until the great foe to mankind is laid low, or its power for evil lessened. And where can this be more effectually done than around the hearth-stone of home? Ah! that mothers would all realize that it is the sweet, gentle, home-influences which may save their sons from perdition.

Even though the temptations of the world may, in after-years, draw your loved ones into its sinful vortex, a word, a mere look of interest and pity from a stranger, will sometimes vividly recall the past—mother, home and love, and they are saved. Let not your sons then go forth without any of these sweet, hallowed associations. But now, in their babyhood, their early youth, do all you can to instill right principles into their plastic minds. And let not these principles be enforced as maxims for their worldly good, or in stern, harsh teachings line upon line, and precept upon precept; for instead of thus winning the obedience of your children you may disgust or weary them by oft-repeated too trite sayings—repel and drive them from you and from their homes to find pleasure elsewhere.

No, indeed! rather let your teachings be gentle and lovingly imparted. Make home bright and cheery, set before them a good example yourself and then hold forth to them a high standard to aim at, that it may ennoble their lives and make of them true men and worthy citizens; best of all, pure-minded, earnest Christians. Then may we hope to see a better class of men among us; men better fitted for our public offices and places of trust. Then, too, a greater thrust will be given to the drinking saloons and gambling halls, or hells, as they are sometimes more strongly named. And surely some of these dens of iniquity may well be compared to Tophet—a place for lost souls.

And so we would again beg mothers to make home bright and attractive to their children. Don't leave the little ones too much to their nurses or governesses; be with them as much as possible yourselves while young and capable of forming strong impressions of home and mother-love. It may require self-denial on your part in giving up some social pleasures, but in after-years you will be more than repaid by the sweet companionship of your sons and daughters; who, according to Scripture, will rise up and call you blessed.—*J. K. Bloomfield, in National Temperance Advocate.*

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Total Abstinence from Strong Drink the Only Rule of Safety.

The fact is very slow to be understood that rum, in any form, is a poison, owing to the alcohol which it contains; and that the injury done to the physical system is in direct proportion to the amount of this infernal poison which is taken into the system. Sooner or later it will make its effects felt. There is no escape from them. The only rule of safety is in total abstinence.

But there are men who think that they can indulge in what is miscalled a "social glass," now and then, and escape all evil effects. They think that an occasional indulgence will not harm them. They have no idea of becoming drunkards—no, far from it. But when invited to "have a drink," it seems to them strait-laced and churlish to decline, and then the obligation follows to "stand treat" in return. To fail to do so would be mean, you know! To accept a social invitation from a friend and then to be so penurious as to decline the trifling expense of a reciprocal invitation is repugnant to every idea of hospitality.

The men who reason in this way—and their number is legion—are fearfully, terribly mistaken. They do not understand the subtle nature of the fiery devil with which they so recklessly sport. They are ignorant of the terrible fact that such indulgence in an occasional glass begets a craving for more. The man who never thinks of drinking unless he is invited soon gets into the habit of inviting his friends, of taking the initiative in proposing a visit to the nearest saloon, and soon thereafter he finds that he don't feel very well, and thinks the fillip to his spirits that a glass of rum will give is necessary, and so he goes of himself to a saloon to indulge in a solitary drink. No "social glass" there! and very soon he makes this a regular custom. Tired out with his day's labor, he seeks the fictitious strength given him by this devil of rum. And all the time the *habit* of drinking is being slowly but surely and certainly acquired.

The horrible "rum thirst" is thus fixed upon him, and in a longer or shorter time he finds it importunate in its demands. Like the horse-leech's daughters, it cries "Give! give!" There is nothing that will excite this morbid, diseased craving for rum but indulgence in rum itself, and there is nothing that will assuage it but more rum. It grows by what it feeds on. It demands rum, and rum it will have; and the rum that is drunk to appease this craving but increases the demand of the inflamed, diseased physical system for more of the infernal poison. The road is a terribly easy one from the status of one who indulges in an occasional glass to that of a steady drinker; and from that to the status of a confirmed drunkard the step is but a short one.

It is safe to say that no man starts out with the intention of ever allowing rum to become his master; but look about you, and see the many men within the radius of your own personal observation who are, to your own knowledge, the slaves of rum, and then answer the question, whether it is safe to tamper in the slightest with this treacherous devil of drink which so easily may become your master? We repeat it, there is no safe way but to leave it alone; to refuse to drink, even when good-fellowship appears to demand it; "to touch not, taste not, handle not" the viperous fiend, always ready to strike its fangs into your life!

But there are thousands and tens of thousands who have not moral courage to resist the first pleasant steps in the road which has so dreadful an ending. There are thousands and tens of thousands who are ignorant to-day of the diabolical nature of that infernal poison called rum. Shall we do nothing to save them from the fate to which their steps are inevitably tending? Shall we be content, secure in the fact that we have the courage to resist the first insidious steps in the path to ruin and degradation, to go serenely on our way, with the answer of Cain upon our lips: "Am I my brothers's keeper?"

We can not escape responsibility in that way. Superior enlightenment brings with it the imperative duty of doing all we can to save others from ruin.—*Toledo Blade.*

Diseases of Wine-Tasters.

A German medical paper mentions a scientific investigation by Dr. Donnet, of Bordeaux, and Dr. Marandon, of Dijon, France, of the special diseases of wine-tasters, whose services as experts are called into requisition to test the qualities of wines and liquors. It appears that these wine-tasters frequently suffer with disturbances similar to alcoholism, although the claret-tasters do not swallow the wine, but, on the contrary, reject it, and even rinse their mouths afterward. One case mentioned by Dr. Donnet was that of a man thirty-two years old, who used to taste every day thirty or forty samples of wine, occasionally liquors and rum, without ever swallowing any part of them. After two years he became very excitable, lost his appetite, did not sleep well, and suffered with disturbances of sensibility, pains in the breast, a feeling of weakness and a difficulty in breathing. He improved after abandoning his profession, although a nervous debility still remained, as noticeable by the facility with which he was set in tears. Another statement made by Dr. Donnet is the great number of apoplexies in Bordeaux, where many persons drink one and a half litres of wine with each meal. This number exceeds the number of apoplexies in any city of the world. All this serves to illustrate the fact that alcohol is indeed an "irritant poison," and that total abstinence is a safe and wise rule of conduct.

A Note of Warning.

The *Quarterly Journal of Inebriety*, from the purely scientific point of view, sounds this timely note of warning to young men, especially to such as are not physically robust, concerning the danger involved in the "contagion of drinking companions": "A young man with an unstable, nervous organization becomes reduced in health and is subject to contagion or drinking companions, uses spirits to intoxication; the result is his physical system takes a diseased tendency, which quickly develops into inebriety. No matter what the surroundings may be he is under the control of diseased impulses, which carry him farther from health and sanity." To all such especially, as indeed to every body, total abstinence from alcoholic beverages is a safeguard to physical and moral health.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—An impecunious young man refers to his "uncle" as a very dear relative. —*Merchant Traveler.*

—There is a dog at Seymour, Ind., who will look at a clock and then put his paw on the exact hour as marked on a card.

—Experiments show that tropical sugar-corn will grow in many parts of Arizona and that it is as productive as in the Sandwich Islands. It is also ascertained that the boxwood tree will grow there.

—A Philadelphia marketman rejoices in a cablegram from Prince Bismarck ordering twelve pairs of canvas-back ducks. The same dealer supplies Wilkie Collins with New Jersey snipe.

—A visitor who examined some town rocords upon Cape Cod furnishes this extract from an old sermon, preached about 1760, on the sin of wearing periwigs: "Adam, so long as he continued in innocency, did wear his own hair and not a periwig."

—A cooking school lecturer has bravely attacked the custom of the multiplying of little dishes upon the table. She says that the greatest need of the American table is not variety, but variation; variety in food does not necessarily preclude a certain amount of routine.

—In some of the counties of Dakota they pay five cents a tail for prairie dogs, and in one place they pass as currency. A man goes into a saloon and for his drinks throws on the counter gopher tails. It looks a little novel in church to see prairie dog tails going into the contribution box, but so it is.

—The method of inoculation for the prevention of splenic fever and other fatal diseases in domestic animals, which was discovered by Pasteur, has spread to Asia, where it is now applied to elephants, with success. Those huge creatures, in a domesticated state, are liable, it seems, as well as other animals in the service of man, to fatal epidemic diseases.

—Not long ago an Italian workman on the water-works at Dover, N. H., received notice that he had been drafted into the Italian army. He at once settled up his small affairs and started for his old home. Asked why he didn't stay here and pay no attention to the draft, he said that if he did he would never dare to return to Italy, for he would be liable to arrest and imprisonment.

—In cleaning out the lower levels of the caves at Dordogne, in France, along with some of the most rudimentary stone arrow-heads yet discovered, there were found a great many oyster shells piled in such a manner as to show that the Neauderthal man used the bivalve as a common article of food. The oyster is thus demonstrated to be the oldest domesticated delicacy known to man. These relics are estimated to be over sixty thousand years old.

CONVENIENT MANGERS.

How Stock-Owners Can Save Much Disagreeable Work.

The manger which is in general use in most stables is very inconvenient and causes unnecessary work every time the horses are fed. I scarcely know a stable which has not what might be called a regulation manger—a box about two feet wide extending across the front end of the stall and about three feet deep. To feed a horse in it the hay must be lifted and crowded into each manger separately, and there is no possible way to clean out one of them except to lean over and scrape up the contents with the hands, for they are too contracted to permit the use of a broom or shovel. Whenever I visit a stable having these old-fashioned mangers, I always examine them, and it is not uncommon to find a mass a foot deep of mouldy chaff and corn cobs, and often the horses have slobbered on it, or water has been spilled, till it is much more like manure than horse feed. My old stable had just such mangers, and I made up my mind that if ever I built a new stable I would have a manger through which I could walk from one end of the stable to the other, and so arranged that I could sweep a manger thirty feet long from end to end to end with nothing in the way. I built a new barn three and a half years ago, and I put in one of these "continuous mangers," as I call it, and I like it so well that I would have no other.

I have two stables with the stock standing facing each other, and instead of having a feed room between these stables into which to throw the hay—perhaps down a stairway at one end—and then have to carry it and fill twelve separate mangers, I make the feed room itself a manger. I raise the floor a foot higher than that from which the horses stand and let them eat directly from it. The feed room, or manger as we now call it, is made five feet wide, if for two rows of horses and cattle, or two and a half feet wide for a single row. It is floored with dressed lumber, the floor running lengthwise of the manger, and the sides of it are boarded from the inside so that there is not a projection, and it can be scraped or swept from end to end in a very short time. In winter when both stables are full I sweep the manger twice or three times a week and shovel the waste into one of the stalls for bedding, or if we are feeding corn fodder I remove the waste every day. If we are feeding the fodder without cutting I carry the long stalks out to the barn-yard and scatter them around the straw stack. I have a door at the end of the manger for this purpose, but when, as we often do, we cut the fodder to lengths of six or eight inches, the waste all goes under the horses for bedding. The feed boxes for grain are not in the manger but are in the corners of the stalls.—*Waldo F. Brown, in Ohio Farmer.*

JUSTICE IN CHINA.

The Impartial Way in Which Celestial Judges Mete Out Punishment.

A *Yun-ch'-i-yu* (hereditary officer) named Ch'ang-shan, a Manchu belonging to the Bordered Blue Banner, was ordered two years ago to take up his quarters at a post station called Su-wa-yen, for the purpose of patrolling the country against robbers. At the same time special orders were given to him to keep a watch upon the soldiers of the station, who were reported to be in the habit of oppressing the people in its neighborhood. One day when the officer in charge of the station was away at Kirin, a soldier named Sun Tien-hsiang went to a shop and tried to buy some drugs on credit. As, however, he owed money for previous purchases, the shopkeeper refused to let him have any thing without payment. He therefore became very violent, upon which the shopkeeper went to complain of him to Ch'ang-shan, who sent for him, reprimanded him and then let him go. Next day the shopkeeper came again to say that the soldier had gone back to the shop, knocked over the counter and threatened to kill the complainant and all his family. The officer again called up the soldier, who behaved in a very refractory and insubordinate manner in court. He therefore ordered him to receive a flogging of twenty blows, which were inflicted with a whip on the back of his leg.

As soon as he was released, the man went to the kitchen of the post-station, where he remained for twelve days, at the end of which he died from the injury he had received. A complaint was lodged by his brother, and a thorough inquiry was made into the case by officers specially deputed for the purpose by the Memoralists. The Memoralist finds that the officer Ch'ang-shan acted quite rightly in taking notice of the soldier's misbehavior, more especially as he had been particularly desired to see to such matters. Also, the soldier's conduct, towards the shopkeepers and in court was such as to merit a flogging, the punishment was inflicted on a proper part of his person, and the number of blows was moderate. Nevertheless the Memoralist condemns the officer to receive one hundred blows under a statute which awards that penalty for causing a man's death by flogging him improperly.

As the offender in this case is a commissioned officer, his dismissal from the service will take the place of corporal punishment. He will also lose his hereditary post, to which another member of his family is appointed to succeed. In accordance with a further clause of the law above quoted the man by whose hand the fatal flogging was actually inflicted has been condemned to receive ninety blows, that being a penalty one degree lighter than the sentence of his superior under whose orders he acted. As he is a Manchu, the flogging will be given with the whip instead of the bamboo.—*Pekin Gazette.*

ATTENTION TO DETAILS.

A Few Illustrations of the Importance of Little Things.

The entire universe is composed of little things. All substances, all matter, in whatever form or condition, is an aggregation of atoms or molecules. Absolute perfection is rarely attainable, as a defect in a single atom is likely to affect the whole combination. A bridge is no stronger than its weakest point. A machine or implement may be ever so perfect, with a single exception, and that exception may prevent the use of all the balance. How often do we find it the case that the neglect of some little moment, has turned the tide towards failure when success was in sight.

Manufacturers often become so absorbed in some vital principal, that they neglect details, little points are overlooked, and when dependence is placed on these, they fail, and the whole work is condemned as a consequence. A recent invitation to inspect the working of a new machine was a disappointment simply because the manufacturer had neglected to send a single bolt, and loss of time and disappointment to the party needing the machine was the result. An article for household use, but little liable to get out of order, but requiring a wrench to remove certain parts when it became a necessity, was thrown out because the wrench was useless. In this case every part was carefully made and fitted, and of good material, but it required a wrench of special form to adjust certain parts in case of failure to work properly. Although the article was an expensive one, the wrench was a common cast iron affair, with jaws beveled and unfinished, except for the superfluous japan with which it was coated to hide its imperfections. It would have been next to useless even had it fitted, as it had not sufficient strength, but it was doubly provoking to find that, while it was essential to the proper working of the article, and instructions how and where it was to be used under certain circumstances accompanied it, it was perfectly useless when the emergency occurred. A perfect wrought iron wrench, would have cost but little more and been effective, but it was too small a matter to deserve special attention, apparently, and the neglect resulted, not only in a positive loss to the purchaser, but a condemnation instead of a recommendation, which prevented sales to others instead of influencing them.—*Stoves and Hardware.*

—Ready-made clothing pays forty-five per cent. This won't make any difference to the man who cheats the tailor.—*Texas Siftings.*

AN IMMUTABLE LAW.

The Unremitting Competition Which Is at Work Wherever We May Go.

The man who fears to go into an enterprise on account of competition is not made of that sort of stuff which leads to marked success. Whether recognized or not, there is no living except under the most unremitting competition. Whether millionaire or pauper, old business man or the one of new enterprises, competition in some of its forms is ever at work, and he who would escape competition must escape from life. This is well illustrated by Kingsley's "Do-as-you-like race," a race who were provided for by the droppings from trees. With nothing to do, the race degenerated below the apes, and finally ceased to exist—simply because they had nothing to do.

Competition means strife, antagonism; in short, war. It exists both in the natural world and the business world. Sir William Grove, in a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain on "antagonism," says that "it is a necessity of existence, and of the organism of the universe, so far as we understand it; that motion and life can not go on without it; that it is not a mere casual adjunct of nature, but that without it there would be no nature, at all events as we conceive it; that it is inevitably associated with unorganized matter, with organized matter, and with sentient beings." This is a very broad definition, but it is unqualifiedly true. As an example of antagonism in nature, the lecturer speaks first of pulling forces between the planets. If the one pulling force is not counterbalanced by the other, then the one body falls into the other; is, in fact, wiped out by competition. In the substance of the earth force and resistance are constantly at work; nothing is at rest, and every atom seems to be competing with its neighbor. When we come to organic life we find the law of competition still more plainly to be seen; every blade of grass, every plant, is fighting with its neighbor for the means of living. It is Darwin's "struggle for existence," and this very struggle is necessary to the life of the vegetable world. In animal life the struggle or competition is still plainer to the view. The naturalist no longer talks of "peaceful nature," for he knows there is no such thing, but nature is a scene of incessant warfare. Birds in their little nests do not agree, but the stoutest push the weaker ones out.

Coming to man, we find the same competition, the same struggle for existence. In the most barbaric races those who can not stand the competition, who can no longer take care of themselves, are killed to get them out of the way. In civilized society, however, while there is no change in the warfare going on, the victims are somewhat better treated. Instead of being killed by the victorious competitors, these latter pass around the hat, so to speak, to provide the necessaries of life for those who have been conquered. This, we suppose, is what may be called the amenities of life.

Advancing from the individual to communities, the same warfare is at work. Community is against community, town against town, city against city, nation against nation. In the moral world the same forces are at work. From the law of competition there is no escape, and it is a good thing for the well-being of all.—*Stoves and Hardware.*

DOGS AND THEIR WAYS.

Little Peculiarities of the Newfoundland and St. Bernard Breeds.

"Give us an article on dogs," writes a correspondent.

A dog collar is an article on dogs; so is a flea; which will you have?

The dog is called the friend of man, and it is true that he is frequently seen running after him, particularly when the man is a trespasser or the dog is mad.

There are many kinds of dogs. The Newfoundland dog seems born with an instinct for saving children from drowning. It will hang around a mill-pond for days at a time watching for an opportunity to win a medal from the Humane Society. If no such opportunity occurs it becomes very melancholy and seems impelled to ask if life is worth living.

A friend of ours imported a Newfoundland dog to look out for his children, as his residence was near a pond of water. Every few days the faithful animal would come bounding towards the house, dragging a dripping child by his teeth, that he had saved from a watery grave. Then the dog would be petted by the family, and feasted and made much of. Yet it didn't seem to make him proud. He looked as calm and indifferent as if saving a child from drowning was one of the most ordinary events of his life scarcely worth speaking of—nothing at all, in fact, to what he had done in the old country, where he had often rescued two or three whole families before breakfast.

But this thing of bringing home drenched children got to be rather too frequent not to excite suspicion, and a watch was set on the devoted friend of man and children. It was discovered that he had a habit of pushing a child into the water, when a favorable opportunity offered, and then plunging in with ostentatious zeal to rescue it. The Newfoundland dog was promptly discharged, without a recommendation.

The St. Bernard dog is a hotel runner for a hostelrie way up among the Alps. He finds travelers who are floundering around in the snow too bewildered to remember what hotel their cook's ticket directs them to put up at, and runs them into the St. Bernard, conducted on the European plan.—*Texas Siftings.*

CURRENT FASHIONS.

Hints and Suggestions on Matters of Interest to Ladies.

A stylish costume for a young lady just finished by a noted modiste, is made of a new handsome shade of terra-cotta shot with gold. The skirt is laid in wide flat kilts, with a deeply smocked breadth on one side, and very full, straight drapery in the back. There is an open bodice, trimmed with gold and terra-cotta silk gimp, arranged as pointed ornaments. The waistcoat is of moss-green peau de soie, closely smocked, tiny bits of gold and terra-cotta silk showing at each point of the smocking. The vest buttons at the back under the bodice, upon which there are green velvet revers.

The French visite, though far from from novel in design, is still an exceedingly popular wrap with mature women who do not feel just satisfied with the diminutive toy pelerines and shoulder coverings that so largely abound just now. These butterfly affairs are too small and too elaborately decorated to please their more practical tastes, and a comfortable and suitable medium between the long Newmarkets, pelisses, etc., and the little bodice with a pair of wings, is found in the garments first mentioned. The cape is ample, graceful, and exactly suitable for the dressy, sensible wear of matrons.

New Parisian gowns show striped fabrics intermixed with plain materials, in every grade of costume, from the simple house dress to the very grand toilettes for full-dress wear, made of Lons faille striped with shot velvet, or with a Pompadour brocaded stripe in heavy Turc satin, alternating with one of poult de soie. Persian brocaded stripes on apricot silk are exhibited, an magnificently illuminated broche satins, striped with velvet bands outlined at the edges with gold or silver imitating gimps and galloons. Many of the inexpensive stuffs in serge, camel's hair, tweed, and armure are striped with narrow lines of the new rich autumn colors, these both wide and narrow.

It can not be affirmed that all fashionable women are wearing costumes that match throughout, since there is no longer one universal mode of dressing. However, it is very certain that the fashion of wholeness in the make-up of certain costumes is very popular. For example, a gown of rich golden-olive cloth reveals the foot of the drop skirt, the vest, collar, and cuffs of ecru pilot-cloth braided with green and gold soutache. The hat, whether a toque or turban, is of the cloth of the costume trimmed with a braided band of the ecru fabric, and the muff, furlined, will be made of olive cloth, trimmed with a similar band.—*N. Y. Post.*

TRAVELING IN PERSIA.

Country Where Poor People Live on Eight Cents a Day.

When we enter Persia we are in the poor man's paradise—a country where existence is possible upon 4d. a day, where meat costs 1d. a pound, and bread a quarter as much in ordinary times; where a fowl may be purchased for 6d., a partridge or a wild duck for 2d.; where a serviceable pony can be had for a five-pound note and a valuable thoroughbred for £20; where a servant can be hired for 8s. a month and his rations, and you can feed a horse upon 3d. a day. In most of the cities a large house can be rented for from £10 to £30 a year, and all the necessaries of life are to be had at the very cheapest rate. The very mules upon which we are to march to the capital, each of which will carry a load of 280 pounds, are hired at the rate of 9d. a day; and yet from this small sum the muleteer, if he be fortunate, will obtain a good profit. The beasts are fat, there is plentiful herbage for the first five stages, and a handful of barley and eight pounds of cut straw is all that the mules will get during the other six days' journey, and each day the males will march their 20 to 25 miles, and go merrily along under their 300-pound load, for the great pack-saddle can not weigh less than 20 to 30 pounds, while the load itself is seldom less than 280, and they will steadily maintain their pace at an average of four miles an hour, save in the case of mountain passes, storms, swamps, and the numerous contretemps incidental to Eastern travel. The pack-saddle is a very important part of the mule's equipment. Save when he is curry-combed, the pack-saddle never leaves him by day or night; it supports the load and acts as his clothing, for, however severe the weather may be, the hardy Persian mule gets no other. Of course, the pack saddle is of the most solid construction; its high peak towers at least 18 inches above the withers of the animal, and the padding is nowhere less than six inches thick. This padding is composed of cut straw, and the muleteer is accustomed, by means of a packing needle thrust through the lining of the pad, to shift this stuffing in such a way as to remove the pressure from any part of the animal's back which may become tender. Of course, a mule with a bad sore back is useless and has to be turned out to grass; and, strange to say, though there are many millions of mules and ponies used as beasts of burden in Persia—for, be it remembered, there are no railways, no rivers, no canals, and only one road, that from Kasvin to the capital (except a few that have been made for the Shah's personal convenience—still a mule with a sore back is a very unusual sight. This says a great deal for the care, intelligence and skill of the Persian muleteer.—*Good Words.*

—Shakspeare spelled his name forty-three different ways and his friends gave it 217 variations.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Some Fine Specimens of Unadulterated Frontier Journalism.

OUR CIRCULATION.—There are newspapers which do more blowing about their circulation than we do, and there may be a few who add more subscribers in a single week, but the *Kicker* gets there just the same. We began on a circulation of two (2) copies, one of which we carried about in our own pocket, and the other went as a deadhead to the postmaster. We now work 198 copies which are paid for in advance. This is an increase of 94 per cent. in seven months, and we've got a dollar which says no other newspaper in the world can equal it. We don't claim that the *Kicker* makes Kings and Emperors tremble on their thrones, or that it has bettered the moral standing of the American masses a thousand per cent, but we do know that we have made life worth the living for a good many people out this way who were ready to hang themselves when our first number was issued, and that every new subscriber who comes has faith that we will make a better man of him.

OUR EXCUSE.—We have been severely criticised because we refused to attend the funeral of old Pete Shinly, who died on the street of too much whisky one night last week. It is claimed that Old Pete was our creditor in the sum of twelve dollars, and that it was shabby in us not to see him planted. In the first place Old Pete owed us two dollars borrowed money, instead of our owing him. In the next our Sunday pantaloons needed a patch about four feet square at the end opposite the bow, and we did not care to subject ourselves to ridicule for the sake of showing off. We can keep our back behind us in our own office until better times arrive, and that's what we are trying to do. We have sent to San Francisco for a patch the color of our pantaloons, and when it arrives and is welded on to the spot, Richard will be himself again, and ready to rustle at funerals or address a public meeting on the topics of the day.

MUST TAKE THEIR CHANCES.—Three times during the past month we have surprised ourself and the public by mopping the floor with assailants, while on two occasions we have ignominiously took to flight. We state it as a physiological fact that there are times when we had as lief fight a dozen men, and other times when we'd run from a good-sized boy. Parties planning to lick us must be prepared to take their chances. We may fight like a lion or run like a jack-rabbit.

THE COLONEL HAS GONE.—Tony society pretended to be all upset last week because Colonel DeClaire was arrested for a horse thief and taken to Nebraska to stand trial. It was only a pretense. We have known for months past that the Colonel was a beat and an impostor, and many others have known it. He sent us an order for a new hat as soon as he arrived here, and thus put us under obligations not to give him away. The hat grew old and rusty after a time, and as the Colonel didn't come in with a cash subscription we felt that we had given him rope enough. We just dropped a hint to the sheriff of Henry County, and a week later the Colonel had the irons on. We are alone every evening after six. We can't be bribed, but there are parties in this town who had best come in and subscribe for copies to send to friends. Our terms are $2 per year—strictly in advance.

"NOT ON HIM—There are no flies on J. M. P. Brayton, Esq., who owns that beautiful ranch commonly known as Jackass Dell. He entered our office the other day and left a peck of potatoes of his own raising. His wife is one of the handsomest women in the West, his daughter the finest singer and musician, and the gentlemen himself ought to be President of the United States. It is to such go-ahead, enterprising men as Mr. Brayton that Arizona is indebted for her prosperity. We call attention to the two-column ad. which we have inserted free, of the fact that Jackass Dell is for sale at $10 an acre. It's worth five times that. It is not for us to suggest that other farmers bring us in potatoes, butter, carrots or apples. Such as do will find us ready and willing to give them from one-half a column to three columns of notice in return, and in our most cheerful vein."—*Detroit Free Press.*

He Had Had Experience.

Applicant—Twenty-five dollars a week seems a small salary for the hard work of a reporter, sir.

Editor—Perhaps it does, but the field is overcrowded. We refuse applications almost every day. I think you said you had had experience as a newspaper man?

Applicant (with dignity)—I was principal of a school of journalism for a year.

Editor (coldly)—Yes, sir. We pay $15 a week to beginners.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Cultured Dame—"Just like a man! You grab a paper as soon as it arrives, keep it all to yourself, and then blame me for not being informed on matters of public interest." Husband—"Well, my dear, I'll read the paper aloud if you wish. Let me see—'Another Ocean Horror.'" "O, don't read that." "'The Progress of the Campaign.'" "I don't care for politics." "'Issues of the Hour.'" "Never mind that." "'Science Solves a Problem.'" "I hate science." "'Mrs. Tiptap's Party—Description of the Dresses.'" "O, read that."—*Philadelphia Record.*

CHINESE ECONOMY.

People Who Can Do Almost Any Thing by Means of Almost Nothing.

The Chinese are pre-eminently economical, whether it be in limiting the number of wants, in preventing waste, or in adjusting forces in such a manner as to make a little represent a great deal. The universal diet consists of rice, beans, millet, garden vegetable and fish, with a little meat on high festivals. Wholesome food in abundance may be supplied at less than a penny a day for each adult, and even in famine times thousands of persons have been kept alive for months on about a halfpenny a day each. This implies the existence of a high degree of culinary skill in the Chinese. Their modes of preparing food are thorough and various. There is no waste; every thing is made to do as much duty as possible. What is left is the veriest trifle! The physical condition of the Chinese dog or cat, who has to live on the leavings of the family, shows this; they are clearly kept on starvation allowances. The Chinese are not extremely fastidious in regard to food; all is fish that comes to their net, and most things come there sooner or later. In the north the horse, the mule, the donkey are in universal use, and in some districts the camel also does duty. It must be understood that the practice is to eat all of these animals as soon as they expire, whether the cause of death be accident, old age, or disease. This is done as a matter of course, and the fact that the animal has died of an epidemic malady does not alter its ultimate destination. Certain disturbances of the human organization, due to eating diseased meat, are well recognized among the people; but it is considered better to eat the meat, the cheapness of which is certain, and run the risk of the consequences, which are not quite certain, than to buy dear meat even with the assurance of no evil results. Indeed the meat of animals which have died of ordinary ailments is rather dearer than that of those which have died in an epidemic such as pleuro-pneumonia. Another example of careful, calculating economy is the construction of the cooking pots and boilers, the bottoms of which are as thin as possible that the contents may boil all the sooner, for fuel is scarce and dear, and consists generally of nothing but the stocks and roots of the crops, which make a rapid blaze and disappear. The business of gathering fuel is committed to children, for one who can do nothing else can at least pick up straws and leaves and weeds. In autumn and winter a vast army of fuel gatherers spread over the land. Boys ascend trees and beat them with clubs to shake off the leaves; the very straws get no time to show which way the wind blows before they are annexed by some enterprising collector. Similarly professional manure collectors swarm over all the roads of the country. Chinese women carry this minute economy into their dress; nothing comes amiss to them; if it is not used in one place it is in another where it appears a thing of beauty. Foreign residents who give their cast-off clothes away to Chinese may be assured that the career of usefulness of these garments is at last about to commence. Chinese wheelbarrows squeak for the want of a few drops of oil; but to people who have no nerves the squeak is cheaper than the oil. Similarly, dirt is cheaper than hot water, and so, as a rule, the people do not wash; the motto "Cheaper than dirt," which the soap-dealer puts in his window, could not be made intelligible to the Chinese. To them the average foreigners are mere soap-wasters. Scarcely any tool can be got ready made; it is so much cheaper to buy the parts and put them together for yourself, and as almost every body takes this view ready-made tools are not to be got. Two rooms are dimly lighted with a single lamp deftly placed in a hole in the dividing wall. Chinese, in fact, seem to be capable of doing almost any thing by means of almost nothing. They will give you an iron foundry on a minute scale of completeness in a back yard, and will make in an hour a cooking range, of strong and perfect draft, out of a pile of mud bricks, lasting indefinitely, operating perfectly, and costing nothing. The old woman who in her last moments hobbled as near as possible to the family graveyard in order to die so as to avoid the expense of coffin bearers for so long a distance, was a characteristic Chinese.—*North China Herald.*

The Pool of Bethesda.

The pool of Bethesda has been satisfactorily identified at Jerusalem, according to the chairman of the Palestine exploration fund. All early authorities agree in representing this pool as being near the Church of St. Anne, but nothing was known of the pool in later years till some Algerian monks recently unearthed a large tank in the rock under the church, reached by a flight of twenty-four steps. However, the pool being invariably described as having five porches, this tank did not quite correspond to the Bethesda pool until now, when Herr Conrad Schick has found a twin pool side by side with the first discovery. These sister pools, therefore, could easily have had a porch on each of the four sides, with a fifth on the wall separating the tanks, and this link is considered to complete the identification! Among other traditions, the old writers describe this Piscina Probatica as the birthplace of the Virgin Mary. —*Boston Home Journal.*

—It is a powerful hard thing for a woman to wear six-button kids when her husband wears a seven-button pocketbook.—*Burdette.*

A Bourbon Wail.

The New York *Telegram*, which is the afternoon edition of the *Herald*, and which has supported Cleveland for four years with extreme partisan vigor gets off the following "wail" over the renewal of Republican ascendancy in the nation :

There will be an increased electoral vote at the next Presidential election.

The Republicans now have the whip-hand.

They have ridden into power and they mean to keep there.

They will fortify their hold on the government by the admission of new States.

Twelve or fifteen more members of the Electoral college is the aim of the leaders in the near future.

Then the big electoral vote of New York will not be of such great consequence.

The Empire State will no longer be pivotal.

Her thirty-six electoral votes will no longer entitle her to such great consideration.

She was a bulwark that could only be levelled with new states.

With New Mexico, Arizona, North Dakota, Wyoming, Idaho, Washington, Montana, South Dakoto, Utah and Alaska as states.

The Republicans can hold power for a generation.

Not all of these territories will be admitted, during the next four years, however.

New Mexico lacks a homogeneous population, The people are not yet fitted for citizenship.

Wyoming, too, will have to wait awhile.

There are too many Democrats there at present.

Republican tactics will first have to be used there.

Utah will be compelled to crush Mormonism before it can be admitted.

Alaska will probably be the last to become a state.

It is in the same boat with New Mexico.

It lacks a homogeneous population.

But it will get there.

The others all have the required population, 150,000.

Dakota will be undoubtedly divided.

Two States will spring out from the one territory.

One state will give only two senators.

Two states would be entitled to four seats in the Senate chamber.

Hence the shrewd Republicans will slice the territory in two.

Four Senators and at least six Representatives will be added to the Republican forces.

Washington territory will be the State of Tacoma.

Two Senators and one, perhaps two, representatives will go with her.

To the great gain of the Republican party.

Arizona will also wheel into column.

Idaho will also come later with two Senators and at least one Representative.

Montana will also be an addition.

Some of the territories may have to wait, but with Arizona, the two Dakotas, Idaho, Washington and Montana, the Republicans will be enabled to retain power for many years.

These States will give them twelve Senators and probably twelve Representatives.

Or, if the population warrants it, these states will be allowed additional Representatives

And with the additional electoral votes thus gained the Republicans will fear no "Solid South."

Dakota has too large an area to be admitted as one state.

It will have to be cut in two.

The lower half is the most densely populated, and that will be made into a state immediately.

The Northern half will follow in a short time.

For the next 50 years the outlook is favorable for the G. O. P.

Elections will come and elections will go, but the Republican party will rule.

If the proposed legislation regarding the new states is carried, the Democrats are powerless to prevent the success of their opponents.

They have lost their House.

The Senate was already Republican.

There is now nothing to prevent the admission of as many states as the dominant party desires.

Perhaps there will be 48 states represented in the next electoral college.

It is absolutely certain that the two Dakotas, Washington and Wyoming will be represented.

And every effort will be made to bring in the remainder.

Even Wyoming will be Republicanized in the interests of that party.

This great increase in the Senate and in the House shows in stronger colors how decisive has been the Democratic defeat.

Before that party regains its ascendency, if it ever does, the complexion of the Union will be entirely changed.

Ten new States,
Twenty Senators,
Twenty to thirty Representatives,
All of Republican proclivities,
Will be the result of the defeat of Mr. Cleveland.

Well, this is a great country, anyhow.

The only thing left for the Democrats when they regain power is to
Annex Canada
And Mexico.
It is manifest destiny.
So hurry up the day of jubilee.

Courtesy in Command.

A certain lieutenant-colonel of cavalry was noted for his profanity, but one day he met with a deserved rebuke. General Custer was with him when he rode up to a sergeant of the guard in his regiment, and swearing at him furiously, ordered him to attend to a matter that had been neglected. The man folded his arms and stood at bay, looking the officer square in the eye.

"Do you hear me?" asked the colonel, with another oath. "Why don't you do as I tell you?"

"When I receive a proper order I will obey," said the soldier firmly. "The articles of war forbid you to address me in the language you have used."

General Custer laughed, with a keen appreciation of the state of affairs.

"He's got you there!" he said to his subordinate.

The colonel at once changed his bearing, and apologized with very manly frankness.

"Seargeant," said he, "you are right, and I apologise. I should not have addressed you as I did."

Then he gave his orders, the man touched his cap respectfully, and turned away to fulfill the command. The colonel, moreover, had risen many degrees in the estimation of his soldiers.

Stung but not Disheartened.

When Salmon P. Chase was a student in the boarding-school of his uncle, Bishop Chase, he was a stoop-shouldered, shambling, slouchy lad, and had a bad impediment in his speech. As he was walking one day along the road, two rail-splitters by the road-side, struck by his odd appearance, stopped working and gazed upon him with curious eyes. "What awkward fool is that?" asked one of them of his fellow. "That's the Bishop's newhew," replied the other, with a sneer of contempt, "and he hasn't enough spunk in him to amount to anything!" Young Chase heard his uncomplimentary speech, and it stung him sorely; but instead of allowing it to depress him, he let it serve as a spur to efforts to conquer his defects. He submitted to severe gymnastic training until it made his person erect, dignified, and even majestic. He practiced speaking until, like Demosthenes, he conquered his imperfect speech. He studied with unresting diligence until he mastered the science of law, and finally won distinction as Chief-Justice of the Un ted States Supreme Court. To that youth who is burdened with defects of person or lack of culture the voice of Justice Chase cries as from the dead, "Be not disheartened by rebuke, by scorn, or by difficulties! Resolve to be all that is possible to your capacities! Work hard. Persevere, trusting in God, and you will surely win some prize in the lottery of life."—*Our Youth.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

"That Mrs. Ostentatious is outside, sir," said the clerk, entering the private office. "She wants to open an account with us."

"Umph!" returned the tailor, beginning to meditate. "Do you know anything about her, Griggs?"

"No, sir; but she says she is prominent in social circles."

"How often did she return the last dress to be altered?"

"Fifteen times, sir."

"That's all right, Griggs. Credit her with all she needs."—*Life.*

She—And will you always be so thoughtful, so generous, Harry?

He—How can you doubt it Henrietta, dearest? It will be ever my aim to anticipate your slightest wish.

She—Harry, I'm going down town to-day, and I shall probably need a little money.

He—I thought I gave you a quarter day before yesterday!"—*Boston Transcript.*

What is the difference between a dog's tail and a rich man? One keeps a wagging and the other keeps a carriage.

A rat, says a Persian Æsop, seeing a cat approaching, and finding no avenue of escape, went boldly up to her and said, "Madam, I have just swallowed a large dose of bane, and in accordance with the instructions upon the label have come out of my hole to die. Will you kindly direct me to a spot where my corpse will prove peculiarly offensive."

"Since you are so ill," replied the cat, "I will myself transport you to a spot which I think will suit."

So saying she stuck her teeth through the nape of his neck and trotted away with him. This was more than he had bargained for, and he squaked shrilly with the pain.

"Ah," said the cat, "a rat who knows he has but a few minutes to live never makes a fuss about a little agony. I don't think, my fine fellow, you have taken poison enough to hurt either you or me."

So she made a meal of him. If this fable does not teach us that rats get no profit by lying I should be pleased to know what in the name of common sense or uncommon sense it does teach.

A man for whom we have had the highest regard said in our hearing recently: "A man's friends are his capital," a truth to which we heartily assent. One may have honor, position, great wealth or learning, but if we have not friends of what avail are they? There is no treasure so precious as a life-long friendship. How few such friendships there are! There are so many ways of losing friends that when one is gained he should be grappled to him with hooks of steel. Pride, selfishness, advancement or adversity, should never be thought of between friends. If only the same excellence is looked for that we are willing should be sought for in us, if only the same standard is used by which we are willing to be measured, then there would be much less to divide those who give promise of being life-long friends, and it must always be remembered if a man is to have friends he must show himself friendly.

A man strolled into a fashionable church just before the service began. The sexton followed him up, and tapping him on the shoulder and pointing to a small cur that had followed him into the sacred edifice, said:

"Dogs are not admitted."

"That's not my dog," replied the visitor.

"But he follows you."

"Well, so do you."

The sexton growled, and removed the dog with unnecessary violence.

"Smith is a mighty mean man, I say," exclaimed Jenkins, warmly. "Why, what has Smith ever done to you?" asked Blakensop, surprised. "Bet me $10 I couldn't hit a barn door at five paces, said Jenkins, angrily. "Taunted me into taking him up. Got me to put up the money. Measured off the five paces in the presence of a lot of witnesses. Gave me a revolver loaded, and then set the barn door up edgwise."—*Somerville Journal.*

Chicago *Herald*: The other evening a young West Side couple made a friendly call on a lady and gentleman of their acquaintance, and during the course of a pleasant chat the hostess suddenly called her husband's attention to the fact that it was their tenth anniversary—that they had been married just ten years. And the cruel husband responded: "Is that all? I thought it was a hundred!"

If You Have a Triffng Cough

Don't neglect it. Use Roger's Specific Cough Cure. It is a sure and speedy cure for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, &c. 25 cts. a bottle.

For Sprains, Burns, Bruies, &c.

Use Roger's Specific Liniment. It has no equal as a cure for Sprains, Burn Bruises, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Dysentary, Rheumatism, &c. 25 cts.

Dyspepsia and Habitual Constipation

Speedily cured by a few doses of Appetite, the Great Stomach, Kidney and Liver Remedy. Price 50 cts.

Piles! Piles! Pile!

Roger's Specific Cocaine Pile Remedy will cure in a short time the most aggravated case of Itching, protruding, Bleeding, or any other form of Piles. Price 50 cts. a box.

Roger's Sp cific Worm Syrup

Is Pleasant, Safe and efficient. Price 25 cts.

For Chapped Hands, Face, &c.,

Use Frangipane Curative Balm, a delightful toilet article for the Hands, Face, Roughness of Skin, Face and Sunburn, Tetter, Pimples, Blotches and Skin Diseases. Price 15 cts.

All the above preparations are for sale at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, Oakland, and by druggists and country merchants in all parts of Garrett and adjoining counties.

Estate of Jonathan E. Stouffer, Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, Maryland, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the real and personal estate of

JONATHAN E. STOUFFER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 18th day of May next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of November, 1888.

MARY SPINDLER, Executrix,
Accident, Md.
11 17 3t

NEW ADVERTISEMNETS.

My Poor Back!

That "poor back" is held responsible for more than its share of the sufferings of mankind. If your dog bites a man who kicks it, do you blame the dog? On the same principle the kidneys utter their protest against nervousness, impure blood, and resulting constipation. These force them to do extraordinary work in ridding the system of the poisons which are the result of effete matter retained in the blood. Then the sufferer says the back aches; the kidneys are diseased. "Not yet;" but they will be unless the nerves are strengthened, the blood purified, and the constipation removed. These are the causes of kidney troubles, and Paine's Celery Compound removes them quickly. With its tonic, purifying, and laxative effect, it also strengthens the weak kidneys, making it almost infallible in curing all diseases of the nerves and kidneys. If your hopes of cure have not been realized, try Paine's Celery Compound; it gives perfect health to all who complain of "their poor backs." *Price $1.00.*

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors,
BURLINGTON, VERMONT.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil, Paregoric or Narcotic Syrups. Children cry for Castoria. Millions of Mothers bless Castoria.

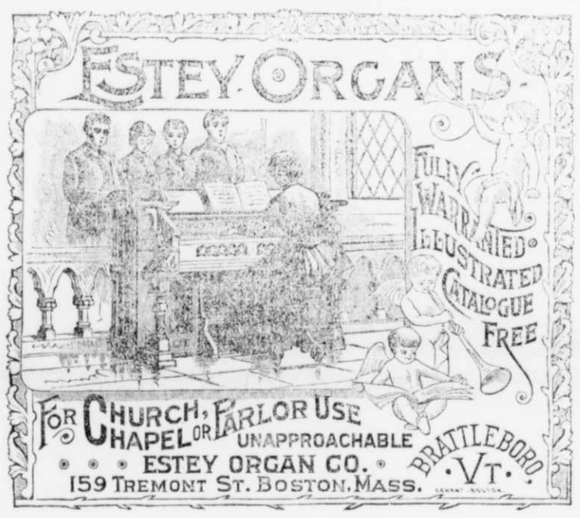
Castoria cures Colic, Constipation; Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation; Gives healthy sleep; also aids digestion; Without narcotic stupefaction.

"I recommend Castoria for children's complaints, as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray St., New York.

They are Growing More Popular Every Day.

W H O ?



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OF CUMBERLAND, MD.,

The Acknowledged Largest Dealers in Western Maryland,

Who, by their many years' experience in the music business, together with honest and fair dealing, have placed the World Renowned

ESTEY AND CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN

in the leading ranks of all other Organs manufactured. The Estey Organ is well enough known to be appreciated when seen. The Chicago Cottage Organ is gaining a reputation that ere long will place it at the head of the list. It is elegant in finish, exquisite in design. In tone superlatively fine. Standard in construction. Highly ornamented and heavy volume. It s an Organ whose action speaks lowder than words, and after one sees and trys this lovely instrument, it always pleases and gives entire satisfaction to the purchaser. We also sell the celebrated

DECKER BROS., WEBER, FISHER BROS., AND ESTEY PIANOS,

—AND THE—

New Home Sewing Machine.

This machine has *no* superior. The cabinet work is of the finest and most artistic made. Its construction is the best and guaranteed not to get out of order. Its attachments are the simplest as well as the most perfect made, and a child can operate it with ease. The attachments are self-setting, requiring no screw driver, not even a thumb screw. No home is complete without this, the grandest, best and most perfect machine made.

Our terms are made in every instance to suit purchaser, and prices the lowest ever offered for first-class goods in this section. We buy for cash in large quantities from the factories direct, thus enabling us to save the purchaser the ordinary agents commission. A word to the wise is sufficient.

For purchasing write or send for illustrated catalogues, prices, terms, &c., to

MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,
Main Office, MEYERSDALE, PA.
Branch Office, CUMBERLAND, MD. 9 17 '87—1y

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch 204, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ

J. F. LEWIS,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND PLASTERING LATH!

SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.

Having had Fourteen years practice and experience as a SHINGLE SAWYER, I am confident that I can sell you a better shingle than can be bought any where else in the state for the same price.

J. F. LEWIS,
3 3 '88 1y Cranesville, W. Va

VALUABLE

STOCK FARM FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby warned from Hunting or Driving on the lands under my charge. We have fenced to the new county road, and warn all persons from taking down our fences and running over our lands.

J. H. & C. T. SANDERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MASSEY HALL PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

School year commences

September 12th, 1888.

Regular and elective courses in all Preparatory Studies. Special attention to English and Commercial branches. The number of pupils is strictly limited, in order to insure the most thorough training and individual advancement.

For terms, hours of study, &c., apply to

REV. J. NEWMAN,
7 7 td Principal.

$25.00 REWARD.

The above reward will be paid for the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who cut down chestnut trees on my farm near Oakland, known as the Brant farm.

10 20 3 T. W. CASTEEL.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

All parties are hereby notified not to trespass upon my lands in and adjoining the town of Oakland, for any purpose whatever.

10 20 8t JOHN BRADLEY.

TOWN PROPERTY

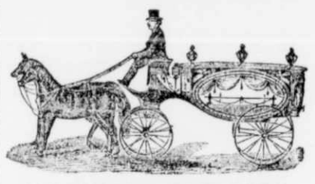
FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

D. E. BOLDEN & CO.,

UNDERTAKERS



AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS,

OAKLAND, MD.

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

COFFINS, CASKETS

—AND—

BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS!

—Also a full line of—

FURNITURE,

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and Window Blinds,

And everything usually kept in a First-Class Furniture Establishment

Furniture Rented on easy Terms

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

REPAIR WORK,

PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c

☞ Also make Furniture to order.

D. E. BOLDEN, & CO.
Feb. 25, '88.

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 3d, 1888.

All persons are hereby warned not to remove any stone from the National Road in Garrett county, or from the Bridges thereon.

By order County Commissioners.

W. H. HAGANS,
9 8 tf Clerk.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect April 29th, 1888:

GOING EAST.

No. 2		7.41 A. M.
No. 38	Accommodation	10.30 A. M.
No. 6		11.14 A.M.
No. 82	Accommodation	5.05 P. M.
No. 4		11.43 P. M.

GOING WEST

No. 3		4.49 A. M.
No. 81	Accommodation	9.40 A. M.
No. 5		5.00 P. M.
No. 65	Accommodation	5.41 P. M.
No. 1		9.15 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.
C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

FARM FOR SALE!

For sale cheap, a farm of 305 acres, about 90 acres of which is cleared, and on which are erected a

Two-Story Frame House, Two Stables

and other outbuildings. About 75 acres of the woodland is covered with EXCELLENT TIMBER. The farm is situated two miles from Swanton, B. & O. R. R. About 250 acres is under fence. A young orchard was put out four years ago, and will soon come into bearing.

For particulars and terms apply to or address

RICHARD CUSTER,
8 25 Swanton, Md

JOHN A. WOLF,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

2 88 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, DEC. 1, 1888. NUMBER 40.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

☞ Office over Casteel's Drug Store on Main street, Oakland, Md. 2 26 '87.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.
Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1614-ly

J. R. FAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals. Also in adjoining counties of West Va.
☞ Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.
Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

WARING T. [illegible] D. E. A. SINCELL
THOMAS & SINCELL,
Attorneys-at-Law and Solicitors in Chancery,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office in Boyer Building, Cor. Second and Alder streets, Oakland, Md.

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.
OFFICE IN NYDEGGER BUILDING.
☞ Residence in Dr. Keller Building.
Sept. 9, 1885.—1y.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,
offers his professional services to the people of Oakland and vicinity. 5 5 '88
☞ Office and residence corner Oak and fifth streets, two doors East Catholic Church.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n48

Dr. I. D. Newman,
OAKLAND, MD.
CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.
Office and residence on Mill street, opposite the Helbig bridge
Calls day or night promptly attended to. 3 15 1y.

WM. RADAM'S
MICROBE
KILLER

The Great GERM
or BACTERIA
DESTROYER.
To Cure Disease,
Remove the Cause.
Physicians, by scientific researches, have discovered that Germs or Baccilli commonly called Microbes, are the cause of disease.
The MICROBE KILLER CURES by destroying the microbes; at the same time purifies the blood and builds up the system. Mr. Radam has established Factory No. 4 in Philadelphia.
Office at 819 Arch Street.
Invalids and persons suffering from CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION, MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, Diseases of the Blood, etc., by writing or calling at above address, will receive circulars giving the history of the MICROBE KILLER and the cures it has made. Agencies will be established in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia, which this Factory will supply. This Germicide is
A SURE RESTORATIVE TO HEALTH.

A Rare Chance to
Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,
Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.
These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.
For further information apply to.
JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dr. Seth Arnold's
COUGH KILLER
CURES
Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and Asthma.
PREVENTS CONSUMPTION
Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.
Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, druggist, Oakland, Md. 11 '86 1y

PLANING MILLS.
MT. LAKE PARK, MD.,
ALDERSON & ROBINSON, PROPS
C. M. RATHBUN, Manager.
Manufacturers of and dealers in
Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings.
Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.
☞ Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of mill work. 1 29, '87.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property.
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

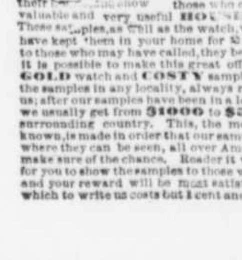
FARM FOR SALE.
A RARE CHANCE TO INVEST!
A farm containing 161 acres, 3½ miles from Oakland, on the West Union Road is offered for sale at a bargain. This is known as the Christian Yutzy farm, has good buildings, is well watered, 100 acres under cultivation and a good ghrist and saw mill on adjoining land.
TERMS.—One-third cash, the balance in two equal annual payments.
For price and particulars apply to or address
JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican office, Oakland, Md.
7 21 6m

GEO. P. WHITE, Mt. Lake Park, Md. S. D. [illegible], P. M Frankville, Md.
WHITE & BRO.
NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!
AT FRANKVILLE, MD.
Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes. Country produce taken in exchange for goods Call and see us. WHITE & BRO
P. O. address, Floyd, Md.

PATENTS!
Caveats, and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.
OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE. We have no sub-agencies, all business direct, hence can transact patent business in less time and at LESS COST than those remote from Washington.
Send model, drawing, or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.
A book, "How to Obtain Patents," with references to actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address
C. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

COLLECTION OFFICE!
Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.
ANDREW J. HARNE.
Oakland, May 19th'1885.—1 y

BLACKSMITHING.
I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."
DAVID LITTLE.



REE
ranted. Heavy
old Hunting Cases.
gant and magnificent.
Both ladies' and gents' sizes with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one FREE. How is this possible? We answer—we want one person in each locality, to keep in their [illegible] show those who call, a complete line of our valuable and very useful HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES. These samples, as well as the watch, we send free, and after you have kept them in your home for 2 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property; it is possible to make this great offer, sending the SOLID GOLD watch and COSTY samples free, as the showing of the samples in any locality, always results in a large trade for us; after our samples have been in a locality for a month or two we usually get from $1000 to $5000 in trade from the surrounding country. This, the most wonderful offer ever known, is made in order that our samples may be placed at once where they can be seen, all over America. Write at once, and make sure of the chance. Reader it will be hardly any trouble for you to show the samples to those who may call at your home and your reward will be most satisfactory. A postal card on which to write us costs but 1 cent and after you know all, if you [illegible] is done. But if you do [illegible] re FREE one of the [illegible] and our large line of [illegible] express, freight, etc.
PORTLAND, MAINE.

E. F. STANSBERRY.
—Manufacturer of—
Boots and Shoes.
Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,
OAKLAND, MD.
☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.
Nov, 21, 85.—1 y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Unfailing Specific for Liver Disease.
SYMPTOMS: Bitter or bad taste in mouth; tongue coated white or covered with a brown fur; pain in the back, sides, or joints—often mistaken for Rheumatism; sour stomach; loss of appetite; sometimes nausea and water-brash, or indigestion; flatulency and acid eructations; bowels alternately costive and lax; headache; loss of memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; debility; low spirits; a thick, yellow appearance of the skin and eyes; a dry cough; fever; restlessness; the urine is scanty and high colored, and, if allowed to stand, deposits a sediment.
SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR
(PURELY VEGETABLE)
Is generally used in the South to arouse the Torpid Liver to a healthy action.
It acts with extraordinary efficacy on the
LIVER, KIDNEYS, AND BOWELS.
AN EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC FOR
Malaria, Bowel Complaints,
Dyspepsia, Sick Headache,
Constipation, Biliousness,
Kidney Affections, Jaundice,
Mental Depression, Colic.
Endorsed by the use of 7 Millions of Bottles, as
THE BEST FAMILY MEDICINE
for Children, for Adults, and for the Aged.
ONLY GENUINE
has our Z Stamp in red on front of Wrapper.
J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.,
SOLE PROPRIETORS. Price, $1.00.

Rich and Poor,
Prince and Peasant, the Millionaire and Day Laborer, by their common use of this remedy, attest the world-wide reputation of Ayer's Pills. Leading physicians recommend these pills for Stomach and Liver Troubles, Costiveness, Biliousness, and Sick Headache; also, for Rheumatism, Jaundice, and Neuralgia. They are sugar-coated; contain no calomel; are prompt, but mild, in operation; and, therefore, the very best medicine for Family Use, as well as for Travelers and Tourists.
"I have derived great relief from Ayer's Pills. Five years ago I was taken so ill with
Rheumatism
that I was unable to do any work. I took three boxes of Ayer's Pills and was entirely cured. Since that time I am never without a box of these pills." Peter Christensen, Sherwood, Wis.
"Ayer's Pills have been in use in my family upwards of twenty years and have completely verified all that is claimed for them. In attacks of piles, from which I suffered many years, they afford greater relief than any other medicine I ever tried." —T. F. Adams, Holly Springs, Texas.
"I have used Ayer's Pills for a number of years, and have never found anything equal to them for giving me an appetite and imparting energy and strength to the system. I always keep them in the house."—R. D. Jackson, Wilmington, Del.
"Two boxes of Ayer's Pills cured me of severe
Headache,
from which I was long a sufferer."—Emma Keyes, Hubbardston, Mass.
"Whenever I am troubled with constipation, or suffer from loss of appetite, Ayer's Pills set me right again."—A. J. Kiser, Jr., Rock House, Va.
"Ayer's Pills are in general demand among our customers. Our sales of them exceed those of all other pills combined. We have never known them fail to give entire satisfaction."—Wright & Hannelly, San Diego, Texas.
Ayer's Pills,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

CHEAP RATES
TO ALL POINTS
WEST!
Via B. & O. R. R.
The B. & O. is the only line running solid trains to
Chicago, Illinois,
Cincinnati, Ohio,
St. Louis, Missouri.
Where direct connections are made with all trains for MISSOURI, IOWA, DAKOTA, KANSAS, NEBRASKA, COLORADO, CALIFORNIA, and OREGON.
For rates of fare, time of trains and information in detail, call upon or address nearest Agent B. & O. R. R. or
W. W. PICKING,
Traveling Passenger Agt.,
9 29 6 B. & O. R. R., Somerset, Pa.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

A SENATORS'S STORY.

BY HON. GEORGE G. VEST.

Several years ago, at the request of some Missouri boys, in whom he felt an interest, United States Senator Vest wrote a story for a little paper they were publishing.

In 1863, while passing through a village in Mississippi, I was approached by a surgeon of the Confederate army with inquiry as to my name and place of nativity. As I had no special reason for withholding the desired information, I was told that my cousin, Charley S——, from Kentucky, had been badly wounded in a recent fight with the enemy and was then lying in the hospital at that place and in a critical condition.

"He is badly off," said the doctor, "mentally and physically, and unless some one takes a special interest in him, and in the right way, he will die."

Charley and myself had been raised together, but had not met for years. In early manhood our paths in life had widely diverged. I had gone to the far West, and on the breaking out of the war had entered the Confederate service from Missouri, whilst he had become a citizen of Mississippi and had been in the same service from the beginning of hostilities with the command of General Chalmers.

A very few minutes' walk brought me to the hospital where Charley lay with hundreds of other gallant fellow, waiting for the result—life or death.

The sepulchral light in the shadowy room the half-suppressed moans of agony the weird shapes of the Sisters of Mercy noiselessly moving from couch to couch, were not cheerful, to say the least, and when I looked down at the poor, wan, emaciated form before me, stretched upon a cot, and realized that this was what war had left of the glad-hearted, robust friend of my boyhood—well, I was rather disposed to give up a few of "my rights in the territories," if they would let me live peaceably in the States.

"Charley," said I, "old fellow, do you know me?"

"Yes," he whispered, whilst a faint gleam of light came into his eyes, "I heard you were here and sent for you."

I sat there, and the deepening shadows came about me, the silence unbroken save by a groan, whilst memory went back to our boyhood, his and mine, the old hills and the shining river, with the bridge hanging across it, and the road running up and around the cliffs, like a serpent, undulating through the trees and rocks, the school-house and the old church, with the high pulpit and the hard, hard seats, where we sat on each recurring Sabbath, with eyes fixed on the preacher, until our cervical vertebræ seemed to be parting. Oh, how we longed then to be men! What dream of adventure, travel, war, flitted before us as "seventeently," "eighteenly" and "inconclusion my dear friends," fell from those venerable lips.

Well, we had become men, and here was the end, a bed of agony and a soldier's death! Deeper fell the shadows and memory still lingered amidst the scenes of the far-off past. How the cold, stern features of that austere Presbyterian, under whose teachings we were reared, became softened by the dim twilight of the years ago. Father, mother, teacher, minister, where are they? Ask the marble gleaming in the moonlight on those Kentucky hills. And how they taught us our duty both to God and man. Hard, severe, tyrannical, we thought it then. But now, softened by time, we see the surpassing love which was in it all.

The mind is at times disposed to vagabondize and to dwell upon subjects utterly at variance with all our surroundings. How often in some holy place do we find unholy thoughts pressing upon us? How often with the bier and grave do we find some ludicrous idea dancing, harlequin-like, by our side? And so, sitting there in the gloom by the bedside of death, I actually laughed aloud as the image of "Old Put" came out upon the canvass memory of the past.

"Old Put" was an old horse belonging to my father, and named from patriotic motives after the New England hero, General Israel Putman, whose famous gallop down a precipice in his apocryphal escape has served to illustrate every shool history for fifty years, and has sent that illustrious warrior down to posterity, indissolubly connected with a horse. In color, "Old Put" was white; in disposition, amiability itself. Never in all the outrages and freaks committed upon him by whole troops of children was he ever known to exhibit the slightest impatience, while to the old and infirm he was a palladium of safety.

Dignified, affable and venerated, both on account of age and character, "Old Put" was an institution. There was nothing frivolous about him, nothing erratic. In short, he was the embodiment of Presbyterian ideas, in the shape of a horse. One thing only in his personal appearance did not sustain his general character as it was known to all. In early life, probably while owned by some irreligious horse fancier, Put's tail had been nicked, and from earliest recollection it presented the appearance of a ghastly weeping willow, being always carried at an angle of forty-five degrees, the white hair floating from it like the locks of some venerable patriarch.

Now, like all boys worthy the name, Charley and myself were mighty hunters, and in the fall when wild pigeons passed over the woods of Kentucky in vast droves, we reveled in the sport of hunting. This season only lasted for a few weeks, and every Saturday, therefore, was eagerly expected and gloriously spent.

Never can we forget the sacrifices of personal property, dear to our hearts, the trades and artifices and shifts of all sorts to which we resorted in order to obtain ammunition for these autumnal hunts. One Friday afternoon, in the midst of the pigeon season, when we could look from the school house window and see drove after drove of birds darkening the sky, Charley came to me with the information that he had secured, by a master-stroke of enterprise, a large amount of powder, with shot in proportion, for the next day, and we proceeded to map out all the details of the hunt. The envy of every other boy in the school was excited by our boasts of what we proposed to be on the morrow, and in our anticipated success we went back to past exploits, many of them imaginary:

> Thrice fought our battles o'er again,
> And thrice we slew the slain.

The morrow came, but instead of "sun of Austerlitz," the heavens were shrouded in gloom, and the rain flooded the earth the long dreary day. Moodily, and desperately, Charley and myself sat gazing through the dripping windows, asking each other over and over the savage questions: "What shall we do?" and "Why does it always rain on Saturday?" We were just in that condition when Satan makes his appearance, and in a bland, respectable, gentlemanly way, as Goethe tells us, proposes some infernal scheme of ruin. On that eventful day his Satanic majesty, true to his antecedents, intruded himself and prompted Charley to suggest that we slip off and go hunting the next day, Sunday.

At first the proposition was received with horror, then we discussed it with "bated breath," and finally we illustrated the truth of that much hackneyed quotation, "Vice is a monster of such frightful mein," etc., by arranging all the perliminaries. Charley was to take charge of the ordnance department and have guns and ammunition at a certain secluded spot very early next morning, and I was to be responsible for the transportation, and to meet him with an ancient family chaise and "Old Put." That night I crept to bed with a feeling of guilt and pretermitted my usual prayers. A dozen times I determined to abandon the unholy enterprise, and even after I fell into a troubled sleep all sorts of spectral visions floated around me. A negro boy, whom I had suborned for the purpose, waked me up at an early hour, and my courage having partially returned, I managed to secure the chaise with "Old Put," and met Charley at the rendezvous. In safety, without being seen by a single person, we reached the open country, and then flinging to the winds all reflections as to consequences, we proceeded to elevate our feet above the dashboard of the old chaise and to smoke two very long but common cigars, the only luxury of that kind our limited exchequer could afford. Suddenly, at a sharp turn in the road, we encountered the ancestral family carriage of Squire Joe Roberts, containing the Roberts family, consisting of the father and three maiden daughters, on their way to church at an utterly unprecedented hour in the morning. Old Pomp, a gray-haired Etheopian, sat in sober majesty on the driver's seat, driving two family animals as faithful as himself. To the casual observer the vehicle and its attachments were eminently suggestive of patriarchal dignity and domestic propriety, but to me it suggested nothing but agony and tears. The Roberts family were staunch Presbyterians and noted for their strict observance of the Sabbath and I knew that every orthodox Presbyterian felt himself as much called upon before God to inquire into the cause of any child being at large on the Sabbath and to apprehend and deliver that child up to its proper guardians as to assist a neighbor whose cattle had broken out and were straying from the proper inclosure. My first impression was to hide that villainous cigar, which I intuitively felt gave me a lawless and ruffianly appearance, and with the quickness of thought I thrust it down into the outside pocket of my coat. Charley and myself were side by side, and unfortunately my hand with the burning cigar went into his pocket and upon the tightly wrapped paper of powder.

At the same moment 'Squire Roberts discovered the extraordinary turnout, comprising "Old Put" and two children of the church, loose on Sunday morning. The Roberts vehicle stopped, and as Pomp proceeded to dismount from the perch to open the carriage door there was an explosion, such as my nervous system has never experienced since. Charley and myself separated immediately. He went over the fence into a meadow and I passed clear over or through the Roberts carriage, I have never been certain which. Amidst the shrieks of the Misses Roberts and the yells of the 'Squire and Old Pomp, I sprang to my feet, burning and half dead, to behold a scene of utter ruin. Both vehicles were total wrecks. Old Pomp was in the midst of the debris and 'Squire Roberts looked like the captain of an exploded steamboat, but the central figure was "Old Put." True to his military title, that venerable animal stood his ground, but terribly demoralized. He had been blown forward on his forequarters, while his tail stuck straight up, like a charred stump after a forest fire.

It is hardly necessary to pursue the subject further. Carried back in disgrace on the bright sabbath morning, we were swathed and bandaged with cruel kindness for days afterwards. Special prayers were made for us at church and prayer meeting. All the Sunday School scholars were brought to see us as a warning, whilst the doctor and minister alternated in physicing us bodily and spiritually. But the disastrous consequences did not end here. "Old Put" from that day was no longer the same horse. From having been the kindest and best and safest animal in Kentucky he became "Satan's own," and at Christmas, when the firecrackers began their fusilade, he was perfectly restless.

"Charley, do you recollect 'Old Put?'"

A faint ripple of laughter satisfied me there was hope for him yet.

When the surgeon came on his nightly round Charley was better, and in three days out of danger.

Maimed and disfigured for 'the land he loved,' he is married and living in Mississippi, and has no doubt told his children the story of our Sunday pigeon hunt and "Old Put."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

George Washington, the first president, was inaugurated on April 29, 1789. Benjamin Harrison will be inaugurated March 4, 1889, and will in person attend the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the inauguration of Washington, which will be held in New York city. General Harrison is no unworthy successor of the first president, and is a descendant of one of Washington's friends, being the grandson of Benjamin Harrison, of Virginia, one of signers of the declaration of indepens dence.

Pater Families—Why, Ethel! You don't mean to tell me you want to marry that baldheaded Professor Wiseman? Ethel—It is true he is bald, but think how many young men of to-day are bald on the inside of their heads.—*The Idea.*

Marriage is the strictest tie of perpetual friendship, and there can be no friendship without confidence and no confidence without integrity.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

YE LADS AND LASSES.

Ye lads and lasses, to the front!
'Tis yours to lead the van!
Fight for the right
With all your might;
Do all the good you can!
In every cause that's good and just
Be ready to appear;
Be brave and bold,
And let the old
Fall to the rear.

With spirit enter in the strife,
Nor shrink from any test;
With purpose true
Your way pursue,
And do your very best.
Upon the fateful battle-field
Have courage to appear;
For honor strike,
Nor coward-like
Fall to the rear.

Lead on! lead on to victory!
March up the heights of fame!
In every act
Reveal your tact,
Your earnestness proclaim!
Be diligent at every task,
Be honest and sincere
From day to day,
Though others may
Fall to the rear.

Old age to youth resigns its sword,
And bids it take the field,
To storm the walls
Till error falls,
And foes are forced to yield.
So, lads and lasses to the front,
And bravely persevere
From day to day,
Till Death shall say,
"Fall to the rear!"

—*Josephine Pollard, in N. Y. Ledger.*

BICKESTER'S WIFE.

Sin and Happiness Can Not Walk Hand in Hand.

"Let Johnson be ready to take me out in half an hour," said Mr. Bickster to the servant who answered the parlor bell.

A cloud fell over the fair face of his wife.

"Are you going out this evening?" she asked, and the disappointment in her voice was perhaps not unmixed with reproof.

"Yes; there is to be quite a famous guest at the club to-night," he said; "some English swell, and we are to give him a supper, and then a party of us go to the opera. It is something I must not fail to do my share of—this entertaining business, you know, Clarice."

"It must be very delightful to be entertained," she said, sarcastically. "I would like to realize it myself."

"Well, isn't De Forest coming around to practice with you? I saw him to-day, and told him to come. I don't want you to get lonesome; and you know I am very liberal with you. I don't know another fellow with a handsome wife who is as glad to have his friends entertain her, and be entertained by her, as I am."

"O, yes; I know that," Mrs. Bickester answered with a weary little sigh. "But sometimes a wife is so foolish, you know, as to prefer her husband to her husband's friends. However, I would be the last woman on earth to want you to stay at home one evening, or one hour, against your own inclinations. There is the bell—no doubt it is De Forest and his violin."

It was De Forest with his violin, and accompanied by a strikingly handsome man, whom he introduced as Count Dubois.

"I took the liberty of bringing my friend with me he said to Mr. and Mrs. Bickester, as he placed his violin at the end of the piano, "without waiting to ask permission. The Count only arrived this afternoon from an extended tour of the States; and I did not wish to neglect the kind invitation extended to me to-day by the hospitable host of this mansion, and I felt sure I could not better entertain my friend than to bring him here into the presence of the charming hostess."

"I am very glad you took the liberty, and I trust you will have a pleasant evening," Mr. Bickester said, as he rose to go out. "As for me, I have a duty of entertainment to perform at the club to-night; and duty is not always the greatest pleasure, you know, if it is supposed to bring the highest happiness. In this instance, I am certain, both the pleasure and the highest happiness would be secured by foregoing the duty and remaining at home with three such companions. However, I trust to have that privilege on many future occasions. Count Dubois, consider the house yours while you remain with us. Any friend of Mr. De Forest's is welcome. Good evening, gentlemen; au revoir, madame."

Hugh Bickester little dreamed how fully Count Dubois would carry out the privilege accorded him by his host.

"O, yes; it was a very pleasant evening, as such evenings go," Clarice told her husband, when he asked her if she was well entertained during his absence. "Mr. De Forest played better than usual, and he brought a beautiful composition with him—something new, for piano and violin. And, best of all, Count Dubois sang. He has a marvelous tenor voice, which affected me powerfully. I could not restrain the tears when he sang one song. Mr. De Forest tells me he is the last of a very old family in France—the sole possessor of the title and the estate, which yields him a competence."

"And he has come to America to seek a rich wife! He is very shrewd—he will, of course, succeed," laughed Hugh. "Scores of heiresses will be glad to lay their fortunes at his feet, in exchange for his title."

"But he could not give his title to a score of them very well," Clarice responded. "And Mr. De Forest tells me he has a romantic history; he lost the idol of his heart—a young girl whom he was to wed—just before they were to have been married. That was ten years ago, and he has been a restless wanderer ever since, and never taken the least interest in womankind. Isn't it sad?"

"Very, if true, and a harmless little story at all events," Mr. Bickester replied. "He is evidently a very highly cultivated fellow, and a very handsome man. We are quite fortunate in being the first to entertain him. No doubt, he will become the sensation ere long, and charming Mrs. Bickester will be more than ever the envied of her sex, for having been the first to feed the lion."

Clarice smiled a sad little smile.

"Charming Mrs. Bickester asks for no honors of that kind, and for no notoriety in connection with foreign counts or society lions," she said. "She would much prefer to have her name spoken only in connection with her husband's."

"And his spoken only in connection with hers! A couple noted for their conjugal devotion! That can not be in these days, my dear, when society demands so much of husband and wife in different directions. Were we dwelling in Arcadia, clothed in fig-leaves and sustained by falling fruit and running brooks, we could afford to forget the whole world and live for each other only, with 'Love is enough' for our motto. But we dwell in a hard and practical age. Society is composed of wheels within wheels. I am dependent upon Jones, Smith and Brown for success in my business. Consequently I must not offend Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Brown; in fact, I must be gallant and compliment them when we meet, and you must be as charming as possible to them all. The more popular you are every way, the better for me. If we care for nobody, nobody cares for us. And this reminds me that Harry Gray and his wife are getting up a theater-party for this evening, and have asked us and any of our friends to join them. Suppose I drop around and invite De Forest and Dubois?"

Another shadow flitted across the face of Mrs. Bickester as this proposition was made; but she assented readily, and Hugh went out to hunt up his musical friend and the Count.

Clarice had thought she and Hugh might enjoy a delightful tete-a-tete evening at home that night, but she gave up the idea now. She had been married five years, and to her the love and romance of the union were unabated, undimmed. Indeed, she loved her husband far better, more passionately, than when she had married him.

She had been a belle in her first season, he some eight years her senior. He had wooed her with ardent devotion, and won her away from a throng of eager suitors. She loved him then with a young girl's timid love; she worshiped him now, with an awakened woman's deep passion. But, while her home and her domestic joys became each year more satisfying to Clarice, she saw with alarm Hugh's growing distaste for quiet evenings and simple pleasures. He wanted a crowd about him. He grew more devoted to the club. He craved excitement. He never took her out now for an evening at the theater alone, and a cozy supper afterward, as in the old days. It must be a theater-party now, where he was the escort of some other lady, she the recipient of some other gallant's attention. If she complained he called her attention to the fact that he was quite as liberal with her as he was with himself. He invited gentlemen to the house, and was glad to have her entertain them. Of course he could not always remain at home; a man in business and in society had a thousand things to take his time and attention. If he provided for his family, paid all bills without objection, and never left his wife to mope at home alone, what complaint could she make?

Surely none, save that of a starving heart. But there is no law of the statutes or of society which enables a woman to gain redress for wrongs of this kind.

Perhaps there was no real wrong in the matter at this juncture. We must make allowances for inherited natures. Hugh Bickester was the son of an ambitious and unhappy politician, who fought his way from obscurity to notoriety, and died, leaving his only child the inheritance of his ambitious propensities, his restlessness and craving for excitement, and his selfish blindness to the smaller duties of life which lie so close we often overlook them.

He had, like many men, been wild in his pursuit of a lovely woman, until he made her wholly his own. Then he had become accustomed to the thought of possession, and, while he was content and satisfied with his choice, other aims, objects and pleasures, aside from his home, became necessary to his happiness.

Clarice often exhibited a lack of tact in her management of him, which a more worldly woman would have avoided. She complained of the change from lover to husband—of the absence of his former interest in her; and a man never is won over by complaints, especially if it is his wife who makes them.

And she questioned him when he went out, and when he returned, concerning his whereabouts and actions; and a man never enjoys or is made better by this espionage of his conduct, especially one who for many years has lived a life of bachelor freedom.

Hugh Bickester took especial pains to see that Clarice was never left alone, but he showed no return of his old passing devotion to his home, which had blessed her early married life. And though now he almost invariably announced where he was to pass his time, and how, when absent from Clarice, which rendered her questioning unnecessary, his absences were more frequent and prolonged, and the term "domestic happiness" seemed one of mocking derision to Clarice. She was unhappy, but she was not a woman to sit and pine and grieve.

She preferred the society of her husband to that of all the world beside; but, if she could not have it, she accepted the society of the agreeable men who were ever ready to do her homage. Among them Count Dubois was foremost. Handsome, cultured, magnetic, the possessor of a thrilling tenor voice and an inflection whose every expression was a caress, he was a dangerous companion for most women. But, sheltered behind her great love for her husband, Clarice seemed to be proof against all his fascinations. She admired him, she enjoyed his society, she was thrilled by his singing, but her heart was untouched.

While Count Dubois? He was growing madly, fiercely, hopelessly in love with the fair unhappy woman with whom he was thrown so constantly by the oft-expressed desire of her husband.

When he first became aware of the danger of the sentiment which was dawning in his breast, let us do him the justice to say that he made a resolve to avoid and fly temptation. He remained a whole week away from the Bickesters', and then Hugh hunted him up and insisted upon his going home to dinner with him.

"We are perfectly forlorn without you," he said. "We made up a theater-party last evening, and half a dozen fair ladies were disconsolate because you were not of the number. Mrs. Bickester was cross-questioned by each lady separately, and obliged to confess her utter ignorance of your whereabouts. Now, I don't want this to occur again, my dear Count, while you are in the city. See that you report here at least twice a week."

What could a man, a Frenchman, do, under those circumstances? Madly in love with the wife, and urged—nay commanded—by the husband to seek her presence, he, of course, cast his scruples to the wind and plunged into the exciting game of love. Very carefully, very slowly, very systematically, he laid his plans to win the heart of the wife from her husband. He made slow progress; but he was so madly in love, he felt he could afford to wait.

Hugh Bickester frequented the club more and more, and was less and less at his own fireside, and, when he was at home, he invariably wanted a crowd about him. It was more than six months from the time when Count Dubois first entered the Bickester home, that husband and wife sat alone in their handsome parlors again. Hugh glanced at his watch.

"I must be off," he said; "I am half an hour late at the club now."

Clarice looked at him with an expression of infinite longing and tenderness in her face, which had grown strangely thin and pallid of late.

"Why do you never spend any more quiet evenings with me at home?" she said. "Why do you always want to go away for entertainment, or have a crowd about you? Have you lost all interest in your home and your wife, Hugh?"

"Why, of course not! What a foolish idea," he answered carelessly.

She sat gazing at him a moment in silence. Then she rose suddenly, her cheeks flushing, her eyes flashing.

"I know one thing," she said, slowly—"I know I have not lost your love because I have ceased to be an attractive woman; for other men find me attractive, if my husband does not."

He might have seen, he might have known, that she was laboring under some strange excitement when she spoke those words. He ought to have taken the alarm then and there, but he did not.

He was too sure of her absolute love and devotion to feel troubled. He only looked at her, smiling lazily, as he lighted his cigar.

"Of course you are attractive, Clarice," he said. "I do not see that you look a day older than you did when I married you. Why should you? I give you every comfort and luxury, and never find fault with you in any way, or deny you one wish. I don't know any married woman who lives an easier life than you do, Clarice. Money, ease, luxury, society, full liberty to do as you please, to go and come, and entertain whom you will—I think I am a pretty good husband, as husbands go, after all. But good night—I must be off. I suppose the Count is coming to practice that duet with you, is he not?

Clarice, who had not taken her eyes from his face while he spoke, but had listened with the flush slowly dying from her cheek, and leaving it more ghastly in its pallor than before, turned now and walked to the opposite side of the room, as she said in a low and weary tone: "Yes, he is coming. Good night, Hugh."

Five minutes later, she stood alone, leaning her brow on her clasped hands on the mantel, the very droop of her figure speaking a listless, despairing weariness of soul and body, when a rich and melodious voice spoke close at her side:

"Madame—madame, are you ill?"

She started violently, and looked up in the handsome face of Count Dubois, who was standing very near her. She trembled with a strange agitation.

"You are certainly ill," he said, and he drew her hand in his arm and led her gently to a divan and seated himself beside her. They were silent for a moment.

"I met monsieur your husband, madame, as I came in," the Count said, presently. "It is a strange mystery to me how a man with such a beautiful home and a lovely wife can leave them both so often for the boudoir of an actress like Nanine. Her brazen beauty would repel, not attract me. I am glad, madame, that you do not allow yourself to pine away in solitude, and make yourself miserable on that account. I am glad that you allow yourself the pleasures of society, even though you starve your heart and the hearts of those who adore you."

While the Count spoke, Clarice felt herself growing cold and numb. She closed her eyes and swayed backward, here a gentle arm was stretched to support her. She yielded herself to its pressure unconsciously. Heart and brain were tortured and stung with pain, she gave no thought to her body.

"What were you saying about—about Nanine?" she asked in a hoarse whisper. "Surely you are jesting. My husband does not go to see that actress, save in the audience. We have all been to see her several times. She plays well. But he—oh, no, you are mistaken, Count Dubois."

The count laughed, a bitter sarcastic laugh, unpleasant to hear.

"My dear lady," he said, "I did not suppose you ignorant of this matter or I never should have been the first to speak of it to you. But the whole city knows what a slave to Nanine Monsieur Bickester has become during the last two months. No day passes that he does not see her. He is said to be most favored of all her lovers, just now. But surely, madame, you——" At this juncture, the Count's remarks were interrupted by the sudden dropping of a limp figure against his shoulder. Clarice had fainted.

She recovered consciousness to find herself held closely in the Count's arms, his hands stroking her brow, his pale face bent closely above her own, while he murmured passionate words of endearment.

"My darling, my beautiful one," he cried, as she opened her eyes, "you must not grieve over one man's perfidy and falseness. Here is one who loves you better than his life, who will give you devotion, tenderness, happiness forever. Fly with me, dearest; go this very night. Let your husband seek the actress, but never again let him insult you by coming home to you. It is more sinful to dwell with him after he is untrue to you, than to fly with one who will devote his life to making you happy. Come, go with me this very night, Clarice——"

But Clarice drew herself from his arms, weak, trembling and pallid as death.

"No, no," she cried, "wait, wait. I must see him first—I must hear the confession from his own lips. I can not believe it till he tells me it is so. I can not condemn him unheard."

"You have but to go with me this very evening, to the side entrance of the theater, and I will give you proof of my words," Count Dubois answered, quietly. "Your husband will emerge therefrom at Nanine's side, and drive away with her in a close carriage. Will you go? Do you desire the proof?"

"I do—I will go," she answered.

"An hour later, two cloaked figures stood motionless at the private entrance of the theater where the beautiful "Nannie" performed nightly to enthusiastic audiences.

A thousand wild thoughts, memories, incidents, were floating through the excited brain of Clarice, as she waited there. Her husband's prolonged absences, his increasing disregard of his home, his avoidance of quiet evenings alone with her. Ah, why had she been so blind as not to see and understand that she had a rival in his heart? Why had she been the last to know the bitter, humiliating truth? And yet—and yet perhaps, after all, it was not true; perhaps he was not there; perhaps he would not come forth with Nanine, and Count Dubois would confess it all a cruel jest.

But, even as the wild hope began to find a place in her tortured mind, there was a murmur of voices, the sound of footsteps, a light laugh—and Nanine, all wrapped in a snowy fleece of cloud-like drapery from which her face shone like a star, came tripping into the glare of the gaslight, leaning upon the arm of Hugh Bickester. They paused just a second in the full blaze of the light.

'Why, where is my carriage?" cried the silvery voice of Nanine. "Ah, there it is at the corner. Let us walk down there, Hugh—it is but a step."

Count Dubois felt his arm pressed by the clutch of two convulsive hands. He did not dare look at his companion for a moment.

"Let us go," she said, quite calmly.

Hope for the first time awakened in the Count's breast as he saw the effect of this certainly convincing proof on the slighted woman. She still held her head erect, still walked quietly at his side, apparently unmoved by the sight of her husband's conduct. But Dubois knew better; he saw that the blow had stricken Clarice with a sort of numbness which would make her utterly indifferent to every thing save her own misery. He compassionated her deeply, though there was a thrill of triumph mingled with his better feeling. Surely, he could, in time, make her happy; she would not go on caring for her false husband forever. Love, mortally wounded, must die; and, some day, in return for his own untiring devotion, she would give him her heart. He looked down at her pityingly as she turned mechanically away, still supported by his arm.

"Where shall we go?" he asked softly, in response to her words.

"Anywhere, anywhere—it does not matter to me," she answered, in a tone of dull, hopeless despair.

"Shall I take you home?" the Count inquired, laying gentle stress on the last word.

The familiar phrase seemed to sting her into sudden, keen, bitter remembrance. It was a horrible mockery of her misery. Perhaps he had guessed that the words might have some such effect—had hoped so.

For a few instants Clarice, overcome by the rush of returning memory, could not answer to his question. It was no longer her home since love had fled—merely a luxurious dwelling where she was housed and fed by an unloving husband who had promised to shield and honor her. And this was the manner in which he had fulfilled his vow! Wearily, hopelessly, she lifted her eyes to the Count's and gasped out the words:

"Anywhere but there—anywhere else; all other places are the same."

"My poor child!" was the only answer he made, as he found a carriage and helped the almost fainting Clarice into it. But he knew he had attained the summit of his hopes.

It was twelve years later, when a woman sat quite alone in her room, in one of the finest European hospitals. She was one of the trained nurses, and had been in her present position for almost three years.

She had had a hard day, and was very tired now; yet, though it was past midnight, she could not sleep. Ghosts of her past life seemed haunting her with more than their usual persistency. Dead joys, dead sorrows, dead sins arose up and confronted her, whichever way she sought to turn, to-night. She arose and stood before the mirror, arranging her hair for the night.

"I am only thirty-eight, and yet my hair is almost snow-white," she mused, as she laid aside her professional cap and brushed out the still abundant locks. "And my face—how haggard and old it looks to-night. Ah, well, it does not matter! there is no one to care—no one to care." She dropped down in a chair and hid her face in her hands, and the tears fell through them in bitter, scalding drops. She was thinking of a bright beautiful girlhood, a brilliant marriage, a happy wifehood of a few brief years, then of neglect, estrangement, doubt, treachery, despair, temptation, flight.

"It was a great mistake, a great mistake," she moaned; "though the devotion promised me was given—though, while Count Dubois lived, he was my slave and I his idol—it was a terrible mistake. Sin and happiness can not walk hand in hand—it is one of God's sternest laws that they shall not be united. Far better had I borne my bitter lot in silence, and suffered my humiliation alone with an unsullied soul. There could have been no lot more wretched than mine has been during all these terrible years. Love, devotion, wealth, excitement, travel, assumed honors, what were they all to one whose heart was tortured with a remembrance of a lost Paradise, a ruined name, a wrecked life? O, it would have been better, far better, to have suffered and made no sign. And where—oh, where to-night is he who brought all this ruin to a life that was once happy and good? Is he alive—and does he feel no remorse?"

A quick rap sounded on the door.

The nurse started from her bitter reverie and hastily brushed away the tears as she opened the door.

One of the physicians stood before her.

"I fear you my disturbing you at this late hour," he said, "but there has been an accident in the street; a man has been thrown out of a carriage and badly injured, and we need a steady hand and calm nerve to assist us. We can trust no one so well as you. Come at once to the operating room."

The nurse hastily coiled her hair, and, replacing her cap, followed the physician to the room indicated.

The injured man lay stretched upon the table, bared to the waist, one crushed and mangled arm hanging, a mass of unsightly flesh and broken projecting bones, at his side. But he was perfectly conscious.

When the nurse approached the table she gave a low moan, and would have fallen had not one of the physicians reached out a protecting arm.

"You are overdone, overtaxed," he said. "I never knew you to be so affected at a sight of this kind. You must return to your room."

"No, no," she answered, "I am better now. It is nothing—only the patient is known to me. But hush—he may not recognize me—it is better if he does not.

But already the patient's feverishly brilliant eyes were fixed upon the face of the nurse with a searching gaze. Then he spoke, starting to an upright position.

"My God!" he cried, "it is Clarice—Clarice here—and with that hair!" Then he fell back again.

The nurse was kneeling at his side.

"You must be quiet; you must not be agitated," she said, calmly. "There is a dangerous operation to perform, and you must not be excited."

There need be no operation," he said, in a labored voice. "The crushed arm does not matter—the trouble lies here in my chest. There is some internal injury. I shall not live many hours. It does not matter now. I came to Europe to seek you, Clarice; I could not live longer—I could not die—until I had seen you and told you that it was all a terrible mistake. I wronged you—I was unkind; but I was never as you thought——"

He ceased suddenly and put his hand upon his chest. He gave one long sigh and and then he breathed no more.

"This man was a friend of yours?" the physician asked, turning to the nurse. "Some one you had known?"

"He was my husband," she answered. They went out quietly, and left her alone with her dead—alone with the irrevocable past, the pitiless present, the hopeless future.

There her husband lay, deaf to entreaty, insistence or outcry. She had spoken no word of forgiveness, had received none—death had come too quickly for this comfort to be possible. She must live the rest of her days with regret and remorse as her constant companions. If she could only have known the peace of pardon from him whom she had wronged so deeply; but that could not be. All the ghosts of the past which had haunted her before must rise up now with tenfold power to torture her.

She knelt by her dead—all her own now, when too late—until the gray of the morning. Then she rose and walked to the window, looking out at the dawn just beginning to redden in the east.

A faint gleam touched the white still face like a benediction. Was he sorry for her? she wondered. Did he love her now with the old-time fondness before change had come? Surely, it must be so. With the new day, a new hope seemed born—she could believe that all might be well with them both. Somewhere in the eternal morning, forgiveness and reconciliation awaited.

And, with this trust in her heart, she finds peace kneeling there beside her dead.—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Peterson's Magazine.*

POT-HOUSE POLITICS.

The Character of the Things Engaged in Expounding Its Merits.

As a general thing the bar-room politician is not attractive personally. He rarely pays much attention to his clothing or his general make-up, because his time is completely absorbed with matters of great political import. He is kept so busy saving the country that he has no time or energy to waste in removing grease spots on his raiment or in manipulating a clothes brush. The blush on his cheek is not caused by his glowing with heaven-born enthusiasm for the just cause of the people, nor by the ruddy hue of robust health, but may safely be attributed to an inferior brand of whisky. The average pot-house mogul of small caliber is the victim of many strange hallucinations. One of his pet delusions is that he is indispensable. He harbors an undefined sort of suspicion that the continuance of the planetary system, somehow or other, rests on him. As for the political party to which he claims to belong, or rather which he imagines belongs to him, he is perfectly sure that but for his sage counsel it would fall to pieces and resolve itself into chaos. It is almost impossible for the small-bore demagogue to believe that his party could survive a single campaign in case he should pay the debt of nature—the only debt, by the way, which he ever does pay.

Instead of being a modern Atlas with the whole world on his shoulders, he himself is a burden grievous to be borne. He wanders around, never allowing himself to stray far away from the saloons, like an evil spirit seeking rest and finding none, and allowing nobody else to find any, either. He will halt gentlemen on the public highways, and unless they seek safety in flight, he will inflict on such victims, in a whisky-laden whisper, whole libraries of stale political lore and decayed campaign rubbish.

In regard to the actual services he renders his party there will always be an honest difference of opinion. There is good reason to believe that this postulant for pap does more to cause the respectable element of his party to go over to the opposition than all the other causes put together. The shrewder politicians and office-seekers perceive that the unsavory but enthusiastic demagogue is in reality a dangerous Jonah, who should be promptly inserted into the raging main if the ship is to be saved, and they often do throw him overboard; but he always bobs serenely up and swims to shore, or is picked up by the rival craft.

Occasionally the small-bore politician gets into power and sticks with the pertinacity of a postage stamp in a pocket-book on a damp day. The taxpayers discover that they are being robbed by a set of famished cormorants. Then it is that the man whose property is being sold for taxes lifts his voice and a rebellious hoof and rails at the small-bore demagogue. An independent tidal wave sweeps over the neighborhood, and the small-bore demagogue and his friends are left high and dry when the waters recede.

This style of politician prevails, in a more or less malignant type, from Maine to the Rio Grande, and infests every political party.—*Texas Siftings.*

VILLAGES OF RUSSIA.

The Deplorable Condition of Sixty Millions of Ignorant Peasants.

The idea of 60,000,000 of people being constantly upon the verge of starvation is a startling one, yet there does not seem to be any reason to doubt the truth of the author's statement. The peasants are frightfully ignorant, and their mirs make them, to a certain extent, selfish. These mirs are village governments, each one independent of the other, and each peasant, while bound for life to his mir, has no ties connecting him with any other village. Nor have the mirs any connecting links. To all intents and purposes the mirs in Russia are independent States, with nothing in common but the Government tax gatherer. It is this fact that has been the safety of the Russian autocracy, for were a concerted movement to come the General Government of the country would go down before it as would a pile of sand before a breaking dam. In fact, the authority of the Czar to-day rests upon two things—the ignorance of the peasantry and their lack of organization.

It is a question, however, of great interest how long this state of things will last. If, as Stepniak says, the majority of these peasants are in want all the time, if they absolutely have not enough to eat for the larger part of the year, a time will come when they will move. They may be ignorant, but no man is so ignorant that he can not tell the difference between hunger and repletion. When the misery becomes widespread enough, when the tooth of starvation presses down hard enough, something will happen. The history of the world has shown often that under certain conditions in society a spark is only needed to set fire to the train. It might begin in Russia with knocking down a tax gatherer. And when it does begin the result will be fearful. The atrocities of the French revolution would cease to be talked of, for those in Russia will cast them into the shade. As the Russian Czars and nobility have sown so shall they reap. Of course there will be great wrongs done; of course the persons who have brought it about will escape, for in the vengeance of races the innocent suffer for the guilty. The sins of the fathers will be visited upon the children. And who shall say, when those sins are considered, that this will be unjust.—*Current Literature.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—High life below stairs in England is nothing to the low life above stairs in some other country.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Judging by their doctor's bulletins, all the great men who fall sick continue to improve until they die.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

—The ancients believed that the earth was square, but then they had never had any dealings with a traveling peddler.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—A comic opera has just been written which deals with base ball matters. If there is an umpire in it, it would be better described as a tragedy.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

—A Denver fortune teller could not tell what would happen if she attempted to fill a lighted herosene lamp, and this defect of foreknowledge was the death of her.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—First journalist—"Is the Morning Kronikle a witty paper?" Second journalist—"It used to be." First journalist—"When did you leave it?" Second journalist—"Yesterday."—*Boston Beacon.*

—One of the strangest freaks of vision is displayed by the rural postmistress, who has to examine the message side of a postal card to determine in whose box it belongs.—*Puck.*

—Talmage advises young men to strike out. This is particularly good advice if the young men mean to go into the newspaper business. At first they should strike out nearly every thing they write.—*Journal of Education.*

—Mrs. Bings—"There goes poor Mrs. Blather. She bears up well under the loss of her husband." Mrs. Bings—"Yes! She stands it nobly. Blather carried a good deal of insurance, you know."—*Lowell Citizen.*

—"Make yourself necessary, young man," said Josh Billings long ago, "and success is certain." Yes, yes; but suppose the young man makes himself necessary in a breach of promise suit? Success isn't also so certain as it might be.—*Burdette.*

—Scrawley—"I understand that Jenkins has given up writing for the magazines." Scribbler—"He is a man of considerable distinction." Scrawley—"Why? Because he writes?" Scribbler—"No; because he doesn't."—*America.*

—Man is awfully smart in some things, but nobody has ever discovered one that could jam a hat pin clean through his head and make it come out on the other side as the women do.—*Dansville Breeze.*

—Wife (at breakfast)—"My dear, will you have some more of the stewed potatoes? I cooked them myself." Husband—"No; I've had enough." Wife—"What is the best way to keep potatoes, John?" Husband—"I think the best way for you to keep potatoes is to stew 'em."—*Harper's Bazar.*

TINKERING MECHANICS.

How Many Otherwise Good Machinists are Spoiled Forever.

The inclination to "tinker" a machine, or to "fix" an engine or a pump, has spoiled more otherwise good engineers and machinists than lack of experience ever will. Some men have an irresistible longing to get at machinery with a monkey wrench and screwdriver, and trouble always results from indulgence in this respect. No man ever saw a competent, experienced man "tinker" a machine. If something is wrong, or some adjustment is needed, such an attendant is never in a hurry to clap on a wrench and give a reckless turn, regardless of results. No, experienced men do much different; one of this kind will think before he acts. He will study out just what wants screwing up, what it wants it for, and how much.

The above points determined, the wrench is applied gently, is screwed to a proper fit, and just the required part of a turn is given the bolt or nut.

If good results do not follow, and any engineer may be wrong in his estimate of what was necessary, it is easy to undo the adjustment. The man knows just what he has done, and how he did it, and can as quickly make things as when he found them. The "fly-away," nervous mechanics, who go at a disabled machine regardless of consequences, had better stop and think before they act, and then "don't do it," for that kind of experience is the kind that makes backwoods engineers, and the "things" that let boilers explode while in their care.—*Boston Budget.*

Mrs. Cleveland as a Rifle-Shot.

Mrs. Cleveland is very skillful in the use of the rifle and made some remarkable scores at Saranac lake, in the Adirondacks, where she spent part of the autumn with her mother. In her luggage was a gun case which held a lady's rifle, made for her especial use and a model of the gunmaker's art. She handles this firearm lovingly, and knows its good points as well as Carver knows those of the weapon that has stood him in good stead in his exhibitions of skill. Mrs. Cleveland has broad shoulders and large, well-developed arms, and can handle with perfect ease a much heavier rifle than the ordinary woman could lift. She swings it up to her shoulder, looks along the barrel with a keen eye, and her finger on the triger is as steady as if firearms had been the natural play things of women time out of mind. She shot at a target at Saranac, but did not attempt bird shooting and the use of a shotgun. She can show a score of five out of a possible seven bulls'-eyes at two hundred yards, and the target got peppered all over, till its resemblance to the freckled countenance of a small boy was remarked by all the cottagers at Saranac.—*Baltimore American.*

A JAPANESE HOUSE.

Its Oddities Have No Counterpart in Western Architecture.

How to describe a Japanese house, where nothing is like any thing corresponding to it at home? From the outside it is an uninviting big black barn; inside it is a spotless doll's house magnified a thousand diameters, all wood and wicker and white paper. The entrance hall is a platform raised a couple of feet above the ground, where you take off your boots if you are a foreigner, or leave your sandals if you are a Japanese. A screen door slides back and you are in—but that depends on circumstances. Sometimes you are in one room and sometimes in another. It may be a general sitting-room, fifty feet square; in may be a bedroom (if you call early in the morning); or you may find yourself in an improvised sanctum and intruding upon somebody writing labored descriptions for a far-away press. For here walls have not only ears, they have also legs, and when you wish to make a new room you simply "form square" by sliding enough panels in their grooves to inclose the space, or, at your pleasure all the rooms can be thrown into one, inclosed, in our case, by forty-six panels. Those forming the sides of the house consist each of sixty little paper panes. To wet one's finger, stick it silently into the window, and peep through—this is the natural Japanese counterpart of occidental surreptitious inspection by the keyhole. The floor is of mats; not mats strewed about as at home, but solid structures of delicate stuffed wicker an inch thick, of conventional and regular size, let into the floor—elastic, spotless, immovable, never profaned by even the daintiest of slippers. Chairs and tables are, of course, unknown, and the posture of repose is to seat oneself on one's heels. This squatting, by the way, is very painful at first, and, like the "blameless dances" in "Ruddigore," takes a deal of training." At meal times you squat anywhere and your food is placed before you. When you are tired you throw yourself anywhere on the floor, with no fear of soiling your white linen suit. When evening comes you do not seek your bedchamber; you simply make it, by sliding the walls round the spot you have chosen for your slumbers. The rough and ready way, according to my American friend, is to tread around on the floor till you find a specially soft mat, and then lay a few walls upon it for a couch. A more luxurious one is to have a futon or thick quilt spread out, and roll yourself in a rug or blanket upon it. The chief drawback for a foreigner is that his hip-bone, which is more prominent than that of a Japanese, is terribly in the way, and my journalism not having yet advanced to graduation upon the plank bed, I have not learned the trick of obliterating the natural projections of the body. But you sleep comfortably in spite of the marauding rat, whose immunity from attack has rendered him equally inquisitive and harmless, and in the morning when you return from the bath, bed and bedroom have alike disappeared. It is the story of Aladdin domesticated.—*Toledo Cor. Washington Star.*

A PROFLIGATE DUKE.

How He Manages to Pass Away His Time in the French Capital.

Brilliant novelists and dramatists would undoubtedly find a subject worthy of study and description in the person of the Duke of Mondelfi, an opulent member of the important Russian colony in Paris. The Duke leads a life which resembles to a certain extent that of one of those Roman Emperors or oriental potentates described by picturesque historians. He lives in a splendid hotel in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne with his mother, Princess Woronzoff, who was a sister of Prince Nicolas Troubetzkoi, and a member of the household of the Czar before her lawsuit with her nephew, Count Woronzoff, one of the Emperor Alexander's court marshals. The Duke of Mondelfi is reputed to have $400,000 a year, most of which he manages to spend in a magnificent manner. He never goes to bed until daylight does appear, and he generally gets up at three o'clock in the afternoon. After a meal, and extended at full-length on a sumptuous divan, he receives his friends and visitors, his mother, the Pyincess, being present at the levee. On these occasions the Duke wears either a superb dressing gown in ivory-colored plush, lined with satin of the hue of the peach, garnished with silver braiding and ornamented with jewels, or an ample jacket of heliotrope velvet, with gold, and clasped together with ducal coronets studded with brilliants. While conversing with his visitor the host, it is said, toys with precious stones of rare value, polished and uncut. In the intervals of conversation a band of Neapolitan singers warble the melodious airs of sunny Italy, and these are succeeded by Tzigane musicians, who make the ducal hall rings with their native wild and diabolical strains. After each musical performance the leader of the band approaches the divan, kisses the hand of the most noble master of the house, and receives his orders for the next morceau of demoniac bliss. Later in the evening the Duke repairs to a splendid cafe on the boulevards, where he dines with his friends and listens once more to the musicians, to whom he distributes bountiful largesse in the shape of fistfuls of louis, while his guests quaff liberal bumpers of sparkling champagne in his honor.—*Paris Letter.*

—On Streatham Common still stands a hollow tree, into which in boyhood Cardinal Manning used often to climb to crack nuts and eat barley sugar.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—The best selling pork is generally that grown in eight months, and this, too, is the pork made at the least cost.

—The digestive systems of a cow and horse are quite dissimilar, and the bulky food should be given the cow.—*The Farmer.*

—In reference to the contamination of wells by soakage or filtering through the earth—the well draws toward the bottom, not the top.

—Good food and warm stables will run the cow machine well through the winter. Lack of fuel will stop it mighty quick.—*Farm Journal.*

—After buttering the tin for a boiled pudding, dust it with powdered bread crumbs; baking pans can be treated with flour in the same way and the cake will never stick.

—Most farmers greatly underestimate the value of a coat of paint on their farm implements. These tools are a great item of expense and ought to be taken good care of. Exposure to the weather is more destructive to them than the wear they get.

—Spiced Veal: Three pounds veal chopped fine, two eggs, small lump butter, three rolled soda crackers, two or three teaspoonfuls of salt, one teaspoonful pepper, half teaspoonful cloves, two or three tablespoonfuls milk. Form into loaf and bake. To be eaten cold.

—More diseases among fowls than many imagine are directly due to the presence of lice, which, by sapping the vitality of the fowl, and by causing irritation and uneasiness, render the system easily susceptible to the germs of disease. Good health is the best preventive of disease, and good health is largely dependent upon freedom from vermin.

—To Freshen Codfish Quickly: Pick it up quite fine, wash it, and then scald it in three waters, draining it off through a colander, so that the particles of salt will not be left in the dish. Mackerel should be laid with the skin upward, in a colander, when it is freshened. A little thought about such things does wonders.—*Housewife.*

—Parsley may be had all winter, and at the same time make a handsome ornament for the kitchen. Make a box to fit the window sill, and about six inches wide. Take up good roots from the garden and cut back the old leaves, but do not injure the central bud or growing point; shorten the roots to a convenient length, and plant quite closely in the box. The new growth will soon start and produce a handsome mass of verdure.—*American Agriculturist.*

—Nowadays there are many suggestions in the papers as to saving seeds, but this is not always advisable. Do not attempt to save your own seeds unless you have used every precaution necessary to prevent cross-fertilization, says a practical gardener. Plants often mix without the knowledge of the grower. A melon may be fertilized by a pumpkin; and the fruit of this season may be apparently genuine, yet the seeds of such, if used next season, may cause failure of the crop or else destroy the quality.

NEED OF GROOMING.

The Only Way in Which a Horse Can Be Kept in Good Condition.

No man can groom a horse intelligently unless he has a correct idea of the purposes of grooming and the characteristics of the skin. We have seen people dig into the skin of a horse with a sharp curry-comb as if they were smoothing down a stone, and the pitiable cringing of the animal has no effect in getting the fact into the mind that the horse was being hurt. The skin is to be reached, for one of the chief purposes of the operation is to cleanse the skin—remove the dirt and collections that have gathered on it. In one sense, when the skin is covered with dirt and the dried excretions that have come through the pores, it is like a head covered with dandruff, and those who have had an experience of that kind know how much discomfort there is in it. The pores of the skin become clogged, and they can not, while in this condition, fully perform their functions. Their importance is so well understood that some have even gone so far as to recommend the Turkish bath for the horse, and we honestly believe that it would often prove valuable.

The skin is, therefore, to be distinctly and effectively reached by the curry-comb, that it may do all it can do in removing from the surface whatever may irritate the skin or clog the pores. The pores can not be fully cleaned by the curry-comb, but they can be partially cleansed by it. But while it is necessary to "scratch" the skin, it must be gently done. The horze should never be made to cringe under the process of grooming. Of late years combs have been manufactured that do not harm the skin, and some of them are valuable. It need not be said that farm horses are often neglected in this respect. Frequently it is the result of the hurry in our work. But suppose the trotting horse should be thus neglected. If it could be with impunity, certainly the owner would not go to the expense that he incurs for having the animal thoroughly groomed. It is the only way that the trotting horse can be kept in good condition. But the work horse has the same sort of organism that the trotting horse has, and what is good for one is good for the other. The truth is that if we paid more attention to grooming we could feed less, and our horses would be much less liable to disease. Time spent in performing these "little things" on the farm is usually well spent.—*Western Rural.*

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20 Minutes. Irvington, Ill., May 28, 1888. About three years ago, Mrs. Egbert Tunnah was taken with Neuralgia in head and face; had suffered three days; she tried St. Jacobs Oil; was relieved in 20 minutes. Jas. T. Goodner, Druggist.

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In addition to the contributions from the above-named authors, we have more than a dozen continued stories by SYLVANUS COBB, Jr., and several original poems by the late JOHN G. SAXE, which have never been published. We shall print some of these stories and poems during the year; also some continued stories by Mrs. HARRIET LEWIS and Miss ELIZA A. DUPUY.

Our corps of contributors for the coming year is so large, and will embrace such a variety of talent, that every department will receive the particular attention of some one competent to do it ample and special justice.

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SATURDAY, DEC. 1, 1888.

The Hon. Edward Scull, who has been returned to Congress by the Republicans of the 17th District, Pa., is the father of Mr. Charles O. Scull, General Passenger Agent of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Both father and son are most courteous, agreeable gentlemen.

The county supervisors of Berks county, Pa., have a list of over 200 persons against whom they are going to institute suit for the money wagered on the Presidential election. A law is in force in Pennsylvania providing that where the authorities have knowledge of such wagers they shall bring suit against the winner and it shall be applied to the support of the poor of such county.

When the unfavorable intelligence did begin to come it came like a thunderbolt. We grinned and bore it like a hero, but we felt all the time as if we were being kicked by a big mule, and were forcibly reminded of the story of a man who tried to teach his his son how to shoot. His plan was to fire off his gun, and get the boy to fire at the same time until he got used to it. The boy loaded every time the old man did, but never pulled the trigger at all. After awhie the old man became disgusted, and, snatching the boy's gun, pulled down. Off went the gun and over went the old man in the fence corner, heels upward. The boy, seeing this, hallooed out, "Hold her hard, dad; there's six more to come!" When the telegram came announcing that New York had gone for Harrison we tumbled over backward in the fence corner and felt like that old man did. We're better now.—*Southern (Miss.) Reporter.*

President-elect Harrison has written a letter, dated Nov. 14, to A. B. Williams, editor of the Greenville (S. C.) *Daily News*, in response to the request that the South should have some assurance of the policy of the incoming administration. Gen. Harrison says: "I am not ready to make any public utterances upon any public question. Every day I am solicited by special correspondents of the press to speak upon this subject or that, but I have invariably declined, and to your appeal for some expression upon the question that interests you I must for the present make the same answer. I understand that you have yourself been satisfied with the expression made by me in my public utterances to visiting delegations during the campaign. When the surprise and disappointment which some of your people have felt oyer the result has passed away, and they give some calm thought to the situation, I think they will be as much surprised as I am that they should in thought or speech impute to me unfriendless toward the South. The policies in legislation advised by the Republican party, I believe, are wholesome for the whole country, and if those who in their hearts believe with us upon these questions would act with us, some other questions that give you local concern would settle themselves.

The vote for Congressman in Connecticut and New Jersey shows some significant variations from the electoral vote. In the first State the Cleveland electoral ticket had 385 plurality; but the three Republican Congressmen elected have 1587 plurality, and the one Democratic Congressman 811 plurality, leaving a net Republican plurality in the State of 776. This result will hardly bear out the claim that the tariff discussion had no effect on the Connecticut voters.

Again, in New Jersey, while the Democrats carried the State by 6728 plurality on the presidential vote they have only 2734 plurality on the congressional vote. The total vote shows also that the Republicans cast 1364 more votes for congressman than they did for president, while the Democratic poll on congressmen was 2601 less than on president. So it will have to be admitted that the tariff was a strong factor in the New Jersey contest and that nothing but the liquor vote in Hudson and Essex counties prevented the State from going to Harrison.

There is no comfort for the free-traders to be found in the vote of either one of these states. The one was lost by trading in one congressional district, and the other was swamped in the determination of the saloon to be revenged on the Republican party for the passage of the High License and Local Option law. Hudson County which includes Jersey City and where the liquor interest reigns supreme, gave Cleveland 8036 plurality, or 1308 more plurality than he had in the whole State. The returns from the counties make it evident that when New Jersey frees itself from the control of the saloon it will stand in the Protection column. —*Philadelphia Press.*

Democracy's Appomattox.

From the St. Louis Globe Democrat.

The Democratic party can never regain power in the National Government within the next quarter of a century. We presume no sensible member of that organization will seriously question the truth of this remark. Within the next three or four years the Territories of Dakota, Washington and Montana will be admitted to Statehood. Dakota will probably come in as two States, both of which will be strongly Republican.

Washington and Montana have also been carried by the Republicans on the Congressional ticket, and both are destined to range themselves alongside the Republican States. Some of the most alert and intelligent residents of the Eastern and Central group of States have been emigrating to these territories, and the majority of their population will be made up of that class of citizens. The surroundings, associations and entire social environment of each will be Republican, and as States they will gravitate naturally into the Republican column,

By the admission into the Union of the two Dakotas, Washington and Montana twelve electoral votes will be added to the Republican total, allowing for but one member from each in the popular branch of Congress. When the apportionment based upon the census of 1890 is made the Dakotas together will probably get about five additional members of that body, if the present quota of inhabitants to each Representative be maintained.

Washington and Montana, in that event, would also gain one additional member apiece. This would give nineteen Electoral votes to the Republican party, in addition to those by which that organization carried the election in the canvass just closed. This gain alone would give the election to the Republicans in any contingency at all likely to arise.

But the Republicans will have an even greater advantage than this in all future canvasses. Missouri, the two Virginias and Tennessee has given Bourbon majorities for the last time. Forces are at work in each of these States which will inevitably and permanently place them in the Republican group before the next Presidential year comes round. Manufacturing industries are rapidly on the increase in all of them, and in all of them the immigration is principally from Republican communities.

The Democratic pluralities in all have been steadily dwindling in the past few years, and in the election just held they had almost reached the vanishing point. Long before the next Presidential nominations are made the four States here named with Connecticut and Indiana in addition, will have made their final break from the Bourbon organization. Unless blunders and follies in party management are made by the Republicans in the interval, few of the middle-aged men who cast their ballots in the recent election will live to see the inauguration of another Democratic President.

The House.

The Democrats have evidently not given up the idea that they may be able to steal the House of Representatives, but try their very best they cannot accomplish it. They have found, after a very careful search, that there are only two seats that they can forcibly steal, beyond those already frandulently counted for Democrats. With the two seats the Republicans, however, will have a majority of one in the House, which will be quite enough to organize with. One of the additional districts which the Democrats propose to appropriate is the Second District of Louisiana. Mr. Coleman's election in that district has not been doubted by any one, but recently the Democratic managers of Louisiana seem to have made up their minds to steal it. The other district is the Third of Tennessee, from which Mr. H. Clay Evans has been elected. He says that the Governor of the State has ordered that he be counted out. The effort will not succeed. The House is rightfully Republican by a majority of about thirty, and notwithstanding all the Democratic frauds that can be committed, it will be Republican by a sufficient majority at its organization to give the party the Speakership and the organization. Before the end of the first session, Democratic frauds will be rectified and the majority will be bigger.

"Campaign Expenses."

A great deal is now being said in the papers about the expenses of the late campaign, and there is a noticeable tendency on the part of certain Democratic organs to raise a hue and cry over the alleged "wholesale bribery" by Republican managers. It is alleged that Indiana was actually bought outright by Quay and Dudley, the enormous sum of $1,000,000 having been spent in that State, and large proportion of it for the direct purchase of voters on election day.

This, we are told, with virtuous indignation, was "three times as much" as the Democrats spent for the same purpose. It appears, then, according to this amusing confession, that it was not the means employed by the Republicans to which the Democrats objected, but to the quantity of the means. In other words, the Democrats have found out that the Republicans were shrewd enough to raise the biggest campaign fund and now the Democrats are mad at being outgeneraled in this unquestionable method of controlling votes.

The party organs are also endeavoring to work up a *post*-campaign sensation over the alleged outlay of $150,000 in Brooklyn and New York on election day to purchase Coman and O'Brien voters, and they even go so far as to say that the strong hand of the law ought to be laid on the party managers who engaged in this nefarious business.

Of course, all this frothing and fuming on the part of the party organs will amount to nothing. It is an old story, invariably told after every important election. Unfortunately, in this country the campaign fund has become the formidable weapon of both parties, It constitutes the heavy artillery in a great political fight. It is unfortunate that this is so, but it is true, nevertheless, A campaign fund is a corrupt institution, and it would be well if elections could be conducted without it. The party in this country that howls "bribery" always subjects itself to the suspicion of hypocrisy.—*Balto. Herald.*

The Mormon Nuisance Growing.

The Mormon question keeps coming to the front. It is a social, moral and political evil that has marvelous vitality and will not die out or abate it own proportions. From the South there come fresh tidings as to the activity and success of the Mormon agents in getting recruits from among the most ignorant of the poor whites. They have been particularly active in West Virginia, Northern Alabama and Tennessee. Yesterday three Mormon elders started from Birmingham, Ala., with fifty "converts," including eighteen girls between 12 and 20 years old, and sixteen women between 20 and 40. We learn that in Alabama and Tennessee there are nearly forty "flourishing mission stations," and that "converts" are coming at the rate of 10,000 yearly. It is stated that, although several Mormon elders and missionaries have been mobbed and some of them killed, 1,500 converts have been made near Chattanooga within the past ten months.

One of the first duties of the new Administration will be to give to the solution of the Mormon problem the attention that it deserves. What Gen. Harrison's views are is well known. No man in public life has spoken more earnestly and vigorously on all the phases of the Mormon problem; no one has been more pronounced in favor of the most radical measures for extirpating this "Twin Relic." It is now almost a generation since the Convention that nominated Lincoln made equal war on Slavery and Mormonism, the "Twin Relics of Barbarism." It is exasperating and intolerable that Mormonism should not only have survived Slavery for over a quarter of a century, but finds in some portions of the South the ignorant and vicious elements that enable it to pour into the Territories around Utah a steady stream of recruits and so spread the virus of polygamy through four or five incipient States. The Mormons must go, and must hurry up about it.—*Exchange.*

A city missionary, on her way to visit a poor family where a sickly child was dying from lack of sufficient nourishment, was detained at a crossing by a blockade of carriages. On the seat of one elegant turnout, by the side of my lady, sat a pug dog, a string of silver bells around his neck, gold bangles on his paws, and over his sleek coat a daintily embroidered blanket, whose pockets bulged with lumps of sugar. "How much some children miss by not being born pet dogs!" dryly remarked the missionary, threading her way among the vehicles.—*Boston Congregationalist.*

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 26th, 1888.—Senator Quay has increased the enmity of all the Democrats, and of a few namby-pamby Republicans because he has decided to make a fight in the courts for the electoral vote of Virginia, which he believes honestly belongs to the Republicans. Senator Quay is actuated in this matter by a sense of duty. The vote of Virginia is not necessary, but if it belongs to the Republicans, he desires that they shall have it. That's all there is about it, and good citizens everywhere should give him their moral support in his effort to secure an honest count of the vote cast in Virginia. Honest men never fear the most rigid investigation, in the courts or elsewhere, of their actions.

It is impossible to see Mr. Cleveland or any member of his cabinet just now, no matter how important your business is. They are all engaged in making up their reports for Congress. These reports will also, it is said, include a general resume of the stewardship of the Democratic administration, made up of course, from a strictly Democratic stand point. If they were to be made from a non-partisan point of view, showing how little the Democrats have accomplished for the good of the country, and the great mistakes made, which have resulted in injury in one way or another to the manifold interests of the country, they would accomplish a result greatly to be desired—the destruction of the Democratic party.

The Democratic administration evidently intends to wield the decapitation axe very lively during the short time left to it. On Saturday Mr. C. W. Vickery, superintendent of the third division, railway mail service, with headquarters in this city, was requested to resign in order that his place might be filled by a Democrat. Mr. Vickery has been in the mail service twenty-one years, and has long been known as one of the most capable officials connected with the service. He began as a clerk and won his promotion by his efficiency. No charge of any kind has ever been brought against him. He was compelled to resign simply because he is a Republican, and yet the Democrats have the cheek to talk about a non-partisan civil service under Gen. Harrison.

Vice-President-elect Morton surprised his many friends in this city by paying us an entirely unheralded visit last week. While here he was the guest of his sister, Mrs. Hobson. His purpose in coming here was to have a look at an immense apartment house, which he is having built in this city. He refused to talk about the probable policy of the coming administration to the newspaper reporters, but to his intimate friends he showed no such reticence. He says that no date has yet been fixed for the visit of himself and Mrs. Morton to Gen. and Mrs. Harrison at Indianapolis, but intimates that they go at an early date. He does not think that he will take a house in this city until next winter, though he expects to remain here a month or so after the Inauguration.

Lord Sackville and his daughters have gone. The other members of Cleveland's Cabinet, by showering social attentions upon them during the last days of their stay here, evidently tried to make amends for the harsh treatment received at the hands of Secretary Bayard and Mr. Cleveland.

A few Democrats here still claim to have carried the next House of Representatives, and some of the wildest sort even talk about organizing a Democratic House anyway. This sort of talk may do very well for bar rooms, but no sensible Democrat—and there are some—will have anything to do with such foolishness. The next House will be Republican.

No Republican has ever blackballed Cleveland to the extent indulged in by the returning Democratic Congressmen. They have absolutely no pity on him, and are not willing to allow that he has even a single redeeming point in his entire makeup.

Congressmen are slowly straggling in, but the rush will not begin until after Thanksgiving day. They prefer to eat their turkey at home.

Cabinet speculation continues to be the popular pastime here. Now that about every available name has been mentioned the knowalls are somewhat at a loss, but they will kill time by rearranging the names.

Organizations desiring to come to Harrison's inauguration, may, by writing to the Inaugural committee, obtain the needful information about accommodations, prices, etc. Indications now point to the greatest display ever seen at a similar event. Washington is prepared to entertain a quarter of a million of visitors.

General Harrison's proposed visit to this city is off, he having decided not to come here before his Inauguration, Republicans here are much disappointed.

The Inauguration of Harrison.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 22.—The various committees that are preparing for the inauguration of Harrison and Morton have been at work for several days and have already made a good deal of progress with the preliminary arrangements. It is proposed that the inauguration of March 4 next shall be surrounded with pomp and pageantry that will completely eclipse all previous displays of the kind. Private subscriptions will defray the expense. Much anxiety is felt here that the entire division of the Penn-sylvania National Guard will attend the coming inauguration, as they did that of Cleveland. It is not believed that the question of the cost of transportation will be allowed to stand in the way of their attendance.

A great deal of money will be spent on the next inauguration, and Capt. George E. Lemon, the chairman of the Finance Committee, is working hard to raise it He estimates that at least $75,000 will be required, but he believes that enough will be realized from the sale of tickets and privileges to insure the return of this amount to the subscribers. Capt. Lemon says:

"A public ceremony of this nature requires money and a great deal of it. The necessary and unavoidable expenses arising from the mere presence in the city of so great a crowd are very large. The public comfort must be cared for, accommodations for the press provided, and buildings street and other decorations, illuminations, fireworks, badges, clerk hire, stationery, telegraphing, &c., demand a great sum in the aggregate. At Garfield's inauguration the street decoration was over $8,000, fireworks and illuminations $2,200 and other expenditures raised the total to $39,066.69. At Cleveland's inauguration the disbursements were $69,849.66. Taking the last as a criterion, and I think it is very fair one, for while everything was done well there was no waste or extravagance. I do not see how we can get along with a cent less than $75,000. We should have more rather than less. All that we want now is a guarantee fund which will protect those of us who take the responsibility of making necessary contracts. This is the customary way of proceeding. We do not expect that the subscribers to this will in the end have to pay a dollar, as in all probability their subscriptions will be returned to them. This was the case four years ago and also eight years ago, and I think has been the rule. The committee placed in charge of the affair are all solid business men, and we have no doubt of our ability to manage it with as much financial success as our predecessors. The receipts from the sale of tickets to the ball and to the stands along the street and for ball privileges, etc., will without doubt fully cover all the outlay. They have done so in the past, and the unusual demand already being made for these tickets and privileges justifies us in going to greater expense than our predecessors."

Words of Cheer for the South.

The Charlestown (S. C.) *News and Courier* published a double-leaded editorial on the 15th inst. which has caused some comment. It says:

"The friends of Gen. Harrison are outspoken in declaring that he will be his own man as President; that his policy will be the policy of the Administration; that he will be the dominant spirit of the national Government; that there will be no power, seen or unseen, behind the executive chair. Under such circumstances it cannot be expected that Mr. Blaine will be Secretary of State. There will be no Maine label on the new Cabinet. Mr. Blaine loves power and fancies himself a statesman. He and Gen. Harrison would not hang together for a month.

"What of the South? It is evident from the utterances since the election that there is less desire than ever before to dragoon the States. There has been bloody talk. War paint has been plentiful. But there are conservative influences at work. Many millions of Northern and Western capital are already invested in the South. Many more millions can profitably be placed in the Southern States. This will go far to prevent violent and coercive legislation.

"There is, likewise, a widespread feeling that nothing is to be gained by attempting to restore negro rule and carpet-bag control in the South. The experiment has been tried, and there is little temptation to repeat it. The conclusion we have come to is that the Southern people have little reason at present to fear extreme measures on the part of Gen. Harrison or of Congress and the Southern people themselves. The Southern Democracy can strengthen by their conduct the hope of continued peace and happiness.

"The South can afford to be hopeful. It need not ride furiously forward to meet trouble. Every day of devotion to the promotion of Southern industry and the extension of Southern development will fortify the expectation of security and will invigorate the people for any struggle that in spite of ourselves may come.

"The Northern Republicans have a bad name in the South, and not without reason. But it is ten or twelve years since the South became free—free to delve and spin, to work and play, to broaden and deepen. There has been a mighty forward movement in the South, and it would be injudicious as well as unphilosophical to assume that the North has stood still commercially or politically. Let us wait and see."

The *Sun* in a leading editorial says:

"From every quarter of the South comes the old rallying cry of the Democratic leaders and organs which has followed every national election since the war closed over twenty-three years ago. But the cry grows weaker, the enthusiasm is more labored than formerly, and the thought is beginning to find lodgment in many minds as our political and material needs begin to assert themselves more and more that perhaps, after all the 'Solid South' has been our monumental mistake."

Let Joy be Unconfined.

New York Tribune.

We are rejoiced to see our Democratic contemporaries, who are not so handsome as they were, but who are endowed instead with the historic compensation of knowing more, entering so blithely into the fascinating pastime of Cabinet making. They are not only causing their parched columns to blossom with sweet and harmless prophecies, but they are affording much innocent pleasure to a multitude of excellent Republicans who certainly cannot expect to enjoy long after March 4 the official distinction which is being so generously thrust upon them now. The fact that most of these will inevitably retire to private life early next spring is the best of reasons why their winter should be made as attractive as possible. A gentleman who resides in Indianapolis, and who, according to latest returns, with only a few back counties to hear from, was elected President of the United States on November 6, will eventually have something to say on the subject; but there is no ground whatsoever for supposing that he would prematurely interrupt so many alluring plans.

The distribution of offices is not the only diversion with which our friends of the opposition are making existence tolerable. They are likewise engaged in the delightful occupation of arranging all sorts of jolly expeditions for General Harrison, for which, we are sure, he is duly grateful. How can it fail to stimulate the imagination and give a zest to life to read about yourself as destined to be in nine or ten different places in the immediate future, and in all at the same moment? A man who has been elected to the Presidency has a right to think well of himself, but such an elevation is a mere nothing in comparison with the power to annihilate time and space. Electricity is a pretty capable agent, but yet its velocity is appreciable and it has to knuckle under to the fundamental entities. How much more satisfactory, therefore, is it to be a President-elect than to be an imponderable fluid with well defined limitations.

And then, what fun the Democrats are having with Blaine. It seems rash to say so, but we really think they never had so much fun with him before in the whole course of his life. They are sending him to the Court of St. James, and burying him in the forests of Maine; installing him in the United States Senate, and stripping him to the blows of fate in his own back dooryard: seating him in a magnificent new chariot with General Harrison lashed to the wheels, and hanging him to a lamp post behind the State Department. Putting him in the Speaker's chair, and sending him in a swift gallop through the gates of death. There never was such sport before; it's perfectly exhilirating. Go on with the game, gentlemen; nobody objects, and you are making the biggest score on record.

J. V. Williamson, the millionaire of Philadelphia, is about to found an institution similar in many respects to Girard College. He has determined to begin operations at once and though feeble in health, hopes to finish during his lifetime. The cost is estimated at over $5,000,000. It is to be an institution for the education of boys in all departments of mechanical labor. Mr. Williamson has appointed seven trustees to manage the business, whose names are carefully kept from the public at present.

An editor of an Iowa paper, being asked "Do hogs pay?" says that a good many do not; that they take the paper for several years and then have the postmaster send it back marked "refused," "gone West." &c.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

NOTICE!

W. H. Hagans, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

LOCAL NEWS.

—A tolerable sledding snow made a business boom in Oakland this week.

—All persons indebted to G. A. Shirer are requested to call and settle.
10 20 3m. G. A. SHIRER.

—$5,000—TO LOAN—On first mortgage on real estate.
THOMAS & SINCELL.

—A full and complete line of Pants, heavy weights, for winter wear at CORRELL'S.

—Died, in Connellsville, Pa., Nov. 25, Peter Hoffman, aged 23 years, 4 months and 4 days.

—Died, Nov. 23, 1888, in Salisbury, Pa., of diphtheria, Wm. B., son of Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Walker, aged 1 year, 6 months and 10 days.

—Dr. J. Lee McComas left Oakland Monday for Cincinnati, called there by a telegram to attend a patient who had been under his care here last summer.

—Married, on Sunday, November the 18th, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. W. E. George, Charles Thornton Rhodes and Emma Francis Walters, both of Garrett county, Md.

—Died, in Oakland, Saturday, Nov. 24th, after an illness of about four months, of consumption, Singleton McRobie, in the 28th year of his age. He leaves a wife, but no children. He recently joined the Lutheran Church, and died in the hope of a glorious resurrection.

—Dr. H. W. McComas took his brother Lee to Baltimore Friday of last week for treatment by Dr. Chisholm for an injury to his eye, received about a week before. They returned Tuesday, and we are glad to note that Lee will not lose the sight of his eye, which was feared at one time.

—Mr. Chas. F. White has purchased the stock of goods of Mr. W. A. A. Daily, at Huttons Switch, and is arranging to open up on a large scale. He will also have charge of the railroad and express offices and postoffice at that place. Charley understands the business thoroughly, and is an energetic, agreeable and accommodating gentleman. We wish him success.

—Died, Nov. 19th, 1888, at his home in Salisbury, Pa., Michael Hay, aged 71 years, 10 months and 7 days. In the death of Mr. Hay Salisbury loses one of her most influential and useful citizens, and the church a faithful and life-long member. He was an officer in the Reformed church for many years. He was well-known in a business way in portion of Garrett county, Md. He leaves a wife and one son, Mr. J. M. Hay, of Elk Lick, Penna.

—Married, Nov. 22d, 1888, in the Episcopal Church of Hancock, Md., by the Rev. Mr. Hoover, Mr. Sam'l A. Dick, of Frankville, this county, and Miss Annie Shoemaker, of Millstone, Washington county, Md. The happy couple have our best wishes. Mr. Dick is a well respected young man, and is expected soon at Frankville, where he expects to settle down in the employ of the B. & O. Co., having obtained rooms of White & Bro.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7 P. M., by Rev. C. T. Trippett.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching 7 P. M., by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M., by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Garrett county, Md., for week ending Dec. 1st, 1888:

Bedding, Clarke,	Susney, Sadie A.,
Cowles, H. W.,	Newton, J.,
Feely, W. A.,	White, May,
Gunn, Henry,	Wilmouth & Son.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

These letters are chargable with one cent due on delivery.

P. HAMILL, P. M.

We Want Money!

Those indebted to us are again urged to make an effort to pay us. We are sadly in need of money to pay our debts, to carry on our business and to provide for our family. About 300 persons in this county are indebted to us in sums ranging from $1.50 to $18.00, and a number of them have become entirely indifferent as to our needs or their obligation. All we ask of you is to do unto us as you would have us do unto you. Attend to this matter at once. Don't put it off and say that what little you owe won't amount to much, but send what you owe, or at least a part of it. We are not making this appeal because it is customary about this time of year, but because we need what is coming to us, and there is no good reason that we should not have what is ours.

Shooting Match.

There will be shooting match at H. G. Sanders', near the Red House, for 24 turkeys, on Friday, Dec. 7th, 1888.

Killed by a Falling Tree.

On Monday last William Davis, colored, residing in Ryans Glade district, this county, was killed instantly by a falling tree, near his home. In falling the tree struck a stump, throwing the trunk of the tree to one side, and striking deceased and crushing his breast and right side. Dr. Ravenscraft, of Oakland, was called to hold and inquest, but under all the circumstances he deemed it unnecessary. Deceased was about 42 years of age, and leaves a wife and several small children. He was a sober, industrious man and a good citizen, and was in easy circumstances financially.

Estray Notice.

A red bull, 2 years old, no ear marks, belly and flanks white, strip between hips, hind feet white, came trespassing on my premises, in District No. 11, Garrett county, Md., on Savage River, near Gregg's Mill, about the 1st of September, 1888. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away. This 20th day of November, 1888.

ELIAS MERRILL.

Tailoring Establishment.

Do you want a nice Dress Suit or an Overcoat put up in elegant style and to fit you after Nature's own sweet model? Go to G. Felty.s New Tailoring Establishment, formerly occupied by A. Lowenstein, and we will guarantee you entire satisfaction. Call and see us and we will show you what we can do in this line.

Railroad Connection to Berkeley Springs.

The Berkeley Springs and Potomac R. R. operated by the B. & O. R. R. Co. running from Hancock, W. Va., a station on the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. to Berkeley Springs, W. Va., will be opened for business on Thursday, November 1st, when trains will run as follows: Leave Hancock 9:40 A. M., 12:45 P. M. and 5:40 P. M.

Leave Berkeley Springs 8 A. M., 10.35 A. M. and 4:10 P. M.

The running time between the two points being 25 minutes.

Oakland District Quarterly Meeting.

Quarterly Meetings will be held in Oakland District as follows: Jan. 26th, Rowlesburg; Feb. 2, Brandonville; Feb. 9th, Cranesville and Pleasant Grove; Feb. 16th, Grantsville; Feb. 23d, Evansville and Friendsville; March 2d, Newburg and Hannahsville; March 9th, Albrightsville and Deer Park; March 16th, Hambleton and Aurora; March 23d, Oakland and Davis; March 30th, Randolph Mission.

WM. J. SHARPES,
Presiding Elder.

Tax-Payers Take Notice,

That, under the law creating the office of Treasurer, it becomes the duty of said Treasurer, the first week in December of each year, to publish a list of all delinquent tax-payers for the current year; and that all taxes remaining unpaid on the 1st day of January, 1889 and of each year thereafter, interest will be added dating from 1st day of August last, and said taxes will be collected by due process of law. The Treasurer has no discretionary power in the matter to extend the time, or leniency in any way. Please pay up and save costs.

Respectfully,
ROSS COMPTON,
10 20 tf. Treasurer.

Bull and Python.

There are snake stories and snake stories, but the following is one having not only the stamp of truth, but has something of an analogy to the heroic single combats of classic mediaeval times. Last Sunday week, says the Natal (South African) *Witness*, one of the most remarkable scenes on record is reported as having been witnessed in the vicinity of Table Mountain. A troop of cattle, consisting of twelve cows and a patriarchial old bull, were grazing on one of the plateau-like spurs of the mountain, which is surrounded on three sides by precipitous ravines and on the fourth side, that nearest the mountain, by dense brush. Some natives higher up the mountain were attracted by the sudden bellowing of the cattle and saw two enormous pythons coming out of the brush and making for the cattle, which had drawn themselves up in a compact group, with the bull at the head. As the pythons drew near the animals gradually backed till they stood on a small space that jutted out over a tremendous precipice. At this stage a sudden rush was made, but only one heifer succeeded in escaping. The other cattle, lowing in the most piteous manner, gradually backed, and one by one fell over the precipice, till finally the bull only was left. He suddenly charged at the big python, transfixing the reptile on his horns, but the second snake seized the bull in its folds, and having its tail around a huge boulder, commenced to crush the bull, which, moaning piteously, struggled frantically to escape. The tail of the python lost its hold on the rock, but the larger snake, which had slipped off the horn, lapping its tail around a smaller boulder, opposite the one the other snake had just released, seized the bull and compressed him in his scaly folds. The other python succeeded in regaining its former position and the bull was literally suspended in midair by the snakes. The whole scene looked like some ghastly triumphal arch. The snakes were evidently getting the best of the poor brute, which was bleeding profusely, when by a sudden effort, his struggles forced both the snakes to lose their hold on the rocks, and the whole three were hurled into the ravine beneath. The cattle were found on the first ledge of the precipice, all being dead, but the bull and the pythons had bounced from ledge to ledge, and were found 400 feet below the scene of the fight. The bull was merely a mangled mass, and the snakes were greatly mutilated, the larger one having the vertebra broken in nine places. The pythons, which were of the rock species, were male and female, and measured respectively 40 feet 3 inches and 36 feet 9½ inches.

A WARNING TO YOUNG MEN.—Gen. James A. Walker, of Wytheville, Va., is in receipt of a letter from a young Virginian who recently removed to Los Angeles, California, which may serve as a warning to aspiring young men from going to Southern California. Gen. Walker's correspondent writes: "This is the most overrated country in the whole world. They have nothing here except climate, and—such climate! You nearly freeze in the mornings and evenings and burn up in the middle of the day. Everything is at a most exorbitant price. What do you think of coal being $40 per ton and wood at $14 per cord? The fruit here is not half so good as it is in the East, with the solitary exception of grapes, which are the finest I have ever seen. The only thing that brings a farmer any revenue is alfalfa hay, which they can only raise by irrigation, which is very costly. The whole of Southern California is laid off into town and city lots, at from $500 to $5,000 per acre, and each owner expects to sell as those figures to some eastern tenderfoot."

At a meeting of river coal operators at Pittsburg, Pa., on the 19th inst. it was unanimously decided to shut down all the lines along the Monongahela river for an indefinite period. This will throw out of employment 7,000 miners, besides all the river men engaged in taking coal down the river and the mine laborers. The operators say the shut down will be for two months at least. They claim they cannot sell coal to an advantage now, as the market is overstocked and coal is selling for five cents per bushel, the lowest for many years.

Thomas A. Edison says that his phonograph is how absolutely perfect. "There is no sound that can be made that it does not reproduce perfectly. The crash of a hammer, the laugh or cry of a child, or the most delicate strain of music is reproduced perfectly. Any one can learn to work it in two hours. It will take the place of stenographers. All that will be necessary will be to dictate to the phonograph, and the type-writer copies it off directly."

Powderly is Dictator.

The result of the General Assembly of Knights of Labor at Indianapolis is to leave Mr. Powderly absolute dictator of the order. A large majority of the delegates—more than two-thirds—trust him entirely, and are willing to do whatever he wishes. He made it a condition of his reelection that his power should be extended, and it was extended. The suggestions of his report were embodied in the laws of the order. His will is law. Hereafter, the General Executive Board of four is to be chosen by the Assembly from eight men nominated by the General Master Workman, who is himself ex-officio chairman of the Board. This Board has supreme power, extending even to an overruling of the written constitution of the order. The General Master Workman has been therefore complete control of the organization.

There is, it is true, to be an investigation into the methods in use at head-quarters; but the investigating committee is likely to be friendly to the present administration, and the result of their work may only strengthen Mr. Powderly's hold on the organization.

A dictatorship like this has its advantages. It solidifies an organization and increases its power to work for particular ends. It makes it like a great machine, absolutely under the control and direction of the engineer. When the head man is as wise and good as he is powerful, such a despotism may be a very good form of government.

Mr. Powderly, in concentrating power thus in his own hands, has accepted a very great and awful responsibility. He holds the fortunes—perhaps the lives—of nearly a million persons at his absolute disposal. His power is as autocratic, in its sphere, as the Czar's. He can order strikes or compose them, he can make men stop work or go to work, just as he pleases. It is not an enviable position, except to a man who loves power above everything else, and who has a sublime confidence in his own wisdom and virtue.

While the Knights are thus solidifying their organization the malcontents are expecting to organize a new body of workers, to be called "The Brotherhood of Labor." Mr. Barry, whose specific accusations against Mr. Powderly and his friends were overruled at Indianapolis, is the chief agitator in this new movement. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Barry is as good at organizing as he is at agitating. If he possesses the executive genius he may be able to build up an order that shall rival the Knights in numbers and influence; if he does not possess it, then the new Brotherhood will either have to find another leader or become a virtual failure from the start.—*New York Mail and Express.*

The Philadelphia *Times*, a strong Cleveland paper, published the following editorial on the attempt of the Democratic conspirators and Bourbons in Baltimore to steal the seat of Stockbridge:

"Mr. Stockbridge, Republican, defeated Mr. Rayner, Democrat, in the Fourth Maryland district, by a small majority; but the election judges in the Third precinct of the Fifteenth ward in Baltimore neglected to sign the returns for Congress, where Stockbridge received 262 and Rayner 134, and Governor Jackson is asked to reject the vote of that precinct, which would elect Rayner. There is no allegation of fraud; there is practically no dispute as to the vote; the returns furnished the supervisors of election are properly certified, including the congressional vote, and the proposition to reject the vote of the precinct is simply a proposition to steal a congressional seat from a man the people elected."

A dispatch from Wichita, Kansas, states that reports from the new country in the Western part of the State says that not more than 100 persons will spend the winter in Ness City, Dighton, Scott City, and many other places. Two years ago most of the towns had from 500 to 2,000 inhabitants each, but the streets and almost the entire villages are now almost deserted. The few people who remain cannot get away. A year ago these settlers passed a winter almost without coal. Already the fatal blizzards have set in and one storm killed many cattle. The people are discouraged and heartbroken. They raised no crops this year and have been compelled to leave for fear of starvation.

At one of the schools for colored people in the South the girls learn housekeeping practically by being placed four at a time, for a month at a time, in a cottage, where they live and have complete control, under the oversight of a matron. They keep strict account of their expenditures, practice economy, and sweep, cook, wash and iron.

A Great Railroad Trust.

CHICAGO, Nov. 27.—Regarding the much talked of conference between Chairman Midgely and several railroad magnates, in New York, a local paper says:

"For several weeks past Jay Gould, C. P. Huntington, Charles Francis Adams, W. B. Strong, and other railroad magnates interested in western railroads, have been holding conferences in New York, in which Chairman Midgely, of the Southwestern railway association, has taken a prominent part. The object of these conferences has been kept a profound secret. Saturday the announcement was made that the conference had come to an end, and that an agreement had been made whereby the troubles among the Southwestern roads would be ended and rates be advanced from 25 to 35 per cent. as soon as possible. But this announcement was no nearer the truth than the previous reports regarding the mysterious conference.

It has been learned, however, that the project contemplates nothing more nor less than the formation of a gigantic railroad trust or "clearing-house," comprising all roads between points west of a line drawn through Chicago and Milwaukee on the east, St. Paul and Minneapolis on the north, Colorado, New Mexico, and Wyoming on the west, and Arkansas on the south. All the existing freight and passenger associations within the territory named are to be abolished and merged in the new trust or "clearing-house," as it is named.

In the village of M—— lived a man who was a bold leader of all opposition to religion, and always ready to publish abroad the inconsistencies or shortcomings of any who were professors of religion. After a time he concluded to remove to a distant part of the country, and meeting the leading minister of the village one day, after the usual salutations, he said:

"Well, I suppose you know that I am going to leave town soon, and you will probably be glad of it."

"Glad of it? Why, no," said the minister, "you are one of our most useful men, and I shall hardly know how to spare you."

Taken back by such an unexpected reply, the other immediately asked: "How is that? What do you mean by saying I am useful, or that you will miss me when I am gone?"

"Because," said the minister, "not one of our sheep can get a foot out of the fold but you bark from one end of the town to the other, and so show yourself one of the most useful watch dogs that I have ever known. I don't know where we shall find any one who can supply your place."

The rebuke struck home, and the fault-finder, with a crest-fallen look, went on his way.

TITUSVILLE, PA., Nov. 26.—"Doc" Hagerty started this morning with a wagon-load of 1,050 pounds of nitroglycerine, drawn by two horses, from the Torpedo Company's factory, on Hemlock run, 10 miles above Warren, to the company's magazine on the Enterprise road, near Pleasantville. He passed through Pleasantville about 11:30 and half an hour afterwards a terrific explosion shook the ground at Pleasantville like an earthquake, breaking many windows. The explosion was distinctly heard in this city, eight miles distant.

When a party of men reached the magazine they found nothing but two great holes in the ground, one burrowed deep into the hillside, and the other 20 feet square and 10 feet deep. Not a vestige of Haggerty could be found, and 200 rods distant enough small pieces of horseflesh were picked up to fill a bucket. Haggerty leaves a wife and six children.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

I have frequently warned persons from putting crossties on my land, along the railroad, and hereby notify all persons who have neglected this warning to immediately remove any cross-ties that may now be on my land, and in the future to respect this notice and save themselves trouble. I do not intend to be trifled with.

JOHN BRADLEY.
Cincinatti, O, Nov. 26, 1888.

E. H. SINCELL, Attorney.]

ORDER NISI.

Sam'l J. Miller and others } In the Circuit
vs. } Court for Garrett
Joel J. Miller and others. } Co. No. 427 Equity

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, this 26th day of November, 1888, that the sale of the property mentioned in the proceedings, made and reported by Samuel J. Miller, Trustee, to Henry E. Wiley, be Ratified and Confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 24th day of December next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the said 24th day of December, next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $550.00.

E. Z. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test:
12 1 3 E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

JOHN A. WOLF,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
2 8 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

[E. H. SINCELL, Attorney.]

ORDER NISI.

Mariah Grove, by her husband and next friend William P. Grove, Plaintiff,
Versus
Amanda Moore and others, Defendants.
In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 433 Equity.

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, this 26th day of November, 1888, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings made and reported by William P. Grove, Trustee, to Jonas Wass, be Ratified and Confirmed, unless cause to the contrary there of be shown on or before the 24th day of December next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the said 24th day of December next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $3,500.

E. Z. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test:
12 1 3 E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF—
Personal Property.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Solomon Clark to the undersigned mortgagee, dated the 2nd day of December, 1887, I will sell at public auction

On SATURDAY, December 8th,

1888, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M., on the tract of land called "Winston," near the village of Elkins, Garrett county, to the highest bidder, the following personal property:

One direct attachment Saw Mill and Engine, made by Ira Hart, together with all the fixtures belonging thereto; also 1 other Engine and fixtures, 2 Steam Engine Boilers, 1 Planer, and all Log Trucks, Log Pullers, Saws, Belting, Chains, &c., belonging to and now used in the operation of the saw mill on the tract of land called "Winston," by the said Clark; also the Mill Building in which the aforesaid property is located, it being about 60x80 feet, one-story high.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash.

LOUIS NYDEGGER,
11 17 2t Mortgagee.
THOMAS & SINCELL, Solicitors.

PLANING MILLS.

MT. LAKE PARK, MD.,

ALDERSON & ROBINSON, PROPS

C. M. RATHBUN, Manager.

Manufacturers of and dealers in

Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings.

Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.

☞ Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of mill work. 1 20, '87.

D. E. BOLDEN & CO.,
UNDERTAKERS

AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS,
OAKLAND, MD.

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

COFFINS, CASKETS
—AND—
BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS!

—Also a full line of—

FURNITURE,

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and Window Blinds,

And everything usually kept in a First-Class Furniture Establishment

Furniture Rented on easy Terms

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

REPAIR WORK,

PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c

☞ Also make Furniture to order.

D. E. BOLDEN, & CO.
Feb. 25, '88.

Estate of Jonathan E. Stouffer, Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, Maryland, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the real and personal estate of

JONATHAN E. STOUFFER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 18th day of May next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of November, 1888.

MARY SPINDLER, Executrix,
11 17 3t Accident, Md.

E. F. STANSBERRY,
—Manufacturer of—
Boots and Shoes,
Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,
OAKLAND, MD.
☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.
Nov. 2, 85.—1 y.

FARMER KENT'S PARSON.

[Written for this paper.]

HANKSGIVING DAY—
and the solemn church
With autumn tints was bright;
The purple fruit and the russet leaves
Shone fair in the tempered light,
While the anthem rose as free and strong
As an eagle's skyward flight.
When the people passed from out the door,
Some gazed with ridicule
On a ragged beggar, old and blind,
Who stood in the vestibule.

The parson stayed a moment's space
By the beggar grim and gray;
He said: "Good morrow, my worthy friend,
Are you giving thanks to-day?
Move on—no doubt your dinner waits;"
And the parson went his way.
The beggar smiled: "My Father's lands
Extend from sea to sea;
He feeds the ravens when they cry,
And He'll save a crumb for me.

"Somewhere within His wide domain
A table doth await;
Beneath some humble cotter's roof,
Or by the rich man's gate;
I only know I need not haste,
I will not be too late."
Then Farmer Kent passed where he stood;
He was a kindly man,
With shoulders broad, and heartsome voice,
And cheek and brow of tan.

He said: "I own as fair a home
As is beneath the sky;
Yet, when I catch the scent of flame,
Or when the wind is high,
I fear, mayhap, a smoking heap
Will greet my eager eye.
My fields are rich with flocks and herds,
My wife is good and fair;
And half a score of girls and boys
Crowd close about my chair.

"If I could know death would not come
And all their beauty blight—
This morn I was a happy man,
I may not be to-night."
"Shall not the Judge of all the earth
Do for His own the right?
Some time agone, it is not long,
Your fortune fair was mine;
My wealth took wings and flew away;
But shall I fret and pine?

"My wife and child—green grows the turf
Above their place of rest;
No drop of blood is kin to me,
There is no lowly nest
To call my own; and yet I'm sure
The Father doeth best.
When summer breezes round me play,
And sunshine warms my face,
I fare along, I know
I'll find my rightful place.

"And when the summer days are dead,
When ice and frost and snow
Blot out the sun and hide the earth,
And fierce winds wildly blow,
Still trusting to my Father's hand,
Upon my way I go.
The summer leaves and running brooks
Were never more His own
Than are the frosts and biting winds
That chill me to the bone."

Then Farmer Kent took off his hat;
He said: "I came to-day
To hear the parson talk of Heaven,
And, haply, show the way;
But the truest preacher I have seen
Is this beggar, lean and gray.
Now come with me; from this day forth
You are my honored guest."
The beggar shrank—the farmer said:
"The Father knoweth best.

"He leadeth you. He leadeth me,
He brought us all the way,
Through paths of sin, and doubt, and pain,
To this Thanksgiving Day.
That you might teach me how to trust,
To thank Him, and to pray.
A cozy nook awaits for you
Beside my ample hearth;
Aha! He never makes mistakes,
The Judge of all the earth."

MARGRET HOLMES.

DICK BLAKE.

The Story of His Thanksgiving Rose—How He Won It.

[Written for this paper.]

THE THANKSGIVING story of fiction is apt to have a certain sameness about it. The country, the gathering under the family roof-tree, the dinner and the wanderers' return, all connected by a thread of love or pathos, as the case may be, are quite familiar to present day readers.

It vaguely occurs to me that I have somewhere read or heard that "truth is stranger than fiction." And this shall be my apology for thus departing from established usages in the simple Thanksgiving tale which itself is connected with Sim—Theodosia Brown's monkey.

The monkey was only a part of Mrs. Brown's menage—menagerie, Mrs. Baxter's other boarders called it. The widow was also the owner of a parrot, two dwarfed pugs with sawed-off noses, an Angora cat and a small pet alligator. But Mrs. Theodosia Brown had inherited from the deceased Brown something like half a million. And as she paid liberally for her two front rooms on the first flight, Mrs. Baxter would have allowed her to have kept an anaconda or a baby elephant provided they did not annoy the other boarders.

Dick Blake, who had the room opposite, was never annoyed by Mrs. Brown's pets. Indeed, generally speaking, they were to him a source of perpetual joy and comfort. It might have been the extreme interest which he took in them all—the alligator excepted—that led the fair widow to fancy that in spite of her six years of seniority she had made a conquest of the handsome young fellow at whom she had cast languishing eyes.

Dick himself was far too modest to dream of the interest he had aroused in the widow's heart. Indeed, he would as soon have thought of making love to Mrs. Baxter, his landlady, who was old enough to be his mother, even had his affections not already been pre-empted.

Her name was Frank or Francie—according to the fancy of her friends. Dick called her Miss Francie always, pending the time when he fondly hoped to call her Francie darling. Her room was up three flights, and Mrs. Theodosia Brown always spoke of her in view of her occupation as "that typo-writer girl."

But Mrs. Brown was thirty odd, somewhat high colored, inclined to *embonpoint* and a langtry wave; while Francie was nineteen, with a graceful, well-rounded figure and a firm, elastic step, suggestive of perfect health. And when I add that she had a sweet, refined face, lustrous dark eyes and heavy hair curling tendril-like over a broad, white forehead, and was, withal, as good as she was pretty, it will be readily seen that the widow had the best of feminine reasons for speaking in a slighting way of Francis Bruton.

Now, Dick's heart had long before gone out into Francie's keeping. If the young girl herself was aware of this she made no sign. Why should she when he had never spoken—in words. But on this particular day Dick Blake had resolved to

"——put it to the test
And win—or lose it all."

This, then, was the meaning of the sheet after sheet which, completed and torn up in disgust, filled his waste-paper basket Thanksgiving morning, while small Sim,

HE WAS MET ON THE LOWER CORRIDOR.

the monkey, having temporarily escaped from his mistress' room, sat looking down at the disturbed writer with infinite interest from the open transom over the door.

But finally Dick managed to compress his hopes, fears and desires into four closely-woven pages of commercial note.

"If I may venture to hope," he said, in a burst of originality at the close, "will you wear at your throat when you come down to dinner one of the Jacqueminots the chambermaid left on your dressing-case this morning," and signed his name.

This epistle, enveloped and addressed, he took up-stairs. Miss Francie's door stood a little ajar. He rapped once, twice, but only echoed replied. Hesitating a moment, Mr. Blake stepped softly in and with a half reverent glance about the prettily furnished little apartment with its atmosphere of womanly purity and taste, laid the letter on a chair where it would catch the young girl's eye on entering, and withdrew.

He was met on the lower corridor by the stylish widow, in a most becoming morning negligee.

Had Mr. Blake seen her naughty, naughty Sim that morning?

Mr. Blake had. He was even then placidly munching bonbons in his favorite resort—the open transom over Mr. Blake's door. He—

Yet a glance at the transom showed that it was empty. Sim, taking advantage of Dick's absence, had probably descended in quest of more bonbons. It was a way he had.

But a thorough search of the room, which Mrs. Brown's sense of propriety did not permit her to enter, revealed no trace of the missing link. So finally the lady took a higher flight to the second and third stories, whither the erratic Sim was wont to escape whenever he slipped his chain, which on an average was six times a week.

Ten minutes later Mrs. Brown, with a heightened color and Sim struggling in her arms, passed Mr. Blake's door and entered her own.

But Blake had little thought for captor or captive. The Marguerite refrain—"she loves me—loves me not"—kept repeating itself over and over again in the mind of this usually matter-of-fact young man. Would she or would she not wear his roses? Hope suggested she would—fear took a contrary view. And so the pro's and con's struggled for precedence till the summons to dinner.

Though Dick's back was toward the dining-hall door, he knew with a lover's clairvoyance when Francie entered. Above the clatter of chair legs, the rattle of dishes and babble of voices he heard the soft rustle of her dress before she reached and passed him, but he had not the courage for the moment to look up.

Not until Francie had taken her accustomed seat at the table directly opposite did Dick raise his eyes to learn his fate. And then his heart almost stopped beating. He saw nothing of the little smile and nod of recognition. All he saw was that at Francie's white throat, encircled by a dainty ruffle scarce whiter—*no roses were pinned.*

How Dick managed to get through the form of eating that Thanksgiving dinner he does not know to this day. He ate and drank mechanically of the odorous turkey that tasted to him like the ashes of Dead Sea apples. Side dishes were an abomination and pie a hollow mockery. The only time he ventured a second glance in Francie's direction she was chatting gaily with that infernal young Golden, of whom he had long been secretly jealous. And in metaphor, this was the last feather.

"Guess you left your appetite up-stairs, eh, Blake?" cheerfully remarked Widger, on his left, entirely unabashed by Dick's angry glare.

The Rev. Mr. Putter, Dick's *vis-a-vis*, saw an opening for a word in season. He was a stiff, pasty-faced individual, with mutton-chop whiskers and a chronic dislike toward Dick, who had once surreptitiously inserted Mrs. Brown's pet alligator between his iced sheets.

"I fear," he solemnly remarked across the table, "that your young friend is not duly thankful—"

"What the devil have I got to be thankful for?" savagely ejaculated unhappy Dick.

Rev. Mr. Putters turned quite pale at this unexpected and altogether diabolical outburst which fell like a verbal thunderbolt in the immediate vicinity. Yet what could one expect from a young man who had boldly avowed his sympathy with the heretical professors at Andover.

From the stand-point of those who had heard this explosive query, Dick Blake had much to be thankful for. Youth, health, intellect, good looks and a comfortable competency are certainly blessings worthy of being counted.

Thus in effect mildly remarked a boarder as Dick, having pushed his chair back, abruptly left the room, followed by a wistful, wondering look from Francie's dark eyes, and one of different import from Mrs. Theodosia Brown's languishing orbs.

"And a rich widow to be had for the asking," muttered old Bynner, *sotto voce*, yet loud enough for Rev. Putter to hear—that gentleman being strongly suspected of entertaining designs against Mrs. Brown's heart and bank account.

Mr. Putter scowled and Widger, who posed as a cynic, shrugged his shoulders.

"Blake is one of those fellows who, born with a silver spoon in his mouth, is mad all the time because it isn't gold, don't you know," he observed, looking about for the applause which did not follow what he thought rather a neat remark.

But carelessly unconscious of the charitable comments of his fellow boarders, Dick made his way to his room, locked the door and began to make preparations for an immediate departure to Kalamazoo or Kamaschatka—it didn't matter. Any where to get away from his sorrow—from himself.

While thus occupied, a highly scented note was slipped under the door. The contents were as follows:

"Mrs. Brown would be *delighted* to have Mr. Blake make one of a little informal gathering at her rooms this Thanksgiving eve. THEODOSIE B. BROWN."

I regret to say that the young man muttered something uncomplimentary to the female sex, and widows in particular, as he tossed the note into the waste-paper basket. Yet after thinking it over a little, he decided to go. It would be a proper time and place to say good-bye to those of his fellow boarders who were present. It would look rather strange to refuse, any way. And then he wanted to apologize to Rev. Putter for his hasty utterance. In short he brought every reason for his attendance except the real one. And this was that having an expensive upright piano which she could not play, Mrs. Brown always included Francie, who sang and played divinely, in her invitations to the informal "gatherings."

Mr. Blake did not appear as usual at supper. The monotonous tread of slipped feet pacing back and forth in his room and the strong smell of tobacco smoke, which drifted through the transom, would seem to indicate an abortive attempt at drowning his sorrow in the overflowing bowl of his meerschaum.

Most rooms exhibit certain characteristics of their occupants. Thus, Mrs. Theodosia Brown's might be described in a word—showy. There was a certain garishness of color everywhere visible, from the elaborately framed oil paintings against their background of heavily gilt paper, to the portiere and inside curtains and figured silk upholstery of the furniture.

But it all looked very cheerful and pleasant in the subdued glow from the gas chandeliers to the eyes of a dozen or more invited guests on the Thanksgiving evening of which I write. At least, so they all remarked as a sort of opening chorus, and we all know that what every one says must be perfectly true.

The menagerie was, generally speaking, in a somnolent condition. The pet alligator, relegated to the smallest room out of consideration to Mr. Putter's feelings, was presumably dormant in his box. The Angora cat slept contentedly on a Turkish rug before an open grate of glowing anthracite. The parrot slumbered—or pretended to—in his swinging perch in the big bay window. One of the pugs snored on a corner cushion. The whereabouts of the other was made known directly after the entrance of Rev. Mr. Putter. Being nearsighted he had not seen that the canine was occupying the newest easy chair, into which the reverend gentleman dropped heavily, to spring lightly and hastily up with a short, sharp shriek that was drowned in ear-piercing yelps.

But even this agreeable incident which convulsed several of the worldlings present with secret but unseemly laughter failed to chase the gloom from the brow of young Mr. Blake. In vain Mrs. Brown vouchsafed her sweetest smiles, vile equally vain were the attempts of Miss Dasher, a very decollete young woman, to lure him to her side. With an air of Byronic melancholy that closely resembled sullenness, he stood afar off following with his eyes every movement of pretty Francie, to whom, on entering, he had vouchsafed the most formal of bows.

Indeed, so marked had been his coldness, that Francie, who was perfectly unconventional, had asked, with gentle surprise in the depths of her dark eyes:

"Have I done any thing to offend you, Mr. Blake?"

"It isn't what you have done, but what you haven't," he answered, rather bitterly. And his eyes had rested so strangely on her little lace pin at her throat that, involuntarily, Francie put up her slim hand to see if any thing was wrong there.

"I do not understand you," Francie had simply answered. And as poor Blake, full of jealous bitterness, forbore to explain, Francie drew herself up rather proudly and walked away.

But is it this that gives the simple touch of pain to her marvelous contralto voice which a few moments later thrills the listeners, as—

—"under the artist's flying hand
The white keys rise—the white keys fall."
Hark—

"I am tired—heart and feet
Turn from busy mart and street.
I am tired—rest is sweet.

"I am tired. Loss and gain,
Golden sheaves and scattered grain,
Hath the day not passed in vain."

"I do not feel in the mood for singing to-night," she said, somewhat abruptly, rising as she spoke, to be at once taken possession of by young Golden, to Blake's inward wrath and despair. And then, in a reaction of reckless defiance, Dick began flirting fast and furious with Mrs. Theo-

HE WAS ABOUT TO PROPOSE.

dosia Brown, who, resplendent in old gold and diamonds, was but too ready to respond to such marked advances.

And while Francie and Dick thus played at cross purposes the evening wore on in the usual way. The guests talked a little scandal, considerable gossip, and between rubbers of whist introduced enough literary conversation to give the correct tone to the occasion, till the entrance of the colored waiter with a tray on which were glasses of egg-nogg.

Even Rev. Mr. Putter considered that a mild potation of this kind was allowable on Thanksgiving eve, and accepted the agreeable beverage with a cheerful smile.

It was perhaps a trifle unfortunate that he chanced to take his place, goblet in hand, directly under the swinging perch of the observant parrot, who just then was very wide awake.

For as Mr. Putter, elevating the goblet and clearing his throat, was about to—er—propose a toast, the wretched bird, cocking his head downward and fixing his hard, unwinking eye with infinite meaning upon Mr. Putter, remarked sepulchrally:

"Let us pray."

Of course only wrong-minded people, given to unseemly levity, would see any thing to laugh at in this, which was perhaps the reason that such a general chorus of severe coughing followed the injudicious suggestion, while a number of faces were suddenly averted. Old Bynner, it is true, shouted "Haw! haw!" and young Golden grew purple to his ear tips with suppressed mirth, but these two didn't count.

It was Dick Blake who, coming to the rescue of his embarrassed hostess, tried to create a diversion by loudly inquiring as to the whereabouts of his friend Sim, whom he had not seen that evening.

Had Mr. Blake known that a wicked young man among the guests—Bluffer by name—had been slyly plying Sim with egg-nogg behind the window curtains, he would perhaps not have ventured the query.

"Sim? oh, he's chained in the bay-window, sound asleep," responded the widow, with a glance in that direction.

But alas! Sim was neither chained or asleep, and at the repetition of his name he suddenly crawled from beneath the curtain folds on three legs, and uttering a sound like a hiccough strangled in its birth.

The more timid of the ladies uttered small screams and cast imploring glances at their male protectors. Miss Dash, gathering her skirts about her, skipped upon the nearest chair, as females do at the approach of a mouse.

"Naughty Sim," said Mrs. Brown, rebukingly. "Mr. Blake, will you—"

The sudden pause in her adjuration was caused by the unexpected action of Sim, who in strict justice was usually one of the most gentlemanly and mild-mannered of small monkeys.

For instead of obediently approaching Mr. Blake's outstretched hand, Sim rose on his hind legs and staggered across the room, wildly waving his hand above his head. Then he chattered and hiccoughed alternately for a moment, after which he plunged boisterously at unhappy Mr. Putter, and whom he bit in the calf of the leg. "He's mad—he's got the hydrophobia!" shouted Mr. Putter, in dire dismay as he held on to the wounded member with both hands.

If Sim *was* mad there was method in his madness; for all at once, having violently twitched the tail of the Angora cat in passing, he skipped nimbly up on a side table upon which stood the handsome buhl writing desk belonging to Mrs. Brown.

Before that estimable lady realized the situation Sim threw back the lid and snatched in his small paw an addressed envelope with a broken seal, with which he sprang to the floor.

Mrs. Brown's fine color gave place to a sickly pallor as she saw the act.

"Catch him, some one—that letter"—she gasped, and Francie Bruton, who was not

"WHY, IT'S ADDRESSED TO ME!"

in the least afraid of Sim, whom she had often coaxed into her room with bonbons, was quick to respond.

Seizing Sim laughingly as he dashed past her, Francie wrested the envelope from his paw, but as her eyes unwittingly rested on the address so plainly visible under the glass chandelier, she uttered a little exclamation of surprise.

"Why—it's addressed to *me*—and the seal is broken!" she exclaimed, fixing her clear eyes on Mrs. Theodosia Brown, who, for the moment, was stricken dumb.

There was an awkward silence that was suddenly broken by Dick Blake's deliberate voice.

"Yes, Miss Francie," he said, quietly, "I know it is yours, because I wrote it and laid it in your room while you were out this morning. The seal was unbroken *then*," he added, with a curling lip.

"By Jove, that's a facer for the widow," muttered Bluffer, who was known to have sporting proclivities.

"I think I must bid you good night," said Francie, bowing with a slightly heightened color to the curious faces about her. "Good night, Mrs. Brown," and vanished through the door.

Curiously enough the remaining guests suddenly discovered that it was time to go, and in a few moments no one was left in the room but the discomfited widow, the parrot, pugs, cat and Sim, who, with his paw pressed against his aching head, seemed a prey to the bitterest remorse.

Half an hour later Mr. Blake heard a gentle tap at his door. Throwing it open, he stood for a moment in a state of extatic bewilderment.

For before him stood Francie, looking demurely downward at a knot of roses, whose carnation seemed reflected in her cheeks.

With a rapturous exclamation Blake sprang forward. But lifting her glad eyes to his own with a sweet, yet shy glance, which told him all he would know, Francie turned and sped lightly up the stairway. Pausing at the head of the flight and detaching one of the roses from her breast, she touched her fresh young lips to it and tossed it so deftly that it fell at Blake's feet.

"Something to be thankful for," she whispered—"good-night." And Blake, not unfrequently, calls his wife his Thanksgiving rose.

FRANK H. CONVERSE.

MANY persons think that the time spent in business is so much abstracted from what is calculated to nourish and strengthen the spiritual life. But business is not necessarily inimical to the soul's good. If pursued under the control of Christian principles, and with a recognition of the right uses of prosperity, it may tend to our highest good. Many a man in business has more real spiritual life than another whose opportunities for growth in grace appear most favorable.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

THE SPONGE TRADE.

A New York Dealer Tells Where and How He Obtains His Goods.

"The only place in this country where sponges are to be obtained is off the Florida Keys," said a big New York dealer. "They are also found among the islands of the West Indies and in the Mediterranean Sea. They also abound in the Greek and Turkish archipelagoes. The natives dive for them, and sometimes they go down in from thirty to forty fathoms of water. The divers live only a short time, and after five or six years become blind or deaf—that is, if they are not eaten by the numerous sharks that abound in these waters. They are a lazy set of men, and after they get their vessels well provisioned will not work until their supply is exhausted. Then they will work until they obtain a good cargo, and then dispose of it on the outer islands. Six to eight men go on each vessel. They live on fruit, drink wine and hanker after the society of females."

"Is the sponge of animal growth?"

"That's the question which, after an exhaustive scientific discussion in this city some years ago, resulted in the conclusion that it is. In its original state the sponge resembles the blow-fish in its appearance. When it is first taken from the water it has a pulpy flesh, and it is laid on the shore and covered with rushes until the rays of the sun burn the flesh off. Then it is put in shallow water and 'cradled.'"

"What are the different grades of sponges, and whence do they come?"

"Sheep's wool, grass, velvet and reef sponges can be obtained on the Florida sea-coast. Sheep's wool also comes from Nassau, but it is not as good as the Florida article. It has large pores. The grass, velvet, reef and wire sponges can also be obtained at Nassau. The wire sponge is not sold for use. The Mediterranean sponge is known as the Turkish bath sponge in this country and as the honeycomb in Europe. It is brought to this market after undergoing the process above described, and bleached here. The bleaching is done by the use of manganate of potash. After this is applied the sponge is placed in cleansing acids, washed in salt water, and finally colored to the desired tint by a solution of common washing soda. From Nassau we also receive the silk, surgeons' large cup, eye-cup, toilet and Zanoca sponges."

"What are the finest sponges, and where to they come from?"

"They are known as cup-sponges, and we get them from the Greek archipelago. The sponges used in hospitals are the small surgeon and abdominal, and they are rapidly being done away with, absorption cotton being their substitute. The sponge now made for medical use is called a sponge-tent. It is made of reef-sponge, and is used for cleaning out wounds and also in obstetrical cases. The sponge is an article none of which goes to waste. The clippings are used for filling mattresses, and are also used by rail engineers for packing journal boxes."

"I suppose there are no tricks in the trade?"

"O, yes, there are. The sponge can be easily doctored. Common grass sponges are frequently bleached and put on the market as Turkish goods. So neat is the work that even druggists can not detect the difference."—*N. Y. World.*

SONOROUS SANDS.

What the Scientists Know About the Curious Phenomenon.

At a recent meeting of the New York Academy of Sciences, Dr. A. Julian and Prof. H. C. Bolton gave a report of the interesting results of their long continued researches on sonorous sands. The cause of this remarkable phenomenon, which was first known to occur in Arabia, has long been a mystery. In course of time many other localities in which sonorous sands occur become known, and, in fact, it may be found almost every where on beaches and in deserts. The authors collected samples from all parts of the world, and on close examination, found that all sonorous sands are clean; that no dust or silt is found mixed with the sand; that the diameter of the angular or rounded grains ranges between 0.3 and 0.5 of a millimeter; and that the material may be siliceous, calcareous, or any other, provided its specific gravity is not very great. When these sands are moistened by rain or by the rising tide, and the moisture is evaporated, a film of condensed air is formed on the surface of each grain, which acts as an elastic cushion, and enables the sand to vibrate when disturbed. In sands mixed with silt or dust, these small particles prevent the formation of a continuous air cushion, and therefore such sands are not sonorous. If this theory be correct, sonorous sand must become mute by removing the film of air. Experiments of the authors prove that by heating, rubbing and shaking the sand is "killed." All these operations tend to destroy the film of air condensed on the surfaces. On the other hand, samples of sonorous sand were exhibited which had been kept undisturbed for many years. They had retained their sonorousness but, after having been rubbed for some time, became almost mute. The theory advanced by the authors appears very plausible, and will be firmly established when they succeed in making a sonorous sand. Their experiments in this line have not yet been completed, but promise fair success.—*Science.*

—Nuts when partly dry are sweeter than when freshly gathered, but they soon get too dry unless care is taken. If mixed with an equal amount of sand in a box and kept in a cool place they will not dry so fast.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Most of the needles used in this country are imported from England, and the number consumed annually is about 5,000,000.

—Wool growing is the sixth in importance of the agricultural industries in the United States, and is surpassed only by corn, hay, wheat cotton and oats.

—A series of experiments lately made by a French machinist are said to have proved that steel loses weight by rust twice as rapidly as cast iron when exposed to moist air.

—According to Prof. Potter asphalt, the article of prominent commercial importance of the present day, was used in the building of the tower of Babel and other ancient structures.

—A new system of lighting called the "Lucizen" will be used at the Wyandotte shipyard. It is made by crude petroleum and air pumped by a small engine, the flame being three feet high.

—The discovery and utilization of natural gas have proved a powerful stimulus to the manufacture of iron pipes and tubes in this country; there are now 2,300 miles of mains in the United States for conveying natural gas.

—As a case of deafness a result of gazing for a few seconds at a powerful electric arc has been reported to the French Academy of Sciences. The symptons disappeared after about an hour and a half, but returned on a repetition of the experiment.

—Dr. Charcot, the great French physician, says that children under sixteen can not have their brains overworked. No forcing, he asserts, will get out of them more cerebral work than the brain will accomplish without fatigue. It is not till after the age of sixteen or eighteen that forcing becomes possible.

—An international congress of nearly five hundred physicians lately in session in Paris was practically unanimous that consumption, or tuberculosis, is contagious and transmissible between man and beast. There was unanimity also as to the prime necessity of boiling milk and cooking meat well as a preventive of much of the consumption which now afflicts the human race.

—Investigation has shown that porous terra-cotta bricks and blocks best resist the action of fire, water and frost. Next to these as fire-resisting materials comes concretes and burnt clay work. For buildings intended to be fire-proof, the best materials are iron work, incased in porous terra-cotta, with tile or brick work in roof and floor, and tile construction. The hollow tiles are faced with vitreous tile, slate, or any good weather-proof coating, or with a single thickness of brick.

—It is not generally known, says the *Mining Review*, that important mining operations are carried on in the Arctic Circle. Cryolite is carried from Greenland to Philadelphia by the ship-load to be used in making candles. Extensive copper mines have been worked for a long time in Finland. Most of the work of mining has to be done under ground, and the workmen in deep mines suffer from heat, consequently it is apparent that mines can be worked as profitably in these high latitudes as in our own country.

—Dr. Dastre, a French physiologist, who has been experimenting with animals to determine the nature of seasickness, reports that after they had been subjected to various kinds of motion, corresponding to the rolling and pitching of vessels, he found their intestines strangely displaced. He concludes that a similar disturbance produces seasickness on board ships. Cocaine is said to be an excellent remedy. Another French physician who agrees with Dr. Dastre as to the causes of seasickness, claims to have discovered two infallible remedies, one a mixture of atropine and strychnine, and the other caffeine.

CAUSES OF FIRE.

Some New Observations on the Subject of Spontaneous Combustion.

In regard to spontaneous combustion, the fires of the year in Boston have furnished some new observations of considerable importance. In one case a quantity of feather dust in a bedding manufactory took fire without apparent reason. It was found, however, that a piece of thick glass had been lying on the feathers, and the sun's rays, concentrated in some way by the glass, had set fire to them, although the day was a cold one in the month of March. In another case, a number of tarpaulin hats were lying, stacked together, in a window. The high temperature, with, perhaps, the close packing of the hats, caused them to burst into a blaze. Two other fires were caused by putting paraffine paper, such as candy is wrapped in, into a refuse barrel which contained a little sawdust; and a third, which destroyed twenty thousand dollars' worth of property, was occasioned by putting greasy paper, which had been used to wrap lunches in, into a wooden refuse barrel, which contained some sawdust and sweepings.—*American Architect.*

A Door-Step Dialogue.

A woman called at a house on Cass avenue, and asked the lady if she could sell her some paints.

"I am not an artist, and do not use any paints," said the lady.

"But this is paint for the complexion," answered the woman.

"I do not paint my face," said the lady, preparing to close the door.

"Well, it would look better if you did," retorted the other as she turned to go.—*Detroit Free Press.*

TEMPERANCE.

CHEERS, BUT NOT INEBRIATES.

Hot Milk Recommended by Physicians as a Stimulant for Tired Patients.

"What folly it is to drink liquor for stimulation."

This was the observation of a leading physician this morning.

"Milk heated to much above 100 degrees Fahrenheit loses for a time a degree of its sweetness and density. No one who, fatigued by over-exertion of body or mind, has ever experienced the reviving influence of a tumbler of this beverage heated as hot as it can be sipped will willingly forego a resort to it, because of its being rendered somewhat less acceptable to the palate. The promptness with which its cordial influence is felt is indeed surprising. Some portion of it seems to be digested and appropriated almost immediately, and many who now fancy they need alcoholic stimulants when exhausted by fatigue will find in this simple draught an equivalent that will be abundantly satisfying and far more enduring in its effects.

"There is many an ignorant, overworked woman who fancies that she could not keep up without her beer; she mistakes its momentary exhilaration for strength, and applies the whip instead of nourishment to her poor, exhausted frame. Any honest, intelligent physician will tell her that there is more real strength and nourishment in a slice of bread than in a quart of beer; but if she loves stimulants it would be a very useless piece of information. It is claimed that some of the lady clerks in our own city, and those, too, who are employed in respectable business houses, are in the habit of ordering ale or beer in the restaurants. They probably claim that they are 'tired,' and no one who sees their faithful devotion to customers all day will doubt their assertions. But they should not mistake beer for a blessing or stimulus for strength. A careful examination of statistics will prove that men and women who do not drink can endure more hardships and more work, and live longer than those less temperate."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

Well Answered.

A train from Pittsburgh was approaching Chicago. On board was a quiet, well-dressed, copper-colored young Indian, who seemed to have all he could do to attend to his own business, which he did without molestation, until a young chap came from the sleeper into the smoking-car and saw him.

"An Indian, I guess," said the young man, as he lighted a cigarette. And then, approaching the son of the plains, he attracted general attention by shouting, with strange gestures:

"Ugh, heap big Injun! Omaha! Sioux! Pawnee! See Great Father! Have a drink fire-water? Warm Injun's blood."

The Indian gazed at the young man a moment with an ill concealed expression of contempt on his face, and then he said, with good pronunciation:

"You must have been reading dime novels, sir. I am going back to my people in Montana after spending three years in the East at school. I advise you to do the same thing. Where I live gentlemen do not carry whisky flasks in their pockets."

The young fire-water drinker did not wait to finish his smoke. There was too much mirth and music in the air just then.—*The Pipe of Peace.*

Progress of the Drunkard.

A drunkard only becomes so after years of tippling and steady drinking, commencing with an occasional glass of wine or beer at dinner or at lunch or an occasional cocktail at a bar with a friend and for friendship sake—finding that it does him no injury and, on the contrary, that he feels an apparent benefit, he continues the practice, accustoming the stomach to its effect until there is a craving, and in satisfying that craving the habit becomes fixed and gradually the whole system becomes alcoholized. At that period the victim is no longer a free agent, and though he may conceal the fact from the world and even from himself and his general health may not appear to suffer, the end will not be far distant, either he will be carried off by some disease that had he been a sober man his system would have thrown off or he will live disgracing himself and family and causing misery and sorrow to those he is bound by all the laws of God and man to honor and protect, to say nothing of the danger that he constantly runs of dying suddenly covered with his sins.—*N. O (La.) Morning Star.*

Cider Included.

Judge Caldwell, of the United States Circuit Court in Arkansas, in a recent case delivered an elaborate opinion in which he holds that, under a State law which forbids the sale of "alcohol, or any spirituous, ardent, vinous, malt, or fermented liquors,' cider can not be lawfully sold. His doctrine is that cider is an alcoholic beverage, produced by the fermentation of the juice of apples, and coming clearly within the letter of such a prohibitory statute. On this point the judge says: "Cider is also an intoxicating liquor, for it is common knowledge that a fermented beverage, which contains from five to ten per cent. of alcohol, which is freely drunk by the glassful, will produce intoxication. This is a fact of daily observation in communities where such beverages are sold. Whisky contains from forty to fifty per cent. of alcohol, and cider contains one-fifth as much alcohol as whisky, so that drinking a pint of cider is equivalent to drinking one-fifth of a pint of whisky. But to bring it under the operation of the liquor laws of the State it is not essential that it should be an intoxicating liquor. It is enough that it is a 'vinous or fermented liquor.'"

Drink in Belgium.

The liquor question is beginning to claim public attention in Belgium, especially in an economic point of view. A recent Brussels dispatch in the London *Times* says: "The question of diminishing the consumption of spirits is being seriously discussed here." It adds: "A newspaper published in a poor part of Flanders states that the daily consumption of a working-man—not a drunkard—there includes at 5:30 a. m., a 'worm-killer;' at 8 a. m., an 'eye-opener;' at 11 a. m., a 'whip;' at 2 p. m., a 'digester;' at 5 p. m., a 'soldier,' and at 7:30 p. m., a 'finisher.' His regular yearly expenditure for drams, without counting extra libations on festive occasions, amounts to 219 francs—a rather important item in a family budget of from 800 to 1,200 francs a year." It is also noteworthy that Belgium is a beer country, where there is a large consumption of beer, and that the largely increased consumption of spirits is one of the ominous results at present challenging thoughtful attention on the part of Belgian physicians and others.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

A Short Temperance Sermon.

An interesting story was brought to light at the Salem (Mass.) Hospital a few weeks ago, when a man was carried there to have an ugly wound on his face sewed up. Returning from a meeting one night he found his mother drinking whisky. He told her that he, too, would take to the intoxicating cup if he ever again found her under the influence of liquor. When he went to his dinner the next day his mother was drunk. A few words passed between them and then the young man took his membership papers in the total abstinence society—of which he was a member—from his pockets and threw them into the fire, and made a bee-line for the nearest saloon. He drank as much whisky as he could hold and was soon howling drunk. In that condition he presented himself to his intoxicated mother. She was so enraged that she seized a large earthen wash-bowl and struck him squarely in the face, splitting the face open to the bone. It is a terrible wound, and will disfigure the boy for life.

A Medical Voice Against Alcohol.

Dr. A. M. Ross, an eminent physician of Toronto, Can., is the author of a valuable series of health tracts, in one of which, on the subject of drink reform, he says:

"All intoxicating drinks, including wine, porter, beer, ale and cider, are poisons—they are inimical to the human constitution, and are produced *only* from the decay, destruction and decomposition of the products of organized matters. They deserve execration for the miseries they have inflicted and are still inflicting on human society. I can not refrain from uttering my astonishment that in this enlightened day there are so many physicians and clergymen (who profess to guide the body to health and the soul to Heaven) who not only indulge in intoxicating drinks themselves but commend the vile stuff to their confiding followers and patients, and even to nursing women."

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

Has the liquor traffic ever built a church, asylum, or endowed a college?

In Paris, and in many of the provincial towns of France, out of fifty shops there are thirty devoted to the sale of drink, so that one-half of the population has for its business the giving of drink to the other half.

A Temperance society has been formed in St. Petersburg, a city which consumes daily 1,600,000 glasses of vodka, 10,000 bottles of wine, 1,500,000 pints of beer, without mentioning various other forms of alcohol. The new society was formed by shoe-makers, has already 1,200 members, and is increasing at the rate of 150 new members a week. This movement, if successful, will mark an era in Russian history.

Anthony Allaire, superintendent from 1876 to 1884 on Blackwell's Island, where the city work-house, the penitentiary and other penal institutions of New York City are located, said a short time since that 95 per cent. of the people who find their way into the work-house on the island are brought there through rum. "Over 50 per cent. of the inmates of the lunatic asylum are there from the same cause, and out of the whole 10,000 population on the island 9,000 are there directly or indirectly as a result of the liquor traffic.

The physicians of Jacksonville, Fla., state publicly that those who drink liquor are less liable to recover from yellow fever; and Mayor Archibald, of the same city, in speaking of the ravages of this terrible scourge, says: "It strikes persons of alcoholic habits fatally. The fever is of a very mild form. The mortality is only about fifteen per cent., and taking out the deaths of men addicted to the use of alcholic beverages, the mortality would not exceed five per cent. Two-thirds of the fatality is due to the fact that persons have been accustomed to the use of strong drink before they are attacked by the fever, and in every such case the patient invariably dies, and without reaction. It is a frequent remark on the Jacksonville streets that yellow fever is the best temperance lecture the city ever had."

MISCELLANEOUS.

—In Europe it is customary to leave visiting cards on the graves of poets. This seems strange, when it is known that the occupants of the graves are always at home.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—It may be doubted whether the practice of chewing gum has an injurious effect on the eyes of the gum chewer, but it hurts the eyes of other people.—*Somerville Journal.*

—Lincoln County, Georgia, requires on the average only a day and a half of court. At the last session the only prisoner who has been in jail in the county for several years was let go on his own recognizance, the prosecutor failing to appear.

—Statistics lately published in England show that the world has 700 Croesuses worth $5,000,000 or over, of whom 200 reside in England, 100 in the United States, 100 in Germany, 75 in France, 50 in Russia, 50 in India and 125 in other countries.

—There is a new high-wire act. Two men starting from different ends of a slack wire meet and pass each other, going by on a waltz step. A woman actually dances on the wire, and a man trots across it with a companion upright on his shoulders.

—A lady saw a driver, angry with his horses for some fancied offense, about to lash them severely. She interrupted him by inquiring the way to a certain street, to a certain man's house, both of which she knew very well. But the driver, too gallant not to answer the lady's questions, had opportunity for his temper to cool, and restored the whip to its socket without striking a blow.

—Time, twentieth century. Place, at the polls. First Female Voter—"How do you do, Mrs. X? Who are you going to vote for for governor?" Second Female Voter—"O, I have not decided yet. The Republicans have put up Mr. A. They say he's very popular, and sure to be elected. But Mr. B, his opponent, he doesn't seem to have any friends at all, poor fellow; guess I'll vote for him." First Female Voter—"So will I."—*Yankee Blade.*

—"What will it cost me, Uncle Rastus, to have my coop whitewashed?" "I kain't tell yet, sah, till I makes an estimate ob de size and dimenshuns." That night the owner was disturbed by a loud noise in the hen-coop. "Hi, there!" he shouted from an upper window, "what are you doing there?" "It's Unc. Rastus," was the reply, "and he's figgerin' on de size an' dimenshuns ob de coop."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—"This is the darndest place I ever was in," exclaimed the bucolic gentleman at the theatre. "I've been looking around for the last half-hour and can't find the door." "Don't you see the sign on that door?" asked the gentlemanly usher. "Exit, that's Latin, and means the place where you go out." "Then why in time don't it say so? I don't know nothing about dead languages. 'Cause a feller can't read Latin, he's got to burn to death in case of fire, eh?"—*Boston Transcript.*

—"Men," said the captain of the steamer to the frightened passengers huddled about him, "it is true we are not gaining on the leak, but we are only fifteen miles from land, and if necessary we can throw overboard 2,000 tons of freight to lighten ship. There is no occasion for alarm. We have several hundred casks of rum in the hold that we can ——" "No occasion for alarm!" exclaimed a tall Kentuckian, turning pale with apprehension. "Captain, do you intend to throw that rum overboard?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

—The average age of locomotives is about twelve years, yet many, through proper habits of living, taking their meals regular and avoiding all intoxicating beverages attain quite a respectable old age. The oldest running engine in Germany has been on the road since 1845, and is consequently forty-three years old; quite a Methuselah, in fact. With regard to its habits it has always confined itself strictly to water, though it has been addicted to smoking all its life. It is sad to see a locomotive grown prematurely old by getting on trains and running all night, but they are often met with—in collisions.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Flagstaff, Me., is an interesting town for two reasons. It always has a Miles Standish among its citizens, and the Standish farm covers the ground where Benedict Arnold encamped on his Quebec expedition, and where he erected a flagstaff, from which the place received its name. G. W. Standish, one of the leading men of the town, is the only remaining son of Miles Standish, who was the eighth direct descent from Miles Standish, the captain of Plymouth. G. W. Standish's only brother, Miles, died seven years ago, but he left a son Miles, now twenty-two years old, and G. W. has a son Miles, who is four years old.

—Young lady (at dinner, sadly, to partner)—"I was forcibly reminded yesterday, Mr. Larkins, of the opening words of the poem, 'I never loved a dear gazelle.'" Mr. Larkins (with interest)—"Yes!" Young Lady—"Yes; I was presented with a lovely little lamb which I tenderly nursed and cared for through the summer, and of which I grew very fond. Yesterday the poor little creature broke its leg and it became necessary to kill it. I've felt so distressed over the matter." Mr. Larkin—"It is indeed, Miss Brown, truly sad." Young Lady—"Ah, yes, Mr. Larkins, and the piece de resistance of to-day's dinner is all that is left of my poor little lamb. It nearly breaks my heart. Won't you have a small piece of the crisp fat, Mr. Larkins? It is simply delicious."—*Epoch.*

THE HEBREW LAWS.

How They Are Prepared, Consecrated and Preserved by Orthodox Jews.

An additional roll of the "law" is brought out from the ark in the synagogue for the Jewish new year instead of one alone being used as for ordinary service. Some precise facts on the subject of these manuscripts "coming from the autograph of Moses" were communicated to the editor of the *American Hebrew.* "A festival," he said, "is held on the consecration of a scroll (sefer), which is always on parchment specially prepared. Great care is taken that this may not be desecrated in any manner, as from touching the floor or wall before being set in the ark.

"The roll is left unfinished until the time of consecration, when the final words of the law are added. The privilege of completing the work is purchased, and the writing is finished by the one who pays if he is qualified for the task. Otherwise the scribe (sofer) must do it for him.

"The original is followed in all respects in these manuscripts. The whole runs along without punctuation, and with neither accents nor divisions into books, chapters, and verses. A hiatus in the early form appears in every [illegible]. The same is true of all interlineations. A line invariably ends with a complete word, so that the scribe must be skilled in the practice of driving out a word in one place or crowding in at another. The cost of one of these rolls is $400 or $500.

"In the printed Hebrew, when the work is a strictly literary character of high grade, the vowel points are not used. It is chiefly in ordinary reading for the multitude that these are introduced.

"The scrolls are mounted on two rolls of wood, so arranged that as one is unrolled the other is rolled. The end-piece into which the rolls are set, is adorned with two tower-shaped ornaments of silver, with small silver bells in connection. A silver hand, which is added, is used by the reader in tracing the lines. The rolls are bound with a woolen band, and further covered with a wrapping in silk when returned to the ark. On the Yom Hazikorom, the day of remembrance, or new year, the reader uses two of the rolls, as is done on other holidays and on the Sabbath in new moon. From one of these the concluding section only of the portion of the law for the day is read.

"The Chinese-Jewish manuscripts, which are brought from Kai-fung-foe, and of which a portion has passed into the possession of the London Jews' Society, with the remainder distributed between the British Museum, the Bodleian Library, and that of Cambridge, is receiving attention from literary Hebrews. It will be seen from descriptions of these Eastern productions that the rolls of the law are in general correspondence, whatever may be their origin."—*N. Y. Telegram.*

PHILOSOPHY OF COLDS.

A Normal Condition of the Skin the Chief Protection Against Them.

Says Prof. Woodbury, of the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia: "If there is any thing calculated to take all the brightness out of the sunshine, all the savor out of our food, and all the sweetness out of our life, it is a cold in the head." He presents some thoughts in its philosophy, the substance of which may interest the mighty host of sufferers.

In every case there are two factors, an irritant and a susceptibility of the system. Among the irritants are microscopic germs taken in from without, as in influenza, and certain poisons which are developed from bad nutrition or imperfect assimilation within the body, and which it is the office of the liver to destroy. Indeed, the effects of the two causes are essentially the same, for the germs act by generating certain violent poisons, which irritate the mucous membrane of the nostrils, pharynx, lungs, stomach or bowels.

As to susceptibility to colds, a healthy body, under ordinary circumstances, has very little of it. But sudden climatic changes may induce it. Horses, brought from the West, often have a discharge from the nostrils which lasts about six months. A ship's crew who had been perfectly healthy while absent several months on the Alaska coast were all, on their return, taken down with a cold in the head. Of an audience going out into a bleak atmosphere from a close, warm room, a certain portion will take cold. These have the requisite susceptibility; the rest are happily free from it. In all cases of this special susceptibility there is a lowering of the nutrition, a certain depraved or depressed condition. The luxurious and indolent are as liable to it as the poor, and those whose surroundings are bad.

A normal condition of the skin is the chief protection against a cold. Three-fourths of the sufferers from catarrhal pneumonia or chronic bronchitis are found to be in the habit of neglecting the skin. Their skin has become degraded, and is no longer a protective covering for the body. The skin needs to be hardened by the use of the flesh-brush, the cold douche, the air bath, and by frequent change of underclothing. Active exercise needs to be added, to keep the tissues from clogging. The time to cure the patient is before he gets the cold.—*Youth's Companion.*

—A new idea in tricycling has been invented by an Englishman who has been traveling with his wife through France on a machine fitted with a bamboo mast on which a sail can be hoisted. The wind has sometimes kept him moving, even on up-grades, without using the pedals.

STABLE CONSTRUCTION.

The Advisability of Arranging Every Thing So as to Save Steps.

I have come to the determination never to put a plank floor into a stable again, but to use cement. I visited recently some stables floored with it, one of which has been in use for five years, and in stalls where heavy, sharp-shod horses have stood, there is not a visible sign of wear. It is expensive keeping up plank floors and they soon become saturated with urine and make the stable malodorous, but with a good concrete floor and plenty of bedding we save all the urine and have a comparatively sweet stable. My new barn has been built less than four years but already the floors are giving us trouble, and I shall begin to replace them with concrete, and after we get all this floor laid I will tell how it is done and give you an idea of the cost. Another point I want you to study while inspecting your barn is the arrangement of every thing to save steps. Take your pencil and figure what the saving of five minutes a day would amount to in a lifetime. It will amount to three days of ten hours each a year, and while this is not a great amount of time it is certainly worth saving, and the barns are not rare where it would be easy to save much more time than this by a little planning.

I visited recently a young farmer and found that he had a box stall that had been built on the edge of his stable, but with a door entering from the north barnyard and no communication with the stable. To reach this box stall one must go out of the east door of his stable (the box stall is at the west end), go twenty feet east and open a gate and pass into the north barnyard, then turn west and go about sixty feet to the box stall, and I judge from the venerable appearance of this barn that this has been done for thirty years or more. In a single rainy half day a door could be cut from the main stable to the box stall and these long journeys three times a day be done away with. Forty years ago I moved into this neighborhood and a barn near me which I visited had the main door, which is used an average of twenty times a day, made only about five feet high so that one must stoop sharply to enter it. I was in that barn again this summer and found the identical door as low as ever, and yet two or three hours' time would replace it with a door high enough so that one could walk into it with a sack of grain or a basket of corn on his shoulder. I visited another farm and found the door through which the owner passed every time he fed his horses was so narrow that he could not walk through it with the basket of corn on his arm but must swing it around in front of him to get through, and on asking why the door was not made wider he laughed and said: "Father made that door forty years ago." I presume he is using it still.

I do not wish to be over-critical but I know how easy it is to form habits of neglect, and I call attention to these matters in the hope that it will lead some of my readers to arrange conveniently for doing these daily repeated chores which absorb so large a portion of our time and strength.—*Waldo F. Brown, in Ohio Farmer.*

Honey-Moon Cars in Spain.

The directors of Spanish railways may be excellent men of business, but they are certainly not students of human nature, as is shown by the following facts: A few months ago the model of a new railway carriage was put before them, divided into small elegant apartments, each furnished with two seats and a small table, to be reserved for the special use of couples on their wedding tour. Innocent of the well-known fact that newly-married couples are always nervously anxious not to appear what they are, the delighted directors ordered some "honeymoon carriages," and for some time past one of them has been attached to every express train, with the result that not a single couple have yet made use of the special accommodation. A terrible rumor is now current to the effect that, unless the new vehicles do not gain favor, they will before long be set apart for the special use of "defrauders wishing to travel alone."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"Physician, heal thyself!" is an injunction promulgated centuries ago, and now some of the older practitioners are pretty well heeled.—*The Idea.*

When the political caldron boils, the scum quite naturally rises to the top.—*Boston Gazette.*

Two heads are better than one—especially if they are cabbages and a man has a large family to provide for.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The pugilist while not necessarily a man of mental culture is usually a man of striking intelligence.—*Merchant Traveler.*

A nod fellow—The policeman.

A wink is as good as a written prescription to a knowing soda-water clerk.—*Hotel Mail.*

Aeronauts are generally "well up" in balloons, unless they are sick.

There may be objection to the chimney-sweeper's calling, but it soots those who follow it.—*Boston Courier.*

A ten dollar bill is not like unto a man, for it can pay debts just as well after it is broken.—*Western Plowman.*

A crew seldom on water—a corkscrew.

Coming through the Rye—the brewer's wealth.—*Time.*

If a man has brass he can get along with a very moderate supply of tin.

Painters ought to know more about the signs of the times than anybody else.

The book reviewer, unlike other literary men, can do his best work when in a critical condition.

The girl who takes her engagement ring to the jeweler to find out how much it cost will never make a satisfactory wife, especially if the young man finds it out.—*Somerville Journal.*

WEANING COLTS.

A Method Recommended by Some of the Most Successful Horse-Men.

Colts are weaned at from four to six months. When it is necessary to use the mare much, either for farm work or road purposes, it is better for both to wean at four months. Weaning, as formerly practiced, was rather a critical period in the youngster's life, especially when the latter had neither been halter-broken nor taught to eat grain, roots, apples or any thing of the kind. Before weaning, halter-break the colt, using a strong, pliable, well fitting head halter. It should also be taught to eat while running with its dam. This can be accomplished in a few days by feeding the mare in a trough large enough to permit the colt to get its nose in easily by the side of that of the dam. It is much better for the dam that the weaning process be gradual. For two or three days the colt should be allowed to suck three times a day, giving less each time. After that let the colt with the dam only morning and night, diminishing the amount gradually each meal for a few days and at the end of a week let it suck only at night for two or three days. At the end of this time, if the mare has been kept on hay without grain, she will be nearly dry and the colt can be taken off. Watch the mare for a few days and milk her if necessary. Feed the colt on bright, early cut hay—rowen is better—and keep a pail of fresh water within its reach. Feed oats and wheat bran, beginning with a pint of each night and morning and increase gradually to one quart of each twice a day. Some prefer to have the oats bruised that is ground coarse. If the colt lacks thrift, nothing will start it quicker than cow's milk. That which has been skimmed will cause as rapid growth as the new milk. It is sometimes desirable to wean colts at three months or even younger. When this is the case a gruel made of oatmeal and wheat middlings, to which a quart or two of skimmed milk has been added, fed twice a day, makes an excellent ration. By adopting this method the colt can be kept growing every day while weaning.—*Horseman.*

—The good that is done in a pleasant way accomplishes most and is most lasting.

Eruption of the Skin Cured.

Brockville, Ontario, Canada, December 2, 1885.

I have used Brandreth's Pills for the past fifteen years, and think them the best cathartic and anti-bilious remedy known. For some five years I suffered with an eruption of the skin that gave me great pain and annoyance. I tried different blood remedies, but, although gaining strength, the itching was unrelieved. I finally concluded to take a thorough course of Brandreth's Pills. I took six each night for four nights, then five, four, three, two, lessening each time by one, and then for one month took one every night, with the happy result that now my skin is perfectly clear and has been so ever since.

Ed. Vennet.

What's in a name? Too many "eye-openers" will make a man "blind drunk."—*Norristown Herald.*

Solid Vestibule Trains

Now run through daily, over the Great Rock Island Route, between Chicago and Colorado Springs, Denver and Pueblo. Similar Fast Vestibule Express Trains, between Chicago and Council Bluffs (Omaha) and between Chicago and Kansas City and St. Joseph. These trains are equipped with new and elegant Day Coaches, Reclining Chair Cars, Dining Cars (east of the Missouri river) and Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars, heated throughout by steam and having all the modern improvements. West of Kansas City and St. Joseph, splendid Dining Hotels are located at convenient stations. The completion of the Colorado extension of the Rock Island system affords the most direct, desirable and only line from Chicago through Kansas and Nebraska to Colorado Springs, Denver and Pueblo, giving choice of routes to and from Salt Lake City, Portland, Los Angeles, San Francisco and the Pacific Coast.

Tickets via this popular Route are on sale at all railway coupon ticket offices in the United States and Canada, where time tables, folders, etc., can be procured, or address E. A. Holbrook, G.T. & P.A., Chicago.

The best way to make light of a troublesome note is to get possession of it and burn it.—*Western Plowman.*

$5,000 in Prizes

is offered by the publishers of The Youth's Companion for the best short stories. There are three prizes of $1,000 each, three of $750 each and three of $250 each. No other paper pays so liberally to obtain the very best matter for its subscribers. The publishers will send a circular on receipt of a stamp, giving the conditions of this offer. The Companion has Two Million Readers a week. Every family should take it. Any new subscriber who sends $1.75 now, will receive it free to January 1, 1889, and a full year's subscription from that date. Address Youth's Companion, 43 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

There wasn't much profit in stocks when they were employed as instruments of punishment.—*Siftings.*

When the Dinner Bell Rings,

It is pleasant to know that the prandial repast will be followed by no penitential pangs. The dyspeptic, to regain digestion and exile forever the manifold symptoms that assail him, should begin early and persist in a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Then will he find peace vainly sought before. Biliousness, constipation, kidney ailments and debility are remedied by the Bitters.

The girl with the sloe-black eye sees quick enough.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Explosions of Coughing are stopped by Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.
Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

The board of education—the schoolmaster's shingle.

Coughs and Colds. Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, etc., should try Brown's Bronchial Troches. *Sold only in boxes.*

Why is the practice of praising children like opium? Because it's laudanum.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

The man who is wild on the subject of yachting is an ultra-marine.—*Puck.*

BATTLE FIELD ECHOES

THE GREAT WAR BOOK. WRITTEN BY 300 VETERANS The ONLY SOLDIERS' HISTORY of the WAR. Authentic, Thrilling. Portraits of leading Generals on both sides. Selling like Wildfire. Big terms to Agents. We pay freights. Send for Circulars. KING, RICHARDS & CO., Springfield, Mass. MENTION THIS PAPER every time you write.

Humor of the Day.

In everybody's mouth—Teeth.

The glazier generally has a pane in his chest.

Working like a horse—A lawyer drawing a conversation.

Hearts may be honest, but they are always on the beat.

The rising generation—Folks getting up in the morning.

Sometimes in a trade a man kicks when there is nothing to boot.

The woman question—which women are opposed to—"How old are you?"

It is not generally known that the wheels of a vehicle are tired as the horse.

A pig was never known to wash, but a great many people have seen the pig iron.

In a question of life and death there are two sides to take—This side and that side.

It is now believed that Venus rose from the sea to allow the hired girl to make the bed of the ocean.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Ah," said the fly, as it crawled around the bottle, "I have passed through the hatching age, the creeping age, and now I am in the mucilage"—then it stuck.

"Dad can tell the time without looking at his watch," said little Johnnie. "When I ask him in the morning he says it is time to get up, and when I ask him at night he says it is time to go to bed."—*New York. Sun.*

"How are you getting along?" asked one cyclone of another, "About ninety miles an hour. How's yourself?" "O, I manage to keep things moving," answered Cy. No. I, and blew a town into the lake.—*Detroit Free Press.*

There was confusion in the faces of George and Matilda, who sat in intimate proximity on the sofa, as Harry entered. Matilda was the first to recover her self-possession. She said—"We are engaged in a little game at cards." Harry—"And a mighty close game, too, eh?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Robert J. Burdette recently received a notification at Livingston, Mon., that a dead registered letter awaited his orders at Washington. He sent the following reply: "If the letter referred to isn't so dead that it is offensive you might send the remains to Burlington, Iowa, where I will claim the mummy in about a month."—*New York Post.*

"Miss Maud," he said, "I have come in this evening to ask you a question, and I have brought a ring with me. Now, before you try it on I want to tell you that if you feel inclined to be a sister to me I will have to take it back, as my father objects to my sister wearing such large diamonds." And Maud said she would keep the ring.—*Jeweler's Weekly.*

A Fine Compliment.--Husband: "Professor Widehead paid you a very fine compliment after dinner last night, my dear." Wife: "Oh, did he? What did he say?" "He said that you weren't handsome, but you were one of the most intelligent women he ever met." Wife: "Professor What's-his-name has received his last invitation from me.—*Time.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Gathered Treasures.

It is the sunshine itself that makes every shadow.

The innocence of intention abates nothing of the mischief of example.

Conscience is the voice of the soul, the passions are the voice of the body.

Do not anticipate trouble or worry about that which may never happen. Keep in the sunlight.

The more God empties our hands of others' work, the more you may know He has special work to give them.

"Every beautiful, pure and good thought which the heart entertains is an angel of mercy, purifying and guarding the soul."

As the medical properties of some plants can be adduced only by distillation so our good qualities can only be proved by trials.

There is no difference between man and man. Superiority depends on the manner in which we profit by the lessons of necessity.

Great efforts from great motives is the best definition of a happy life. The easiest labor is a burden to him who has no motive in performing it.

He that would reckon up all the accidents preferments depended upon may as well undertake to count the sands or sum up infinity.

Pearls of Thought.

Flattery is sugar-coated lies.

The time is never lost that is devoted to good works.

Duties fulfilled are always pleasures to the memory.

Faithfullness and sincerity are the highest things.

We respect ourselves more if we have succeeded in life.

Truth is the property of an individual, but it is the treasure of all men.

After missing one opportunity we are shy about embracing another.

It is one thing to notice a wink and another to know what it means.

Ambition breaks the ties of blood and forgets the obligations of gratitude.

No man ever did a designed injury to another without doing a greater to himself.

Diffidence is, perhaps, quite as often the child of vanity as of self-depriciation.

The happiest of love is in action; its test is what one is willing to do for others.

The manner of giving shows the character of the giver more than the gift itself.

The passionate are like men standing on their head; they see everything the wrong way.

Happy the man who early learns the wide chasm that lies between his wish and his powers.

Ladies of fashion starve their happiness to feed their vanity and their love to feed their pride.

Truth is the most powerful thing in the world, since fiction can only please us by its resemblance.

Habits and Long Life.

The information which the blanks give on the subject of habits coincides with the opinion of most people, formed from observation, that longevity without regularity of habits is rare. These old people, men and women alike, as early risers and retirers, almost without exception, and fully nineteen out of every twenty have observed this custom throughout life, except perhaps at some short period in youth. Meals have been eaten regularly, three each day, with dinner at noon, the exceptions being so rare as to indicate nothing. Exercise in most cases has been hard work up to sixty-five or seventy, and after that period has consisted (when the regular occupation has been given up) of walking, gardening, or both. Except in case of sickness these old people are as a rule as active and as fond of constant occupation of some sort to-day as most men and women are at thirty-five.

One of the most significant facts gathered in this canvass is that regarding occupations. Out of 1,000 men, throughout life, 461 have been farmers; 92 have been carpenters; 70 merchants: 61, mariners; 49, laborers; 42, shoemakers; 41, manufacturers; 23, clergymen: 23, masons; 16, blacksmiths; 16, bankers; 12 each, iron workers, mill hands, physicians and lawyers; and the balance are divided among nearly all the other trades and professions. The list includes only one each of the following: Hermit, hunter, chemist, professor, soldier, broker, auctioneer, jockey, contractor. Nearly all, however, began life upon the farm.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

The New York *Graphic* says: "There is always something new in Paris, and the latest novelty is worth the attention of our own Government. A member of the Municipal Council proposes to establish an asylum for rabid and habitual politicians. On the certificate of fifty citizens, not more than half of whom shall belong to any one political party, that the man has become a confirmed nuisance and neglects his family for purposes of statesmanship, the judge can order him immured within the asylum walls until such times as he may have returned to the ways of ordinary people who are not statesmen or politicians. The treatment to be pursued towards him during his confinement is also noteworthy. Endless doses of political oratory, political economy and political froth are to be administered to him until he becomes fatigued and disgusted, and is ready to turn his attention to the duties of every day life."

According to the *British Medical Journal*, half of those who live die before seventeen. Only one person in 10,000 lives to be 100 years old, and but one in 100 reaches sixty. The married live longer than the single, but out of every 1,000 born only 190 are ever married. Of 1,000 persons who have reached seventy there are of clergymen, orators and public speakers, forty-three; farmers, forty; workmen, thirty-three; soldiers, thirty-two: lawyers, twenty-nine; professors, twenty-seven; doctors, twenty-four.

"When I was a youngster," said United States Senator Hearst, of California, "I lived with my parents out in Missouri. We were all poor in those days, and I scarcely knew what money was except by name. Finally a visitor at our house presented me with ten cents. I think I was the happiest boy in the neighborhood. I used to lie awake at night considering how I could spend it to get the best in return. One day I lost it between a high hill and my father's house, about three hundred yards distant. I think I searched every foot of that ground a dozen times over, but that money was gone and I never found it. It is painful to me at this moment to recall my grief at its disappearance. Since then I have lost money in large sums which have nearly bankrupted me, but they never caused be half the unhappiness that the loss of my first ten cents did."—*New York Herald.*

If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours, and open them that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin, without a eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to annoint our friends beforehand for the burial. Postmortem kindness does not cheer the burdened spirit, Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward on the way.

Mrs. Frances E. Willard as president of the National W. C. T. U., denies that the union has required its members to help the prohibition party under penalty of being regarded as disloyal to the union. She says it is a fact that the large majority believe in that party and have said so by resolution, but the minority are at perfect liberty to dissent.

An exchange referring to the suggestion that there will be a western administrative atmosphere at Washington after Mr. Harrison's inauguration, expresses the hope that it will not be social blizzard's.

An electric girl in Iowa can hold a 300 pound man in a chair with all ease. Almost any pretty girl can hold a man of any size on a chair, or even on a piano stool, whether she's electric or not, and she needn't even so much as put her hands on him.

We long most for the things we have missed.

Silks and satins put out the fire in the kitchen.

Nothing costs as much as what is given us.

The taste of the kitchen is better than the smell.

Many weaknesses of human nature are distorted virtues.

Better to go to bed supperless than to get up in debt.

Contentment does not demand conditions, it makes them.

Now is always the very best time if we would only make it so.

The wisest fellows, we think, are those who agree with us.

Whistling doesn't make the locomotive go, it is the sileat steam.

We build barriers against the flood tide; we should place some restraints to all prosperity.

Knowledge, like money, increases our responsibility in proportion to the amount obtained.

He must expect to be wretched who pays to beauty, riches or politeness that regard which only virtue and piety can claim.

If You Have a Trifling Cough

Don't neglect it. Use Roger's Specific Cough Cure. It is a sure and speedy cure for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, &c. 25 cts. a bottle.

For Sprains, Burns, Bruises, &c.

Use Roger's Specific Liniment. It has no equal as a cure for Sprains, Burns Bruises, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Rheumatism, &c. 25 cts.

Dyspepsia and Habitual Constipation

Speedily cured by a few doses of Appetite, the Great Stomach, Kidney and Liver Remedy. Price 50 cts.

Piles! Piles! Pile!

Roger's Specific Cocaine Pile Remedy will cure in a short time the most aggravated case of Itching, protruding, Bleeding, or any other form of Piles. Price 50 cts. a box.

Roger's Specific Worm Syrup

Is Pleasant, Safe and efficient. Price 25 cts.

For Chapped Hands, Face, &c.,

Use Frangipane Curative Balm, a delightful toilet article for the Hands, Face, Roughness of Skin, Face and Sunburn, Tetter, Pimples, Blotches and Skin Diseases. Price 15 cts.

All the above preparations are for sale at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, Oakland, and by druggists and country merchants in all parts of Garrett and adjoining counties.

Estate of Jonathan E. Stouffer, Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, Maryland, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the real and personal estate of

JONATHAN E. STOUFFER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 18th day of May next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of November, 1888.

MARY SPINDLER, Executrix,
11 17 3t Accident, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMNETS.

If You Are Sick

With Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Blood Humors, Kidney Disease, Constipation, Female Troubles, Fever and Ague, Sleeplessness, Partial Paralysis, or Nervous Prostration, use Paine's Celery Compound and be cured. In each of these the cause is mental or physical overwork, anxiety, exposure or malaria, the effect of which is to weaken the nervous system, resulting in one of these diseases. Remove the CAUSE with that great Nerve Tonic, and the RESULT will disappear.

Paine's Celery Compound

JAS. L. BOWEN, Springfield, Mass., writes:—"Paine's Celery Compound cannot be excelled as a Nerve Tonic. In my case a single bottle wrought a great change. My nervousness entirely disappeared, and with it the resulting affection of the stomach, heart and liver, and the whole tone of the system was wonderfully invigorated. I tell my friends, if sick as I have been, Paine's Celery Compound

Will Cure You!

Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

For the Aged, Nervous, Debilitated.

Diamond Dyes

Warranted to color more goods than any other dyes ever made, and to give more brilliant and durable colors. Ask for the *Diamond*, and take no other.

A Dress Dyed
A Coat Colored
Garments Renewed
FOR 10 CENTS.

A Child can use them!

Unequalled for all Fancy and Art Work. At druggists and Merchants. Dye Book free. WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Props., Burlington, Vt.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil, Paregoric or Narcotic Syrups. Children cry for Castoria. Millions of Mothers bless Castoria.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation; Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation; Gives healthy sleep; also aids digestion; Without narcotic stupefaction.

"I recommend Castoria for children's complaints, as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

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They are Growing More Popular Every Day.

W H O ?

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The Acknowledged Largest Dealers in Western Maryland,

Who, by their many years' experience in the music business, together with honest and fair dealing, have placed the World Renowned

ESTEY AND CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN

in the leading ranks of all other Organs manufactured. The Estey Organ is well enough known to be appreciated when seen. The Chicago Cottage Organ is gaining a reputation that ere long will place it at the head of the list. It is elegant in finish, exquisite in design. In tone superlatively fine. Standard in construction. Highly ornamented and heavy volume. It is an Organ whose action speaks louder than words, and after one sees and trys this lovely instrument, it always pleases and gives entire satisfaction to the purchaser. We also sell the celebrated

DECKER BROS., WEBER, FISHER BROS., AND ESTEY PIANOS,

—AND THE—

New Home Sewing Machine.

This machine has *no* superior. The cabinet work is of the finest and most artistic made. Its construction is the best and guaranteed not to get out of order. Its attachments are the simplest as well as the most perfect made, and a child can operate it with ease. The attachments are self-setting, requiring no screw driver, not even a thumb screw. No home is complete without this, the grandest, best and most perfect machine made.

Our terms are made in every instance to suit purchaser, and prices the lowest ever offered for first-class goods in this section. We buy for cash in large quantities from the factories direct, thus enabling us to save the purchaser the ordinary agents commission. A word to the wise is sufficient.

For purchasing write or send for illustrated catalogues, prices, terms, &c., to

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Main Office, MEYERSDALE, PA.
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—MANUFACTURER OF—

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND PLASTERING LATH!

SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.

Having had Fourteen years practice and experience as a SHINGLE SAWYER, I am confident that I can sell you a better shingle than can be bought any where else in the State for the same price.

J. F. LEWIS,
3 3 '88 1y Crellsville, W. Va.

FARM FOR SALE!

For sale cheap, a farm of 395 acres, about 90 acres of which is cleared, and on which are erected a

Two-Story Frame House, Two Stables

and other outbuildings. About 75 acres of the woodland is covered with EXCELLENT TIMBER. The farm is situated two miles from Swanton, B. & O. R. R. About 20 acres is under fence. A young orchard was put out four years ago, and will soon come into bearing.

For particulars and terms, apply to or address

RICHARD CUSTER,
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VALUABLE

STOCK FARM FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Wallink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 85 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

TOWN PROPERTY

FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

—OF—

Personal Property.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Solomon Clark to the undersigned mortgagee, dated the 2nd day of December, 1887, I will sell at public auction

On SATURDAY, December 8th.

1888, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M., on the tract of land called "Winston," near the village of Elkins, Garrett county, to the highest bidder, the following personal property:

One direct attachment Saw Mill and Engine, made by Ira Hart, together with all the fixtures belonging thereto; also 1 other Engine and fixtures, 2 Steam Engine Boilers, 1 Planer, and all Log Trucks, Log Pullers, Saws, Belting, Chains, &c., belonging to and now used in the operation of the saw mill on the tract of land called "Winston," by the said Clark; also the Mill Building in which the aforesaid property is located, it being about 50x80 feet, one-story high.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash.

LOUIS NYDEGGER,
11 17 2t Mortgagee.
THOMAS & SINCELL, Solicitors.

MASSEY HALL PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

School year commences

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Regular and elective courses in all Preparatory Studies. Special attention to English and Commercial branches. The number of pupils is strictly limited, in order to insure the most thorough training and individual advancement.

For terms, hours of study, &c., apply to

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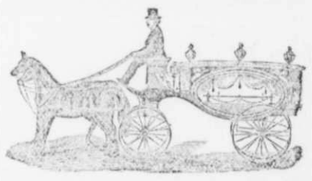

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FURNITURE,

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and Window Blinds.

And everything usually kept in a First-Class Furniture Establishment

Furniture Rented on easy Terms

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

REPAIR WORK,

PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c

☞ Also make Furniture to order.

D. E. BOLDEN, & CO.

Feb. 25, '88.

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 3d, 1888.

All persons are hereby warned not to remove any stone from the National Road in Garrett county, or from the Bridges thereon.

By order County Commissioners,

W. H. HAGANS,
9 8 tf Clerk.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect November 18th, 1888:

GOING EAST.

No. 2		7 41 A. M
No. 38	Accommodation	10.34 A. M
No. 6		3.04 P. M
No. 82	Accommodation	5.25 P. M
No. 4		11 45 P. M

GOING WEST

No. 3		5 51 A. M
No. 81	Accommodation	9 00 A. M
No. 5		3 21 P. M
No. 65	Accommodation	6.06 P. M
No. 1		9.15 P. M

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.

C. K. LORD,
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CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

2 8 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

Lloyd Lowndes

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, DEC. 15, 1888. NUMBER 42.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and West Virginia.
☞ Office over Casteel's Drug Store on Main street, Oakland, Md. 2 26 '87.

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AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.
Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e11-ly

J. B. FAY,
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AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals Also in adjoining counties of West Va.
☞ Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.
Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

WARING THOMAS. EWD. H. SINCELL
THOMAS & SINCELL,
Attorneys-at-Law and Solicitors in Chancery,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office in Boyer Building, Cor. Second and Alder, streets, Oakland, Md.

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.
OFFICE IN NYDEGGER BUILDING.
☞ Residence in Dr. Keller Building.
Sept. 9, 1885.—1y.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.,
offers his professional services to the people of Oakland and vicinity. 5 5 '88
☞ Office and residence corner Oak and Fifth streets, two doors East Catholic Church.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n48

Dr. I. D. Newman,
OAKLAND, MD.
CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.
Office and residence on Mill street, opposite the Helbig bridge
Calls day or night promptly attended to.
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Successful Treatment of Disease
A SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY!
MICROBES the Cause of all Diseases.
MICROBE KILLER
Kills the Microbes.
Successful Treatment.

CURES:
Catarrh,
Bronchitis,
Consumption,
Malaria,
Rheumatism.
Wonderful Tonic and Blood Purifier.
The efficacy of the Microbe Killer in cases of consumption has been so effectually demonstrated that we are justified in claiming for it curative powers beyond those of any medicine known. We do not claim for it miraculous power in curing cases so far gone that cure is impossible, but we do claim that it will cure any case where the lungs are not more than half gone. Persons with poor appetite, weak and debilitated, will find it the best tonic. Every one should use it, particularly those who have suffered for years with incurable chronic diseases. Microbes, or germs, are causes of disease. The medicine that will kill the germs and at the same time cure the patient is the one to use.
Sold only in one gallon stone jugs. Price $3.00. sufficient to last about one month. Cheap; within the reach of all. Physician of 17 years experience in charge of the office. Send for circular and information.
Wm. Radam's Microbe Killer, 812 Arch St., Philada., Pa.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,
Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.
These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Netkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.
These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.
For further information apply to,
JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md

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Dr. Seth Arnold's
COUGH KILLER
CURES
Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and Asthma.
PREVENTS CONSUMPTION
Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.
Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, druggist, Oakland, Md. 11 '86 1y

PLANING MILLS.
MT. LAKE PARK, MD.,
ALDERSON & ROBINSON, PROPS
C. M. RATHBUN, Manager.
Manufacturers of and dealers in
Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings,
Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.
☞ Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of mill work. 9. '87.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property.
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

FARM FOR SALE.
A RARE CHANCE TO INVEST!
A farm containing 161 acres, 3½ miles from Oakland, on the West Union Road is offered for sale at a bargain. This is known as the Christian Yutzy farm, has good buildings, is well watered, 100 acres under cultivation and a good ghrist and saw mill on adjoining land.
TERMS.—One-third cash, the balance in two equal annual payments.
For price and particulars apply to or address
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Republican office, Oakland, Md.
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GEO. P. WHITE, Mt. Lake Park, Md. S. D. WHITE, P. M Frankville, Md.
WHITE & BRO.
NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!
AT FRANKVILLE, MD.
Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes. Country produce taken in exchange for goods Call and see us. WHITE & BRO
P. O. address, Floyd, Md.

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Caveats, and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.
OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE. We have no sub-agencies, all business direct, hence can transact patent business in less time and at LESS COST than those remote from Washington.
Send model, drawing, or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.
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Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.
ANDREW J. HARNE.
Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y

BLACKSMITHING.
I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."
DAVID LITTLE.

MASSEY HALL
PREPARATORY SCHOOL,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
School year commences
September 12th, 1888.
Regular and elective courses in all Preparatory Studies. Special attention to English and Commercial branches. The number of pupils is strictly limited, in order to insure the most thorough training and individual advancement.
For terms, hours of study, &c., apply to
REV. J. NEWMAN,
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E. F. STANSBERRY.
—Manufacturer of—
Boots and Shoes,
Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,
OAKLAND, MD.
☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.
Nov. 21, 85.—y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CONSTIPATION
IS called the "Father of Diseases," because there is no medium through which disease so often attacks the system as by the absorption of poisonous gases in the retention of decayed and effete matter in the stomach and bowels. It is caused by a Torpid Liver, not enough bile being excreted from the blood to produce Nature's own cathartic, and is generally accompanied with such results as
Loss of Appetite,
Sick Headache,
Bad Breath, etc.
The treatment of Constipation does not consist merely in unloading the bowels. The medicine must not only act as a purgative, but be a tonic as well, and not produce after its use greater costiveness. To secure a regular habit of body without changing the diet or disorganizing the system
SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR
"My attention, after suffering with Constipation for two or three years, was called to Simmons Liver Regulator, and, having tried almost everything else, concluded to try it. I first took a wineglassful and afterwards reduced the dose to a teaspoonful, as per directions, after each meal. I found that it had done me so much good that I continued it until I took two bottles. Since then I have not experienced any difficulty. I keep it in my house and would not be without it, but have no use for it, it having cured me."—Geo. W. Sizer, Ass't Clerk Superior Court, Bibb Co., Ga.
Take only the Genuine,
Which has on the Wrapper the red ZTL Trade-mark and Signature of
J. H. ZEILIN & CO

The Teacher
Who advised her pupils to strengthen their minds by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, appreciated the truth that bodily health is essential to mental vigor. For persons of delicate and feeble constitution, whether young or old, this medicine is remarkably beneficial. Be sure you get **Ayer's Sarsaparilla.**
"Every spring and fall I take a number of bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and am greatly benefited."—Mrs. James H. Eastman, Stoneham, Mass.
"I have taken Ayer's Sarsaparilla with great benefit to my general health."—Miss Thirza L. Crerar, Palmyra, Md.
"My daughter, twelve years of age, has suffered for the past year from
General Debility.
A few weeks since, we began to give her Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Her health has greatly improved."—Mrs. Harriet H. Battles, South Chelmsford, Mass.
"About a year ago I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for debility and neuralgia resulting from malarial exposure in the army. I was in a very bad condition, but six bottles of the Sarsaparilla, with occasional doses of Ayer's Pills, have greatly improved my health. I am now able to work, and feel that I cannot say too much for your excellent remedies."—F. A. Pinkham, South Molunous, Me.
"My daughter, sixteen years old, is using Ayer's Sarsaparilla with good effect."—Rev. S. J. Graham, United Brethren Church, Buckhannon, W. Va.
"I suffered from
Nervous Prostration,
with lame back and headache, and have been much benefited by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I am now 89 years of age, and am satisfied that my present health and prolonged life are due to the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Lucy Moffitt, Killingly, Conn.
Mrs. Ann H. Farnsworth, a lady 79 years old, So. Woodstock, Vt., writes: "After several weeks' suffering from nervous prostration, I procured a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had taken half of it my usual health returned."
Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

CHEAP RATES
TO ALL POINTS
WEST!
Via B. & O. R. R.
The B. & O. is the only line running solid trains to
Chicago, Illinois,
Cincinnati, Ohio,
St. Louis, Missouri.
Where direct connections are made with all trains for MISSOURI, IOWA, DAKOTA, KANSAS, NEBRASKA, COLORADO, CALIFORNIA, and OREGON.
For rates of fare, time of trains and information in detail, call upon or address nearest Agent B. & O. R. R. or
W. W. PICKING,
Traveling Passenger Agt.,
9 29 6 B. & O. R. R., Somerset, Pa.

NOTICE.
All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.
THEOS. B. HORWITZ

MRS. MOLMES'S HELP.

"No, sir!" said old farmer Holmes, as he energetically knocked the ashes out of his pipe; "no, sir! You may marry the girl if you choose, for I can't help that, but I repeat that if you do she nor you shall never find a home beneath my roof! That's all I've got to say!"

"But, father, once for all, what is your objection to Miss Weston?"

"Ain't she a city girl, sir?"

"Granted, but is that a crime or a disgrace?"

"Doesn't she wear her hair frizzled and crimped over her forehead like our two-year-old bull? and a waterfall, as you call it (sneeringly) on the top o' her head, big enough to hold one o' your mother's apple-dumplings?"

"Really, sir,——"

"Yes, 'really, sir,' you can't deny it! What can a city-bred girl do but paw the nany and wriggle about in her finery and turn up her nose at everything good and useful? No, sir! Go and marry the girl, if you please; but she shall never come here to idle about and give herself airs and be waited upon like a princess. That's all I've got to say." concluded he old gentleman, stamping vigorously out of the kitchen to look after hings in the barnyard.

All this discourse, that is, of course, the matter of it, merely, softened and doubly refined—did Richard Holmes find himself compelled to repeat to Clara Weton, on his next weekly visit to the city.

He was a young country doctor who had but recently obtained his diploma in the city, where he had met and become engaged to pretty Miss Weson.

He had nothing but talent to begin on; for his father, though rich, was parsimonious as regarded money. Yet, living at home on the farm, as his parents desired he should do, his expenses would be few and he might soon get into a good practice.

Clara did not look at all hurt or offended when told Mr. Holmes, Sr.'s idea of the capacities of city girls. On the contrary she laughed and seemed quite amused.

"So your father thinks I must be a mere doll. Do you know, Richard, that papa calls me a famous little housekeeper and that it was I who made the rolls and cake we had for tea?"

"You! is it possible, darling?" exclaimed the delighted Richard.

"And I would wager you anything you please that I could be of more 'use' to your mother than the most accomplished help she can hire in the country."

"Suppose we try that," suggested the lover, with a sudden bright idea.

So they talked it over, and agreed to a little plan that was to affect this desirable consummation: the first step to which was a private marriage, known to but Miss Weston's own family.

"Humph!" muttered Farmer Holmes, looking askance at the new help which his wife had engaged—"humph, she don't look fit for much with such hands and such a waist."

"Fit? Why, you haven't an idea of all she's done to-day!" answered Mrs. Holmes, enthusiastically. "She's swept the parlor carpet with a damp broom, dipped in something or other—a little alum, I believe—and made the colors come out as fresh and clean as when 'twas new. She's cleaned up the old gilt frames that I wanted regilded, until they shine like gold; and told me how I could make a better pudding with less eggs—that was the very pudding you praised at dinner—and now she's altering the pattern of my new dress." And, indeed, poor Mrs. Holmes felt as if a burden of daily care was removed from her shoulders; and she became quite grateful and attached to the pretty, cheerful, obliging girl. She only wished that she had such a daughter, she added, sighing; and the wonder to her was that Richard should be indifferent to Miranda since he appeared to have given up all thought of that city Miss Weston.

"Dick," said 'Squire Holmes, poking in the ashes with the end of his cane, "Dick, you don' go to see that girl, Miss Weston, now, eh?"

"No, sir," said Dick, demurely.

"Glad of it. Thought you'd take a sensible view of the thing in time. Still, a young fellow like you ought to marry."

"I agree with you, sir," said the doctor.

"If you could find a suitable girl, now," suggested the squire, cautiously; "a tidy, industrious, smart, good-tempered, good-looking——"

"Dear me, father!" interrupted Dick, in a tone of astonishment, "where on earth am I to find such a combination of perfections?"

"Why," said the old man, looking up, sharply, "there's Mirandy, for instance."

"Oh!" said the doctor, turning over the leaves of a big book.

"Yes, sir; and a nicer girl couldn't be found this side o' the ocean, sir."

"Look here, Richard," said he solemnly, "what is your objection to Mirandy Parsons?"

"No objection to the young lady herself, sir," responded Richard gravely.

"Then why don't you marry her?" said his father, bringing his cane emphatically down upon the floor.

"Because, sir," answered Richard hesitatingly—"because, father, to tell the truth I—I am already married."

"What!" roared the old man.

"Yes, sir; I've been married two months," confessed Richard, penitently.

"You have? and you dare tell me so! Married to whom?" he roared again

"To Miss Clara Weston, sir."

This was too much. The old gentleman was speechless, and his wife scarcely less agitated than himself, shrieked to Miranda for water.

A few gulps restored him to speech and the first use he made of that faculty was to order his son to quit the house.

"I will sir," said the doctor calmly "but not until you have seen my wife. She's in the next room dutifully waiting to be presented to you and mother. Come here, Clara, my dear!"

And Mrs. Holmes's help, blushing and a little frightened, advanced and stood by the doctor's side.

"This is my wife, dear father and mother—Clara Weston, the city girl. I hope you will forgive the innocent plot, but I wished to prove to you that she could do something more than frizzle her hair, paw on pianos, and wriggle around in her finery."

The mother, her first astonishment subsiding, was easily reconciled to the state of things, and in her heart secretly approved the young couple's proceedings. Perhaps also in his secret heart, the husband did the same, though he thought proper to grumble and growl for a day or two over his son's undutiful conduct in marrying without his consent, and imposing his wife upon him in his own house as somebody else. But still considering that only good came of it—a good that, without the trick, would have been lost upon them all—the old gentleman finally magnanimously made up his mind to forgiveness, and even consented to his happy wife's proposal of a big dinner in honor of their son and his pretty bride.—*New York World.*

The Result of a Dream.

There was once a mechanic at Bristol, England, whose name was Watts. He was by trade a shotmaker. Watts had to take great bars of lead and pound them out into sheets of thickness about equal to the diameter of the shot he desired to make. Then he cut the sheets into little cubes, which he rolled in a revolving barrel until the corners were worn off from the constant friction. The *Chicago Mail* thus relates the rest of the story:

Watts, after an evening spent with some jolly companions at the alehouse, went home and turned into bed. He dreamed he was out again with the "boys." They were all trying to find their way home when it began to rain shot. Beautiful globules of lead, polished and shining, fell in a torrent.

In the morning when Watts arose he remembered the dream, and wondered what shape molten lead would take in falling a distance through the air. At last he carried a ladleful of the hot metal up into the steeple of the church of St. Mary of Redcliffe, and dropped it into the moat below. Descending, he took from the bottom of the shallow pool several handfuls of perfect shot, far superior to any he had ever seen. Watt's fortune was made, for he had conceived the idea of the shot-tower, which has ever since been the only means employed in the manufacture of the little missiles so much used in war and sport.

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world is to be what we would appear to be; and if we observe, we shall find that all human virtues increase and strengthen themselves by the practice and experience of them.

The Popular Majority.

Four years ago, after the returns were all in, it was figured up that the Blaine electors had received 4,851,981 votes and the Cleveland electors 4,874,986 votes—a plurality of 23,005 for the latter. Already a discussion has begun as to whether Harrison or Cleveland received the most votes.

In the Northern States, the Republicans made, on the whole, decided gains on the Democrats—over 15,000 in New York, 19,000 in Kansas, 5,000 in Oregon, 4,000 in Colorado, and so on. On the other hand, the Democrats appear to have made gains over the Republicans in some States, as, for instance, in Texas 30,000, in Mississippi 20,000, in South Carolina 4,000, in Florida 15,000 or more.

There is very little use or profit in estimating on these figures, however, because no one can tell how many Republican votes were cast in the Southern States. In Missouri, most of Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia and West Virginia there was something like an honest count, although in some parts even of these States the old tactics were used with effect; but south of these States there is no way of telling that we know of, how many Republican ballots were deposited.

Furthermore, even supposing all Republican votes in those States were counted as cast, the figures would afford no clew to the number of Republican voters. In Georgia, for instance, which contained over 300,000 voters at the census of 1880, there were only 150,000 votes cast in 1884, and about the same number this year. In Mississippi there were about 250,000 voters in 1884 and 120,000 votes cast. That year New Jersey, which had about the same number of people as Mississippi, cast nearly 262,000 votes. It is altogether impossible to tell, therefore, how many voters there are in those Southern States who would cast ballots for the Republican electors if they voted; and all estimates of the popular will, as shown by the majorities cast, are misleading and worthless. Until all the voters in all the States use their franchise and get their ballots counted as cast, there is no use trying to find out what any President's popular majority is.—*Exchange.*

A Laconic Preacher.

In 1768, the Baptist Church of Halestown, now Weare, N. H., "voted a desire (which was unanimous) that Pelatiah Tingley settle among us in the work of the gospel ministry." He was a graduate of Yale College, had studied theology two years, and was noted for short prayers and short sermons. The brevity of some of his sermons—they were not more than eight minutes in length—made him a notable preacher in an age when ministers discoursed for an hour, and even longer. Once being called upon to lead in prayer at a public meeting, he fell on his knees and said: "O Lord, teach us to feel the need of Thy grace and to seek it; to find our place and to keep it. Amen."

The historian of Weare tells this anecdote of the laconic minister's wit: A young minister being in a company with several clergymen, so engrossed the conversation that all feared that his volubility was limitless. At last, turning to Father Tingley, he said with an air of familiarity:

"Sir, we read of Judas' part of this ministry, and what part do you think it was?"

"I think it was the talkative part, sir," answered the old man, and the young man's loquacity departed for a season.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* talks some solid horse-sense as to changes in federal offices after March 4 next, in the following paragraph:

"A 'clean sweep' in the Federal offices after the Harrison administration comes into power is neither probable nor desirable. It is entirely safe to say that comparatively few Democratic officeholders of the purely subordinate class will be removed simply because they are Democrats. Under no other Presidency since Jackson's has so many shiftless, ignorant and incompetent creatures been given positions in the government civil service as have been appointed to office during the Cleveland *regime.* There is an exceedingly cheerful prospect that most of these rascals will be turned out promptly and summarily when the Republicans resume control of the government on March 4, 1889.

Seven-eighths of the liquor traffic in the United States is in the hands of foreigners.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

IT COULD NOT HAPPEN NOW.

Ere country ways had turned to street,
And long ere we were born,
A lad and lass would chance to meet,
And often she'd neglect her task,
The willows bowed to nudge the brook,
The cowslips nodded gay,
And he would look and she would look,
And both would look away.
Yet each—and this is so absurd—
Would dream about the other,
And she would never breathe a word
To that good dame, her mother.
Our girls are wiser now,
'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
Extremely strange, you must allow.
Dear me! how modes and customs change;
It could not happen now.

Next day that idle, naughty lass
Would re-arrange her hair,
And ponder long before the glass
Which bow she ought to wear;
And seldom care to chat,
And make her mother frown, and ask:
"Why do you blush like that?"
And now she'd haunt with footsteps slow
That mead with cowslips yellow,
Down which she'd met a week ago
That stupid, staring fellow.
Our girls are wiser now.
'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
Extremely strange, you must allow.
Dear me! how modes and customs change!
It could not happen now.

And as for him, that foolish lad,
He'd hardly close an eye,
And look so woe-begone and sad,
He'd make his mother cry.
"He goes," she'd say, "from bad to worse!
My boy so blithe and brave,
Last night I found him writing verse
About a lonely grave!"
And, lo! next day her nerves he'd shock
With laugh and song, and caper;
And there!—she'd find a golden lock
Wrapped up in tissue paper.
Our boys are wiser now.
'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
Extremely strange, you must allow.
Dear me! how modes and customs change!
It could not happen now.

—*E. Longbridge, in Good Words.*

A DESPERATE FLIGHT.

Terrible Experiences of a Political Exile in Russia.

In the year 1846, Siecinski, Bogdaszewski, and I, with the three Russian soldiers who guarded us, occupied a small shed near the great distilleries of Ekaterininski-Zovod, in Northern Siberia.

It was a poor little dwelling. The wind whistled and the snow drifted through the cracks in the boarding, but it had the inestimable advantage of separating in some degree our daily life from that of the convicts, association with whom is one of the hardest of the exile's many trials.

All the workmen at Ekaterininski-Zovod were prisoners (and as a matter of course also exiles), and by far the greater proportion were convicts. The position of political prisoners in such an establishment is necessarily full of suffering, and my two friends and I had drunk the bitter cup to the dregs.

We were Polish nobles and Polish patriots, and had each passed separately the trial and imprisonment in irons which had followed our participation in the conspiracy of 1840-1. Siecinski and Bogdaszewski preceded me to Siberia, and there, alas! I left them.

I pass over the first five years of my exile, with its toils and trials, and will merely observe that the permission to build and occupy a dwelling apart had been granted to my two friends and myself as a reward for diligence and good conduct.

Our three guards never left us by day or night, but they drew apart during the long evenings, and either slept or feigned to do so, while we talked together of our beloved country and the irrevocable past.

Of one subject, and that the one probably most constantly in our minds, we never spoke at all. No one of us whispered the word "escape," and I do not yet know whether my two friends have succeeded in doing so or not. But this I know, that if still in in captivity they ponder through all the hours of every day the exile's problem, when and how to escape. Alas! how many die without solving it! From the moment of my arrest I had resolved upon flight, and a knowledge of the terrible punishments inflicted by the Russian government, not only upon fugitives, but upon all who aid a fugitive, had induced me to determine to take no one into my confidence.

My occupation during the last four years of my imprisonment had been that of corresponding clerk in the Bureau of the Distilleries, and I had in that way been brought in contact with merchants and peasants from all parts of Siberia, and had acquired a very thorough knowledge of the geography of the country, of its customs and its inhabitants. In the latter part of the year 1845 I had made three attempts to escape, which, fortunately for me, remained undiscovered and unsuspected.

These failures were, however, of use to me, since in consequence of them I was induced to try the route which proved the way to freedom. The choice of a route is of the greatest consequence to a fugitive when beginning his perilous journey. The high-road from Siberia to the center of Russia is the one oftenest taken, because the most direct and the easiest. But for this very reason it is incomparably the most dangerous. The surveillance there exercised by the government is one of unceasing vigilance, and it is ably seconded by the inhabitants, whose zeal and rapacity are continually on the alert. The Tartars have a saying with regard to the fugitives from Siberia: "If you kill a squirrel you have but his single skin, but if you kill a 'carnak'" (a term of contempt applied to prisoners), "you have three—his clothes, his shirt and himself" (the reward for giving up the man to justice). Five other roads remained, all less dangerous than the one above alluded to, but far more difficult and wearisome. I decided to go northward, across the Oural Mountains and the steppes of Petchara and Archangel to Archangel, a route which was not only the least used, but had also the immense advantage of being the shortest, for, once at Archangel, I hoped to be able to escape in one of the many foreign ships always to be found in that port.

I had for many months been accumulating one by one, with great secrecy and no small difficulty, the articles indispensable to my flight.

First among these was a passport. The Siberian peasant is fond of traveling, and the law requires him to be provided with two passports, one for small distances, that is, from village to village, and another, sealed with the imperial arms, and bearing the government stamp.

I succeeded in fabricating the one and the other. I also procured a Siberian wig, that is to say, the hood called wig worn by all peasants in Siberia. It is made of sheep's hide, the wool turned inward, and covers the forehead down to the eyes, and comes well forward over the cheeks, making—for one not in the habit of wearing it—a disguise almost as complete as a mask or domino. I had also succeeded in procuring a peasant's costume, and had accumulated the sum of 180 rubles (about 200 francs)—a small sum for such a long journey, and destined to be diminished still further by a fatal accident.

On the night of the 8th of February, 1846, I crept out of the hut while my companions were sleeping. My enterprise was a desperate one at any time, and I had selected this month because of the great yearly fair at Irbit, which attracted a great crowd of people from all parts of Siberia, among whom I hoped to pass unperceived. I wore three shirts; the outer one hung over my heavy pantaloons of Russian cloth, and my peasant's waistcoat and "armiak" (a short burnoose of sheep-skin soaked in tallow) were bound round my waist with red, black and white woolen sash. Long boots of tarred rawhide met the edge of the "armiak," and on my wig I wore the round cap of red velvet bordered with fur which every Siberian peasant sports on fete-days. An enormous furred pelisse, the collar of which was turned up and tied round my neck with a handkerchief, furred gloves, and a heavy stick completed my accoutrement. In the leg of my right boot I had a poniard, my money was in my waistcoat, and I carried a bag containing a pair of pantaloons of blue linen, a shirt, and a pair of boots, as well as some bread and dried fish.

I slipped noiselessly out of the hut, and crept round a crossway in order not to gain the high road immediately.

It was freezing hard and bitter cold; the bright moonlight glittered on the snow. I soon crossed the frozen Irtisch, and walked at a rapid pace along the high-road, reflecting that the nights in Siberia were long, and calculating how far I could go before daylight, when my flight must inevitably be discovered. Suddenly I heard far behind me the noise of a sledge advancing at full speed. I shuddered, but nevertheless resolved to hail it when it passed me. I was saved that trouble.

"Where are you going?" said the peasant who drove the sledge, coming to a dead halt beside me.

"To Tara."

"And where did you come from?"

"From the village of Zalininia."

"Give me sixty kopeks" (ten cents,) "and I will take you to Tara, where I am going myself."

"No; it is too dear; fifty kopeks" (eight cents,) "if you like."

"Very well; get in, quick!"

I did so, and the horses set off at a tearing gallop. The road was as smooth as a polished floor, the cold stinging; in half an hour we were at Tara. The peasant left me in the street and drove off. I approached the window of the inn, and shouted in a loud voice after the Russian fashion.

"Are there horses?"

"Where to go?" responded a sleepy voice from the interior.

"To the fair at Irbit."

"There are horses."

"A pair?"

"Yes, a pair."

"How much the verst?"

"Eight kopeks."

"I can not give so much; six kopeks?"

"Too little—but—you can have them."

In a few minutes the horses were ready and harnessed to the sledge.

"Where do you come from?" said the landlord, as I took my place in the sledge.

"From Tomsk; I am the clerk of Messrs. N——. My master has gone on to the fair, and I am very late; he will be angry; and if you will reach there in time, I will give you a *pourboire*."

"The peasant whistled to his horses, and they set off at full speed. Suddenly the sky clouded over, the snow began to fall, the wind rose; we were in a whirlwind of light, fine snow. My peasant lost his way, and then lost heart, and confessed that he had done so. I will not attempt to describe the terrible agony of that night passed in a sledge, not twelve miles from Ekaterininski-Zovod, in the midst of a tempest of snow.

At last day began to break.

"Let us return to Tara," I said; "I will engage some one who knows the road, and you shall be given up to the police for having made me lose so much time."

But with daylight my conductor recovered himself and found the road. From that moment he made every effort to make up for the time already lost, and drove with lightning speed. But I was not satisfied. What fugitive ever is so? A horrible thought haunted me. I remembered the fate of our poor Colonel Wysocki, who, after having been delayed for a night in the forest by his guide, was delivered in the morning to the gendarmes. Was I to be so treated? and I grasped my poniard. Vain fears! Unjust suspicions! My peasant drove me to an inn, where I drank some tea and changed horses. In this way I drove on all through that day and far into the night, where, at my last halting place, the village of Soldatskaia, I was, while drinking tea in a crowded cabaret, robbed of forty rubles in paper (about eighty francs) and of the envelope in which they were contained, which, alas! also contained a list of the villages through which I had to pass on my journey to Archangel, and also my passport.

One thing sustained me in the face of this terrible loss, and that was the utter impossibility of doing any thing but go on. I continued my journey, therefore and on the third day of my flight found myself at the gates of Irbit, and a thousand kilometres from Ekaterininski-Zovod. "Halt! and show your passport!" exclaimed the guard at the city gate. Fortunately for me, he added in a whisper: "Give me ten kopeks, and be off with you."

I hastened to comply with his demand, and soon after found myself in a crowded inn of the poorest class and among a swarm of peasants from all parts of Siberia. I announced that I had left my passport with the authorities, and the next morning after breakfast I slipped out, avowedly to get it and show it to the landlord, but really for the purpose of leaving Irbit, which I did at once, and unchallenged, by the northern gate. During the night, while apparently asleep, I had reviewed my resources, and had come to the conclusion that I could no longer proceed in sledges nor sleep in even the poorest inns, but must husband to the utmost the 125 francs which remained. I walked therefore all through the day, from time to time munching the frozen bread and dried fish which I carried in my bag, and quenching my thirst at the holes cut by the peasants in the ice for the purpose of watering their cattle. When night began to draw in, I resolved to prepare an Ostiak burrow to sleep in.

Where the snow is deep and dry it is not by any means impossible to sleep warmly in the very heart of a forest, provided always that one knows how to prepare an Ostiak burrow. This is done by hollowing a sort of horizontal cave in the snow. Into this the Ostiaks creep, and after piling up the snow at the entrance of the burrow, so as to exclude the cold air, they lie down and sleep in perfect security and warmth. I succeeded perfectly in preparing my Ostiak bed, but I was imprudent enough to cover myself with the furred side of my pelisse turned inward, and slept so warmly in consequence that the snow melted at the door of my burrow and let in the cold air, so that I woke at daybreak with my feet almost frozen, and had to rise and begin my journey at once. It was a terrible day. The work of toiling through the snow was hard enough, but toward noon rose the terrible icy wind of Siberia, which drove in my face with blinding force, and whirled masses of dry light snow before me. Still, I toiled on. The short day was closing in when I had to confess to myself that I must rest or die. Fortunately I was near a small solitary hut, and I knocked at the door. It was at once opened by a young woman, who motioned me to enter. I saluted her and her mother in the Russian fashion, and in reply to the usual inquiry where I was going, and "where the good God was leading me," I answered that I was a workman from the government of Tobolsk, and was going northward to the iron foundaries of Bohotsk. The woman gave me a hot supper, and I had the infinite relief of being able to take off and dry my clothes. I then stretched myself on a bench and fell asleep, with an indescribable sensation of relief and contentment. I thought that I had neglected no precaution, nevertheless the women began to suspect me. I had four shirts—too great luxury for a Siberian. I was sinking into a deep sleep when I was awakened by a rude grasp on my shoulder, and saw myself surrounded by four peasants, who demanded my passport.

And what right have you to demand my passport?" I exclaimed in feigned anger. "Is one of you a government officer?"

"None of us, it is true, but we are at home."

"Is that true?" I asked, turning to an old peasant woman.

"Yes; they are from this village."

"Well, then," I replied, "I will tell you that my name is Lavrenti Kouzmine, from the government of Tobolsk, and that I am going to Bohotsk to seek work."

"Forgive us, little father," responded the peasants. "We are excusable, you see, for there are often escaped convicts about."

The rest of the night passed calmly and quietly, but the next morning I breakfasted and bade farewell to the women, with the melancholy certainty of passing my nights in future in the heart of the forest. The demand for a passport had shown me how dangerous it was for me to frequent the haunts of men. For many a night afterward, therefore, the Ostiakburrow was my sole refuge, and I became so accustomed to it that at close of day I entered the forest as if it were a well known nookery.

From the 15th or 16th of February to the first week in April I journeed northward, only thrice venturing to seek shelter in a house. I suffered much. The absence of all civilized comforts, and especially of hot food, a privation more difficult to bear than any other on such a long cold journey, almost brought me to the grave. Then, too, I had constantly to struggle against that disposition to sleep which is death in such a case as mine.

It was at Paouda, high up in the Oural Mountains, that I slept in a house for the second time after leaving Irbit. I was passing late at night through a village, when a voice from one of the izbas (huts) called out:

"Who goes there?"

"A traveler."

"Are you going far?"

"O, very far."

"Well, if you choose, come in and sleep in our house."

"May the God reward you!" I exclaimed as I entered the door. "But shall I not be a trouble to you?"

"How should you trouble us? We are not yet in bed. Come in."

My two good kind hosts—an old peasant and his wife—gave me a meager supper, which was to me a feast. In the morning I breakfasted with them, and for my food and bed they refused any recompense. As I prepared to leave them, the old man said: "A little beyond Paouda you will find a *corps de garde*, who will look at your papers and give you all the information about your journey."

I was, of course, very careful to avoid the *corps de garde*, and journeyed on as before, buying my provisions at the izbas during the day, but sleeping in the forest at night.

I reached the summit of the Oural Mountains on a clear, calm night in March. The moon was at the full, and lit up a landscape at once magnificent and strange, where gigantic rocks and trees cast their shadows on a vast expanse of snow. A silence profound and solemn reigned over all. Every now and then a hard metallic ring was audible. It was the snapping of the stones caused by the intense cold. A few days afterward I passed through Solikamsk, and went on over the steppe of Petchara toward Veliki-Oustioug. The journey was always the same—the same vast snow-covered plains, the same deep forests, the same icy winds, and for me always my toilsome march, my Ostiak burrow, and now and then a less meager repast in an izbouchka (a sort of peasant inn).

These izbouchkas were my greatest temptation. I dared not think of sleeping in them. But a little hot soup! How ardently I longed to stop and buy some, and eat it in a warm room! I could not venture to do this often, and one night when, after losing my way in a whirlwind of snow, I found myself without bread, and racked by acute pain as well as hunger, I writhed in my burrow and prayed for death. When morning broke I found I could not walk. After several attempts I sank unconscious on the snow. How long I lay there I do not know. I was aroused by a loud voice. A stranger stood beside me, who inquired what I was doing in the forest.

I answered that I had lost my way; that I was from Tchordine, and was making a pilgrimage to the monastery at Solovetsk, but that I was dying of hunger.

"It is not surprising that you should have lost your way in such a storm," answered the man. "I do so often, though I am from this district, and know the forest well. Now taste that."

So saying he held a bottle to my mouth, and I drank. It contained some excellent brandy, which revived me at once, but at the same time burned so terribly that I fell on the snow in convulsions. My good friend soothed me, and gave me some bread and dried fish, which I devoured eargerly. We then sat at the foot of a tree, and my companion explained that he was a trapper, and was now on his way home with the game which he had caught. He added that he would remain with me until I felt calmer and stronger, and would then conduct me to the nearest izbouchka.

"I thank you with all my heart. May the good God reward you!"

"Eh! for what then?" he answered, kindly. "We are Christians."

He afterward supported me to the door of the izbouchka, where he bade me farewell, recommending me to God.

An immense relief was mine as I crossed the threashold of the izbouchka, but I had scarcely done so when I fell senseless to the floor. I recovered in half an hour and asked for some warm soup, but I could not swallow it. I fell asleep on a bench at midday, and never stirred for twenty-four hours, when I was awakened by my host, who was anxious. He was an honest man, and his kindness and sympathy redoubled when he learned that I was making a pious pilgrimage to the monastery of Solovetsk. He begged me to stay several days, but I dared not do so, and on the following morning I resumed my journey. I reached the gates of Veliki-Oustioug on the 11th of April, and there in my role of pilgrim lodged in a humble inn with many others, all bound for the monastery of Solovetsk.

At Veliki-Oustioug we were all obliged to remain for a month, in order to await the thawing of the Dvina. The month over, I agreed, as did many other pilgrims, to row in a boat going to Archangel. Each of us received fifteen rubles. We reached Archangel in a fortnight, and most of my companions pressed on to the monastery. I pretended fatigue, and for several days I haunted the quays in the hope of discovering a French vessel. Alas! not one was in port, and on the deck of every vessel, Russian and foreign, paced a Russian soldier, armed to the teeth. This precaution is taken in order to prevent the escape of exiles by way of Archangel. After a week passed in this manner I became aware that I was watched, and I decided most reluctantly to abandon the hope which had hitherto sustained me, that of escaping from the port of Archangel. I therefore, in order to disarm suspicion, took the road to Solovetsk. I had not then decided what to do, but as I journeyed on I came to the conclusion that the safest plan would be for me to make the pilgrim journey, as it is called; that is, to go from Solovetsk to Onega, and thence to the shrines of Novgorod and Kiew. The pilgrim disguise had hitherto served me well, and it continued to do so.

I never reached Solovetsk, but took boat at Vyteggra (opposite Solovetsk) for St. Petersburg. I with several other pilgrims was engaged to row, and as we were paid fairly well, I arrived at St. Petersburg with nearly sixty rubles in my pocket.

I had now come to the most difficult point of my flight, which seemed more desperate than ever. Still, in my pilgrim disguise, I took my modest lodging, and was greatly relieved when my landlady (a washerwoman) advised me not to go to the police office with my passport because she would be obliged to accompany me, and would therefore lose much precious time.

I left St. Petersburg on the afternoon of the next day in a boat bound for Riga, and thence walked on through Courland and Lithuania, and passed the Prussian frontier in safety. I had changed my disguise, and when obliged to explain myself, said that I was a dealer in pig skins. I thus succeeded without difficulty of any kind in getting as far as Koenigsburg, but there, on the eve of of my departure for Posen, I was arrested and imprisoned as "not being able to give an account of myself."

I passed a month in prison, a prey to torturing anxiety, and then—nothing having been proved against me—I was released, and ordered to quit Koenigsburg immediately. I had found an opportunity to confess my identity to a French gentleman living in the neighborhood, and to his generous assistance, and to that of some of the inhabitants of Koenigsburg whom he had interested in my story, I owed the means of traveling so rapidly that I soon crossed the French frontier. On the 22d of September, eight months after leaving Ekaterininski-Zovod, I saw before me the lights of Paris. My desperate flight was accomplished! God in His mercy had brought me to a safe haven. I write these lines far from the scene of my dreary exile, far, alas! from the brave compatriots who suffered with me. Some, I know, are no longer among the living, others still languish in captivity. May God have mercy alike upon the living and the dead!—*From the Polish by Mrs. Laurat Thompson, in Harper's Bazar.*

THE OCEAN'S BED.

A Desert of Ooze and Slime After the First Mile in Depth.

Despite the fanciful pictures which some writers have drawn of the ocean bed, its desolation, at least in its deepest parts, must be extreme. Beyond the first mile it is a vast desert of slime and ooze, upon which is constantly dripping a rain of dead carcasses from the surface, which carcasses supply nourishment for the scanty fauna inhabiting the abyssal region—in some places more than five miles from the sunshine—and the microscope reveals that the slimy matter covering this deepest ocean bed is similar in composition to the ancient chalk of the Cretaceous period, while mixed with it here and there are minute metallic and magnetic bodies, which have been proved to be dust from meteorites. At long intervals a phosphorescent light gleams from the head of some passing fish which has strayed hither from a higher and happier zone. But it is not until we have mounted a good deal nearer the surface that the scene changes for the better. We now meet with forests of brilliantly colored sponges, while the phosphorescent animals swimming about are much more numerous; and the nearer we get to the littoral zone more and more phosphorescent lights appear, till at length the scene becomes truly animated. When only 1,200 feet separate us from the sunshine we come upon the first seaweed and kelp (1,200 feet is the deepest limit of plant life in the water); but we must rise still another thousand feet and more, and get as near the top as 120 feet before we find any reef-building corals. As plants do not live in the deep sea, the deep-sea animals either prey on one another or get their food from dead organisms and plants which sink down to them. Thus Maury says: "The sea, like the snow-cloud with its flakes in a calm, is always letting fall upon its bed showers of microscopic shells." And experiment proves that a tiny shell would take a week to fall from the surface to the deepest depths. Since sunlight does not penetrate much further than the littoral zone there would be beyond this perpetual darkness except for phosphorescence. Many of the animals inhabiting the continental and abyssal zones have merely rudimentary eyes. But these blind creatures have long feelers, which help them to grope their way along the bottom. Other deep-sea animals, on the contrary, have enormous eyes, and these likely congregate around such of their number as are phosphorescent, and may perhaps follow the moving lamp-posts about wherever they go. And so bright is this light on many of the fish brought up by the dredge that during the brief space the animals survive it is not difficult to read by it.

The reason why fishes and mollusks living more than three miles under water are able to bear a pressure of several tons is, that they have exceedingly loose tissues, which allow the water to flow through every interstice and thus to equalize the weight. When the pressure is removed they perish. In the Challenger expedition, sent out by the British Government, all the sharks brought up from a depth of a little less than three-quarters of a mile were dead when they got to the surface.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

PRIVATE HOSPITALS.

The Latest Freak for Wealthy Patients and Scientific Explorations.

The latest professional fad in this city is the private hospital idea, which threatens to become a craze. Almost every eminent surgeon has one or more private houses turned into hospitals for the reception and treatment of patients who can afford to pay extensive prices. These houses, which are usually elegant dwelling houses situated on Fifth, Madison or Lexington avenues, are furnished in the most luxurious style. The doctor has his office in the library. The parlor is made into an elegant reception room. The chambers and all other available rooms are fitted for patients of wealth. One room is set apart for the use of the doctor's assistants, usually young medical graduates who are glad to give their time for their living and the experience obtained. The most important part of the establishment is the patient, who must of course have plenty of money, and may be male or female. The complaints of both sexes are treated, though not usually in the same house. And these surgical retreats offer the inducement of perfect privacy to all their patrons, which is one secret of their success. As may be surmised from what has been said, many of the patients are people of means who do not wish their friends to know of their illness, and who have strong reasons for secrecy.

The first private hospital started in this city was that of a well-known gynecologist and obstetrican. In this establishment the diseases of women are exclusively treated, and the cost to each patient is about $1,000 a month. There are often thirty or forty inmates, seldom less than ten or fifteen. So it will be seen this first venture was a success. If all the private hospitals for the treatment of women were of the same order, it would be a matter for public congratulation, but of the hundreds that have been opened by many doctors of doubtful schools of characters the majority are not above suspicion. Some of these private affairs are really the laboratories of human vivisectionists. More than one famous surgeon who has a hospital at his command sends the best of the hospital's cases to his own establishment, where he can experiment undeterred by the supervision of human lay-trustees and other hospital officers.

A certain surgeon desired to obtain a large number of cases of abdominal section, a few years ago, and resolved to perform laparatomy whenever he could obtain a patient on whom there was the smallest excuse for this, the most difficult and deadly of all operations. He was one of the surgeons-in-chief of one of our largest hospitals, and proceeded to operate on the institution's charity patients on the slightest provocation. Before long the number of deaths from abdominal section in the hospital engaged the attention of the trustees, and the surgeon was summoned—privately, of course—before the board. After a long hearing they failed to agree as to whether or not he had abused his powers; but they agreed to forbid him in future to perform a capital operation without all the surgeons of the hospital concurred and were present. He had not yet obtained the scientific data that he desired, so resorted to the private hospital idea. He purchased a large house on Thirty-fourth street and fitted it up for a private hospital. Here he could, untrammeled, cut up his victims and obtain his scientific data. Here he sent all patients whom he could feel justified in operating on. Here he has slain his hundreds, and will slay his thousands before he gets done; then he will publish a book on abdominal surgery that will make him famous. As he is a wealthy man and can spend any amount of money to attain his ends, and works strictly within the letter of the law, nothing can stop him in his death-dealing career.

This is but one instance. There are many others. It is in these laboratories of science that most of the surgical sensations that appear in the public press originate.

There is one advantage gained by them, however: that is they are the best possible schools for the advancement of surgical science. "Talk about cutting up dogs and cats! Why, we cut up men—the worthiest animal for vivisection!" Such were the words, perhaps over enthusiastic, which the writer heard one of these students of anatomy utter.—*N. Y. Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

In the Dry-Goods Store.

A lady and her little daughter were shopping. The child sat on a counter-stool and watched the people coming and going. Presently she saw a lady elegantly dressed, who stopped at their counter and handed a waterproof and umbrella to the young girl in charge.

"Take care of these things until I call for them," she said in an autocratic tone. Then she sailed away.

The bright eyes of the child followed her. The little face wore a look of distress.

"Why, mamma," she whispered, "she didn't even say please."

Sooner than she expected to, the lady returned.

"I will take my things," she said.

There was some little delay in finding them.

"I hope you haven't lost or misplaced them," she said in a severe tone to the young girl.

No. Here they were. Madame took them cooly and without a word walked off.

This was more than the child could stand. Leaning over so that her sweet young face come close to that of the girl clerk she said, sweetly; "Thank you!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Chaussier dried a man in a kiln and there resulted only twelve pounds of solid matter.

—An experiment recently made in Scotland proves that the tortoise can walk a mile in four hours.

—Telephones are great convenience, and yet people are all the time talking against them.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—A traveling man remarks that any fellow who makes love to a widow is literally courting danger.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—"I wish I could sell all I write," remarked a certain author to a lady. "There are those," replied his companion, sweetly, "who say you can't write all you sell."—*Life.*

—"Mrs. Barkley, are you familiar with 'Songs without Words?'" "O, yes, quite. Mr. Barkley frequently sings them when he comes home in the morning."—*Terre Haute Express.*

—A Brooklyn man intends to start a goat farm, which he thinks will bring him $10.80 per day. He will stock it with seventy-five goats, and as the ordinary goat will give three pints of milk a day, he calculates upon ninety quarts per day at twelve to fifteen cents a quart.

—One of the leading American colleges has resolved to dispense with a "class yell" next year. An institution of learning that will thus aim a deadly blow at the higher education of our youth doesn't deserve the patronage of the American people. Football may go next.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"You should have counted on the expense of married life before you entered upon it," said the young husband's friend; "it was only a question of common sense and reason that you should have exercised." "Common sense and reason?" echoed the youthful benedict; "why, I was in love!" —*Chicago Globe.*

—Railroad Superintendent—Any of the passenger cars need repairing?" Head Examiner—"Yes, sir; No. 306 is in very bad shape; ought to go to the shop at once." "What's the matter?" "Two of the windows are so loose that any ordinary man can raise them, sir." —*Time.*

—Two vagrants called on a kind lady in the suburbs of New York. "To which of you two shall I give this nickel?" she asked. First tramp—"Give it to him, madam. He has purchased the route from me, and I am just taking him around to introduce him to the customers."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Not Used to Traveling.—Stranger (at hotel bar)—"Best whisky, please." Bartender (severely)—"This is a prohibition town, sir." Stranger—"Ah, excuse me." (moving away.) Bartender (excitedly)—"Great Scott, stranger, haven't you sense enough to get sick?"—*Drake's Magazine.*

—Editor Society Journal (to reporter)—"Mr. Jinks, the directors have ordered me to raise your salary. You bring in more society scandal than all the other reporters put together." Jinks—"Thank you. The advance will be handed over to my wife. It is hers by right." Editor—"How so?" Jinks—"She is the secretary of the ladies' anti-gossip club."—*Cartoon.*

—A gentleman who has recently aken up French, and who loses no opportunity of airing the little knowledge he has thus far acquired of that language by translating and pronouncing such words and phrases as his friends might encounter in his presence, was thus addressed by an acquaintance: "If you only knew as much English as you do French, what a success you would be!"—*Texas Siftings.*

CLUMSY DIRECTNESS.

The Most Common Way of Giving Offense in an Unconscious Way.

Some people are perpetually giving offense in the most unconscious way. "Now, do let me propose you as a member," says Smith. "But suppose they blackball me?" replies Brown. "Pooh! Absurd! Why, my dear fellow, there's not a man in the club that knows you even!" A lady very desirous of concealing the awful fact that she is the same age as her husband, observed to a visitor: "My husband is forty; there are just five years between us." "Is it possible?" was the unguarded reply of her friend. "I give you my word, you look as young as he does." As unexpected must have been the reply of the husband whose wife said: "You have never taken me to the cemetery." "No, dear," he answered; that is a pleasure I have yet in anticipation." It is related of a portrait painter that, having recently painted the portrait of a lady, a critic who had just dropped in to see what was going on in the studio, exclaimed: "It is very nicely painted; but why do you take such an ugly model?" "It is my mother," calmly replied the artist. "O, pardon, a thousand times!" from the critic in great confusion. "I ought to have perceived it. She resembles you completely." On a similar occasion, a facetious friend, inspecting a portrait, said to the artist: "And this is Tom Smith, is it? Dear, dear! And I remember him, such a handsome, jolly-looking chap a month ago. Dear, dear! From the following, it would seem that the ceremonious Orientals are not above marring their politeness by an occasional speech apropos of the subject in hand. Some European ladies, passing through Constantinople, paid a visit to a certain high Turkish functionary. The host offered them refreshments including a variety of sweetmeats, always taking care to give one of the ladies double the quantity he gave to the others. Flattered by this marked attention, she put the question, through the interpreter: "Why do you serve me more liberally than the rest?" "Because you have a larger mouth," was the straightforward reply.—*Christian at Work.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—"One egg a week will pay for the support of a hen," is the way one authority computes it. The rest is pure profit.

—Feeding corn to young stock promotes untimely fat at the perod in the animal's life when bone and growth should be secured.

—The mountain ash is a beautiful, ornamental tree for lawns and a general favorite on account of its clusters of red berries.

—Cooked cabbage, turnips or onions impart an offensive taste and smell to milk or butter kept in the same cupboard with them.

—A man on half-rations would wear out and break down much sooner than if he had been fed full rations. The same is true of a milch cow or of a work animal. There is nothing gained by starvation diet. It does not prolong but shortens life.

—Cream should never be churned fast until it has thickened some, as it is likely to become frothy, especially in cold weather, as there is more milk taken off with the cream than in warm weather, where open setting is practiced. If one is in a hurry the best plan is to make haste by churning slow at first.

—Agriculture, minus stock raising, can not be prosperous. It is as true, also, that the amount of real net profit depends upon the quality of the animals and the intelligence with which they are bred, fed and sheltered. If the farmer would be prosperous he must be a stock-raiser; further, he must be a wide awake, studious stock-raiser.—*Western Plowman.*

—It will cost but little to keep the surface of the ground around young trees well sprinkled with fine lime. Many insects will avoid the lime, and on some soils the lime will prove beneficial. An excellent mixture for such purposes is two parts of wood ashes, one part lime, and one part coarse salt. Only a small quantity need be used at each application.

—Boiled Currant Pudding: Take a cup of chopped suet, cut from near the kidneys, half a cup of molasses, a cup and a half of milk in which a teaspoon of soda has been dissolved, three cups of flour, a little salt, one teaspoon of cinnamon, half a teaspoon of cloves, two cups of currants. Stir all these ingredients together thoroughly. Pour them into a thorougly buttered pudding mould or jeans bag and boil for three hours. Serve with a hard sauce. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

—When calves are given a grain ration during the fall they will eat less coarse and bulky food. Sheaf oats, cut up, will be found well adapted for them, as they will eat the chaff and straw with the grain, and all will be raised and remasticated, which will promote digestion. A little shelled corn may be added with advantage, and if a handful of linseed-oil meal be given daily it will serve to prevent constipation, and promote thrift. A calf that is in good condition when cold weather sets in can be kept growing all through the winter.

DISEASES OF POULTRY.

Prevent Their Appearance by Taking Good Care of Your Fowls.

Poultry as well as other stock are more or less subject to disease, and as disease with stock of any kind is difficult to cure notwithstanding the large number of infallible receipts warranted as a specific for the different diseases, every poultryman who has had any experience understands that if disease gets once started among his poultry it is in a majority of cases very difficult to stamp out or cure. So far as possible the best method of management is to take all reasonable precautions to keep in good health. This will be found to be the case during the winter as well as during the summer. And it is a mistake to suppose that simply because cool weather has set in the risks of disease are about over until spring. A damp floor, exposure, want of food or water, or failure to provide a good supply of water regularly so that when it is supplied they drink too much, cracks in the sides of the house allowing the wind to blow directly upon the fowls, and an excess of one kind of food, are only a few causes of disease among the poultry during the winter. Lice do not usually thrive as well, yet more or less of them will be found and will need attention.

If they can be watched sufficiently so that the first appearance of disease will be noticed and taken in hand at the start, such remedies may be applied as will cure the sick fowls and stamp out the disease before it secures too strong a foothold. When the fowls stand around and do not seem to care whether they eat or not it is almost a sure indication that disease of some kind is making a start. While they will eat or drink, even if it be only a little, a much better opportunity is afforded for giving them medicine. After they have got to the stage that they will refuse to eat, the only chance to give them medicine is by force, so that it is a decided advantage to commence as soon as possible when disease makes its appearance. In order to lessen the risks the better plan is to separate the sick fowls and put them in a dry, warm place by themselves, and lose no time in commencing to give them medicine. A day or two will make a considerable difference in effecting a cure; it is important not to delay commencing to give medicine or they may be beyond a remedy. It is quite an item too, in giving them medicine to have them take it in their food and drink rather than to force it down them. Prevent disease if possible; but if it makes its appearance commence with a remedy as soon as possible.—*American Grange Bulletin.*

PRACTICAL LESSONS.

How History is Taught in One of Washington's Public Schools.

History is taught in a novel way in Washington, and the pupils are taught in a practical way that seems worthy of emulation. According to a gentleman who recently went through a school in that city, the following plan is pursued:

The other day he visited the room of Dr. Roush, the principal of the school in the Henry building. He was motioned to a seat and the work of the school proceeded without interruption. It soon became apparent that something of unusual interest was taking place. The face of every member of the school was ablaze with interest and enthusiasm, and frequent "points of order" and "constitutional references" were suggested. The visitor saw that an election of some sort was taking place, and in due time the ballots were cast, tellers appointed and the votes counted. The result was the nomination of two presidential tickets, at which point the hour for closing had arrived and the school dismissed.

"That," said Doctor Roush, answering the visitor's inquiry, "is a practical way we have of teaching history. We have just finished the study of that part of the Constitution pertaining to the election of the President and Vice President, and now we are doing the practical work. The balloting you have just witnessed was in the convention, and we have now nominated our tickets. I divide the school into two factions or parties, and each party is allowed to nominate a ticket. The candidates are members of the school, and no little interest is taken in them. The pupils do the practical work, and when they are at loss to know how to proceed, the constitution is consulted. After the electors are chosen they vote and send the result to the proper body. In case of a tie on either President or Vice President we resolve ourselves into the House or Senate, as the case may be, and decide the contest. We do the work as nearly as possible that is actually done in our National elections, and instead of merely reading what is usually dull constitutional matter, we take up the real work and study becomes one of intense interest to the scholars."

"Do you find that the scholars have much of an idea of an election here in the District of Columbia?"

"No; not as much as those who live where they may witness several elections a year, and this fact alone makes it doubly interesting to them. To-morrow, at the history hour, the electors will be chosen, and the manner of choosing them is the subject for study."

"I emphatically believe in teaching those under my care the practical application of knowledge. Knowledge that can't be applied is useless in the majority of cases. There is too much useless book lore taught everywhere. Girls and boys too frequently leave our public schools with their brain crammed with impracticable rubbish and data. They should be taught to think and reason, to develop and apply, to analyze and construct. Such minds are in demand in practical life. Such men and women become the great and stanch motor powers of our land.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

The Bismarck of To-day.

The Bismarck now before me was very different from the Bismarck I used to see in Berlin six or seven years ago, before Dr. Schweninger took him in hand. The Bismarck of to-day is thin and bony, and the Doctor has, it is well-known, disencumbered him of his unhealthy fat merely by preventing him drinking with his meals. He is looking remarkably well; his gait is swift and automatic; but denotes real vigor; his complexion is clear and almost pink, no doubt the result of the health-laden breezes from the German ocean and the Baltic. I remark also that the features are softened down; you scan them in vain to discover that harshness, not to say ferocity, which are so apparent in his photographs. It may, however be due to the fact of his being in civilian garb. His soft felt hat, very much the worse for wear, his long gray coat and heavy stick, give him the aspect of a plain country gentleman come to the station to meet a friend. When he dons his uniform he is another man, and looks the surly trooper all over. The country folk have repeatedly noticed this difference. The Chancellor's healthy appearance is not deceptive. All the people in whose midst he lives tell me that his health is better than it has been for years past; and a proof of this is that this year it has not been found necessary to send him to Kissingen.—*Paris Figaro.*

A Compact of Reform.

"Swackhammar, why don't you give up that abominable habit of cigarette smoking?"

"Jrobinson, I'll do it if you will quit writing poetry for the newspapers."

It was a severe struggle, but Jrobinson yielded, and the guardian angels of two young men wept tears of joy.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Superfluous Advice.

Colonel Yerger—What do you want, Uncle Mose?"

Mose—I want you to gib me some advice.

"It's no use giving advice. A smart man don't need good advice, and a fool don't follow it after you give it to him."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Apples, like potatoes, should be thoroughly sorted and dried before storing away. Take all pains to provide good drainage so that they will keep dry all winter.

ANCIENT CARTHAGE.

Artistic Relics of the Once Famous Town Sold at Auction.

Not long ago some highly artistic relics of ancient Carthage were disposed of at auction in London. Two of the finest of these are mosaics in splendid preservation, each about three feet square. The one represents a woman robed and wearing a crown of flowers, with a naked youth sitting beside her; and the other youth carrying on his shoulders an eagle. These have been called "Peace" and "War," but there seems no authority for this. Both works are evidently early Carthaginian, and must have belonged to a period when Carthage held a high position as a nursery of art, especially in the beautiful art of mosaic work, of which ancient Greece has left no trace; while the mosaics of Rome are of a much later date. It will be remembered that Carthage was celebrated for her beautiful colored marbles, and for the wonderful skill of her artists and workmen, which were known throughout the civilized world, for Carthage was a large city 140 years before the foundations of Rome were laid. It is possible, therefore, that the peculiar art of working in mosaic may have been originated in Carthage, and may have found its way to Rome, where it might have been practised by Roman, or even Carthaginia artists. But, as a rule, the Roman work is very inferior to the Carthaginian.—*Chambers' Journal.*

A Mighty Clever Youth.

"Did you meet my friend Mr. Gus De Jay?" asked a young man of rather limited intellect and addressing a young lady.

"Yes, I had the honor of meeting him early in the evening."

"Vewy clevah fellow, isn't he, wemahkably bright, don't you think?"

"Why, yes, in a certain sense."

"I don't quite understand you; how do you mean in a certain sense?"

"I think he could be trained to do real cunning tricks."—*Merchant Traveler.*

—Anxious mother — "Why, my daughter, in tears! What has happened?" Married daughter—"I—I got mad at Arthur this morning and said a lot of—of mean things, and then he said a lot of meaner ones, and, boo hoo! I couldn't think of any thing mean enough to say back, boo, hoo, hoo."—*Philadelphia Record.*

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CONJUGAL love can not be preserved in family jars.—*Texas Siftings.*

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A WHITE lie—watered milk.—*Burlington Free Press.*

CONSUMPTION may be avoided by the timely use of Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

"BEHIND closed doors"—the sale of beer on Sunday.—*Boston Post.*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it.25c.

DEAD beat—a burst drum.

THE greatest traveler is the man who visits the election precincts. He goes from poll to poll.—*Georgia Cracker.*

IT was a phrenologist that said the reasoning power of the hen is dwarfed because she does not cackle late.—*Binghamton Republican.*

'TIS the early boarder that catches the hash when it's warm.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

"FIGURES do not lie," but they'll cover up years of embezzlement.

A JUDICIAL sentence is usually followed by a period of imprisonment.—*Boston Post.*

TOO MANY men who want to make money by their wits forget they have hands as well as heads.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

MEN may die for lack of a little sun and air; and old families, for the lack of sons and heirs, die out and disappear from the face of the earth.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A PAIR of tights—two drunkards.—*Exchange.*

WHY is "naming the day" for the wedding like a naval battle? Because it is a marry-time engagement.

THE man who has an inside seat at the theater can't go out between the acts without putting all his neighbors out.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A MAN is rarely found who kicks when his name is misspelled in the police court record of a newspaper. This is a notable exception to the rule.—*Lawrence American.*

KILLING work—grouse shooting.

THE injunction of a certain dry-goods firm—"for warmth try our French friezes"—seems paradoxical.—*Hotel Mail.*

A PRETTY girl don't object to reflections on herself when they come from a looking-glass.—*Merchant Traveler.*

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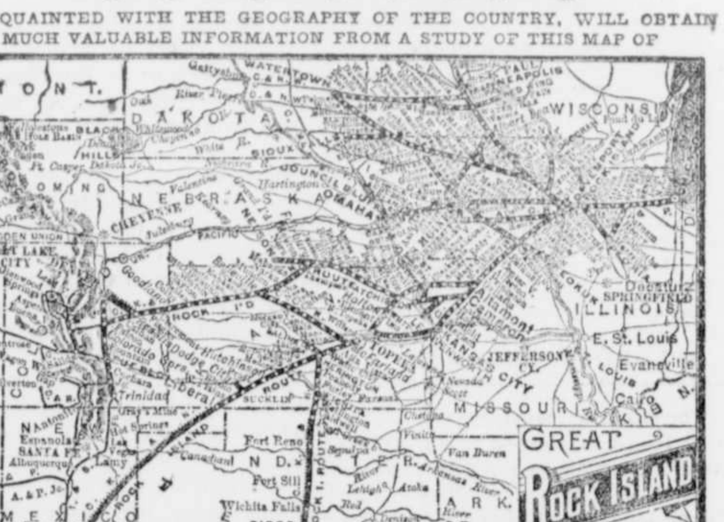

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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

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SATURDAY, DEC. 15, 1888.

The situation with regard to the next House is simply this: If the Republicans get two representatives from West Virginia and Evans from Tennessee they will have a majority of seven. If they lose all these they will have a majority of only one. All the cases except these three are now finally settled.

Bills have been introduced in the House granting a pension of $12 a month to honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who are 60 years of age; reviving the grade of Lieutenant-General of the United States Army; proposing a constitutional amendment fixing a day for choosing Presidential electors and forbidding the voting for any other officer, save Representatives to Congress, on that day.

The electors do not vote for President and Vice-President until the second Monday of January. If either Harrison or Morton or both were to die before that time, the Electoral Colleges would elect others. If Harrison were to die between the electoral election in January and the 4th of March, Morton would first qualify as Vice-President and immediately become President. If both were to die between the second Monday of January and the 4th of March, the President protem. of the Senate would become President until a new election was held next November and the successful candidate qualified. If Harrison and Morton were to die after they had been inaugurated and selected a Cabinet, the Secretary of State would become President for the full unexpired term, with the succession to the Secretary of the Treasury and down through all the Cabinet.

Democrats Defeated.

CHARLESTON, W. VA., Dec. 10—The Kanawha county court has announced the result of the recount as follows: The court rejected the recount in Charleston, St. Albans and Alum Creek Precincts and decided to abide by the results as certified by the Commissioners of Election.

It will be recollected that in Charleston and Alum Creek Precincts it was proven that the packages containing the ballots had been tampered with. In Alum Creek that the package had been torn open and the ballots so changed that there was a difference of thirty votes on Prosecuting Attorney, and nine votes on Congress between the original return and the recount, and all in favor of the Democrats. In Charleston it was proved that the bottom of the box containing the ballots had been pried open and the groove torn off, and then nailed back with nails different from those originally used.

In St. Albans the number of ballots returned to the court was three short of the names on the poll books. The court rejected the returns from Lewiston and Coalburg, and refused to count them. It was proven that the commissioners were not all swore at these precincts. The law is explicit that if all are not sworn the commissioners shall not count the returns. In the other precincts the commissioners took the recount in ascertaining the result. The result so ascertained is that Goff gains eight on the recount, and McGinnis' plurality in the district on the face of the returns about forty, and Goff in the State at about 150.

What will be the next move of the Democrats can not now be sta' 1. They are defeated, and it remp :o be seen whether they will adn.. .he fact or strive to inject electricity into the corpse to produce a few more kicks before the final dissolution.

Our Woods and Forests.

In various ways evidence is being furnished that the American people are awaking to the importance of preserving and caring for their woods and forests. There is an American association, known as the Forestry Congress, which is now in session in Atlanta, Georgia. The Congress met yesterday and was to be in session three days. This congress, which is in co-operation with numerous local organizations in the different parts of the country, is now in the sixth year of its existence. There is another congress, known as the Southern Forestry Congress, and it has for some time been confidently expected that one result of the present meeting in Atlanta would be an amalgamation of the two.

On Monday evening, in Hamilton Hall, Columbia College, there was held a meeting of the New York Academy of Sciences, and the time of the meeting was mainly devoted to a discussion on forest culture. Some facts were presented, showing what was being done in the way of forest culture in Europe; and one of the speakers, Dr. Nicholas Jarchow, argued strongly in favor of establishing a school of forestry in or near the Adriondacks. Another of the speakers was of the opinion that Cornell University should take up the work. The feeling was general that a school of forestry was desirable; and there was a strong recommendation to reorganize the New York State Forestry Association, which, having grown out of a meeting held at the Arsenal, in Central Park, in 1885, and having been instrumental in inducing the Legislature to pass the forestry law, has latterly almost dropped out of existence. The presumption is that as the result of this meeting there will be throughout the State a revived interest in the general subject of forestry.

The increasing popularity of Arbor Day in all sections of the Union is another evidence of an awakened interest in forestry. Nebraska was the first State, we believe, to set apart one day in each year for the good and laudable purpose of planting trees. This was in 1870; and since that time more than seven hundred thousand acres of Nebraska land have been planted with trees. The example has been largely imitated in other Western States, and, indeed, Arbor Day is likely to become popular over the length and breadth of the Union. In Georgia the subject of forestry is receiving attention in the public schools.

We can ill spare our forests and woods. They are a source of wealth, of health, of pleasure, as well as of beauty. It is estimated that the annual forest product of the United States amounts to $800,000,000—more than double the value of the cotton crop. Our one hundred and fifty thousand miles of railroad, with their demand for crossties, and the numerous other wood-requiring, wood-consuming enterprises of the country, are a terrible drain upon the woods and forests; and unless tree planting is made equal to the consumption, the forests will be depleted. One result of the stripping of the forest land will be increased and more destructive spring floods and increased and more ruinous summer drought, with dangerous results to climate and health. As connected with forestry, Arbor Day is to be encouraged. We but imperfectly comprehend as yet how much a general taste for tree culture would lead to the beautification of our cities and how much this same beautification would lead to health and comfort. Let any of our readers compare Fifth Avenue, New York, with Clinton avenue or Washington avenue, Brooklyn, and he will understand what we mean; and Brooklyn offers but specimens of what may be seen on a grander scale in Buffalo, in Cleveland and in Washington.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

The Faith Cure Again.

One of the most remarkable religious movements of the present day is that known as the faith-cure. Less than a decade ago the disciples of this creed were too insignificant to be taken into account when reviewing the factors in the great religious evolution in progress. To-day thousands of its adherents are to be met with; no less than thirty "Homes" have been founded, newspapers are published to forward the movement, and within the last few years conventions whose proportions were such as to entitle them to respectful attention have been held in many of the larger cities.

The latest cure announced as having been brought about by the methods of the faith healer is that of a Miss Sarah Lindsay, of Rochester, who for a year has been an inmate of Bethany Home, near Pittsburg. For a number of years Miss Lindsay was a confirmed invalid, unable to walk, a victim to insomnia and could eat but little. Her whole nervous system was impaired. About a year ago she entered the Bethany Home from which a few days ago she emerged a perfectly cured woman. The means by which this cure was brought about were three, the laying on of hands, annointing with oil and the prayer of faith. These three formulas are universally employed in such cases not because of any inherent efficiency but because they are commanded in the Scriptures and, as their creed quotes it, to obey is better than to sacrifice. The whole movement is founded on the Gospel, various texts fortify their professions and give them a sanction for their methods. "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them." This is the cornerstone of the edifice they have erected and upon the question of the efficacy of prayer their claims depend. Prayer was, according to John Wesley, "the whole process of physic in the Christian church till it was lost by unbelief." In order to regain this primitive condition all that is necessary is to lay aside all medicines freely and spontaneously, not as an act of the will, which is not an exercise of faith, and have recourse to scriptural means. Prayer and consecration of soul, spirit and body will they say have the same effect that it did eighteen centuries ago, as surely as Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

The faith cure movement is eminently a reaction against the scientific spirit of the age which, seeing only law and order in the physical world, denies the efficacy of prayer which would introduce an element of uncertainty. Strange to say this same science asserts the reality of the faith cures. While many professing christians view the claims of the method with skepticism, science corroborates the genuineness of the phenomena but explains them in a scientific way, as the power of mind over matter. Whatever may be the explanation there is no longer room for doubting that cures have been made by the method, and this field has yet unexplored by science promises to make ample returns for the investigations to which it will soon be subjected.—*Exchange.*

That Complex Race Problem.

The negro problem is of vastly more importance to the South than any other question or issue that can be raised. It is more important than Protection or Free Trade; it is more important than tariff reform; it is more important to the South, individually and collectively, than even the fundamental principles of Democracy. It is not a question of partisanship; it is not even a question of politics, though the Republican haters of the South have striven to make it so. It is a vital and momentous question that cannot be adequately described in al its dangerous bearings and aspects. It is a question that can be settled definitely and peaceably only by the patience, the moderation and the wisdom of far-seeing statesmen. Every thoughtful man is willing to admit that the solidity of the South is an unfortunate thing in some respects. It practically assures a solid North, and deprives this section of the political power that, under ordinary circumstances, it would wield in the Government. Nevertheless, this solidity is not only necessary, but inevitable. It is not based on sectionalism, nor, at bottom, is the compact a political one. It is simply the result of a situation pregnant with doubt and danger—a situation which cannot be remedied by the politicians.—*Atlanta Constitution (Dem.).*

Butter Kept in Brine.

Year after year a California dairyman keeps "the best and richest butter—that made in May, June and July"—by a simple process which he describes in a local paper. The directions are good for putting away any good butter: Thoroughly wash before it is taken out of the churn. Salt to suit the taste—half an ounce to the pound is about right. Do up in neat, round balls, of two or three pounds each, just what you have to put down; cover each roll with a clean muslin cloth, large enough to go round it twice or more, that it will be completely enveloped, and sink it in a strong brine, as strong as the best salt will make it. Stone vessels are the best. When the rolls are in, they may be kept by means of clean, flat stones. When the vessel is full enough and the butter completely covered with the brine, add more salt to insure the strength of the brine.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10th, 1888.—Representative D. B. Henderson, of Iowa, has announced himself a candidate for Speaker of the next House of Representatives. This adds to the already complicated situation. Gen. Henderson is an able and popular man, and will be certain to have a large following.

Senator Plumb, of Kansas, indignantly denies the rumor that he is opposed to the Senate tariff bill. He says that the bill has no opposition whatever among Republican Senators.

Owing to the manipulations of unscrupulous Democrats in the recount of votes in the close Congressional districts, the Republican majority in the next House has been cut down to three. This is rather close, but when all of the Republicans who have been honestly elected are given their seats by the House the majority will doubtless be much larger.

The House Committee on Pacific Railroads has decided to press the Pacific Railroad Funding bill to an early vote. It is generally thought that the bill will pass if it ever gets to a vote, but owing to the very determined opposition which it encounters, it is by no means certain that a vote will be had upon it.

Senator Quay has received a pair of fine blooded horses from the Republicans of Tennessee as a token of their appreciation of his excellent management of the late campaign.

The Direct-Tax bill was called up in the House on Thursday, and is the special order for tomorrow and Wednesday, when a final vote is to be taken on it. The parties, who by fillibustering, caused the long deadlock on this bill at the last session, have taken a new tack. They now propose to offer all sorts of ridiculous amendments, among them one providing for the refunding of the cotton tax levied just after the war. But the bill is certain to pass and become a law, having already passed the Senate, unless Cleveland carries out the threat made by some of its opponents and vetoes it.

Some of the Democrats of the House are considerably exercised over the rumor that the Blair Educational bill is to be offered as an amendment to the Direct-Tax bill. If that were done it would certainly pass the House, but it would just as certainly be vetoed, Mr. Cleveland having recently stated over his own signature in language not to be misunderstood his opposition to the Blair Bill and all similar measures. This fact will probably prevent the Blair bill being offered as an amendment, and it also kills the last remaining hope of the adoption of that measure by the Fiftieth Congress.

The first week of Congress does not bear out the talk among members of the present being a "business session." The Senate adjourned over Friday and Saturday and the House Saturday, and in fact there is evidence on every side that this is the same old Congress and that this session will not differ materially from the last, except in the matter of politics—we shall not get quite so much campaign thunder.

A very interesting campaign lie has been going the rounds of the newspapers to the effect that Representative Phelps and ex-Senator Sewell were indebted to the Republican national committee $60,000, for money furnished by the committee for use in New Jersey, they having pledged themselves to repay the money if the State did not go Republican. Mr. Phelps in denying the very absurd story states that New Jersey did not receive a penny from the national committee, and that in answer to his request for funds he was told that New Jersey must take care of herself.

Governor Beaver, of Pennsylvania, Chief Marshal of the Inaugural parade, has appointed Adjutant General Hastings of the same State, Chief of Staff.

The Republican National Executive Committee held several meetings here last week to hear reports and wind up the business of the campaign. They also discussed the feasibility of establishing a permanent headquarters in this city. It is expected that they will hold another meeting in January.

Some amusement has been created here by the absurd action of the administration in ordering three naval vessels to Hayti to enforce the demand made by the State Department for the release of an American vessel seized by the Haytian Government. An oyster sloop would be strong enough to cope with Hayti. But the amusement comes in when the fact is remembered that the present administration allowed American vessels to be seized and chased around by the Canadians at their pleasure without ever thinking of sending any of our vessels to demand their release. A row with Hayti and a row with England are very different matters. Even the present incompetent administration recognizes that fact.

Five Hundred Thousand Slaves a Year.

The slave trade is not dead. It has contracted its operations a trifle and is managed with more secrecy. It exists nevertheless and to an extent that is a standing disgrace to the Christian governments which have heretofore closed their eyes to it for the sake of schemes of colonial aggrandizement.

The interior of Africa is practically as little known to the white man today as it was twenty years ago. Certain trails have been followed through it in part and some idea of the physical nature of the country has been gained. But beyond this, little knowledge has been gained by expeditions from the coasts. The men who best know the African interior are the Arab traders who descend upon the dark land from the north and who return from the heart of the African wilderness driving before them thousands of the simple natives to be sold into slavery thousands of miles from their homes. Commander Cameron estimates that every year there are 500,000 blacks torn from their homes and driven north by the slave drivers.

Nor is his evidence the only evidence obtainable. Cardinal Lavigerie, the head of the Roman Catholic missionary work in Africa, assures the world that Cameron's estimate is far too small. From the testimony of his missionaries the cardinal is convinced that the nefarious trade is on the increase. The number of blacks driven north every year cannot be judged by the number actually sold in Northern Africa and in Asia. Thousands die by the way and thousands more of the weak and sickly are butchered by the savage traders. The march to the coast is horrible beyond conception. The route of the caravans can be traced over miles of burning sand and through miles of wilderness by the whitening bones of the slain captives.

The market for these slaves still includes all Northern Africa and the neighboring parts of Asia. The human constitution cannot long endure the horrors of Oriential slavery, and death is thus a great regulator of the demand for slaves. Slaves must be had as long as the present system of the Orient survives and Arabs are eager to supply them.

But steps have been recently taken which give hope that the traffic may now be somewhat curtailed, if not altogether suppressed. Lord Salisbury announced in the British House of Lords last week that Germany had invited England to co-operate with her in the work of preventing more effectively the exportation of slaves from and the importation of arms into East Africa. England had promised to aid in the work, as it was in accordance with her traditional policy. The proposed measures would be effected by a naval force and not a military one. France has also agreed to render assistance, and would send a man-of-war to co-operate with the German and English vessels in a blockade against slaves and arms-bearing vessels. The vessels forming the blockade would have the right to search vessels under any flag.

Customs Among Races.

In Portugol they cure a quick-tempered person by inviting everybody to give him a kick.

The Japanese are polite. Their honesty is attested by the fact that the shop is often left by the proprietor with nobody in while he goes to a distant part of the city. There are no bolts or bars on public or private houses.

In Tashkend, says a traveler, the Chinese have imposed a tax on all women who marry. All merchants who visit Kashbar are obliged to take a wife. As soon as they leave the woman obtains another husband, and thus the tax affords a considerable revenue to the Government.

In various parts of China there is a belief that the souls of very autrocious criminals who have either been executed or died in prison are sent back from hades by Yenlo, the judge there, to undergo a further term of imprisonment, one death not being enough to expiate their crimes.

A modern French custom at baptisms is that of presenting all the guests with sugar almonds in a bonbonniere, which has the appearance of a roll of parchment. On this roll are inscribed the names of the child, the parents, god parents, the date of the birth and christening and the name of the church where the ceremony was performed.

On the Greek Island of Himia no girl may marry until she can dive and bring up the sponge that is known to grow only in the deepest water, as it is not thought before that time she is prepared to support a family. Upon Niarus the rule is reversed—the girl says or does nothing, and her father bestows her out of hand upon the diver who stays longest and brings most sponges.

In Cuba a woman never loses her maiden name. After marriage she adds her husband's name to her own. In being spoken of she is always called by her Christian and maiden names. To a stranger it is often quite a task to find out whose wife a woman is. Never hearing the wife called by the husband's name, one naturally does not associate them together. The children take the name of both parents, but place the mother's name after the father's.

The seclusion of women in Corea is remarkable. Those of the lower classes wear a green mantle over their faces, and at the sight of a stranger dart into the nearest house. In 1887 when the Duke of Genoa was off the coast with an Italian man-of-war, after vain attempts to open communications with the authorities on shore, an official came off to remonstrate against the indecency of the Europeans in bathing and fishing, which had for some days prevented the villagers from leaving their homes.

A Scientific Wonder.

If the achievements of science had not already familiarized the people with the age of fable in which they live, the rooms in which there was lately exhibited in the city the perfected phonograph, upon which Edison has spent some of the best years of his life, would have been crowded hourly with an awestruck multitude. Of all the wonders of invention, this is unquestionably the greatest.

With the mere principle of the machine, we were acquainted years ago; how the sound waves created by the voice in speaking or singing act upon a sensitive plate of mica, and are thence transmitted to a vibrating steel point, pressed close against the surface of a cylinder of wax; how the tiny waxing spiral thus traced is an absolutely faithful record of the emitted sound; how the process may be reversed, the vibrating point be made to retraverse its course, and its movements be again received by a sensative diaphragm, and made audible by a resonant multiplication of the sound. In fact, there is nothing more wonderful or difficult to understand about the principal of the phonograph than about that of the telephone. But it will appear, none the less, a weird and diabolical thing for years to come.

The invention is now really perfected. He who sets the transmitter at work and listens at the earpiece can hear the words originally spoken reproduced with the famous accuracy of machine work, and with a human quality of which it might seem that no machine is capable. There is no diminution in the volumn of sound, no loss of any distinguishing characteristic. The quality and peculiarities of the individual voice, every inflection and accent, every interruption and imperfection is there with the same fidelity with which a plate-glass mirror returns the features of one gazing into it. And then, wonder of wonders, the funnel of the speaking tube is applied to the machine and the auditor, standing distant by the space of a large room hears a speech delivered or a song repeated as distinctly as if he were in the presence of the performer. It is the talking machine, with which the public will require long conversance to rid themselves of the creepiness of superstition.

The practical utility and commercial value of the machine are not yet decided. But will it find its place as speedily as the telephone and the typewriter. The owner of the phonograph can hear the finest efforts of oratory and the divinest effects of music reproduced in his own library at pleasure. Members of families divided by thousands of miles can hold actual converse in place of the unsatisfactory records of the pen. The human voice and manner are made capable of preservation through all the ages. More than this, the practicability of stereotyping these wax cylinders and reproducing any number of them discloses the nature of the library of the future. An enterprising publisher will employ a skilled elocutionist to read into the phonograph the new novel that is the sensation of the day.

The resulting cylinders will be stereotyped and multiplied. Instead of buying the new book, the tired man of business will purchase the two or three cylinders that contain it, and have his phonograph read it to him in the leisure evening hours. The methods of employment are many already, and new applications can be made. In one respect the phonograph is not in accord with the spirit of the age. It is, for most purposes, not a time-saver; and the economy of time is, above all other things, a demand of the practical generation. But it will find its varied uses, soon to become indispensable, and in itself it must stand for the present as the crowning marvel of science.—*Minneapolis Pioneer.*

Pearls of Thought.

He that respects not, is not respected.

Words only live when worthy to be said.

Man's best powers point him godward.

Each one sees what he carries in his heart.

Those that think must govern those that toil.

We must go head-foremost toward the world, but heart-foremost towards God.

Be ashamed of nothing but sin. Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle.

Most of us lay up a good stock of patience, but we make the mistake of putting it where we can't find it when we need it most.

Each day, each week, each month, each year, is a chance given you by God. A new chance, a new leaf, a new life. This is the golden unspeakable gift which each new day offers you.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

NOTICE!

W. H. Hagans, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

—Santa Claus Goods at Cheap John's.

—If you want an Album for your lady go to Little's.

—Go to S. P. Specht's for ready made clothing.

—Go to S. P. Specht's for Candies, Nuts, Toys, &c., for Xmas.

—B 4 U buy your Christmas Presents C Cheap John's stock.

—A Mite Society was organized Wednesday by the ladies of the Oakland M. E. Church.

—Go to Little's for Nuts, Fruits, Candies, Cakes, &c.

—Cheap John has bought a fine stock of Candies, Fruits, Nuts, &c.

—Don't fail to call at S. P. Specht's and examine his stock of Holiday Goods.

—Go to Little's for your Xmas Cards. He just received a fine line of them.

—Cheap John has been to the city buying Holiday Goods.

—There are a large number of cases of measles in and near Oakland at the present time.

—If you want a Box of Candy go to Thos. Little's. I have just received a large line.

—All persons indebted to G. A. Shirer are requested to call and settle.
10 20 3m. G. A. SHIRER.

—$5,000—TO LOAN—On first mortgage on real estate.
THOMAS & SINCELL.

—Dr. H. J. Miller's family medicines, essences, extracts, &c., are for sale by L. Muhlenberg, Grantsville, Md.

—Messrs. S. P. Specht and D. McLean have put down a pair of wagon scales and are now ready to do all kinds of weighing.

—Just received at S. P. Specht's, a *full line of boots and shoes, which* will be sold at rock bottom for cash or good produce.

—Go to Litzinger's, next door to B. & O. depot, for anything you want in the way of Christmas Toys, Candies, Cigars, &c.

—L. Muhlenberg is authorized to receive any money due the REPUBLICAN. Subscribers in District No. 3 will please remember this.

—I have just received a fine line of Pipes, Tobacco, &c. If you want a nice box of Cigars for a present, call and examine my stock.
THOS. LITTLE.

—COAL.—The undersigned is now ready to supply Coal at the Deihl Mine, on Miller's run, 3 miles north of Oakland. Price at mine 5 cents per bushel.
JOHN SINES.

—I will make a special discount to Sunday Schools and Churches. Call and examine before you go elsewhere.
THOS. LITTLE.

—FOR RENT—A comfortable two-story dwelling house, in the suburbs of Oakland. For terms and particulars, apply at this office.

—The Oakland Woolen Factory shut down for the winter Tuesday. The mill will be started again about the 1st of March next.

—Died, near Accident, Sarah Ann Lininger, aged 32 years and 8 days. Deceased was a member of the United Brethren Church, and died in the full hope of a blissful eternity.

—Santa Claus is coming and don't you forget that his Headquarters will be at L. Muhlenberg's Variety Store at Grantsville, Md. He will have everything imaginable in the line of Holiday Goods.

—WANTED. — For the cash, at Garthright's store, on Dec 19th to 21st, 1,000 pounds each, nice fat dressed Turkeys and Chickens. Don't fail to come. Will take all that comes. Also all fresh roll butter and eggs.

—Two business changes will likely be made in Oakland about Jan. 1st. Dr. E. H. Bartlett will purchase the drug store from Mr. W. D. Nydegger, and Mr. John Shartzer will repurchase the furniture establishment from D. E. Bolden & Co.

—Died, near Accident, Sarah A. Bowser, aned 84 years, 6 months and 4 days. She was the mother of 8 childred, four of whom preceded her to eternity. She lived a widow 46 years. She was a member of the Lutheran Church, and died a Christian.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7 P. M., by Rev. C. T. Trippett.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching 7 P. M., by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M., by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Shooting Match.

There will be a shooting match, for thirty turkeys, on Dec. 22d, at Deer Park, Md.
12 8 2t LEMUEL MALE.

If You Want

Fine Christmas Toys, Candies, and Novelties in general, at lowest prices, go to Litzinger's next door to B. & O. depot, Oakland, Md.

Holiday Excursion Tickets.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Co. will sell cheap excursion tickets between all ticket stations on its lines East of the Ohio River, on Dec. 22, 23, 24, 25, 30 and 31st, 1888, and on January 1st, 1889, good for return passage until January 3d, 1889, inclusive.

Estray Notice.

A red bull, 2 years old, no ear marks, belly and flanks white, strip between hips, hind feet white, came trespassing on my premises, in District No. 11, Garrett county, Md., on Savage River, near Gregg's Mill, about the 1st of September, 1888. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away. This 20th day of November, 1888.
12 1 3 ELIAS MERRILL.

Corn, Flour and Feed.

I will receive during the week and have for sale, at the lowest market price, a Car Load of Shelled Corn, price not over 50c on the track. Leave your orders at the mill or at Townshend's store. Orders out of town, accompanied by the cash, will receive prompt attention.

I will hereafter keep constantly on hand and for sale at the mill Flour and Ground Feed of all kinds, at the lowest living prices.
GEO. M. MASON,
Oakland Mills.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Garrett county, Md., for week ending Dec. 15th, 1888:

Austin, Cary,	Randolph, Henry,
Biggs, Wm. H.,	Race, Edward,
Dewitt, E. J.,	Stalnaker, L. C.,
Grop, Wm. P.,	Spiker, Isreal,
Grim, Paul,	Sanders, J. W.,
Knorf, J.,	Smith, J. W.,
Lee, Wesley T.,	Washington, A. J.,
Miller, Marion B.,	Walls & Metheny,
Miller, Peter,	

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

These letters are chargable with one cent due on delivery.
P. HAMILL, P. M.

ACCIDENT, MD., Dec. 10. 1888.

ED. REPUBLICAN: — Please find space in your paper for the following:

The Teachers Institute held at Accident Dec. 1st, 1888, was largely attended. After discussing the best methods of teaching and school government, the president appointed a committee for the purpose of making out a programme of exercises, for their next meeting, to be held on Jan. 12th, 1889. Afternoon session beginning at 2 P. M., evening session at 6:30 P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

1. Music.
2. How to teach Physiology to young pupils—J. A. Feik.
3. Best method of securing the use of good language in schools — Mrs. Jennie Thompson.
4. Recitation—Miss Mary Zinkan.
5. Queries.
6. School organization—Miss Allie M. Swalp.
7. Music.

EVENING SESSION.

1. Music.
2. Use and abuse of Text Books—Miss Jennie Miller.
3. Essay—Miss Maggie Swalp.
4. Discuss the best methods of teaching Orthography—Jacob Ferguson.
5. Declamation — Miss Lizzie A. Thompson.
6. Debate. *Resolved*, That pupils under the age of 13 should have tasks to prepare outside of school hours. Affirmative, J. L. Englehart, Jefferson Warnick; Negative, Silas Weimer, W. H. Ryland.
7. Music.

JEFFERSON WARNICK,
W. H. RYLAND,
MISS ALLIE M. SWALP,
Committee.

We Want Money!

Those indebted to us are again urged to make an effort to pay us. We are sadly in need of money to pay our debts, to carry on our business and to provide for our family. About 300 persons in this county are indebted to us in sums ranging from $1.50 to $18.00, and a number of them have become entirely indifferent as to our needs or their obligation. All we ask of you is to do unto us as you would have us do unto you. Attend to this matter at once. Don't put it off and say that what little you owe won't amount to much, but send what you owe, or at least a part of it. We are not making this appeal because it is customary about this time of year, but because we need what is coming to us, and there is no good reason that we should not have what is ours.

A Little Holiday Attraction.

Before you make your Christmas purchases go and examine the stock of F. G. Hyde, (there you can surely find what you want,) because a fancy piece of silverware or a dandy piece of jewelry makes the finest present in the world, and the most appreciated by all; but before you buy it be sure you go to some reliable jeweler first; if you don't come to me go to some other one. If I were to go into general merchandise and buy in a stock of goods, (such as mentioned above,) I wouldn't expect to be patronized to the extent of a nickel in that line of goods, which belongs to somebody else, and *is his only* support; but as I am only in that which appertains to the jewelry and musical business, it is right that you should patronize *me* above all others, (if you can buy as cheap,) and I know you can, and cheaper too. There are others that have more money than I have, but they will have to go entirely in the same business before they can *compete* with me. Come to my establishment and I will guarantee you satisfaction.

Thanking you for the many favors already shown me, and soliciting a large share of them in the future,

I remain,
Very respectfully yours,
F. G. HYDE.
12 15 tf The Oakland Jeweler.

Grand Fair and Festival.

The Ladies and the O. I. Band will hold a fair and festival at Offutt's Hall, Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, December 27th, 28th and 29th. One-half the proceeds will be given to the poor and the other half to the Band. All are invited to come and help to make the fair and festival a grand success.

Death of an Old Citizen.

Richard B. Jamison, one of our oldest and most respected citizens, died at his late residence in Oakland, Monday, and was buried in the Catholic Cemetery, after services in St. Peter's Church, Rev. Father Mattingly officiating. Deceased had served as a Justice of the Peace for many years, and held the office at the time of his death. He had been in ill health for a year or more, yet his death came unexpected to the community. He was universally esteemed as an honest, upright citizen. He had been a member of the Catholic Church from his youth up. His wife preceded him to the other shore, and he leaves behind several children, all grown.

Half Fare to Washington.

For the accommodation of all who desire to witness the inauguration of President-elect Harrison, the B & O R R Co, will sell excursion tickets to Washington from all points on its lines at one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold March 1st to 4th, inclusive and will be valid for return passage until March 7th, inclusive. The B & O is the shortest and most direct route to Washington from all points touched by its lines. It has more track and yard room at Washington than any other road and consequently more facilities for the prompt movement of trains and the expeditious handling of a large passenger business than any other line.

The B & O. handled an immense passenger traffic at the inauguration of Cleveland without delay and without injury to a single passenger.

Its facilities have been greatly augmented since that time and it is in position to give more satisfactory service than any line touching Washington.

Excursion to California, Colorado and Pacific Coast Points.

On December 11th and 31st a free chair and Sleeping Car excursion will be run through to Pacific Coast points with only one change of cars, via B. & O., O. & M., Wabash Western and Union Pacific roads. Train leaves Philadelphia 11 A. M., Wilmington 11.37 A. M., Baltimore 2 P. M., Washington 3 P. M. For tickets, free reservation of Chairs and berths and detailed information apply to nearest B. & O. Ticket Agent, or Dan. Bride, Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Md.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS!

At M. L. Scott's Baltimore Store.

Presents that will please:
Silk and Cashmere Mufflers,
Ladies' Silk Handkerchiefs,
Gent's Silk Handkerchiefs,
Ladies' Linen Handkerchiefs,
Gent's Linen Handkerchiefs,
Gent's Fine *Castor* Gloves,
Ladies' guaranteed kid Gloves.

Gent's and Boys' Windsor Ties and Scarfs, Whisk Holders, Dressing Cases, Fancy Match Safes, Pin Cushions, Pocket-Books and Purses, New Styles, some very fine Jewelry, Lace Pins, Cuff Buttons, Earrings, Fancy Hair ornaments, Bisque and Unbreakable Dolls, Fancy Baskets, Monkey Muffs and Boas, Gold and Silver-Headed Umbrellas.

These goods were just opened this week.

We will close out our desirable line of Ladies' Linen Collars at 10c. They are all good styles and cost more money, but all must go at 10c.

Ladies' Jackets, Raglins and New Markets we will close out at much reduced prices.

In Ladies', Misses' and children's Shoes we handle nothing but first quality.

M. L. SCOTT,
Baltimore Store.

Tailoring Establishment.

Do you want a nice Dress Suit or an Overcoat put up in elegant style and to fit you after Nature's own sweet model? Go to G. Felty.s New Tailoring Establishment, formerly occupied by A. Lowenstein, and we will guarantee you entire satisfaction. Call and see us and we will show you what we can do in this line.

Defre Purchasing Elsewhere,

Drop in at Litzinger's, next door to B. & O depot, and examine his fine line of Christmas Toys, Cadies, Cigars, &c. You cannot fail to be pleased with his stock and prices.

Great Reductions

In almost every line of goods at
M. L. SCOTT'S
Baltimore Store,
Oakland, Md.

We will offer ooods at greatly reduced prices for one week from this Saturday morning.

Hats reduced from $1.00 to 65c; 100 Fancy Feathers at 15c; 100 Fancy Feathers at 20c; 100 Fancy Feathers at 40c; 75c Fancy Feathers at 40c.

Our $2.00 Plush at 85 cents.

Our sale of Corsets has been a decided success. We are selling a Corset worth 75c for 45c. Any lady desiring one of Dr. Warner's Coraline Corsets, which sell at $1.00 can buy it of us at 70c.

Ladies' and children's Muffs and Boas from 75c up.

New and elegent line of Ribbons.

Flannel Skirts reduced from $1.40 to $1.25

We have still a full line of Ladies' Cloaks, ladies' and gent's Gloves, Mufflers, Handkerchiefs, &c.

Will sell at these prices for one week only.

M. L. SCOTT.

Why They Stand Together.

The Republican majority in the Senate is apparently resolved to get the Tariff bill through, and do it as quickly as possible. Some of the Republican Senators evidently do not favor every item in the bill; but on the whole it is substantially what they all want. Of course, no tariff bill can be found that will exactly suit everybody. All tariff bills are necessarily compromises—as, indeed, are almost all legislative measures of whatever kind. You cannot pass a prison labor bill, or a liquor-tax bill, or an appropriation bill, or a tax bill of any sort without more or less of compromise. It is not to be expected, therefore, that a bill which concerns so many and such divers interests as this should be satisfactory in every particular to Senators from Maine and California, from Michigan and Pennsylvania and Kansas.

Senators, however, understand this, and so do their constituents; and once having come to an agreement on a bill that embodies substantially what is wanted, the only way to accomplish anything, in face of a minority only one smaller than the majority, is to stand together. The bill, if enacted into law, will undoubtedly accomplish the great object in view, the reduction of the surplus; and it will accomplish it in the Republican way, that is, by taking off "war taxes" and maintaining the protective principle. And that, of course, the Mills bill would not have done.

SAUSAGE MEAT.—To thirty pounds of meat put nine ounces of salt and four of pepper; or to ten pounds of meat a gill of salt and a gill each of sage and pepper; or a half-gill of sage and the same of summer savory. Another rule is: For each pound of meat three teaspoonfuls of powdered sage, one and a-half of salt, one of pepper. The fat in sausages should be about one-third of the lean meat.

Democratic Hindsight.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 11.—The first caucus of the session was held by the Democratic members of the House this evening, there being about 110 members present. Mr. Wilson, of West Virginia, acted as Secretary.

Mr. Springer stated that the main object of the caucus was to permit the Democrats to take some action looking to the admission of the Territories. Mr. Cox favored the admission of all the Territories except Utah and New Mexico. The Democrats had everything to gain and nothing to lose. They had lost Minnesota at the last election because they had failed to admit Dakota, which was on the same isothermal line.

Mr. Cox offered the following:

Resolved, That it is the sense of the caucus that a day be fixed for some time after the holidays for the consideration of the territorial questions in so far as they affect the admission of States, and that on any bill already reported or to be reported from the committee on territories there shall be no limitation on amendments which are germane, and that in the order of proceeding the first vote shall be on any bills affecting the territory of Dakota or its divisions or any amendment thereto, and that this caucus does not seek to bind any member on the votes taken on any proposition.

Always Had Her Own Way.

While boarding at the hotel of a health resort, a mother came there with her daughter, whose nervous system was badly unstrung, so much so that she seemed on the verge of insanity. Educated and fine-looking, she was attractive in personal presence, except when her strange wild moods made her repulsive. Her mother, a women of quiet, practical cast, was experimenting with her by change of place and treatment, including in the latter clairvoyance. The case attracted attention from the singular combination of intelligence with an air of lawlessness and independence of maternal control. A single remark of the mother shed light on the painful mystery when, alluding to her unyielding spirit under uncongenial authority, she said: "She always had her own way."

We were reminded of a statement made by Dr. K——, whose special work in his profession was the treatment, privately, of the insane, that many of the most trying and difficult cases among his patients had been the young people of wealthy and indulgent parents, who were never taught obedience, and were driven by an imperious will which could not brook control, but became more and more exacting in its demands into a moral insanity which sooner or later, included the mental state. What a fact in parental responsibility! And how inexorable the divine law, so benign in its operations when allowed to fulfill its design in its visitations of penalty if disregarded, whether from unnatural and cruel neglect, or an equally cruel perversion of it by ruinous indulgence. In society, in the home, and in the soul righteous authority ignored creates anarchy; and beyond all human restraints and the surface-dressing of civilization, anarchy is hell.

Men are naturally tempted by the devil; but an idle man positively tempts the devil.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Sheriff's Sale
—OF VALUABLE—
REAL ESTATE!

Under and by virtue of three writs of fieri facias, the first in favor of George W. Legge, the 2nd in favor of James R. Bishop, and the third in favor of Alfred Spares, issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, and to the undersigned Sheriff directed, against the goods and chattels, rights and credits, lands and tenements of Jarvis McClure Mason, I did seize and levy upon, by an actual entry upon the premises, on the 11th day of October, 1888, all that

Lot of Ground, Near the Town of Oakland,

Garrett county, which belonged to the said Mason at the date of the above judgments, containing five acres and 26 perches of land, it being a portion of Military Lot No. 864, and lying East of the County Road leading from Oakland to Aurora; and it being the same property which is now particularly described in a deed from the said J. McClure Mason and wife to Thomas Coddington, dated 27th day of September, 1883, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 7, folio, 537, &c., one of the land records of Garrett county, especial reference to which deed is made for a more particular description of said lot.

Also all that other lot of ground belonging to the said Jarvis McClure Mason situated on the West side of the aforesaid County Road, containing about one and one half acre of land, enclosed by a fence, and bounded by the aforesaid County Road on the East, by a 16-feet alley, between it and John Helbig's lot on the North, by a 60-feet street on the West leading from Totten's Addition to Oakland, and the South side lots by the Dashield's lot; both of said lots being cleared and in good state of cultivation.

And I hereby give notice, that on

Saturday, the 5th Day of January, 1889,

in front of what is known as the Coddington Hotel, in the town of Oakland, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M., of said day, I will proceed to sell the afore described two lots of ground, separately, at Public Auction, to the highest bidder for cash, on the day of sale, to satisfy the aforesaid Fieri Faciases and costs.

EDWARD E. SOLLARS,
12 15 4t Sheriff Garrett county.

NEW ADVRETISEMENTS.

THE SECOND TERM
—OF—
Miss Swan's School for Young Ladies and Girls,

Will begin January 3d, 1889, (D. V.). Terms, $9.00 for day pupils; $35.00 in advance for weekly boarders; $200 per year, $60 in advance for permanent boarders. No pupil entered for less than one term. Suitable arrangements for carrying pupils from Oakland.

For particulars, address
MISS E. B. SWAN,
12 15 4t Mt. Lake Park, Md.
(Formerly connected with Mt. Auburn Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio.)

TRESPASS NOTICE.

I have frequently warned persons from putting crossties on my land, along the railroad, and hereby notify all persons who have neglected this warning to immediately remove any cross-ties that may now be on my land, and in the future to respect this notice and save themselves trouble. I do not intend to be trifled with.

JOHN BRADLEY.
Cincinatti, O, Nov. 26, 1888.

Estate of Jonathan E. Stouffer, Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, Maryland, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the real and personal estate of

JONATHAN E. STOUFFER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 18th day of May next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of November, 1888.

MARY SPINDLER, Executrix,
11 16 3t Accident, Md.

D. E. BOLDEN & CO.,
UNDERTAKERS

AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS,
OAKLAND, MD.

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

COFFINS, CASKETS
—AND—
BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS!

—Also a full line of—

FURNITURE,

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and Window Blinds,

And everything usually kept in a First-Class Furniture Establishment

Furniture Rented on easy Terms

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

REPAIR WORK,

PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c

☞ Also make Furniture to order.

D. E. BOLDEN, & CO.
Feb. 25, '88.

FOR SALE,
A VALUABLE TRACT OF LAND,

Of 133½ acres, situated 7 miles North of Oakland, near the Yough River. The improvements consist of two dwelling houses, barn, stable and all other necessary outbuildings; twenty acres under cultivation. A fine young orchard is on the place.

For terms and further information, apply to
12 8 3m THOMAS & SINCELL, Attorneys for Owners.

E. H. SINCELL, Attorney.]

ORDER NISI.

Sam'l J. Miller and others) vs. Joel J. Miller and others. } In the Circuit Court for Garrett Co. No. 427 Equity

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, this 26th day of November, 1888, that the sale of the property mentioned in the proceedings, made and reported by Samuel J. Miller, Trustee, to Henry E. Wiley, be Ratified and Confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 24th day of December next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the said 24th day of December, next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $550.00.

E. Z. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test:
12 1 3 E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

[E. H. SINCELL, Attorney.]

ORDER NISI.

Mariah Grove, by her husband and next friend William P. Grove, Plaintiff,
Versus
Amanda Moore and others, Defendants.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 433 Equity.

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, this 26th day of November, 1888, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings made and reported by William P. Grove, Trustee, to Jonas Wass, be Ratified and Confirmed, unless cause to the contrary there of be shown on or before the 24th day of December next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the said 24th day of December next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $3,900.

E. Z. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test:
12 1 3 E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

E. F. STANSBERRY.
—Manufacturer of—
Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,
OAKLAND, MD.

☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.
Nov. 11, 85.—y.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE SNAKE IN THE GRASS.

A foe to all honor, all virtue, and good,
Is this serpent of most multitudinous brood;
Not only in coverts of dark does it lurk,
But we see in our midst its most venomous work.
In the whitest of souls it leaves its foul slime,
And its victims are many—the man in his prime,
The beautiful maiden, the wife and the child,
The bride whose young life has been all undefiled
Have cause to be wary, for nothing, alas!
Has so venomed a fang as "the snake in the grass."

I mind me this moment of some I have seen,
Circumspect as to conduct, and honest of mien,
But I know of the poison that lies out of sight,
And I know of the wrong they will make of the right;
So, in crossing life's highway, I watch for the foe
Who is waiting to lay all my fondest hopes low;
I watch for the enemy, wary and wise,
As the serpent in Eden, who comes in disguise;
And I wish that all others could avoid as they pass,
This worst of all reptiles, "the snake in the grass."

—*Helen A. Manville, in Good Housekeeping.*

REMINISCENCES

Of An Old Trapper in the West Fifty Years Ago.

S. E. Ward Recounts His Early and Eventful Experiences in the Forests and on the Plains—Fighting Indians and Trapping Beaver.

Fifty years ago, when Kansas City consisted of a warehouse and there was not a single private residence of civilized man between the Missouri river and San Francisco, S. E. Ward landed from a steamer at Independence. Then he was a penniless youth of eighteen years, directly from the paternal home in Virginia, filled with eager desire to gain a fortune in the far West. Now at sixty-eight years, Mr. Ward is almost twice a millionaire and one of the most respected citizens of Western Missouri. He is one of the few pioneers that are left to speak of the struggles and triumphs of early Western life.

It required but a few minutes, says a correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, to become acquainted and to broach the object of the visit. Knocking the ashes from a large pipe against the edge of a marble mantelpiece, after filling the bowl and lighting it, Mr. Ward sank into an easy chair.

"Yes, I have had some experiences that do not fall to the ordinary lot of man. Thrown by circumstances into a new country in my earlier life, I have traveled thousands of miles alone through the mountains and across the prairies, and often spent weeks without meeting a single human being. Exposed to snow, sleet, and rain, with no shelter but a buffalo robe, and at times with starvation staring me in the face, the chances seemed slight, indeed, of ever coming out alive. During my experience in the West I met Fremont in his expeditions through the mountains, saw Brigham Young on the Platte river, as he was on his way to found a Mormon empire; passed through the stormy period of the Mexican War, the California gold excitement, the civil war, and witnessed the opening of the Pacific railroad and the mighty influx of population on the plains of the great West.

"The first seven years of my life on the frontier were passed largely in intercourse with Indian tribes, extending from the Red river on the south, to the upper waters of the Columbia and Yellowstone on the north. Hunting, trapping and trading were the only occupations open to white men west of the Missouri river in those days. In little bands of from two to twelve the hunters and trappers roamed throughout this vast region with little fear of the red skins. The Indians had not contracted the vices of civilization, and were a different race of people from what they are to-day. The cruelties we read of as practiced by them in later years were unknown. I never knew of a prisoner being burned at the stake, and ordinarily the hunter felt as safe in an Indian country as in his own settlement. The Indians were armed with bows and arrows, not more than one out of fifty being the possessor of a gun. When an Indian did own a gun it was usually a light shot gun, that proved ineffective at any great distance.

"An experienced frontiersman considered himself proof against any number of Indians. By means of the sign language we were able to talk with the Indians upon all subjects, and as they were great talkers and inveterate story-tellers, many is the hour I have passed, seated by the camp-fire, hearing their adventures or the legends of their nations. I have often wondered why the sign language, as recognized and perfected by the Indians, was not adopted among civilized people instead of the deaf and dumb alphabet. The Indian's methods of communicating his ideas is much more expressive and natural. The Cheyennes and Arapahoes were especially noted for their skill in sign language."

By the way of illustration Mr. Ward gave many examples of the ability of signs to express thoughts upon every imaginable subject. The signs were all given with the hands, each movement representing an entire phrase or sentence.

"Were the Indians good hunters?"

"In some respects superior to the whites. They knew nothing of trapping beaver until taught by the whites, but they could give valuable points on bagging the large game on the plains. Forty or fifty years ago the plains were swarming with buffalo. I have often seen droves so large that no eye could compass them. Their numbers were countless. The Indian hunter riding bareback would guide his horse headlong into the midst of the herd, singling out the fattest, and in an instant sending the deadly arrow clean through his victim. In a single day's hunt they sometimes killed from 3,000 to 4,000 buffalo. The dead bodies would lie scattered over the prairie for miles. It required the greatest diligence to save the skins and dry the meat for use in winter. They made wholesale slaughter of antelope by forming a 'surround.' This required the presence of several hundred Indians to make it a complete success. Early in the morning the men and boys would form a circle miles in diameter, riding round and round, making the circle smaller at every revolution and growing closer together. All the game within the ranks was gradually collected into a body, which was driven into an inclosure formed by weeds piled high up at the sides, behind which were women and old men. As the game passed this reserve force these bobbed up and set up unearthly shrieks and yells that caused the frightened animals to plunge forward over a precipice to which the inclosure conducted. The slaughter was terrible. Indians stationed below gave the quietus to such of the game as made the descent with but slight injury. At the close of the day a great feast was held, and nobody enjoys a feast more than an Indian."

"Was marriage a success among the aborigines?"

"I never heard it hinted that it was otherwise. The Indian had the privilege of taking as many wives as he was able to support, and if he married the oldest sister in a family, all the remaining sisters were considered his property as they became of age. Under favorable circumstances, in some tribes, a warrior took a new wife every two or three years. A separate lodge was provided for each wife, as the women would fall out and scratch each other if kept together. The children were fairly idolized among the more advanced tribes. The parents seemed to live for their children, more particularly when the children were boys. An Indian's wealth was known by the number of his horses. There were both rich and poor Indians, but the latter were never allowed to want when there was any thing to be had. After a great hunt the poor man was granted the privilege of taking the first carcasses nearest the camp. Some Indians kept their lodges nicely painted and beyond criticism as to cleanliness. The lodges were renewed every year, as the frequent moving and exposure to weather made the skins leaky. The Indians' range extended anywhere that game and food for their animals could be found. It was a rare occurrence for them to remain a month in a single vicinity. The monotony of hunting and moving was varied by occasional forays upon an unfriendly tribe, stealing their horses and carrying off scalps and prisoners."

"What was done with the prisoners?"

"Unless they were children they were put to death. The children were usually adopted and treated with the greatest kindness. The older prisoners, both men and women, were dispatched with little ceremony. The killing was usually deferred for several days after the prisoners were brought into camp. I shall never forget a young Pawnee Indian who was killed before my eyes by a party of Comanches. He was taken into the open air, his hands was tied to his legs, and he was shot through the heart. He uttered not a word or groan. After the killing a warrior stepped forward and raised the dead Pawnee's scalp; then the war dance was held. I afterwards saw a Crow Indian dispatched even more expeditiously. I called on the captive in the lodge where he was confined, and we talked together by signs. He said he knew he must die, but felt perfectly resigned to his fate, as he would inflict the same penalty on his enemies if he had the chance. While we were talking a warrior appeared at the door and made a motion. The Crow stepped forward and was shot within a few feet of the spot he had occupied a moment before. After the scalping and war dance he was tied up in a standing position, with his hands stretched as far apart over his head as possible, making a ghastly spectacle, and left as a terrible warning to all the enemies of his executioners."

Turning to a more cheerful subject, Mr. Ward continued:

"The winter of 1838 and 1839 is vividly impressed upon my mind, being my first experience as a trapper. After a journey of six hundred miles from Independence I arrived at Fort Bent, and early in the fall the different hunting and trapping parties started out for a long sojourn in the mountains. I was fortunate in being one of a party of twelve of which Kit Carson was a member. We made our headquarters in Brown's Hole, on the Colorado river, where it enters the mountains from the east. Trapping proved hard work, but I never enjoyed life more, and we knew no such thing as sickness. Our clothes were made by our own hands of buckskin. Our food was nothing but meat. It was cooked on a stick or on the coals, as we had no kettles. Antelope, deer, elk, bear, beaver and, in case of necessity, even the wolf, furnished a variety that was always acceptable. At night we gathered round a roaring fire, in comfortable quarters, to listen to the stories which such men as Kit Carson could tell."

"How were the beaver trapped?"

"Each man was provided with a horse, and was expected to look after six traps, sometimes having a beat twenty miles long, which it was necessary to traverse every day. The traps weighed three or four pounds, and were like those used in catching muskrats, nowadays. The traps were placed under the water in the crossings of the streams. In order to attract the beaver a powerful odor was used, such as the oil of roses, bergamot, or the castoreum of the beaver itself. The bait was placed on a stick, which was set in the bank and connected with the trap by a rope. In its effort to reach the stick the beaver stepped into the trap, and while struggling to free itself was usually drowned. The traps were provided with floats, so as to be easily located the next day. The beaver never goes abroad except at night, and it was necessary to observe the utmost precaution in order not to arouse his suspicions, as his power of scent are beyond those of any other animal. We were obliged to wade to the spot, where the trap was to be set, being careful that the hand should not come into contact with any part of the apparatus exposed above water. Many successful hunters were failures in their efforts to catch beaver. The game often escaped after being snared by gnawing off one of its legs. At the close of three months a successful trapper was often able to show a pack of one hundred and twenty beaver skins, weighing about one hundred pounds. As he made two trapping expeditions during the year, in the spring and fall, he would show two hundred pounds, worth six dollars a pound, as his year's work. In addition to this the musk sacs of the beaver were worth as much as the skins, so that some men made $3,000 a year as trappers. It was a poor trapper that didn't earn half as much."

"They must have become rich?"

"But few of them ever saved any money. The traders from the States charged enormously for supplies, and Western men were inveterate gamblers. Sugar was $1.50 a pound, coffee the same, tobacco cost five dollars a pound, and a common shirt could not be bought for less than five dollars. With flour at one dollar a pound and luxuries in proportion, it was a question of but a few days at the rendezvous before the labor of months was used up. The traders were often called upon to fit out the men upon credit after a prosperous season."

Speaking of the sagacity of the beaver, Mr. Ward told of a tame beaver at Bent's fort, on the Arkansas river. This animal was caught when young and became perfectly docile, being a great favorite of the families at the fort and of the trappers when they returned from their trips to the mountains. The little fellow could never be cured of his instinct to build dams. He actually undertook to dam the Arkansas river, and worked for months all night long, returning to the fort every morning as the sun rose. He cut down quite a number of large trees, but life proved too short for the completion of his plans. While around the fort he was constantly turning over every kind of vessel that contained water and collecting sticks to head it off as it flowed away. One night by oversight the beaver was locked up in the warehouse. During the night in nosing about he discovered a ten-gallon tank of molasses that had been left uncovered. That discovery proved poor Jack's doom. The next day he was found gasping for life, having been caught in the sticky mass as the tank was upturned. He never recovered from the shock, and was tenderly buried in the presence of a large circle of his former friends.

TRAVELING IN TURKEY.

Sights Along the Railroads and in Dirty Country Villages.

The European railways are now open to Vienna and this city is blessed with a daily mail. The route from Vienna to Constantinople by rail is an interesting one, since it gives the traveler a view of the village life of the Turks, which has hitherto been beyond the reach of those who have not the time or the endurance for caravan travel. But the lamentations of the travelers who come by the new railway over the privations of the route are painful. A man sallies forth gleefully from Vienna in the midst of luxury to take a run to Constantinople. He is told that he can reach his destination in forty-seven hours, and makes up his mind that he can endure any thing in the way of privation for that time. In twenty-four hours he is convinced that he will die of starvation before he has arrived at the end of his journey. A dirty and ragged populace offer him water at every station for a good price. At some stations men propose to him to buy bits of terribly black bread and cubes of lambs' livers fried at a penny a handful, the vendor's horny fist being measure. But the traditional railway restaurant, with its formal splendor of glassware and its decorative food preparations, is totally lacking. If in one place he can find a restaurant, its highest achievement in the way of a dinner is a dish of green peppers stewed and a cup of black coffee. On arriving at any station where the unusual number of officials implies importance, the tourist will feel hope reviving within him. But on asking for the restaurant he is sure to be answered, "There is no restaurant; there is only a change of cars, and an examination of passports and of baggage."—*Constantinople Letter.*

—"Man's brains do not win woman, Mr. Erudite," remarked Miss Flippant, scornfully. "I see they do not," replied Mr. Erudite; "and did you ever notice that few women win man's brains?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

PEOPLE BURIED ALIVE.

The Awful Story of a Russian Peasant Woman's Fate.

In Russia people are oftener than elsewhere condemned—unintentionally, of course—to that most gruesome of all deaths, of which E. A. Poe had such unfeigned horror—burial alive. But the circumstances accompanying this frightful tortue are seldom so characteristic or so horrible as in the case of the wife of a peasant in the government of Volhynia, on the borders of Austria, who, according to the local journal, *Volhynia*, was lately buried in a comatose state. She was expecting soon to become a mother at the time of her supposed death. After the "corpse" had been kept the usual time, the parish priest, Konstantinoff, recited the prayers of the burial service in the church-yard; the widower cast three handfuls of earth on the coffin, and all departed except the grave-diggers. In filling up the grave the latter shoveled in an unusually large sod of hard earth, which struck the coffin with a loud noise, and woke up the unfortunate woman from her sleep. The horror of her position at once dawned upon her. She cried out in most piteous tones to the grave-diggers to rescue her from a horrible death. She solemnly promised them all her property if they would take her from the grave and coffin. The more she cried and entreated, the more strenuous were their endeavors to fill the grave; and on leaving the church-yard, when their work was done, they still heard her cries and moans.

The grave-diggers then hurried off to her husband who was surrounded with guests, drinking to the memory of the deceased. Having related what had taken place, the matter was discussed by the guests and the neighbors, who soon came rushing in, and it was finally resolved *nem. con.* that an evil spirit had taken possession of the deceased, and that, in order to prevent her walking at night and disturbing the people, it was absolutely necessary to disinter her and drive an aspen stake through her body. The husband sent a deputation to the priest, asking permission to disinter the body and perform this superstitious rite deemed necessary in all such cases. The priest, horrified, hurried off to the churchyard, and had the body disinterred in the hope of saving a life, but superstition had already got its victim—the woman was dead, but unmistakable signs showed she had struggled hard to escape from the most horrible death the human mind can conceive.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

AN ANCIENT REPUBLIC.

Facts About Andorre, the Smallest of All Commonwealths.

This, perhaps, the smallest of all nationalities, is remarkable for its long lease of life. Its greatest length is under thirty miles, its greatest breadth is under twenty; and when "Historia de la Republica d'Andorre" was published, in 1845, the population was under 8,000. It is marvelous "while nearly all the charters, prior to the middle age of the German and Italian republics, have disappeared, the original charters of this republic have remained almost unsuspected in its Pyrenean archives for more than a thousand years." The first credited tradition of Andorre dates from 778, and the first written charter, which is still known to exist, from 801. The war of Andorrian independence lasted for 400 years, and their Bill of Rights was obtained at its close in 1278. To give somewhat of an idea of the primitive character of this nevertheless sturdy nation, the *Talker* finds the following, descriptive of their judicial tribunal: "Five times a year, on the occurrence of some great festival of the Church, the four-and-twenty representative oligarchs assemble at the village which courtesy designates the capital, to deliberate on public affairs. Each of the twenty-four councillors arrives on horseback, and a national stable with twenty-four stalls is prepared. Each legislator, with his own patrician hands, puts up his respective horse, attends divine service in a chapel attached to the chamber of deliberation, exchanges his peasant's dress for the stateliest costume, shoots partridges and pheasants in summer, hunts bears and wolves in autumn and winter, feasts by night with a kind of Cyclopic sumptuousness, passes few laws, and effectuates no reforms." The Andorrian religion is a curious admixture of worship and pleasure, but in these regards is not widely different from the practices of other countries. On some saint's day, sacred in their calendar, the people congregate at a lonely spot, where a chapel opens for a brief mass on each anniversary of its patron. The remainder of the day is given up to dancing, a recreation of which the Andorians are fonder even than their neighbors, and which it is no hard thing for them to get up, even without a saint's day. A green sward, a clear moonlight, a balmy air, and the falling fragrance of a mid-summer night's dew, are sufficient incidents. The chief dance of the people, termed the "val d'Andorre," is awkward enough, but peculiar to the commonwealth, and reputed to have been in vogue in the days of Charlemagne.—*Christian at Work.*

A Husband's Generosity.

"To-morrow, Maria, will be your birthday, and I want to give you some appropriate present. What shall it be?"

"Whatever your kind heart may suggest, John."

(Next day.) "Maria, you know how your poor back has suffered from pulling off my boots in the evening. It will not suffer any more, my love. See! I have brought you a nice new bootjack which I will use hereafter instead."—*Chicago Tribune.*

OIL USED AS FUEL.

Less Troublesome and Much Cheaper Than Coal or Coke.

An editorial in a recent issue of a Cincinnati paper urges the manufacturers of Cincinnati to consider the question of using crude petroleum as fuel. Investigation shows that Cincinnati is behind many other cities in the use of the liquid fuel which is found in such abundance in Ohio and within such easy access of that city.

Cleveland manufacturers use the Lima oil extensively as fuel, and are even experimenting with good results in the direction of converting it into a gas for fuel purposes. Chicago is using 10,000 barrels a day of the new fuel. Even the town of Hamilton, Ohio, has made more progress in this direction than Cincinnati. A gentleman just returned from Hamilton says the number of oil cars he saw on the sidings led him to make some investigations. He found a large flour mill which is running three 100-horse power boilers with Lima oil as fuel. These boilers required nine tons of coal for a twenty-four hours' run, at two dollars a ton, making eighteen dollars a day.

The same boilers are run with twenty-eight barrels of oil, costing fifty cents a barrel at Hamilton, a total of fourteen dollars. Two stokers and coal shovelers were dispensed with, making a saving of three dollars a day for labor. The saving in shovels, wheelbarrows, grate bars, etc., for this establishment is estimated by the proprietors at two dollars a day, making the total daily expense of oil fourteen dollars, against twenty-three dollars for coal. The oil is said to furnish one-third more power than the coal, with less wear and tear on the boilers. At other factories in Hamilton, boilers are run with gas made from Lima oil.

Nearly every town of any consequence in Ohio uses more or less Lima oil as fuel. In Harrisburgh, Pa., a firm that has a contract with the Government for furnishing steel for steel-clad ships uses gas from Lima oil for melting steel billets. This firm states that they are able to melt a ton of steel billets from gas made from three gallons of oil, and regard it as one of the most important discoveries of the age for the manufacture of steel. There are fifty of these gas plants now in operation, and one is being erected at Johnstown, Pa. Business men who are watching the progress of liquid fuel believe that within a year 150,000 barrels a day will be used for this purpose.

The Lima Oil Company is composed of Ohio oil producers, and is entirely outside of the Standard Oil Company, has 200 cars of its own, and every one of the number is kept busy day and night. This company has made contracts to furnish oil in Hamilton, Ohio, for two years at fifty cents a barrel. The amount of this oil that is being produced in Ohio is much greater than the public generally supposes.

The total output of the wells is not under 1,000,000 barrels a month. When the actual guages show a less production it is when the large wells are shut in and not allowed to yield up their full capacity. The Standard Oil Company pays the producers fifteen cents a barrel for the oil at the wells, and the fact that they have now 9,000,000 barrels in tanks in the region is evidence that they believe in its future. The tanks in which the oil is stored are taken down and removed from the Pennsylvania fields where so much tankage is no longer needed. The oil is now being used for fuel purposes in twelve States and Territories and it is not unlikely to ultimately take the place of coal for manufacturing purposes, except in the vicinity of coal mines.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

THE CAMPHOR TREE.

Stupendous Laurels That Attain a Height of Three Hundred Feet.

One of the most useful and magnificent productions of the vegetable kingdom that enriches China, and more particularly the provinces of Kiang-si and Canton, is the camphor tree. This stupendous laurel, which often adorns the banks of the rivers, was in several places found by Lord Amherst's embassy above fifty feet high, with its stem twenty feet in circumference. The Chinese themselves affirm that it sometimes attains the height of more than three hundred feet, and a circumference greater than the extended arms of twenty men could embrace. Camphor is obtained from the branches by steeping them, while fresh cut, in water, for two or three days, and then boiling them till the gum, in the form of a white jelly, adheres to a stick which is used in constantly stirring the branches. The fluid is then poured into a glazed vessel, where it concretes in a few hours. To purify it the Chinese take a quantity of fine-powdered earth, which they lay at the bottom of a copper basin; over this they place a layer of camphor, and then a layer of earth, and so on until the vessel is nearly filled, the last or topmost layer being of earth. They cover the last layer with the leaves of a plant called po ho, which seems to be a species of mentha (mint). They now invert a second basin over the first, and make it air-tight by luting. The whole is then submitted to the action of a regulated fire for a certain length of time, and then left to cool gradually. On separating the vessels the camphor is found to have sublimed, and to have adhered to the upper basin. Repetitions of the same process complete its refinement. Besides yielding this valuable ingredient, the camphor tree is one of the principal timber trees of China, and is used not only in building, but in most articles of furniture. The wood is dry and of a light color, and although light and easy to work, is durable and not likely to be injured by insects.—*Ballou's Monthly*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—A Vienna engineer proposes to condense the solid part of the smoke as it arises from the coal, and the carbon which is formed is to fall back into the furnace. It is to be done by electricity.

—A new preservative of iron and steel has been found in a modification of the well known Japanese gum lacquer. After many experiments, the preparation has been finally adopted for the imperial Japanese navy.

—Professor Adschutz, of Berlin, has succeeded in getting a photograph of a rifle bullet traveling at the rate of 1,300 feet a second, the plate which he used for the purpose being exposed for only 0.000076 of a second.

—Eucalyptus leaves and extract have long been used for the removal and prevention of scales in steam boilers. Scientific authorities recommend it, and engineers in public service have been advised to use it by the engineering authorities at Washington.

—In Germany a substitute for lignum vitæ in certain mechanical uses has been found by impregnating soft wood with oil and subjecting it to pressure to increase its density. Thus prepared, the artificial is said to have all the properties of good lignum vitæ.

—As the best method of water-proofing soldier's clothing, the Belgian Government has adopted dipping the goods in acetate of alumina and then drying in the air. The clothing is not injured, and is said to offer no obstacle to perspiration after treatment.

—Soapstone incorporated with oil, after the manner of a paint, is said to be superior to any kind of paint as a preservative. Soapstone is to be had in an exceedingly fine powder, mixes readily with prepared oils for paint use, covers well surfaces of iron, steel, or stone, and is an effectual remedy against rust. It has been known to protect some stonework, such as obelisks, in China, for ages past.

—A Russian physician named Portugaloff declares that strychnine is an infallible cure for drunkenness, administered in subcutaneous injections. The effect of the strychnine solution is to change the craving for drink into positive aversion, and this change is effected in a day. After a treatment of eight or ten days the patient may be discharged. The strychnine is administered by dissolving one grain in 200 drops of water, and injecting five drops of the solution every twenty-four hours.

—The plan has been proposed by a competent authority in such matters that in order to insure greater strength and consequently more safety in ropes used for scaffolding purposes—particularly in those localities where the atmosphere proves destructive of hemp fiber—such ropes should be dipped when dry into a bath containing twenty grains of sulphate of copper per litre of water, and allowed to soak in this solution some four days. By pursuing this method, which is claimed to be much more practicable and effective than any other yet resorted to for this purpose, it is found that the ropes will thus have absorbed a certain quantity of sulphate of copper, which will preserve them for some time both from the attacks of animal parasites and from rot.

A New Fire Quickener.

The servant girl who pours kerosene oil on the fire, seems to have disappeared pretty completely. Perhaps she has been to a considerable extent exterminated. At any rate we don't often read of cases of explosion and conflagration, though the vigilant housekeeper, if she happens into the kitchen may still detect an odor which tells her that the girl must have poured oil on the kindling either before or after it was ignited. But the Listener has a case which may explain why kerosene accidents are not so frequent. The servant girl has discovered a new fire-quickener. It was in Boston, and not long ago, that the mistress of a house, not much given to going into the kitchen, entered one day, unexpectedly, just in time to catch her kitchen maid in the act of emptying a spoonful of granulated white sugar into the fire. Sugar is exceedingly inflammable, and its application made the fire flash up in excellent shape. The head of the house had noticed that he was called upon to pay for a great many barrels of sugar, and his wife had wondered at the family's enormous consumption of that article, but she did not wonder any more, especially as the girl, under pressure, confessed that she had regularly been using the sugar to quicken the fire. "Sure, mum," she said, "we must have the fire, an' the coal burns that slow that me heart is broke waitin' on it."—*Boston Transcript.*

A Really Terrible Penalty.

The Austin Colored Invincibles drill in their hall once a week. Captain Skidmore, who has been recently elected, is determined that discipline shall be maintained. After drill was over, he made a brief speech to the Invincibles about the necessity of their attending drill regularly. He said:

"I wants de members ob dis command to understand, onct for all, dat we meets reg'lar ebery Friday ebening at eight o'clock, in dis heah hall, and de member what fails ter put in an appearance will be——"

"Shot to deff?" interrupted Corporal Jim Webster.

"Drapped from the ranks for a deserter?" asked Lieutenant Sam Johnsing.

"Wusser den dat," continued the Captain, amid a solemn silence that was almost painful; "de member what fails to appear will be looked upon as habin' been absent from de drill!"—*Texas Siftings.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

HOW BESSIE WAS GENEROUS.

Her Self-Denial and Willingness to Share With Her Dear Baby Brother.

Bessie was a dear little girl of five years, with blue eyes and yellow hair, that looked as if the sunbeams had mistaken it for their home and decided to stay in it. She had playthings and pets without number, but the dearest and most wonderful of all was a baby brother three months old. Bessie was very proud of him, but one thing troubled her—he had no hair. She could not understand it, and she was almost ashamed to have the little girls in the neighborhood come to see him, especially after one of them said: "My brother's only two weeks old, and he's got lots of hair."

Bessie's mamma had talked to her a great deal about being generous, and had told her that she ought to be willing to share what she had with others, and to go without things herself sometimes, that others might have them. One day, when nurse was busy in the kitchen, mamma was called down stairs to see a lady. Baby was fast asleep in his cradle, and Bessie was sitting on the floor cutting out pictures and pasting them in an old blank book.

As mamma went out of the door she said: "If baby stirs, just touch the cradle, dear. Nurse will be up in a moment." Baby did stir, and Bessie jumped up and swung the cradle to and fro, as she had seen nurse do so many times. As she did so she caught sight of the little bald head. "Oh, dear!" thought Bessie, "if he only had some hair he'd be the cunningest baby in the world." Then the thought came to her: Why couldn't she give him some of hers? She took one of her curls in her hand and looked at it. Yes, she would give baby half of her hair. "I must do it right away before mamma or nurse come back. How pleased they will be!" So the little girl took the scissors from the floor where she had left them, climbed up in a chair before the bureau, and commenced her work. Snip, snip, snip, went the scissors, and three shining curls fell to the floor. "He shall have them all," said generous little Bessie; and soon all the curls but one, which was directly behind, and which Bessie could not reach, lay on the floor. Then she jumped down, gathered the hair in her hands, and tiptoed across the room to the cradle. There was the mucilage bottle on the floor, and, quick as thought, Bessie seized the brush and covered the little head with mucilage. Of course it felt very cold to poor baby, and he awoke with a cry; but Bessie rocked him, and he soon fell asleep again. Then she took up the curls, and stuck them one by one on the baby's head. To be sure they did not look very much as if they had grown there; but that did not trouble Bessie. Just then she heard the front door close and mamma's step on the stairs. She ran quickly into the closet and shut the door—all but a little crack out of which she could peep. Mamma came into the room, humming softly to herself, but suddenly she stopped and gave a little scream as she caught sight of baby's head. Bessie could wait no longer, but burst out of the closet and jumped up and down before mamma, saying: "I did it, mamma! I wanted to be gen-'rous!" She could not understand why mamma sat down on the floor and laughed until she cried, nor why papa did very nearly the same thing when he came home to dinner and was shown first the baby's head and then Bessie's. After all the aunties and cousins had been in to see the baby's wonderful growth of hair, mamma told Bessie she thought they would give baby a chance to have some hair of his own; and she washed the little head with hot water, putting the curls very carefully into a box, which she keeps in her bureau drawer to this day.—*Sarah S. Bissell, in Christian Union.*

A COMPOSITION.

Charlie Green's Attempt, and the Lesson He Received from His Uncle.

Charlie Green seated himself upon the porch to write a composition about ears. He made very slow progress, because he did not concentrate his thoughts sufficiently, and because a bird that fluttered about its nest in the vines claimed too large a share of his attention.

The subjoined is his composition, and it wasn't worthy of him, for, though a small boy, he could have done much better had he put his heart in the work:

"Ears are given us to hear with. We have external and internal ears. Moles have no ears, for they do not need them. Elephants have very large ears. I am glad I am not an elephant."

In a little while his uncle came upon the porch.

"What are you writing?" he asked.

"A composition on ears," replied Charlie. "The subject was given us at school to-day. This is all that I have written."

"His uncle read the meager effort, a smile overspreading his face. He wanted to laugh, but he was too polite.

"It isn't much of a composition, is it, uncle?" Charlie asked. "Anyhow, I'm ashamed of it."

"You are in error about the mole," remarked his uncle. "It *has* ears, and it *has* need of them."

"But, uncle," said Charlie, "I caught a mole this summer, and I saw no ears on it."

"Because you did not look sharply, my boy. The mole, while burrowing in the ground, has no need of keen sight, but, to warn him of approaching enemies, he possesses hearing of remarkable delicacy. In order that his ears may not be filled with dirt, the mole has for a second covering a slight membrane, which he has the power to open and close at will. Did you ever notice a horse listening?"

"Yes, uncle. Yesterday, when I was out riding with papa. The horse poked one ear forward and the other backward. He looked real funny."

"In the lower animals," resumed his uncle, "the form of the ear is more distinctly funnel-shaped, and is movable at pleasure, so that it may be directed toward objects from which sounds come. It is in such timid animals as the rabbit and deer that the ears are the most movable. They are all the time, through their acute sense of hearing, on the alert for danger. There are muscles suitably situated for giving these motions to the human ear, but, either from neglect or other causes, these muscles are not under the control of the will. The external ear collects the vibrations of the air and directs them toward the internal ear."

"And if our ears were cut off, couldn't we hear?" asked Charlie.

"On, yes; though not so well. Cases are on record where, though the external ear was wanting, the delicacy of hearing was not largely diminished."

"Birds do not seem to have external ears," commented Charlie, who was now quite interested in a topic which he had previously regarded as a very dry one.

"They have no curtains to their ears, for they would impede the swiftness of their flight," remarked his uncle. "Their internal apparatus for hearing, however," is of great size. Bats, whose sight is feeble, are provided with large ears, the sensibility of which is so exquisite that by the impression of the air alone upon them they are aware when they are approaching an object, and never strike it, even in the greatest darkness."

"That is wonderful," declared Charlie. "But tell me, uncle, have insects ears?"

"Insects seem only to hear sounds which are serviceable to them, while other sounds, whatever their intensity, do not seem to affect them in any way. The queen bee, by a scarcely perceptible hum, sets all the other bees in motion, but the discharge of a pistol at the mouth of the hive passes unnoticed. The rhinoceros and the hippopotamus, who see only in the twilight, have hearing in great perfection, while the cat, lynx, lion and tiger have eyes keener in perception in proportion as their hearing is more obtuse."

"I tell you, uncle," cried Charlie, "a good deal can be said about ears, if one is posted, or stops to think. I am much obliged to you for all you have told me. I'll put it in my composition, and then it will please the teacher and be worth reading."

"Thinking about a subject, my dear boy, is of importance; but it is also important to observe, to experiment, and to profit by the knowledge of others, whether obtained by inquiry or application to books."—*Frank A. Stauffer, in Golden Days.*

Little Joe and the Tomato Figs.

Mamma Brown had been making tomato figs. Little Joe had helped her; at least he thought he had, for he had tasted the figs several times and watched the golden fruit bubble in the rich sirup. But he hadn't had half enough, and Mamma Brown said they were too rich for little boys. But Joe would have been glad to try it, at least, for once.

The figs were set away in the big, dark cupboard off the dining-room, where there were shelves full of cans of preserves and pots of jams and jellies.

What a feast just to look at them! Joe would steal in on tip-toe, sometimes, when mamma was busy, and gaze till he would have to shut the door and run away with his hand over his mouth to keep from tasting them.

But, alas! one day he stayed too long, and before he knew it he was nibbling the figs. Just then he heard mamma coming. What should he do? He had but a moment to choose, and he squeezed right into the bottom shelf of the cupboard and swung to the door.

Ah, those tempting figs! And boys are always so hungry! But he would never come near the cupboard again—that was certain.

While he was thus thinking his mother stepped across the dining-room and shut the cupboard door—snap! She went out so quickly that he had no time to call out to her. And he heard the front door shut, too! She had gone over to Aunt Helen's, he knew.

Oh, dear! he could not get out! And he thought he should die if he had to stay there long. He began to feel queer at once, and he shouted with all his might, and pounded and kicked the door with his brown heels till the jam-pots rattled. Grandma was taking a nap upstairs, but she could not hear—she was deaf.

It was no use; he must stay there till mamma came back. And, oh, how slowly the old clock ticked. The seconds seemed minutes, and the minutes, hours.

But after about half an hour he heard his mother talking, and the next moment she came in with Uncle Tom.

Didn't Joe just lift up his voice, then? The whole house rang to his shouts, and in no time, almost, he tumbled out of the shelf into his mother's arms, sobbing:

"I only wanted to taste a tom—tom—"

"What, not me, I hope?" cried Uncle Tom, in mock affright.

"A tom—tomato fi-i-ig," wailed Joe.

And then the whole story of his temptation came out. His mother talked to him kindly and earnestly, and he felt sure he should never, never be so bad again.—*Little Folks.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—It is said that a fir is standing in the Kanich Valley, Nevada, which measures fifty-eight feet in circumference seven feet from the ground.

—A South Carolina man attempted to pawn a horse, and was surprised when "his uncle" told him that he didn't like securities that could walk away.

—A Michigan man, in digging a well, struck a vein of water which he thought contained mineral properties, and was disgusted to find that he had tapped a sewer.

—The five great continental powers of Europe now have 12,000,000 men under arms, not to mention the naval armaments, almost double in size the whole sea fighting force of the world twenty years ago.

—The citizens of Dijon boast that have the oldest poplar in France, but just how old it is no one knows. It is 122 feet high, forty-five feet in circumference at the base, and twenty-three feet in circumference fifteen feet from the base.

—At the great steel works in Cleveland, O., a large electro-magnet is used, suspended from a crane, to pick up iron or steel bars and billets. It will take up 800 pounds, and as soon as the electric current is turned off after moving the load, will drop it in the proper place, thus doing the work of a gang of men.

—Kentucky is as famous for its widespread and critical knowledge of the Bible as for its sensative appreciation of red-eye. The newspapers down there are many of them daily commentaries. Here is a sample paragraph from the Scottsville *Sentinel:* "Milk makes most people bilious, and honey gives most people the colic. Therefore a land flowing with milk and honey is not as desirable as one dripping with tree molasses and flour batter-cakes."

—The first attempt to record a public speech by means of the phonograph was made at a political rally in New York recently. A funnel seven feet long was placed in front of the platform, connecting with the transmitter of the phonograph. After the meeting the instrument was tested, and the experiment found to have been entirely successful, the speaker's voice being heard as distinctly as in the original address, together with sounds of the applause and music.

—The following anecdote is related of President Lincoln: One evening Mrs. Lincoln swept, magnificently dressed, into the library where the President was waiting to escort her into the brilliant reception-parlor. Her dress had a very long train, and was cut low at the neck. Lincoln was standing with his back to the fire when his wife entered. "Whew!" said old Abe, "What a long tail our cat has tonight!" Mrs. Lincoln made no answer, and the President continued: "Say, mother, don't you think it would be better if some of our cat's tail was around her neck?"

TWO MEN AT DINNER.

Difference Between an Englishman and a Frenchman at a Table d'Hote.

"The Englshman is big, square, red, hairy. He has breakfasted at nine o'clock and walked all day with a few minutes' rest for lunch. He calls for champagne sec. He guzzles the soup; he does not taste it. He drenches the fish in some black English sauce, and sends it after the soup. In regular order follow roast and vegetable and game. But whether tough or tender, cooked to a turn or burned to a crisp, your Englishman knows little and cares less. He continues to soak everything with the dark sauce, augmented by mustard and black pepper. The dessert finds him slightly congested, but—full. He is now going to stuff his short, briarwood pipe with black tobacco, and enjoy it between sips of the more than questionable coffee, and he will round off with a B. & S. And when he mentions the hotel to-morrow, or the day after to-morrow, to the traveling women of his country, as he meets them all along the route, he will bellow forth: "Very nice table, indeed, at that place!" (For this is always their subject of conversation).

"But the poor Frenchman! He is sallow; he will soon be bald; his white teeth are miracles of the dentist's skill. One discerns his flabby muscles beneath the fine cloth of his fashionable coat. He has placed his monocle in the corner of his eye to read the carte which he holds gingerly in one fastidious hand—a hand which is skilled enough with the sword or the pistol, but which has never in his life struck a blow from the shoulder. Through the day he has probably driven in a carriage to some view of interest—he has smoked countless cigarettes—he is not hungry. He finds the menu impossible from the first glance. He foresees the watery soup in which will be floating squares of vague paste. The fish may be fresh, the sauce served with it will be nauseating! The beef will be done to death, the capon a skeleton and burnt into the bargain. The waiter has a tiresome and disgusting habit of introducing his abominable thumb into the dishes he places on the table! The people opposite make a frightful noise as they eat! The knives and forks are black! Your Frenchman nibbles a bit of cheese and moistens it with a red poison labeled Saint Julien. He leaves the table thinking with a sigh of the Cafe Anglais. He lights another cigarette. He wonders when he will begin to suffer from that epigastric burning to which his physician has given the coquettish name of pyrosis. 'Zum! Blank!' he says, 'what a mess!'

"Now will you affirm that those two men have eaten the same dinner? But the menu was the same!"—*Paris Letter.*

ROOM AT THE TOP.

The Kind of Young Men Who Are Bound to Succeed in Life.

The principles of business that can be taught are not many; those that can be learned are almost without end. A clerk very soon reaches the place where he has been told all that is actually necessary that he should be told about the details of the business; he falls into the ruts of the house, understands the run of trade, the variations in people and prices, and how to get in and send out goods to the best advantage. But all these details, while they are necessary to be learned, only fit the young man for that particular place, and if he is ambitious he is always looking to something better. Others have been teaching him; it is necessary that he should now teach himself.

A clerk who remains in one position all his life advertises himself lacking in one of two things—ability or ambition. There undoubtedly are instances where a clerk is kept so constantly and continually employed at one task that he has no opportunity to learn any thing but his present work, but such instances are very rare. As a general rule, every clerk has some time at his disposal, either at intervals during the day or in the evening. These are hours that he can not afford to throw away. Not that it follows that he must deprive himself of every pleasure, or even desert every form of entertainment. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and dullness does not lead to success. But let him have his entertainment as recreation, and not seal it as a business, and then he will still have many valuable hours for self-improvement.

One of the prosperous merchants of this city began life as an errand boy in an office. Most boys, and most men, too, for that matter, would say that his position offered but little hope of advancement. The men in the office were busily employed, and saw or spoke to the boy only when they had an errand or order for him. He had no accounts to keep, no writing to do. But the desire being there, the opportunities came. He carried the mail to and from the post-office; watching the letters that passed through his hands, when he found an envelope unusually well addressed he saved it from the waste-basket, and with this before him he began to try to imitate it.

It was his duty to copy the letters in the copying press, and he read and remembered the phraseology and the style until he could have sat down and, with the topic given him, have dressed it up in the same form.

He was so ready and willing to do any and every thing asked of him that the men sent him on many private errands of their own, and in return they could not but answer his questions when he asked about the books or the business. A chance offered where he might do a little writing, and he did the work before any one there knew that he could. There was some surprise at the good hand he wrote, still more at the good form of his matter, and then he told them how he had learned. He was given a place at the desk, while another boy ran the errands, and before he had ever thought of studying to be book-keeper he was one, and a good one.—*On the Road to Riches.*

PRAISE YOUR WIFE.

A Woman Tells Husbands How They Can Make Themselves Agreeable.

Praise your wife, man! For pity's sake give her a little encouragement—it won't hurt her. She has made your home comfortable, your hearth bright, your food agreeable. For pity's sake, tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She doesn't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have for these last ten years. But it will do her good, for all that—and you, too. There are many women to-day thirsting for a word of praise—the language of encouragement. Through summer's heat and winter's toil they have drudged uncomplainingly, and so accustomed have their fathers, brothers and husbands become to their labors that they look for and upon them as they do to the daily rising of the sun and its daily going down. You know that if the floor is clean, labor has been performed to make it so. You know that if you can take from your drawer a clean shirt whenever you want it, somebody's fingers have toiled. Every thing that pleases the eye and the sense has been produced by work, thought, care and efforts bodily and mental. Many men appreciate these things, and feel gratitude for the numberless attentions bestowed upon them in sickness and health. Why don't they come out with a hearty "why, how pleasant you make things look, wife," or "I am obliged to you for taking so much pains?" They thank the tailor for a good fit; they thank the man in the horse-car who gives them a seat; they thank the lady who moves along in the concert-room; in short they thank every body and every thing out-of-doors; and come home, tip their chairs back and their heels up, pull out the newspaper, scold if the fire has got down, or, if every thing is just right, shut their mouths with a smack of satisfaction, but never say "I thank you." I tell you what, men, young and old, if you did but show an ordinary civility toward your wives; if you gave one hundred and sixteenth part of the compliments you almost choked them with before they were married; if you would stop the badinage about whom you are going to have when number one is dead (such things wives may laugh at, but they sink deep sometimes;) if you would cease to speak of their faults, however banteringly, before others—fewer women would seek for other sources of happiness. Praise your wife, then, for all her good qualities—and you may rest assured that her deficiencies are no greater than your own.—*Ladies' Home Visitor.*

INTREPID EXPLORERS.

Astonishing Results Accomplished by Persons Traveling Alone.

The frequent disappearance and lengthened absence of such explorers as Livingstone and Stanley leads an anxious public to question the wisdom of a man's plunging into the heart of Africa without a companion. The impression seems to be that his chances for keeping up communication with the outside world would be greater in proportion to the number of his attendants, and that companions would help him in the accomplishment of his main purpose.

The feeling is a natural one independent of experience; but if we review the history of explorations, we find the facts show that an explorer succeeds best when he relies wholly upon himself to meet every emergency. It is not his personal fortunes from day to day that the public can reasonably be interested in. It is not this curiosity that the explorer is working so hard to satisfy. He aims to extend outward, at some point, the bounds of human knowledge.

The history of explorations undertaken by persons traveling alone shows astonishing results. In Africa we have the example of Livingstone, whose success in traversing an unknown region unattended, demonstrated the wisdom of the plan he adopted. Pointing to the same general truth, we have the example of Baker, Burton, Reade and others, who also accomplished great things, and contributed much to geographical science, by pursuing the same method.

In South America, Musters traveled successfully through Patagonia, depending entirely on himself. The English traveler, Shaw, reached Kashgar in Central Asia, and returned to India quite alone, having made one of the most successful journeys of his day. Not long ago Hannay traveled alone from the Irrawaddy to the Brahmapootra, through a country that is considered almost impassable on account of the lawlessness of its inhabitants.

In the case of a person traveling through an unknown country alone, his utter helplessness and dependence on the honor of savages about him, will stand him in good stead. He is compelled to throw himself on their protection, and treat them with consideration such as a large party could not safely show. It would be interpreted in their case as meaning either cowardice or weakness. On the other hand, a large party by neglecting to show proper consideration for the people about them would wound their pride and rouse feelings of hostility.

It would also be difficult for the chiefs and others to entertain many persons for a long time, or with the same freedom they would use toward the solitary traveler. The baggage of a large company also appeals to the covetousness native to the savage breast more strongly than the little of value which the prudent explorer will take along with him.—*Youth's Companion.*

EXPLOSIVE COAL DUST.

Suggestions in Explanation of Numerous Colliery Disasters.

Prof. Arnold Lupton, in a lecture delivered under the auspices of the coal mining department of Yorkshire Colliery, at Leeds, England, said that in the case of colliery explosions it had been taken for granted that fire-damp or marsh gas was the cause, and the eyes of inquiry had been closed to every other cause. French mining engineers appeared to have been the first to suggest coal dust as a cause of explosions, but in 1876, Mr. William Galloway, then her Majesty's inspector of coal mines, sent a paper to the Royal Society, in which he gave the evidence of experiments and investigations, to prove that coal dust was the prime agent of destruction in colliery explosions. This paper he followed up with others. Other mining engineers then took up the inquiry; the Royal Accident Commission, Professor Abel, the Prussian Fire-damp Commission, and others, made experiments; but to Mr. Galloway belonged the chief credit of the discovery that coal dust is the main agent in colliery explosions. The experiments and investigations proved that very fine coal dust stirred up with air was explosive in an atmosphere containing only one per cent of gas, a percentage too small to be detected by the ordinary methods. He then, with the aid of numerous diagrams, described a number of colliery explosions in various coal fields in Glamorganshire, Derbyshire, Yorkshire, Durham and Scotland. He said that with the knowledge now gained it was easy to understand disasters that were incomprehensible on the asumption that fire-damp was the cause. The Parks explosion in 1866 was probably a coal-dust explosion, so was the Queen Pit, Haydock and many others. Some of these pits he had himself explored a few hours after the explosion. At Seaham Colliery the force of the explosion of coal dust was probably equal to the explosion of 90,000 pounds of gunpowder. He then proceeded to describe the cause of coal dust, and the means of laying the dust by high-pressure water jets and other means; and in conclusion states that several results were now plain: (1) That coal dust was as dangerous as fire-damp or loose gunpowder; (2) that the coal dust could be laid easily, cheaply and with economical effects, and that as a result of this not only would the death rate from colliery explosions be reduced by eighty-five per cent; but the health and comfort of the miners would be improved.—*St. Louis Globe-Democra*

SCOFFING AT MARRIAGE.

A Sensible Article on One of the Burning Questions of the Day.

The unseemly discussion which a certain class of newspapers have been making a conspicuous feature in their columns of late of the question, "Is marriage a failure?" is simply a fresh breaking out of the old and nauseous social malady of "free love." It is amazing that any editor who has either any regard for the reputability of his journal or any respect for the welfare of society should countenance the discussion of so grave a theme in the reckless and flippant style and manner in which it is treated by the class of shallow and inconoclastic writers who, in their anxiety to air their immoral sophistications, delight to exhibit their contempt for those things and institutions which reasonable and good men deem too sacred to be assailable.

The man or woman who seriously asks the question "Is marriage a failure?" is obviously disqualified, by a lack of either virtuous or proper experience, or of intelligent or thoughtful conviction, from answering or even discussing the question at all, the very asking of it being almost proof positive that the one asking it is of the affirmative way of thinking, and that he or she is of that way of thinking because of experiences, observations or theories that are at least superficial, but more probably the resultants of the individual folly or viciousness of a depraved nature. A married life that has proved a failure because the parties to the contract have had neither sense enough, mutual forbearance enough nor morality enough to be faithful to its obligations is not a just sample of the marital institution, is not a fair illustration of modern domesticity, is not an exponent of the average family condition of civilized society. It is exceptional and abnormal. A true man and a true woman, entering into the relations of man and wife with rational deliberation, with genuine affection, and with high and pure motives, do not find marriage a failure. They know what they are about before they enter into the intimate and sacred partnership. It is on their part not a matter of impulse, of emotion, of money, nor of passion, but of mutual and reciprocal affection, guided and consummated by the dictates of reason and of a thoughtful anticipation of all the possibilities and all the contingencies that are involved in the solemn compact. Such matches are made in heaven, are heavenly in their lifelong continuance, and extend beyond this life into heaven itself.

Marriage is a failure only when the man or the woman is a failure in his manhood or in her womanhood. It is never a failure when the man and the woman are true to themselves and to each other. It is never a failure where the feeling and the motive and the purpose are right. It is never a failure where true love and honor are the links of unity. It is never a failure where good sense and good principle lead to and control the relationship. It is very rarely a failure, in any event, where children are its fruitage and the family altar is the center of its daily sanctification.

Those who sneer and mock at marriage are not God's people; they are not of those who are the best development of modern civilization; they are not illustrations either of social morality or of sound sense. They are the froth and scum that float and bubble upon the surface of social life. They are people of unbridled passions, sensual and selfish instincts or shallow minds. They are not the many, but the wild and reckless few. As a rule, marriage is not a failure, but quite the reverse. When it proves a failure, it is an exception to the rule, just as idiots, cranks, lunatics and moral lepers are exceptional developments of human evolution.—*Chicago Journal.*

MATERIAL OF BOOKS.

Essays Written on Bricks, Tables of Stone, Ivory and the Bark of Trees.

If we of this stirring generation were suddenly jolted backward to the time when the art of writing consisted in painting with different kinds of ink, or when events were recorded by planting trees or throwing stones into a pile, we should begin to appreciate our current privileges. Visitors at the British Museum are often entertained by the examination of specimens of the earliest modes of writing on bricks, tables of stone, ivory, the bark of trees and the leaves of trees. In the Sloanian library is a nabob's letter on a piece of bark, about two yards long, and richly ornamented with gold. There are also several copies of the Bible written on palm leaves. The ancients appear to have written on any leaves they could find adapted to the purpose. Hence the name leaf of a book, referring to a tree, was derived. The Babylonians made their contracts of business on tiles or broken pots. The treaties between the Romans, Spartans and the Jews were written on brass. The speech of Claudius, engraved on a plate of bronze, is preserved in the town hall of Lyons, in France. There are wooden manuscripts, which must have existed prior to 1423. In the shepherd state people wrote with horns and awls; then they invented an iron bodkin. After that the *stylus* came into use, made sharp at one end to write with, and blunt and broad at the other for effacing and correcting. But the Romans found these sharp instruments dangerous, as vicious persons used them for daggers. A schoolmaster was killed on one occasion with them in the hands of his own scholars.—*Magazine of American History.*

Terrible Ordeal.

Instances are not uncommon of men who have displayed remarkable courage and fearlessness, and have faced even death itself, until all danger was past, and then have broken down utterly, and been as cowardly as children ever after. A writer for the New York *Sun* gives a thrilling incident of this kind, which happened in India. On one of his many trips up the Little Rangoon river, he camped one night with a party of British officers who were out on a hunt. The leader of the party, and the best shot and bravest man in it, was Major Curtis, a man about forty years of age.

He had killed more wild animals than any other white man in the province. Armed only with a revolver, he had entered the bungalow where a murderer was concealed, and taken him away from a crowd of his friends, and delivered him up to justice.

He had swam the river amid the alligators, and he would stand for the rush of a tiger or the spring of a panther with a laugh on his lips. They said the major did not know what fear was. He, perhaps, thought so himself.

The camp was on the bank of the river, and only a temporary one, and no tents or covers, had been erected. We sat around the fires until a late hour, and when we rolled ourselves up to sleep the Major and I were only about four feet apart, with nothing between us. The camp grew silent at once, and everybody was soon sound asleep.

I was just dozing off when I thought I detected the crawl of a snake near me, but after listening closely for a minute, I concluded it was a lizzard or an insect. The air, the earth, the forests, the waters of India are full of animal life by day and by night.

A camp no sooner grows quiet than wild rats and mice, lizards, great beetles and three or four kinds of squirrels begin to prospect around, while night birds circle about, and the wolf, the jackal, hyena and other animals draw near. Snakes are always to be feared, but if one started up at every suspicious sound he would never get an hour's sleep.

Daylight was just coming when I opened my eyes. I was on my left side, turned toward the Major, and I noticed that he was on his back. Close beside me was a revolver, which I had slipped out of his holsters the night before that I might have it handy in case of need.

Not another soul in camp was yet awake so far as I knew, and I lay listening to the noises in the surrounding forest while daylight continued to grow stronger. I was about to arise, when I suddenly saw the head of a serpent lift itself above the Major's breast and wave to and fro.

I shut my eyes for a few seconds and then opened them to see the same sight again. I even tried it again and again, fearful that I was dozing, and not wishing to believe what I plainly saw.

It certainly was the head of a venomous serpent, a species closely resembling the American black snake, and as deadly as any serpent in India. It waved its head and darted its tongue for a moment, and then settled back into a coil.

As soon as his head went down I felt for my revolver and drew back the hammer. The click, click, alarmed the snake, as I knew it would but by the time he had elevated his head again I had my arm out-stretched and the muzzle of my revolver within two feet of him.

It was a snap-shot and had to be made on the instant, and it was by pure good luck that I sent a bullet through his ugly uead. He was writhing and flopping about as I sprang up, and was dead as I bent over the Major.

The snake had crept out of the bushes and upon the Major's breast early in the night. It was not more than midnight when he awoke and found the serpent coiled up, and he knew that any movement on his part would result in certain death. For three hours and a-half he rested on the broad of his back, never moving a muscle, with his eyes wide open, and that serpent head part of the time waving to and fro within six inches of his head.

When I bent over him he was helpless. When we got him off the ground he sank down again and began to weep, and it was fully two hours before he would talk to us. The result of his experience was that he became a perfect physical coward, starting at the slightest noise, and was ready to run from a house dog.

We do not shake off our yesterdays and sustain no further relations to them; they follow us, they constitute our life, and they give account and force and meaning to our present deeds.

Sunday is the golden clasp that binds the volume of the week.

For the Girls.

There is always a period in a girl's life when she craves all sorts of dainty belongings, and where she can have a room to herself it is her delight to adorn it with many pretty things.

It is right, too; if possible, a girl should have a room of her own, where her privacy should be respected, even by her mother.

Given a plain, comfortable bed and a little stove for warmth, the rest of the belongings can be fashioned out of very plain material.

I have in my recollection the memory of one, fashioned in one end of the up-stairs part of an unfinished house. The rafters were covered with unbleached muslin, as they burned wood; and the part called the room was curtained off from the rest by curtains.

Now, of course, if you have comfortable rooms, this article will not be of interest to you. There are some who must make a great deal out of a little. It is to them I come. To go back. The bed was plain, but very comfortable—and in these days of cheap bed-coverings could be made very dainty.

There is nothing prettier than to have it snow-white; one pair of nice-sized pillows with cases upon it, with only a good wide hem with some little edge upon it, fastened with tapes inside. A white spread, and across the foot a scarf, either of worsted or silk patch-work.

Dressing-chairs can be made out of a discarded one from the other part of the house. The legs sawed off a little, and the whole chair covered with some pretty cretonne or sateen, and a cushion for the seat of the same.

A box for shoes and stoskings made of a good-sized soap-box, with the lid to lift, and the whole put on casters.

Two bags for soiled linen—a large one, and a smaller one for collars and cuffs. These should only be used temporarily, and them removed to the laundry basket.

A dressing-case made of a dry goods box, nicely papered inside and covered outside to match the chairs. On this a large pin-cushion, a box for brush and comb, and one for little trinkets, a hairpin holder and a large bottle of some kind of toilet water.

On one of the shelves inside can stand the bowl used for washing, and when not in use it can be out of sight. If, as in a great many homes, the water is brought up only when needed, nothing in the line of toilet articles will be necessary. Soap always, but this should be of a fine quality. Tooth-brush and nail-brush also, as these are quite indispensible:

Now for carpet: I will give you two I have seen. One was made of old-fashioned coverlets—in blue and white. Another was pieces of all kinds of carpet sewed together in a hit-and-miss way. Both looked clean and neat.

And, girls, right here let me say that whatever makes shifts you do in your own home, there is no use apologizing for them to any one coming in. It is so much more beautiful to bow to your circumstances, and make the most of what you have, and enjoy it, than to fret about it or show any sense of shame when a stranger happens to come in and see you as you are. If it is all clean and neat, it is all right. I hope some one will be able to fix up a very cozy place for herself.—*Exchange.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Is the North Getting Colder.

The clearing of extensive forests may explain the alleged improvement in the climate of Chili and Patagonia, where summer is said to linger half a month longer than a hundred years ago. But if the temperature of the Southern Hemisphere is increasing, it is at least equally certain that the North is getting colder. The Danish government has repeatedly considered the question of assisting the natives of Iceland to leave a clime which almost every other year threatens them with annihilation, and yet there is abundant evidence for Professor Lundborg's assertion that the home of the Edda was once quite as habitable as any part of modern Sweden. Greenland, too once deserved its name, and there is no doubt that Labrador once contained five times its present population, though the chances are, that, before the and of another century, the country will have no permanent population at all. A year ago seventy Esquimaux made a descent on Mugford Harbor, and had to be shot down like so many wolves, to keep them from ravaging the scanty provision-stores of the settlers; and now again reports of impending famine come from half a dozen villages of the dismal peninsula.

A thousand years ago the sixtieth degree of northern latitude appears to have enjoyed a climate nearly corresponding to that of the fortieth degree south of the Equator, and it would almost seem as if the thermal conditions of our planet were now undergoing a change tending to equalize that difference.—*Yankee Blade.*

Morbus Sabatticus.

Morbus Sabatticus or Sunday sickness, is a disease peculiar to church members. The attack comes on suddenly every Sunday; no symptoms are felt Saturday night; the patient sleeps well and wakes feeling well; eats a hearty breakfast, but about church time the attack comes on and coutinues until services are over for the morning. Then the patient feels easy and eats a hearty dinner.

In the afternoon he feels much better and is able to take a walk, talk politics, and read the Sunday papers; he eats a hearty supper, but about church time he has another attack and stays at home. He retires early sleeps well, and wakes up on Monday morning refreshed and able to go to work, and does not have symptoms of the disease until the following Sunday. The peculiar features of this disease are as follows:

1. It quite often attacks members of the church.

2. It never makes its appearance except on the Sabbath.

3. The symptoms vary, but it never interferes with the sleep or appetite.

4. It never lasts more that twenty-four hours.

5. It generally attacks the head of the family.

6. No physician is ever caled in to attend the patient.

7. It always proves fatal in the end—to the soul.

8. No remedy is known for it except earnest prayer.

9. Religion is the only antidote that will cure.

10. It is becoming fearfully prevalent, and is sweeping thousands every year prematurely to destruction.

A letter to the Davenport (Iowa) *Tribune* says: "Iowa does not only stand at the head of the list as a corn State, but stands at the head, also, for large men. I was one of the two largest men on a train last week, and the two of us weighed just two pounds over a half ton. I weighed 210 pounds and the other fellow weighing just 792 pounds. His name was J. H. Craig. He is 6 feet 4½ inches long, and was born in Iowa City thirty two years ago. He is said to be the largest man in the world at the present time. He is well proportioned, full of fun, as playful as a kitten. He told me that when he went to church he put $1 in the collection basket and took a whole seat for himself. He has weighed 853 pounds, but uses tobacco now to keep his weight down below 800."

One very rainy Sunday Dr. Payson, of Portland, Me., went to church as usual, but no one appeared except an old negro, who came in and asked if Dr. Payson was to preach. The Doctor said "Yes," and went into the pulpit and preached to the choir and the old negro. Afterward he met the negro and asked him if he enjoyed that sermon. "Enjoy dat sermon?" replied the old man. "I 'clar, Doctor, I nebber heerd a better one. Yo' see I had a seat pretty well up front, an' whenebber you'd say somethin's pretty hard 'gin the sins o' men, I'd jess look round ter see who you's a hittin', and I wouldn't see nobody only jess me. An' I says to myself, he must mean you, Pomp, you's sech a dredful sinner. Well, Doctor, that ar sermon set me to thinking what a big sinner I war, an' I went and jined the church down home. I'se a deacon now."

No man or woman can be really gentle, strong, pure and good, without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.

If You Have a Trifling Cough

Don't neglect it. Use Roger's Specific Cough Cure. It is a sure and speedy cure for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, &c. 25 cts. a bottle.

For Sprains, Burns, Bruises, &c.

Use Roger's Specific Liniment. It has no equal as a cure for Sprains, Burns Bruises, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Dysentary, Rheumatism, &c. 25 cts.

Dyspepsia and Habitual Constipation

Speedily cured by a few doses of Appetite, the Great Stomach, Kidney and Liver Remedy. Price 50 cts.

Piles! Piles! Pile!

Roger's Specific Cocaine Pile Remedy will cure in a short time the most aggravated case of Itching, protruding, Bleeding, or any other form of Piles. Price 50 cts. a box.

Roger's Specific Worm Syrup

Is Pleasant, Safe and efficient. Price 25 cts.

For Chapped Hands, Face, &c.,

Use Frangipane Curative Balm, a delightful toilet article for the Hands, Face, Roughness of Skin, Face and Sunburn, Tetter, Pimples, Blotches and Skin Diseases. Price 15 cts.

All the above preparations are for sale at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, Oakland, and by druggists and country merchants in all parts of Garrett and adjoining counties.

NEW ADVERTISEMNETS.

LACTATED FOOD

Possesses many Important Advantages over all other prepared Foods.

BABIES CRY FOR IT.
INVALIDS RELISH IT.

Makes Plump, Laughing, Healthy Babies. Regulates the Stomach and Bowels. Sold by Druggists. 25c., 50c., $1.00.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

Baby Portraits.

A Portfolio of beautiful baby portraits, printed on fine plate paper by patent photo process, sent free to Mother of any Baby born within a year. Every Mother wants these pictures; send at once. Give Baby's name and age.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Props., Burlington, Vt.

It's Easy to Dye WITH DIAMOND DYES

Superior IN Strength, Fastness, Beauty, AND Simplicity.

Warranted to color more goods than any other dyes ever made, and to give more brilliant and durable colors. Ask for the *Diamond*, and take no other. 36 colors; 10 cents each.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles, USE

DIAMOND PAINTS.

Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil, Paregoric or Narcotic Syrups. Children cry for Castoria. Millions of Mothers bless Castoria.

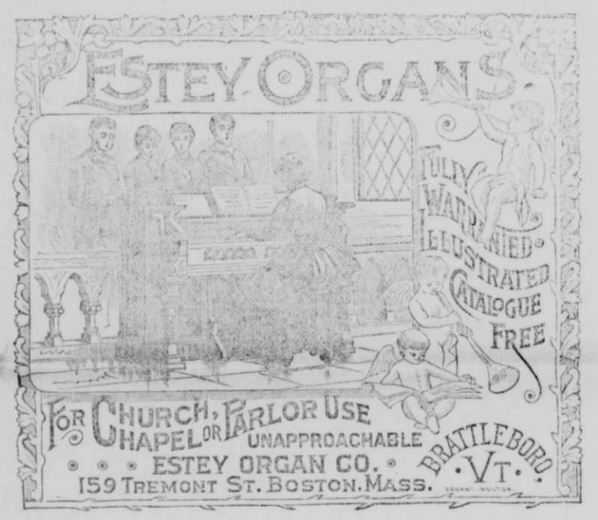
Castoria cures Colic, Constipation; Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation; Gives healthy sleep; also aids digestion; Without narcotic stupefaction.

"I recommend Castoria for children's complaints, as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray St., New York.

They are Growing More Popular Every Day.

WHO?



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OF CUMBERLAND, MD.,

The Acknowledged Largest Dealers in Western Maryland,

Who, by their many years' experience in the music business, together with honest and fair dealing, have placed the World Renowned

ESTEY AND CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN

in the leading ranks of all other Organs manufactured. The Estey Organ is well enough known to be appreciated when seen. The Chicago Cottage Organ is gaining a reputation that ere long will place it at the head of the list. It is elegant in finish, exquisite in design. In tone superlatively fine. Standard in construction. Highly ornamented and heavy volume. It is an Organ whose action speaks lowder than words, and after one sees and trys this lovely instrument, it always pleases and gives entire satisfaction to the purchaser. We also sell the celebrated

DECKER BROS., WEBER, FISHER BROS., AND ESTEY PIANOS,

—AND THE—

New Home Sewing Machine.

This machine has *no* superior. The cabinet work is of the finest and most artistic made. Its construction is the best and guaranteed not to get out of order. Its attachments are the simplest as well as the most perfect made, and a child can operate it with ease. The attachments are self-setting, requiring no screw driver, not even a thumb screw. No home is complete without this, the grandest, best and most perfect machine made.

Our terms are made in every instance to suit purchaser, and prices the lowest ever offered for first-class goods in this section. We buy for cash in large quantities from the factories direct, thus enabling us to save the purchaser the ordinary agents commission. A word to the wise is sufficient.

For purchasing write or send for illustrated catalogues, prices, terms, &c., to

MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

Branch Office, CUMBERLAND, MD. Main Office, MEYERSDALE, PA. 9 17 '87—1y

J. F. LEWIS,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND PLASTERING LATH!

SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.

Having had Fourteen years practice and experience as a SHINGLE SAWYER, I am confident that I can sell you a better shingle than can be bought any where else in the State for the same price.

J. F. LEWIS,

3 3 '88 1y Cranesville, W. Va

FARM FOR SALE!

For sale cheap, a farm of 395 acres, about 90 acres of which is cleared, and on which are erected a

Two-Story Frame House, Two Stables

and other outbuildings. About 75 acres of the woodland is covered with EXCELLENT TIMBER. The farm is situated two miles from Swanton, B. & O. R. R. About 250 acres is under fence. A young orchard was put out four years ago, and will soon come into bearing.

For particulars and terms, apply to or address

RICHARD CUSTER,
8 25 Swanton, Md

VALUABLE

STOCK FARM FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 165 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

TOWN PROPERTY

FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

NEW ADVRETISEMENTS.

FOR SALE,

A VALUABLE TRACT OF LAND,

Of 130½ acres, situated 7 miles North of Oakland, near the Yough River. The improvements consist of two dwelling houses, barn, stable and all other necessary outbuildings; twenty acres under cultivation. A fine young orchard is on the place.

For terms and further information, apply to

THOMAS & SINCELL,
12 8 3m Attorneys for Owners.

E. H. SINCELL, Attorney.]

ORDER NISI.

Sam'l J. Miller and others) In the Circuit
vs. } Court for Garrett
Joel J. Miller and others, } Co. No. 27 Equity

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, this 26th day of November, 1888, that the sale of the property mentioned in the proceedings, made and reported by Samuel J. Miller, Trustee, to Henry E. Wiley, be ratified and Confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 24th day of December next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the said 24th day of December, next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $550.00.

E. Z. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test:
12 1 3 E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

[E. H. SINCELL, Attorney.]

ORDER NISI.

Mariah Grove, by her husband and next friend William P. Grove, Plaintiff,
Versus
Amanda Moore and others, Defendants.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 433 Equity.

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, this 26th day of November, 1888, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings made and reported by William P. Grove, Trustee, to Jonas Wass, be Ratified and Confirmed, unless cause to the contrary there of be shown on or before the 24th day of December next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the said 24th day of December next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $3,500.

E. Z. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test:
12 1 3 E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

D. E. BOLDEN & CO..

UNDERTAKERS

AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS,

OAKLAND, MD.

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

COFFINS, CASKETS

—AND—

BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS!

—Also a full line of—

FURNITURE,

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and Window Blinds,

And everything usually kept in a First-Class Furniture Establishment

Furniture Rented on easy Terms

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

REPAIR WORK,

PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c

☞ Also make Furniture to order.

D. E. BOLDEN, & CO.

Feb. 25, '88.

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 3d, 1888.

All persons are hereby warned not to remove any stone from the National Road in Garrett county, or from the Bridges thereon.

By order County Commissioners,

W. H. HAGANS,
9 8 tf Clerk.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect November 18th, 1888:

GOING EAST.

No.		7.41 A. M
No. 38	Accommodation	10.34 A. M
No. 6		3.04 P. M
No. 82	Accommodation	5.25 P. M
No. 4		11.43 P. M

GOING WEST

No. 3		5.54 A. M
No. 81	Accommodation	9.40 A. M
No. 5		3.21 P. M
No. 65	Accommodation	6.06 P. M
No.		9.15 P. M

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.

C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

JOHN A. WOLF,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

8 8 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, DEC. 22, 1888. NUMBER 43.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and West Virginia.
☞ Office over Casteel's Drug Store on Main street, Oakland, Md. 2 26 '87.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.
Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. jel1-1y

J. B. FAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals Also in adjoining counties of West Va.
☞ Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States Real estate bought and sold on commission.
Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

WARING THOMAS. EWD. H. SINCELL
THOMAS & SINCELL,
Attorneys-at-Law and Solicitors in Chancery,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office in Boyer Building, Cor. Second and Alder, streets, Oakland, Md.

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.
OFFICE IN NYDEGGER BUILDING.
☞ Residence in Dr. Keller Building.
Sept. 9, 1885.—1y.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,
offers his professional services to the people of Oakland and vicinity. 5 5 '88
☞ Office and residence corner Oak and fifth streets, two doors East Catholic Church.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

Dr. I. D. Newman,
OAKLAND, MD.
CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.
Office and residence on Mill street, opposite the Helbig bridge
Calls day or night promptly attended to.
3 5 y.

Successful Treatment of Disease
A SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY!
MICROBES the Cause of all Diseases.
MICROBE KILLER
Kills the Microbes.

Successful Treatment.
CURES:
Catarrh,
Bronchitis,
Consumption,
Malaria,
Rheumatism.
Wonderful Tonic and Blood Purifier.
The efficacy of the Microbe Killer in cases of consumption has been so effectually demonstrated that we are justified in claiming for it curative powers beyond those of *any medicine* known. We do *not* claim for it miraculous power in curing cases so far gone that cure is impossible, but we *do* claim that it will cure any case where the lungs are not more than half gone. Persons with poor appetite, weak and debilitated, will find it the best tonic. Every one should use it, particularly those who have suffered for years with incurable chronic diseases. Microbes, or germs, are causes of disease. The medicine that will kill the germs and at the same time cure the patient is the one to use.
Sold only in one gallon stone jugs. Price $3.00, sufficient to last about one month. Cheap; within the reach of all. Physician of 17 years experience in charge of the office. Send for circular and information.
Wm. Radam's Microbe Killer, 819 Arch St., Philada., Pa.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,
Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.
These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.
These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.
For further information apply to.
JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dr. Seth Arnold's
COUGH KILLER
CURES
Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and Asthma.
PREVENTS CONSUMPTION
Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.
Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, druggist, Oakland, Md. 11 '86 1y

PLANING MILLS.
MT. LAKE PARK, MD.,
ALDERSON & ROBINSON, PROPS
C. M. RATHBUN, Manager.
Manufacturers of and dealers in
Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings.
Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.
☞ Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of mill work. 9, '87.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property.
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

FARM FOR SALE.
A RARE CHANCE TO INVEST!
A farm containing 161 acres, 3½ miles from Oakland, on the West Union Road is offered for sale at a bargain, This is known as the Christian Yutzy farm, has good buildings, is well watered, 100 acres under cultivation and a good ghrist and saw mill on adjoining land.
TERMS.—One-third cash, the balance in two equal annual payments.
For price and particulars apply to or address
JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican office, Oakland, Md.
7 21 6m

GEO. P. WHITE, Mt. Lake Park, Md. S. D. WHITE, P. M Frankville, Md.
WHITE & BRO.
NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!
AT FRANKVILLE, MD.
Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes. Country produce taken in exchange for goods Call and see us. WHITE & BRO
P. O. address, Floyd, Md.

PATENTS!
Caveats, and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.
OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE. We have no sub-agencies, all business direct, hence can transact patent business in less time and at LESS COST than those remote from Washington.
Send model, drawing, or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.
A book, "How to Obtain Patents," with references to actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address
C. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

COLLECTION OFFICE!
Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.
ANDREW J. HARNE.
Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y

BLACKSMITHING.
I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."
DAVID LITTLE.

MASSEY HALL
PREPARATORY SCHOOL,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
School year commences
September 12th, 1888.
Regular and elective courses in all Preparatory Studies. Special attention to English and Commercial branches. The number of pupils is strictly limited, in order to insure the most thorough training and individual advancement.
For terms, hours of study, &c., apply to
REV. J. NEWMAN,
7 7 td Principal.

E. F. STANSBERRY.
—Manufacturer of—
Boots and Shoes,
Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,
OAKLAND, MD.
☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.
Nov. 21, 85.—y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TAKE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR
FAULTLESS FAMILY MEDICINE
"I have used Simmons Liver Regulator for many years, having made it my only Family Medicine. My mother before me was very partial to it. It is a safe, good and reliable medicine for any disorder of the system, and if used in time is *a great preventive of sickness.* I often recommend it to my friends, and shall continue to do so.
"Rev. James M. Rollins,
"Pastor M. E. Church, So. Fairfield, Va."
TIME AND DOCTORS' BILLS SAVED *by always keeping Simmons Liver Regulator in the house.*
"I have found Simmons Liver Regulator the best family medicine I ever used for anything that may happen, have used it in *Indigestion, Colic, Diarrhœa, Biliousness,* and found it to relieve immediately. After eating a hearty supper, if, on going to bed, I take about a teaspoonful, I never feel the effects of the supper eaten.
"OVID G. SPARKS,
"Ex-Mayor Macon, Ga."
☞ ONLY GENUINE ☜
Has our Z Stamp on front of Wrapper.
J. H. Zeilin & Co., Sole Proprietors,
Price. $1.00. PHILADELPHIA. PA.

The Favorite
Medicine for Throat and Lung Difficulties has long been, and still is, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It cures **Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis,** and **Asthma;** soothes irritation of the **Larynx** and **Fauces;** strengthens the **Vocal Organs;** allays soreness of the **Lungs;** prevents **Consumption,** and, even in advanced stages of that disease, relieves Coughing and induces Sleep. There is no other preparation for diseases of the throat and lungs to be compared with this remedy.
"My wife had a distressing cough, with pains in the side and breast. We tried various medicines, but none did her any good until I got a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which has cured her. A neighbor, Mrs. Glenn, had the measles, and the cough was relieved by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have no hesitation in recommending this
Cough Medicine
to every one afflicted." Robert Hunter, Foreman *Headlight,* Morrilton, Ark.
"I have been afflicted with asthma for forty years. Last spring I was taken with a violent cough, which threatened to terminate my days. Every one pronounced me in consumption. I determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Its effects were magical. I was immediately relieved and continued to improve until entirely recovered."—Joel Bullard, Guilford, Conn.
"Six months ago I had a severe hemorrhage of the lungs, brought on by an incessant cough which deprived me of sleep and rest. I tried various remedies, but obtained no relief until I began to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. A few bottles of this medicine cured me." Mrs. E. Coburn, 19 Second st., Lowell, Mass.
"For children afflicted with colds, coughs, sore throat, or croup, I do not know of any remedy which will give more speedy relief than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have found it, also, invaluable in cases of Whooping Cough."—Ann Lovejoy, 1257 Washington street, Boston, Mass.
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE
Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing
SICK
Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured
HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head
ACHE
is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.
Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.
SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE

Henry Jordan

Grover's Little Lamb.

Grover had a little lamb,
Just like the nursery maid;
With English shears he clipped its wool,
And called the lamb "Free Trade."

Said Grover: "Dan, we'll find some day,
When at the lamb we peep,
That in our care it's grown to be
A rousing British sheep."

The lamb got into Congress once
And lost its precious wool;
The Democrats they cut it off
To please old Johnny Bull.

And when the Fall election came,
Said Grover, "Daniel, dear,
We'll hear now from that little lamb
Which once we loved to shear."

"I wonder if its fleece has grown?
I think not, Dan, don't you?
We clipped it very close, you know,
For England told us to."

And while the President still had
His little lamb in mind,
A something like a cyclone struck
Him very hard behind.

Cried Grover, "Daniel! what was that?
I'm all broke up, I am;
Was it a cyclone on the jump?"
"No, Grover, 'twas the lamb."

They bound a red bandanna on
The bruised and bleeding spot;
They tried to whisper words of cheer,
But cheered he would be not.

And when they raised him up to see
His fleece-robbed little lamb,
He found that he had grown to be
Abig Protection ram.

"What made the lamb but Grover so?"
The children asked at school;
"It was because," the teacher said,
"He robbed it of its wool."

And not a soul in all the land
For Grover then was sad,
Such is the simple story of
The lamb our Grover had.

—*T. C. Harbaugh in Dayton Journal.*

HAL'S ROMANCE.

The ball was over. Carriage after carriage rolled up to the magnificent portal, and each in its turn rattled off amid the clatter and laughter of its occupants.

Leaning on the arm of an elderly gentleman stood a beautiful girl, hooded and cloaked. The two were evidently awaiting their carriage, for the old gentleman muttered irritably:

"Well, well! will our turn never come? I told Joseph particularly to be here on time."

The girl paid little or no attention to her companion. Her eyes were directed toward a finely built young fellow who was talking earnestly to a friend.

"Will he not even bid me good night?—and thinks, tears starting to her eyes.

At this moment the gentleman and his friend walked out into the street, arm in arm.

At this juncture their carriage drove up, and after administering to Joseph a reproof for his tardiness, the old gentleman handed his fair companion into the vehicle, followed and shammed the door to. Joseph spitefully cut the off gray with his whip, and they were whirled rapidly away.

At the next street they passed the before mentioned gentleman and his friend, but he did not see the white face, with its quivering lips, nor the tear-laden eyes that looked out upon him for a second as the carriage flew past. And yet, strange to say, the young men were at that very moment speaking of her. The younger was saying:

"Hal, why the deuce did you act so coldly—I might say, almost rudely—to Miss Thornedale to-night? Why, it was the talk of the whole room. Do you know that in the lobby she waited for you to say good night to her, when you dragged me off so precipitately."

A sigh was Hal's rejoinder.

"Can it be that you don't care for her? Can't you see, man, that she's head over ears in love with you?"

A pained expression passed for a moment over Hal's handsome face as he answered.

"What!" exclaimed his companion. "You've known it, and still treated her like a brute? Halstead Moore, you have a heart of adamant!"

"Chester, would that I had—would that I had!"

There was something in his tone so indescribably sad that his friend looked at him for a moment in astonishment.

"I say, Hal, what's up with you to-night? I've never known you to be like this before."

No answer to this. The question was not pushed, and so they walked on in silence, until Hal's companion suddenly stopped.

"Well, here I am at home. Will you step in for a while?"

Hal evidently did not hear, for he returned no answer.

"Hal, you've something on your mind. Now don't deny it; your face shows it only too plainly. Mind, I don't ask your confidence; but if I can be of any use in extricating you from any trouble, pecuniarily or otherwise, command me, and if it's in my power it will be done."

Hal grasped his companion's outstretched hand, and said fervently:

Thanks, old fellow, thanks! You have been a true friend to me, Chester, and therefore why should you not have my confidence? Yes, I have something on my mind, something that is making me miserable, and life well nigh unbearable."

Chester led the way to his apartments, and soon both were ensconced in easy chairs.

The friendship of these two men had originated at Florence, where both were studying painting. Their support depended entirely on their calling, both being special artists on a popular weekly. Halstead Moore lived with his mother in a neat little cottage in the suburbs. Little or nothing was known of the Moores or their past. On this subject Hal had never opened his heart to Chester, and the latter, with uncommon delicacy, forebore embarrassing his friend with questions.

After a few moments Hal plunged abruptly into his recital.

Chester, you asked me awhile ago whether or not I cared for Helen Thorndale. I do care for her; nay, I love her, I idolize her! By day, by night, she is before me; my thoughts, my dreams, are but of her! In view of this fact you will wonder more than ever at my treatment of Miss Thorndale. I will tell you the secret of my trouble."

He had overcome his agitation, and now spoke with due deliberation.

"My parents' marriage was the result of an elopement, in consequence of which my paternal grandfather cursed his son on his deathbed. He prayed that ruin might follow all his endeavors and those of his children. This death-scene affected my father deeply. He became morose and unloving. One night, six months later, a neighbor broke the intelligence to my mother that her husband was dead, drowned while crossing the ice-covered river on a homeward journey. His body was never recovered. Among his effects was found a sealed letter, which was to be delivered to me (I was then two months old) when I should attain my majority. My mother carefully preserved that letter unopened, and on my twenty-first birth-day delivered it to me. It contained a sketch of what I have told you, and concluded with an injunction never to marry, as the consequence must be unhappiness. That injunction I look upon as a message from the dead, and one that I must hold sacred. Now you know why I dare not declare my love to Helen Thorndale.

So deeply interested in his friend's recital has Chester become, that his brandy and soda remains untouched. At the conclusion of the narrative he settled back in his chair exclaiming:

"Well, well! Who would have thought such a romance mingled with matter-of-fact Old Hal's life?"

Two moths later saw Hal and Chester on their way to the north of Scotland, where they had been sent to sketch a picturesque series of ruins. They had letters of introduction to a owner of the paper. Hugh McLeod, who cordially invited them to make his dwelling their headquarters. Only too happily did they accept this kind offer, nor had either of them cause to regret the step, as we shall see.

Hugh McLeod, of Bonnie Park, was a gentleman of leisure, living in quiet, unostentatious style with an only daughter, Laura, a sweet, unaffected girl of eighteen summers. The old gentleman was delighted with his visitors, offering them every attention, even accompanying them on their sketching tours.

They had been there about a month when one morning Mr. McLeod proposed a little excursion to some old ruins that would make capital subjects for their pencils. The friends acquiesced, and Laura forthwith instructed to order lunch. They arrived at their destination, and Hal and Chester were soon busy transferring several picturesque views to their sketch books, while the old gentleman stood by chatting. Laura in the meantime had wandered off through the woods in search of wild flowers.

"Now, boys," said McLeod, presently, when ye've sketched your fill here, I'll take ye up to Vulture's Nest for a fine landscape view.

"Vulture's Nest! What an ominous name!" ejaculated Hal.

"Yes, and it's had an ominous history, too. It deserves its name from the number of vultures that used to flock there, and many terrible experiences the people thereabouts have had with the creatures. Why, it was only two years ago that Donald Stuart's daughter was attacked on Vulture's Nest by two of the vile creatures, and before help could reach her she was so terribly torn about the face as to be disfigured for life. It's never safe to venture up there unarmed, for even yet—"

A piercing shriek, followed by another and another, here rent the air, and the three men simultaneously started to their feet. Once more that terrible cry for help rang out.

"My God!" shouted McLeod, "Laura's voice! The Vulture's Nest!"

With blanched faces the men hurriedly grasped their rifles and dashed off toward the spot whence the cries seemed to come. Suddenly, as they issued from the thick undergrowth, a terrible sight burst upon them. Far above, on an overhanging rock, her figure clearly outlined against a background of azure, anguish depicted in every line of her face stood Laura McLeod, while above her circled an immense vulture, the uncanny neck outstretched and the small eyes sparkling with greedy expectation.

The men stood spellbound, and then, with a shout, Chester led the way up the incline, his eyes fixed on the girl he had learned to love so well. At that very moment the monster ceased circling about its victim and prepared for attack. Just as it poised itself for the last fatal swoop, the sharp report of a rifle rang out on the still air, and the creature fell dead at the feet of its intended victim.

The next moment a man emereged from the shrubbery near by, with a rifle, still smoking, trailing after him. He ran to the now prostrate girl, and kneeling beside her, chafed her hands and held to her lips a small flask. Chester and his two companions, breathless and speechless, reached the spot where Laura lay.

"How can I thank you, sir? You have saved my darling's life," cried Mr. McLeod," sobbing with joy.

Laura soon returned to consciousness, and Chester explained to her what had taken place. During the excitement that followed her strange savior was entirely forgotten. When, however they had regained calmness, they found that he had disappeared as silently as he had come. They searched the surrounding ground for some trace of him, but without avail.

It is needless to state that no more sketching was indulged in that day.

One evening, a week after the adventure on Vulture's Nest, our friends were all congregated in the drawing room at Bonnie Park when a servant made his appearance with the announcement that a man had called and desired to see Mr. McLeod. The old gentleman immediately rose and followed Benjamin out of the room. Soon his voice was heard in the hall extending a heaty welcome to his visitor, and the next moment he re-entered the room arm in arm with none other than their elusive friend of the Vulture's Nest accident. He was a remarkable looking man, tall and erect in carriage, with a sad, handsome face, golden brown beard and deep blue, penetrating eyes.

Laura thanked him with her own sweet simplicity, and Chester and McLeod were loud in praise of his coolness and bravery. Hal stood a little aloff from the group and concentrated his gaze on its central figure. For him the stranger had an inexplicable fascination.

After they had thanked him to their heart's content the stranger made known the object of his visit. He had found a locket on the scene of the encounter and thinking one of the party must have lost it took the first opportunity to return the trinket—a small odly-shaped affair, on seeing which Hal exclaimed:

"My locket! You have made me your debtor, sir, for I prize this trinket very highly. It was a gift from my father to my mother before I was born."

The stranger started slightly and a death-like pallor overspread his face.

"Would you have any objection to my seeing the interior of that locket?"

Hal looked surprised, but silently opened the trinket and presented it to the stranger. The latter gave a hasty glance, at the picture within and started back, almost dropping the locket as he did so.

"I beg your pardon for my awk-

[Continued on 8th page.]

Henry Jordan

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, DEC. 22, 1888. NUMBER 43.

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Sold only in one gallon stone jugs. **Price $3.00.** sufficient to last about one month. Cheap; within the reach of all. Physician of 17 years experience in charge of the office. Send for circular and information.
Wm. Radam's Microbe Killer, 819 Arch St., Philada., Pa.

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Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.
These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.
For further information apply to.
JAS. A. HAYDEN,
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Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and Asthma.
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TERMS.—One-third cash, the balance in two equal annual payments.
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"Rev. James M. Rollins,
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Medicine for Throat and Lung Difficulties has long been, and still is, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It cures **Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis,** and **Asthma;** soothes irritation of the **Larynx** and **Fauces;** strengthens the **Vocal Organs;** allays soreness of the **Lungs;** prevents **Consumption,** and, even in advanced stages of that disease, relieves Coughing and induces Sleep. There is no other preparation for diseases of the throat and lungs to be compared with this remedy.
"My wife had a distressing cough, with pains in the side and breast. We tried various medicines, but none did her any good until I got a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which has cured her. A neighbor, Mrs. Glenn, had the measles, and the cough was relieved by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have no hesitation in recommending this
Cough Medicine
to every one afflicted."—Robert Hoyt, Foreman *Headlight*, Morrillton, Ark.
"I have been afflicted with asthma for forty years. Last spring I was taken with a violent cough, which threatened to terminate my days. Every one pronounced me in consumption. I determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Its effects were magical. I was immediately relieved and continued to improve until entirely recovered."—Joel Bullard, Guilford, Conn.
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"For children afflicted with colds, coughs, sore throat, or croup, I do not know of any remedy which will give more speedy relief than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have found it, also, invaluable in cases of Whooping Cough."—Ann Lovejoy, 1257 Washington street, Boston, Mass.
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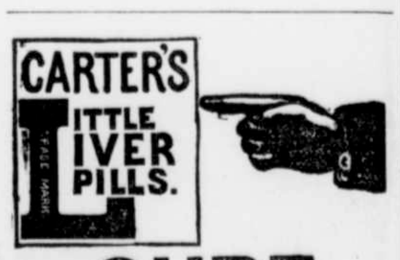

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SICK
Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured
HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head
ACHE
Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.
Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.
SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE

Grover's Little Lamb.

Grover had a little lamb,
Just like the nursery maid;
With English shears he clipped its wool,
And called the lamb "Free Trade."

Said Grover: "Dan, we'll find some day,
When at the lamb we peep,
That in our care it's grown to be
A rousing British sheep."

The lamb got into Congress once
And lost its precious wool;
The Democrats they cut it off
To please old Johnny Bull.

And when the Fall election came,
Said Grover, "Daniel, dear,
We'll hear now from that little lamb
Which once we loved to shear."

"I wonder if its fleece has grown?
I think not, Dan, don't you?
We clipped it very close, you know,
For England told us to."

And while the President still had
His little lamb in mind,
A something like a cyclone struck
Him very hard behind.

Cried Grover. "Daniel! what was that?
I'm all broke up, I am;
Was it a cyclone on the jump?"
"No, Grover, 'twas the lamb."

They bound a red bandanna on
The bruised and bleeding spot;
They tried to whisper words of cheer,
But cheered he would be not.

And when they raised him up to see
His fleece-robbed little lamb,
He found that he had grown to be
A big Protection ram.

"What made the lamb but Grover so?"
The children asked at school;
"It was because," the teacher said,
"He robbed it of its wool."

And not a soul in all the land
For Grover then was sad,
Such is the simple story of
The lamb our Grover had.

—*T. C. Harbaugh in Dayton Journal.*

HAL'S ROMANCE.

The ball was over. Carriage after carriage rolled up to the magnificent portal, and each in its turn rattled off amid the clatter and laughter of its occupants.

Leaning on the arm of an elderly gentleman stood a beautiful girl, hooded and cloaked. The two were evidently awaiting their carriage, for the old gentleman muttered irritably:

"Well, well! will our turn never come? I told Joseph particularly to be here on time."

The girl paid little or no attention to her companion. Her eyes were directed toward a finely built young fellow who was talking earnestly to a friend.

"Will he not even bid me good night?" she thinks, tears starting to her eyes.

At this moment the gentleman and his friend walked out into the street, arm in arm.

At this juncture their carriage drove up, and after administering to Joseph a reproof for his tardiness, the old gentleman handed his fair companion into the vehicle, followed and shammed the door to. Joseph spitefully cut the off gray with his whip, and they were whirled rapidly away.

At the next street they passed the before mentioned gentleman and his friend, but he did not see the white face, with its quivering lips, nor the tear-laden eyes that looked out upon him for a second as the carriage flew past. And yet, strange to say, the young men were at that very moment speaking of her. The younger was saying:

"Hal, why the deuce did you act so coldly—I might say, almost rudely—to Miss Thornedale to-night? Why, it was the talk of the whole room. Do you know that in the lobby she waited for you to say good night to her, when you dragged me off so precipitately."

A sigh was Hal's rejoinder.

"Can it be that you don't care for her? Can't you see, man, that she's head over ears in love with you?"

A pained expression passed for a moment over Hal's handsome face as he answered.

"What!" exclaimed his companion. "You've known it, and still treated her like a brute? Halstead Moore, you have a heart of adamant!"

"Chester, would that I had—would that I had!"

There was something in his tone so indescribably sad that his friend looked at him for a moment in astonishment.

"I say, Hal, what's up with you to-night? I've never known you to be like this before."

No answer to this. The question was not pushed, and so they walked on in silence, until Hal's companion suddenly stopped.

"Well, here I am at home. Will you step in for a while?"

Hal evidently did not hear, for he returned no answer.

"Hal, yoy've something on your mind. Now don't deny it; your face shows it only too plainly. Mind, I don't ask your confidence; but if I can be of any use in extricating you from any trouble, pecuniarily or otherwise, command me, and if it's in my power it will be done."

Hal grasped his companion's outstretched hand, and said fervently:

Thanks, old fellow, thanks! You have been a true friend to me, Chester, and therefore why should you not have my confidence? Yes, I have something on my mind, something that is making me miserable, and life well nigh unbearable."

Chester led the way to his apartments, and soon both were ensconced in easy chairs.

The friendship of these two men had originated at Florence, where both were studying painting. Their support depended entirely on their calling, both being special artists on a popular weekly. Halstead Moore lived with his mother in a neat little cottage in the suburbs. Little or nothing was known of the Moores or their past. On this subject Hal had never opened his heart to Chester, and the latter, with uncommon delicacy, forebore embarrassing his friend with questions.

After a few moments Hal plunged abruptly into his recital.

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He had overcome his agitation, and now spoke with due deliberation.

"My parents' marriage was the result of an elopement, in consequence of which my paternal grandfather cursed his son on his deathbed. He prayed that ruin might follow all his endeavors and those of his children. This death-scene affected my father deeply. He became morose and unloving. One night, six months later, a neighbor broke the intelligence to my mother that her husband was dead, drowned while crossing the ice-covered river on a homeward journey. His body was never recovered. Among his effects was found a sealed letter, which was to be delivered to me (I was then two months old) when I should attain my majority. My mother carefully preserved that letter unopened, and on my twenty-first birth-day delivered it to me. It contained a sketch of what I have told you, and concluded with an injunction never to marry, as the consequence must be unhappiness. That injunction I look upon as a message from the dead, and one that I must hold sacred. Now you know why I dare not declare my love to Helen Thorndale.

So deeply interested in his friend's recital has Chester become, that his brandy and soda remains untouched. At the conclusion of the narrative he settled back in his chair exclaiming:

"Well, well! Who would have thought such a romance mingled with matter-of-fact Old Hal's life?"

Two moths later saw Hal and Chester on their way to the north of Scotland, where they had been sent to sketch a picturesque series of ruins. They had letters of introduction to a owner of the paper. Hugh McLeod, who cordially invited them to make his dwelling their headquarters. Only too happily did they accept this kind offer, nor had either of them cause to regret the step, as we shall see.

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"Vulture's Nest! What an ominous name!" ejaculated Hal.

"Yes, and it's had an ominous history, too. It deserves its name from the number of vultures that used to flock there, and many terrible experiences the people thereabouts have had with the creatures. Why, it was only two years ago that Donald Stuart's daughter was attacked on Vulture's Nest by two of the vile creatures, and before help could reach her she was so terribly torn about the face as to be disfigured for life. It's never safe to venture up there unarmed, for even yet—"

A piercing shriek, followed by another and another, here rent the air, and the three men simultaneously started to their feet. Once more that terrible cry for help rang out.

"My God!" shouted McLeod. "Laura's voice! The Vulture's Nest!"

With blanched faces the men hurriedly grasped their rifles and dashed off toward the spot whence the cries seemed to come. Suddenly, as they issued from the thick undergrowth, a terrible sight burst upon them. Far above, on an overhanging rock, her figure clearly outlined against a background of azure, anguish depicted in every line of her face stood Laura McLeod, while above her circled an immense vulture, the uncanny neck outstretched and the small eyes sparkling with greedy expectation.

The men stood spellbound, and then, with a shout, Chester led the way up the incline, his eyes fixed on the girl he had learned to love so well. At that very moment the monster ceased circling about its victim and prepared for attack. Just as it poised itself for the last fatal swoop, the sharp report of a rifle rang out on the still air, and the creature fell dead at the feet of its intended victim.

The next moment a man emereged from the shrubbery near by, with a rifle, still smoking, trailing after him. He ran to the now prostrate girl, and kneeling beside her, chafed her hands and held to her lips a small flask. Chester and his two companions, breathless and speechless, reached the spot where Laura lay.

"How can I thank you, sir? You have saved my darling's life," cried Mr. McLeod," sobbing with joy.

Laura soon returned to consciousness, and Chester explained to her what had taken place. During the excitement that followed her strange savior was entirely forgotten. When, however they had regained calmness, they found that he had disappeared as silently as he had come. They searched the surrounding ground for some trace of him, but without avail.

It is needless to state that no more sketching was indulged in that day.

One evening, a week after the adventure on Vulture's Nest, our friends were all congregated in the drawing room at Bonnie Park when a servant made his appearance with the announcement that a man had called and desired to see Mr. McLeod. The old gentleman immediately rose and followed Benjamin out of the room. Soon his voice was heard in the hall extending a heaty welcome to his visitor, and the next moment he re-entered the room arm in arm with none other than their elusive friend of the Vulture's Nest accident. He was a remarkable looking man, tall and erect in carriage, with a sad, handsome face, golden brown beard and deep blue, penetrating eyes.

Laura thanked him with her own sweet simplicity, and Chester and McLeod were loud in praise of his coolness and bravery. Hal stood a little aloff from the group and concentrated his gaze on its central figure. For him the stranger had an inexplicable fascination.

After they had thanked him to their heart's content the stranger made known the object of his visit. He had found a locket on the scene of the encounter and thinking one of the party must have lost it took the first opportunity to return the trinket—a small odly-shaped affair, on seeing which Hal exclaimed:

"My locket! You have made me your debtor, sir, for I prize this trinket very highly. It was a gift from my father to my mother before I was born."

The stranger started slightly and a death-like pallor overspread his face.

"Would you have any objection to my seeing the interior of that locket?"

Hal looked surprised, but silently opened the trinket and presented it to the stranger. The latter gave a hasty glance, at the picture within and started back, almost dropping the locket as he did so.

"I beg your pardon for my awk-

[Continued on 8th page.]

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

EARLY TRIALS.

I wish my mother wouldn't dreth me up!
She doethn't know the fleth she geth me in;
Thmall wonder that the fellowth call me *pup*—
A plush hat—and a lathstic round my chin!

I wish she'd know I'm not a baby now
To have hith hair all combed and curled and prim,
And fathened in a big dithguthting bow,
A blue thash tied right round the middle of him!

I wish I wath that robin on the tree;
He'th alwayth drethed just like he wath firtht,
He doethn't every minute have to be
Futh'd over by his M[illegible] h[illegible] and nurthed!

My beth friendth, Wattie White and Billy Blue,
Ethpect me to come play frogth-in-the-well—
I can't go play like thith—what shall I do
To make mythelf look juth rethpectable!

I'll thtand a while in thith big puddle and try
If I can't get the shine thome off my shoeth;
I'll knock my plush hat in—it'th thuch a guy—
And thtick it on one thide as fellowth uthe.

I'll ruffle up my curlth, and tear my lathe,
I'll dig a hole and thtuff my thash in it,
I'll take thome dirt and rub it in my fathe—
There—now I'll go and play—I think I'm fit!

—*Gertrude Hall, in Time.*

NAUTICAL HIGH JINKS.

Old-Time Ceremonies Observed When Crossing the Equator.

Neptune's Rude Performances—A Stupid and Barbarous Custom, Once Universally Prevalent, But Now Happily Passed Out of Date.

During some boisterous skylarking on board ship outward-bound to a New Zealand port, a sailor lost his temper and stabbed a man, who shortly after died. On the arrival of the vessel the assassin was delivered to the "authorities." How he was dealt with I do not know, says the writer in the London *Telegraph*, having lost sight of the case. The main interest of the thing to me lay in the occasion of this crime being a survival of those high jinks which were customary on board a ship when she crossed the equator. Most of us, I dare say, view the old soaping, lathering, shaving and ducking business as pretty near as dead as the sort of craft whose decks resounded with the merriment of this kind of revelry. Indeed, to understand that the ceremonies attendant upon cutting the line, as it was called, have drifted hopelessly out of date, was to be in a position to congratulate the mercantile marine upon the extinction of a stupid and barbarous custom. A romantic feature, it is true, is lopped away; a very useful bit of color is lost to the nautical fictionist; but there is assuredly no other cause for regret. In fact, the reader of marine novels might consider the decay of the joke of Neptune crawling aboard over the bows as a distinct gain to literature, for there was scarcely a work relating to the sea which did not contain an account of this example of traditional forecastle horse-play. One grew weary of it at last. It was impossible for the ship to approach the equator without the description stealing in.

Old jokes are very well in their way—the mind wears them comfortably, as old slippers sit easily on the feet—but this portraiture of crossing the equator had been made stale years ago. The great tubful of water, Neptune in seaweed and trident, his wife in a bonnet and a beard, the attendants of the court hideous as fetishes with paint and forecastle finery, the anguish of the green hand about to be operated on, the rigging and sides filled with grinning salts, a crowd of passengers staring from the poop, the captain among them glancing with one condescending eye at the sports and keeping the other fixed upon the weather—how weary one grew of it! How tiresome it became! Would the day ever arrive when a nautical writer should arise and cry: "Behold! I will navigate you from the Thames to the Hooghley, without an instant's pause, upon the equator, to exhibit the buffoonery of the old custom?" Steam, however, undertook an artistic obligation sternly declined by the romancist, who refused to let go of his equatorial maritime ceremony on any account whatever, and with rushing paddle-wheels, whirling propellers, and shrieking whistles exercised what had long been reduced to the condition of a bogey of oceanic literature. When the East Indiaman dropped anchor for the last time, the equinoctial joke fell overboard out of the stern windows and was drowned. At least this was my belief until I read the account of that murder done by an angry man while the sailors were skylarking over the old busines of shaving and ducking two or three wretches who had never been farther south than latitude 1 degree north. But let us take heart. Here and there a ship's company may be favored by their skipper with leave to grin through that ancient horse-collar in which generations of pig-tailed worthies have framed their convulsed and purple countenances. But there is small chance of the custom ever gaining fresh footing. The sentiment of the times is opposed to practical joking, and even the most waggish Jack might find it hard to get a laugh out of himself at the sight of a green shipmate struggling half-drowned in a great tub of water with his mouth full of tar, and his face bleeding from the tickling of a razor fashioned out of an iron cask-hoop.

Whence came this odd diversion? What particular reason had sailors in fixing upon the equator as the most convenient spot on the earth for manhandling the raw-headed among them into a condition of anguish and filth? The practice has been traced to the ancient habit among seamen of sacrificing on nearing any point of land upon which some temple raised to a pagan deity happened to be placed. The equator was not in early times the chosen spot. In remote ages there were certain places which no man who was passing them for the first time was suffered to sail out of view of without paying the penalty of what was called baptism: that is to say, he was coolly swayed away up to the yard-arm and then dropped into the sea with a run. These spots took a character of consecration in the eyes of the crews. It was no joke in those days; the practice had not yet assumed the form of tarring and shaving; it was a custom based on religious sentiment. Even if a ship was making the passage of one of these places for the first time she was dealt with as though she had an immortal soul to be saved. If the master hesitated to redeem his craft by paying money to his men, the men fell to mutilating the vessel, either by cutting off her "beak," as the projection on the cathead was then termed, or by disfiguring or destroying some other part of her. The old narratives of voyages abound in descriptions of this sort of precedure. The missionary monks who came to the wide circle of the horizon astounded from the narrow sphere of the cloisters are particularly graphic and full in their accounts of these ancient sports. They describe a marine court formed of a president and two or three judges, all of them forecastle hands. They could summon any man on board the vessel to appear before them, and he was forced to obey, though he were the captain himself. After catechising they fined him, and if he refused to pay they ran him up in a bowline to the yard-arm and ducked him till he was nearly drowned. On some of the ships of Spain or Portugal the money thus exacted formed a sum considerable enough to support a convent.

Aubin who compiled his nautical dictionary in 1702, tells us that in French ships during the middle of the seventeenth century it was customary to range tubs full of sea-water along both sides of the upper deck, where stood the sailors, every man with a bucket in his hand. The chief steward came to the foot of the mainmast with a great beard hanging from his chin and his body draped with ropes'-ends, hanging down. Five or six seamen similarly equipped attended upon him. He held a book in his hand, any volume to represent, as Aubin puts it, "the gospels of the evangelists." The fellow who was to be baptized knelt before this steward, who, thrusting the book into his hand, made him solemnly swear "that whenever an occasion presented itself of baptizing others he would serve them in the same way as he was about to be served." On the oath being administered the man got up and walked between the rows of buckets, every sailor saluting him with a flood as he advanced, until he had gained the forecastle head. This was what the French sailors called baptizing a shipmate.

Neptune apparently appears about this time, but I do not know that the creation of this point of the joke is to be given to the French. A portrait of the ocean god as he was made to appear during these passages of horse-play is preserved. It was a second mate, whose theories of how the divinities at the bottom of the sea dress were illustrated by a long cap on his head and a collar of trucks and blocks; his beard and hair were of oakum and decorated with shells, and his face was blackened. He presented himself holding a chart book in his hand, the volume lying open at the chart which showed the position of the ship. The whole of the crew passed before him, every man kneeling and swearing by bread and salt that he had previously passed the line. Those who were crossing the equator for the first time Neptune hit over the head with a wooden sword, and the crew continued to duck them until they had paid a penalty of wine or money. In Dutch vessels about this period it was customary for a functionary termed the clerk of the ship to muster the crew when passing certain places, and to inquire of each man if he had ever sailed this way before. If he had not he was obliged to pay fifteen sols, failing which he was hoisted to the yardarm and dipped three times. Captains and mates were fined thirty sols, and if there were passengers on board the sailors took from them all they could force them to pay.

There was an order of knighthood instituted by the French for these occasions—mere burlesque titles, no doubt. The knights were called "Chevaliers de la Mer." The novice, on passing the sacred points of land, was hit on the shoulder, but by whom I do not gather, and ordered to arise a knight, after which the sailors sat down to a feast. Beards in those days wagged more merrily at sea than they do in ours. Until we come to the yard-arm and the lather of tar the merry-making is very easy and gentle, and even gracious; but as we advance we meet with the inspiration of drink; the rum fiend ruddy from Jamaica steps aboard, makes himself master of ceremonies, and the tomfoolery grows savage.

In the middle ages we hear of ships with sails of silk, banners of exquisite devices streaming very gloriously at the masthead, lovely ladies in dainty robes looking over the side, gallant mariners in sparkling armor, and dark-skinned slaves flashing a luster as of sunlight on either side of the ship with the shining, rising, and falling of their long, wet, gold-bright oars. One can not reconcile any notion of boisterous hilarity with these serene, old-time oceanic pictures; but when Jack steps out of his armor, carries his hair to the spinyarn-winch and works a pig-tail of it, staves his casks of canary, and broaches his puncheons of rum, then the "shindy" begins. As good an account as any of the modern ceremonies practiced in crossing the equator is given by Marryat. Indeed, the Jacks of his days were so obstinate in the observation of this practice that if the ship's course did not carry her across the line the crew performed the ceremony in the tropics. So says Marryat in "Frank Midmay," and he shows us the picture by introducing Neptune riding on a car made of a gun-carriage, drawn by six semi-nude seamen painted black and spotted with yellow paint. Neptune has a long beard and ringlets of oakum. On his head is an iron crown and in his hand a trident with a small dolphin between its prongs. His attendants are a secretary, armed with a bundle of sea-fowl quills, a surgeon with a lancet, pill-box, and so forth, and a barber with a large wooden razor, the blade of which is formed of an iron hoop. This barber has a mate who makes his appearance with a small tub for a shaving-box. With Neptune comes Amphitrite habited in a woman's night-cap [illegible] sea-weed for ribbons. She carries a boy on her lap as a baby, whose teeth she helps to cut with a marlin spike. Three rough sailors dressed as nymphs form her retinue. These ladies are furnished with combs, mirrors and pots of red paint. Here we have the principal actors of the play. The people who have not crossed the equator provide the fun.

A sheep-pen is made water-tight and filled. The victim is blindfolded and seated upon a platform placed upon the tank. He is then shaved. It is wise if he does not remonstrate, for a man stands by with a tar brush which he will pop into his mouth if he parts his lips. Half the skin of the face having been removed amidst roars of laughter from the assembled salts the sufferer is plunged backward into the water. Hone, in his "Table Book," describes the ceremony as performed on board whaling vessels early in the present century, either on the first day of May or on crossing the arctic circle. The fellows who were to be dealt with were kept below. A barber's shop was fitted up with a sign: "Neptune's Easy Shaving Shop, kept by John Johnson." Ten fiddlers dressed in mats and rags formed a procession. They were followed by Neptune riding on a gun-carriage. They made a straight course for the quarter-deck, where Neptune questioned the captain as to the ship, her destination, himself and the like. Then three quarts of rum were produced and the shavers drank the captain's health. These ceremonies over, the novices were brought up, and the skylarking began. Wearisome as the descriptions of this kind of jokes grew, one underst[illegible] less, that the romancist should find much to fascinate him in it as an inspiration for a picture easy to paint and rich when done. On board a man-of-war—some frigate, say, with decks as white as peeled almonds—the spectacle for the moment, that is to say until the Jacks grew frolicsome, must have been wonderfully fine and quaint. The salt and fanciful costumes of the masqueraders—Neptune with his oakum beard, attire of seaweed, and iron crown, the raddled faces of his companions—would blend strangely well, one would think, with the flowing Jack Tar raiment of the onlookers, the rows of black cannon, the sparkle of brass and glass, the soaring of the star-like canvas, the delicate shadows of the rigging softly swaying with the movement of the ship upon the milk-white planks.

No effort of imagination could reconcile a custom of this kind with the steamship. Imagine Neptune crawling over the up-and-down stem of a 5,000-ton mail boat sweeping through the water as fast as a hurricane could have blown an old frigate along! The decay of this ceremony exhibits in Jack a nice sense of the laws of keeping. He is obviously keen in his recognition of the absurdity of perpetuating such a practice as this in a century of smoke-stacks. It was but a coarse bit of foolery, and it is happily ended. The early inspiring sentiment of it had ages ago died out, and nothing survived but the opportunity for the forecastle to prove how rough and brutal it could be when licensed.

Blew Himself Up With a Bomb.

An extraordinary suicide has just occurred at a village near Angers. A peasant named Bordereau was working in a field with his wife and brother-in-law, when a trifling dispute took place. Bordereau left the field and returned to his cottage, whither his wife soon followed him. As she was about to enter the house her husband called to her to remain outside, and a moment afterwards there was a tremendous explosion, which sent all the glass flying and filled the air with smoke. The neighbors rushed to the spot and promptly extinguished the flames that were bursting out of the cottage. Then, entering Bordereau's room, they found him lying lifeless on the shattered bed, his body fearfully mutilated, while the walls were smeared with blood. He had undressed and lain himself on the bed, placing at his side a shell which he had brought home with him on his return from the military service. He had then ignited the shell and blown his body to atoms. Bordereau, though still young, was in very bad health, and when he wended his way to the cottage his wife had a presentiment of some approaching disaster.—*London Telegraph.*

CHATHAM ISLE'S KING.

Odd People Found on the Islands of the South Pacific Ocean.

Prof. Lee, of Bowdoin College, who accompanied the Albatross expedition as a naturalist, has returned East. The professor left the ship at San Francisco. He is engaged at Washington in arranging the specimens collected on the voyage for exhibition in the National Museum. The professor thus describes some of the experiences of the Albatross party in the South Pacific:

On the largest of the Galapagos Islands they found a curious colony. "The island is between six and seven hundred miles from the mainland of Ecuador," said Prof. Lee, "almost under the equator." It is walled in with high volcanic rocks, and very difficult of access. Years ago the Ecuador Government planted a convict colony on one of the islands, but the convicts revolted, killed the Governor, and made their escape on a schooner. For a long time afterwards the islands were uninhabited, and all of them are so to-day except Chatham, where we landed. Behind the walls of rock we found a fertile country in a high state of cultivation.

"About one hundred and fifty persons make their home there and are governed by a shrewd and progressive man of the Spanish race, named Cobos. He makes no claim to sovereignty, but his control seems as absolute as that of the Czar. His subjects are convicts from Ecuador. Years ago, it appears, he was engaged in gathering orchilla, a kind of moss which is valuable for the manufacture of dyes. He got rich at this business, but lost his fortune through some transaction with the Government of Ecuador. Possibly using this as an argument, he asked for and was granted this island of Chatham, the condition being that he should receive and care for the convicts sent thither from the mainland. This was perhaps ten or twelve years ago.

"The colony has now a little world of its own, cut off from civilization by hundreds of miles of ocean. Only now and then, at long intervals, has any vessel landed there, except the schooners owned by Governor Cobos, and the inhabitants have, therefore, no means of escape. These people do not share their ruler's progressiveness. They are an odd and rather unprepossessing lot. Most of them are natives of Ecuador, and some probably half Indian. The Governor told me he had one full-blooded British subject, and asked if we would like to see him. He gratified our curiosity with a glimpse of the blackest negro I ever saw. The fellow spoke English, and insisted that he was an Englishman; but when I asked him where he was born, he answered, 'At St. Helena.'

"The Governor is the only person on the island who knows any thing of the world. He has traveled somewhat, can speak English after a fashion, and contrives to keep up within about six months of the times. In conversation he showed a pretty clear knowledge of 'Wars in Europe and America. He was especially interested in politics of the Old World, and seemed to understand the relations of the great powers, the conditions which might bring about a war, and the result to be expected if one came. Although a monarch in all essential respects, this man acknowledges his dependence upon the Government of Ecuador; but he rules his subjects as he pleases, and perhaps somewhat tyrannically, for there are conspiracies constantly on foot against his life, and he has to maintain a miniature standing army. The currency of the island is made of sheet lead, with the value, the name of the Governor, and the name of the island stamped on each coin.

"Seven prisoners of State were in durance while we were on the island, under charge of having plotted to take the Governor's life during a recent festival, and to set up a new government. What punishment they were to receive was not very definitely settled but Cobos intimated that he should banish them to one of the other and desert islands at a distance, where they would be furnished with a little food for temporary use and a few tools and left to shift for themselves.

"The land in Chatham is under cultivation. Sugar-cane is raised, and rum made of it. Fruits, hides mats, orchilla, and other products are shipped in considerable quantities to Guayaquil.

Another curious experience of ours was when we visited Charles Island. The island was well stocked with pigs, cattle, donkeys and horses, but we were informed that no human being lived there. Imagine our astonishment therefore, when, on proceeding inland, we suddenly came upon a man with a pig on his back! Both parties, indeed, were startled—the man as well as ourselves. Neither had expected to meet the other. This Crusoe was nearly naked; his beard and hair had grown to a great length, and his eye had a ferocious gleam in it.

At first he appeared afraid of us, but afterwards we got him to talk, and discovered that he was one of an expedition which came from Chatham Island some years before in search of orchilla. He had deserted his companions, and his absence from their ranks had passed unnoticed. His entire outfit of worldly goods at that time consisted of the clothing on his back and a knife; but he had lived on fruits and herbs, and had captured wild cattle by setting traps for them, and killed them with a spear made of his knife fastened to a stick. He had built a hut of the hides of these animals. He had no idea of time, and could not tell whether he had been on the island one year or five. He was glad to see his kind again, and begged to be taken back to Chatham—a request which was granted, of course."—*Cor. Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

TEMPERANCE.

THE "DUKE IN EXILE."

What Wine Did for Him—The Happy Ending of a Great Trial.

What was there so remarkable about him? No one could say. And yet, one knew instinctively that this man's social surroundings, most of his life, had been far different from these. It was about a year ago since we first met him. Jim had set up a saw-mill in this "out-of-the-way" place because of the fine-growing timber in this section. Our neighbor, Hugh Manning by name, was living a hermit's life in a log hut about a half mile distant. But after a time he came to work at the mill, and was liked because of his quiet, orderly ways, and I, seeing him pass to and from his work, began to think about his lonely way of living, and wondered why a person should choose such a life, and I said to Jim one day: "I am just positive that Mr. Manning has had a peculiar history."

"Quite possible," said Jim. "He might be made somewhat uncomfortable if he knew what an interest you are taking in him. And as he does not look like a criminal, we need not trouble ourselves about him."

Nevertheless we spoke of him often afterward as the "Duke in Exile."

A few weeks afterward we went East, Jim intending to find a market for his lumber. We found it very pleasant to meet old acquaintances; Jim was apt to get quite enthusiastic over the merits or facilities of the West, and in enlarging upon its varied interests, he laughingly mentioned our "Duke in Exile," thinking that at that distance personalities in conversation could effect no harm. Later in the evening a gentleman became quite interested in the locality of Jim's mill, and the natural scenery about, and the most direct route to that section. I think I liked fully as well as Jim to talk about our Western home, and was therefore quite profuse in description.

A month later we were back at the mill again. One evening, when seated before a comfortable fire, Jim looking over his business letters, and I with a book, we heard voices and the sound of horses' hoofs coming in from the direction of the trail. We went to the door to welcome these late arrivals to our wilderness home, for I saw from the window that they were a gentleman and lady on horse-back. The gentleman dismounting, said: "Mr. and Mrs. Algers, we realize that we are presuming upon your hospitality."

"Well, strangers, if you have come in over that trail, you have earned the best hospitality we can render, and more," said Jim, as he hastened to help the lady from the horse.

She came into the house, while the men went away to care for the horses. She introduced herself as Mrs. Manning, of New York. She looked so young, and seemed so refined in manners, that I wondered at her sudden appearance in our wilds. As she laid aside her sacque, I saw the bow of "white ribbon" tied in her dress, and said: "Ah! I see we are one in our aims!"

"I am very glad if that is so," said she, "for now I am confident that you will understand and be in sympathy with what we have come to do."

Just then the gentlemen coming in, she turned and introduced her father, Mr. Houston.

"Mr. Houston," said I, turning to Jim: "the name is familiar. Oh, you remember we made the acquaintance of a gentleman of that name in New York."

Mrs. Manning said: "It seems like being made acquainted with old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Algers, since my brother told us of you. You, of course, do not know that we are very much indebted to you for information concerning one whose absence has made life almost unendurable."

"Do you really mean our neighbor?"

"Oh, yes! Is he here still?" asked she, anxiously, "for I fear that if he believed any one the least suspicious of him, he would go suddenly away. He believes himself a murderer. But he isn't, or never could be intentionally. It was all because of drink, which frenzied his brain, that he struck my father such a blow; it was thought he would die. As soon as he realized what he had done he was frantic with grief and shame. We were all so miserable in such an hour he might have thought I was reproachful; anyhow, he went away, and we could get no clew to his whereabouts until my brother met you in New York."

As she told this it was pitiful to notice how even a recital of her trial affected her. Her father stepped forward and in an affectionate manner stroked her hair as he said: "Hugh was a noble fellow. I was proud of him as a son-in-law! But wine was his enemy! It set his brain on fire! That day he had met an old college friend who had invited him to dinner. There were wines and champagne. Afterward, when I met him on the street, he was noisy and quarrelsome, and resented my efforts to get him home, and when I urged him he struck me!" We were interrupted here by the cook's bringing in the supper, which when they had eaten, we began to plan how best they might meet Mr. Manning in the morning.

Early in the morning we started with a basket of lunch down the trail to the "exile's" cabin, and soon came to a clump of alders which hid us from view at the window. Here we stopped while Mrs. Manning went with the basket, and knocking at the door, said: "Hugh, I have come to eat breakfast with you."

He turned toward her, stared a moment, passed his hand across his forehead, and said in an absent way: "Aggie?"

"Yes, I am Aggie. But what have you for breakfast, Hugh?"

Mechanically he went to the stove, uncovered the bacon that was frying, then opened the oven door, showing the potatoes nearly baked. Then he said, in the same abstracted tone: "Can you overlook the fact that I killed your father?"

"Oh, you foolish, morbid fellow! My father, with some other friends, is coming to eat breakfast with us, as soon as ever it is ready."

"Your father, Aggie Manning!" he shouted, as he caught her in his arms, spun her around the room until she was dizzy, pressed her hands to his lips, and kissed them over and over, while the tears were raining down his cheeks. Then suddenly recollecting himself, he said: "Pardon me, Agnes; it isn't often a fellow has such a burden taken from his mind at such short notice. Now let's see to that breakfast!"

"I should think so. You ridiculous man! Do you know our guests are waiting out by those alders for your summons to the feast?"

With a bound he was out-of-doors without hat or coat, and came towards us with such leaps that in affright I clung to Jim. But his joyous courtesy made ample amends for the fright, as he conducted us to the cabin, and made us as comfortable as possible, with his small stock of provisions.

It is always with mingled tears and laughter that we recall to mind the preparation of that breakfast, to which we added our lunch. Hugh rushed about with plate in one hand and knife in the other, accomplishing nothing, and hindering much, as he earnestly demanded explanation after explanation of Agnes and her father. And as he noted the white ribbon in his wife's dress, he said: "I admire, as never before, the woman that has risen superior to her trial, and made herself useful in a noble work. My lonely hours have given me plenty of time for regrets and desires to amend the follies of the past by deeds of usefulness in the future."

Mr. Houston said: "I think it is going to prove a blessing to us that we have had such a trial, as otherwise we might have remained indifferent to the fact that this age demands action on the part of every one who desires that religious laws shall govern this Nation."

I interrupted them here, for Jim and I had managed to get the breakfast ready, and we sat a long time discussing future plans and interests. Three months ago I visited them in their beautiful home in San Francisco. Yet the secret of their happiness was their mutual interest in the noble work they had chosen.—*Mrs. Hattie Morrill, in Union Signal.*

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

NEW YORK State has $60,000,000 invested in prisons, asylums, hospitals and alms-houses. New York City alone has 10,000 dram-shops to help provide the inmates.

GENERAL EATON, United States Commissioner of Education, is authority for the statement that ninety-five per cent. of the depraved youth of our land are children of drunken parents.

IT is affirmed by Rev. Hugh Montgomery, in his *Budget*, that in Edwards County, Ill., no liquor has been sold for twenty years, and taxes are thirty-three per cent. less than in any other county of the State.

THE Japanese are temperate. To a visitor, tea and not alcoholic liquors is offered. There are no standing bars in Japan, and no public drinking of liquors that intoxicate.

THE Court of Appeals of New York State holds that public intoxication, under the statute, has all the elements of a crime, being offensive to public decency, and dangerous to the good order and well-being of society.

THE National Temperance Federation of Great Britain at its annual meeting held in Manchester voted to amend the "Prevention of Cruelty to Children bill" so as to prohibit serving any intoxicants to children under fourteen years of age.

AN English investigation just completed put in tangible shape the effect of the use of alcohol from observation covering 4,234 cases in all walks of life. This report, which has just appeared, shows that with men over twenty-five the intemperate use of alcohol cuts off ten years from life, those who never drink to excess or use no liquor living, on the average, ten years longer than those who do. Indulgence, if carried to excess, doubles diseases of the liver, quadruples those of the kidneys, and greatly increases death from pneumonia, pleurisy and epilepsy.

HAVING had occasion to visit at the Jesuit House in Gardiner street, Dublin, Ireland, not long since, I was well pleased to find in the hall a large number of persons of the humbler classes waiting to have the total abstinence pledge administered to them by one of the fathers. They had not come because of the exhortations of a Father Mathew, or because of a general movement in favor of total abstinence, but because their own experience had taught them that alcohol was their deadly enemy, and they wanted to put a gulf between it and them. Most of those whom I saw, it may be safely presumed, were persons of little or no education; and when such as they have learned to think rightly on the Temperance question, it is a clear sign after forty years that the Apostle of Temperance did not labor in vain. Slowly but steadily his teachings prevail.—*Cor. Philadelphia Catholic Standard.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Poverty is like a love affair—a good joke after it is over.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—It is a matter of economy as well as mercy to properly mate horses that have to work side by side.

—According to a Chicago wagon-maker, white oak requires eighty years to mature; shellbark hickory, from thirty to fifty years; white ash, fifty years; tulip trees, sixty or more years, and red or Norway pine, at least sixty years.

—A Kalamazoo girl was engaged in a public gum chewing contest at Minneapolis, and after an exhibition of rapid chewing her jaws "set." She become almost frantic and rushed off to a physician, who discovered that some of the muscles of her jaws were paralyzed. In a short time the trouble passed away, but she declares she has no further use for gum.

—A regulation has been adopted in the Michigan State prison by which hereafter convicts may earn the right to wear plain gray suits instead of the prison stripes. Men who obey the prison rules for six months may discard the stripes; but if after that period they become unruly again they must once more don the objectionable clothing.

—The law does not apply.—"I just think the authorities ought to send that Persian Minister back, so I do," remarked Mrs. Snaggs. "What's the matter now?" asked her husband. "Why, not long ago they fined a London minister $1,000 for coming to this country, and here they let a Persian Minister come in without saying a word. I expect he's not orthodox, either."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

—Tom (a borrower)—"I say, Dick, I've made a bet with Harry and you are the only one who can keep it. Once upon a time, you know, Douglas Jerrold was asked by an acquaintance if he had the courage to lend him a guinea, and Jerrold replied that he had the courage but he hadn't the guinea. Now, I have always believed that you would give me a different answer if I should ask you the same question, wouldn't you?" Dick—"Yes, I would." Tom—"So, I've won the bet. Can you accommodate me with the loan of a five?" Dick—"My dear boy, I've got the money, but I haven't the courage. O yes, Jerrold and I differ."—*Yankee Blade.*

—The Western papers speak of a man taking his private car and skipping for a journey of two or three hundred miles, as though it were a matter of every day occurrence. Such, indeed, is the fact. Private cars in Chicago are almost as common as yachts in New York. Every man, from the attorney of a railroad down through the boundless ramifications of its management until the clerks are reached, controls the movements of a private car to a greater or less degree. A Chicago railroad attorney will step into his own car and take a run down to Milwaukee in the most matter-of-fact manner in the world. It never occurs to him that he is doing an unusual thing, and yet to a New Yorker the performance seems based upon wealth in unrivalled magnitude.

—Misapplied Mythology.—"My dear, I have been reading up within the past week, and I think I have a name for our baby," said Mrs. Greening, as her liege lord emerged from his bath this morning. "You have, eh? What is it?" "I read that Phoebus, the god of day, comes up bright and beautiful in the morning; that he lights the world; that without him ——" "Now, look here, madam; let's have no foolishness here. You can't call that child by any such name! Did Phoebus of history yell from 11 p. m. to 3 a. m. and intermittently from 3 to 7? I myself am doing the god-of-day business in the matter of getting up, and I'm not dividing honors. If you want a mythological prenomen for that destroyer of rest, I have it.,' "What is it?,' asked Mrs. Greening, with considerable asperity. "Aurora!" brutally yelled Elisha. Then he left the house.—*Detroit Journal.*

QUEER LOVE MAKING.

A Description of Courtship Among the Remote Tribes of the Kaffirstan.

A Kafir, having fixed his affections upon some female, acquaints his parents with his intentions. They apply to the girl's parents, and if the latter do not consent to the union a fight is inevitable. If the parties agree the next proceeding is to appoint two expert female negotiators, who obtain access by stratagem to the house with the object of broaching the subject to the young lady. They carefully avoid any sudden or abrupt mention of the awful subject of their mission, but launch out in praises of the man who seeks her hand. They speak of his possessions, his courage and accomplishments. The girl, pretending to be affronted even at these remote hints, grows refractory and runs away, tearing the ringlets of her hair as she retires. The female embassadors, having got the consent of the parents, drag her from her concealment and carry her by force to the house of her destined husband, and there leave her. She is compelled to live here several days, silent and dejected, refusing food, till at last, if kind entreaties do not prevail, she is made to submit by blows to the union. The Kafir who has the reputation of having committed a number of murders of Mohammedans enjoys exceptional privileges; he is respected by all the neighborhood, and experiences little or no difficulties in procuring a wife. The Kafir woman is doomed to a life of toil and drudgery, and the husband can discard her whenever he feels so disposed.—*Calcutta Gazette.*

WOODEN FOOT-WEAR.

Its Popularity Among the Peasants of Northern Germany.

Many German and Scandinavian immigrants who have settled in villages or communities of their own in the Northwestern States and Territories, have brought with them the custom of wearing wooden shoes, such as they wore in their homes in the old world. As a rule, however, they soon abandon the practice. For a while they insist that wooden shoes are better than any other; that they keep out the mud and dampness better than leather, and are cheaper in first cost, besides wearing much longer.

After a little time, however, the usage of the new world becomes too strong for the old world wooden shoes, which are then thrown away. The wearers find, too, that in our severe winters high leather boots and shoes are more protection, and keep out the snow better than wooden ones, which are very like slippers in being cut low at the heel, though they are high and pointed at the toe. There are few Northwestern communities even among those almost wholly inhabited by Germans or Scandinavians, where people in wooden shoes are often met at this day. As these shoes are quite bulky, they are seldom brought across the ocean, and, so far as they are worn at all, are made by hand, of poplar or basswood.

On the European continent, wooden shoes are very common among the peasants of the North, as well as in the greater part of France. France is perhaps entitled to be called the true home of the wooden shoe, which is there called the *sabot*. It is very skilfully, and even gracefully made, and in the province of Auvergne, in Central France, it is customary to decorate the wooden shoe with delicate carvings of flowers and with sentiments.

A pair of wooden shoes is a favorite gift of lovers to their affianced brides, or of gallants who wish to win a sweetheart. These queer lovers' gifts are decorated with carved representations of garlands of forget-me-nots or narcissus, or with a pair of doves, or with two hearts joined together. This custom has given rise to the proverb in Auvergne, uttered of some poor, unattractive girl who has no sweetheart, "Her *sabots* are ungarlanded!"

Skillful carvers of wooden shoes even decorate them with portraits of the persons they wish to present them to, or, if they are a little conceited, with their own. If the shoes are made for a wedding present, as is often the case, upon them are carved the names of the parties, the date of the wedding, and such other facts as there is room for. And on the *sabots* of some of these stalwart peasants there is room for a good deal. These gift shoes, as may be imagined, are not worn to "knock around" the barns and barn-yards with. They are kept for state occasions, and sometimes are put away as precious souvenirs. The peasants have no idea of being ashamed of their *sabots*, as the German immigrants in our Northwest often become. And the peasants, indeed, say that Queen Marie Antoinette once wore a pair of wooden shoes in the palace of the Trianon. It is not probable, however, that any queen ever wore *sabots* as a habit, or for any other purpose than to set the people an example of frugality; because they are not comfortable except to people who wear them a great deal and become accustomed to them.

The peasants of several European countries have a song, varying almost with each province, which tells the mythical story of still another queen, "with her wooden shoes." The song is legendary, and tells that a country maiden, on account of her wooden shoes, was scorned as "very plain" by all sorts of people. But at last the king himself came her way, and falling in love with her simple grace, like King Cophetua, astonished his courtiers by making her his queen. The song has a constant refrain, "With my wooden shoes," and the last stanza runs something like this:

"So I was not quite so plain,
With my wooden shoes,
With my wooden shoes,
But the king from his throne
Came to take me for his own,
With my wooden shoes!"

It is said that a machine has been invented in France for making wooden shoes, and it is feared that, under its influence, the rustic artists will give up carving the *sabots* by hand, and consequently that all the picturesque side of a pretty country custom will be lost.—*Youth's Companion.*

Increase of Noxious Insects.

Noxious insects are more numerous and destructive now than they were fifty years ago. Where nature has a chance to work out her laws, all animals, from the highest to the lowest, do not increase beyond proper limits. Even man himself is no exception to this great law; but let a break occur in this great natural chain, and it is felt all along the line. Some species will increase enormously, while others almost entirely disappear. Now as insects are far more numerous than all the higher animals, it follows that if some unforeseen event takes place that favors a great increase of some noxious species, man is sure to be a great sufferer. And this state of things is exactly what is taking place to-day. The reader will naturally inquire why the beneficial ones do not increase as fast as the destructive ones. The answer is, the food plant of the latter has increased enormously, and all the surroundings have favored its rapid increase, while the other, living upon animal (imago) food, is entirely outstripped by the vegetable eating species.—*Vick's Magazine.*

A NEW EXPLOSIVE.

The Power of Bellite Demonstrated by Recent Experiments.

A distinct advance has been made in the invention of new explosives in recent years, and there can be no doubt that dynamite, which has so long held the field as a high explosive, is being seriously threatened by competitors. The ideal of a high explosive—that of combining absolute safety with great energy—has been the aim of all inventors, but until lately success in this direction has only been partial. In most instances the explosive has represented the required energy, but has failed to comply with the Home Office regulations as regards the standard of safety.

The direction in which the most successful inventors have labored was indicated by Dr. Sprengel, F. R. S., in his investigation recorded in "A New Class of Explosives," a pamphlet published some fifteen years ago. Of these "bellite," the invention of M. Lamm, of Stockholm, is one of the first practical outcomes, and judging from the very severe tests to which it was subjected, both as regards safety and power, it would appear to approach nearer to the ideal than any of its predecessors.

Its safety was, indeed, amply demonstrated in the experiments made at Middlesbro', under the direction of Mr. Napier Hake. Some cartridges containing bellite were, for example, placed on an iron plate and subjected to the sudden descent of a block of iron weighing over half a ton, from a height of twenty feet, with the result that the cartridges were only crushed into a hard mass. But when the crushed cartridges were afterward detonated by means of a fulminate, immense energy was developed. Again, when placed in the fire of a smith's forge, it simply volatilized. Its safety was also demonstrated in a remarkable manner by exploding a three-ounce cartridge on the lid of a case of bellite, the effect being to simply pulverize the wooden case and scatter the contents. A large number of experiments were also made by way of comparing its power with dynamite, with the view to showing the injury which equal weights of each would inflict on steel rails and iron plates. In these it was clearly shown that, when confined, the energy developed on detonation was equal to that of dynamite, but that, when unconfined, bellite apparently did less work. This can be accounted for by the fact that bellite is much slower in developing its full energy than dynamite, and therefore less local in its action. Some practical tests made in the blasting of coal in the Cleveland iron mines were of a highly satisfactory nature, both as regards economy and adaptability, for they clearly proved that bellite was capable of doing the work of three or four times its own weight of gunpowder, and without the objectionable result of producing those noxious fumes so characteristic of dynamite and gunpowder.—*London Saturday Record.*

PUBLIC OPINION.

It Does Not Pay to Regard It With Too Much Veneration.

A proper regard for the opinion of the world is a great safeguard. A woman should strive to appear so well as to be blameless. But in minor things, in which no question of principle is involved, it is possible to ask one's self too often: "What will people say?"

To place an exaggerated value on the remarks of strangers is a very indiscreet thing. We should have independence enough to do what is right and best for ourselves without asking our neighbor's advice. We should remember that our own ideas may be quite as good as those of others, and that we know our own needs and the depth of our own purses better than other people can.

There are hundreds of women now wearing hard, stiff collars about their necks, hard bones and steels about their waists, heavy bustles that hurt the spine, tight gloves and high heels, simply in deference to what they suppose "the people will say." In fact, this form of compliance with the dictates of other people is universal. You and I say: "How foolish! How monstrous! How injurious!" But we wear the things all the same!

Mrs. B. has a pretty costume left from last winter, but "what would people say" to see her in church in the same things? So she gets new attire on credit, employs a dressmaker whom she does not pay, is tortured by duns, overwhelmed with mortification, and much more unhappy than if she had heard people say: "Why, there is Mrs. B. in last year's suit and the same bonnet!"

Arabella goes to a ball. Every one wears a dress without sleeves to a ball in these days. Arabella knows that that means a cold in her case; but "what would people say" if she wore sleeves? People say very little when she lies at the point of death with pneumonia. In fact, many of her friends have to be told afterwards how ill she has been. They did not know, or care, what her fate might have been.

Matilda Bunce is happy and comfortable, and can provide herself with what she needs in this world. But people will say in a year or two that she is getting to be an old maid: so she marries the first man who offers, gets a bad husband, and soon envies all independent spinsters who do not care what people say about their state of single blessedness.

In all such matters you should not care for what people will say. "Be sure you're right and then go ahead."

—A certain editor is called "a crank;" but then, you know, his paper is "an organ," and how could an organ get along without a crank?—*Boston Budget.*

SHOULD WOMEN PROPOSE.

Belva A. Lockwood Answers the Question in the Affirmative.

Why not? In the ages past men have married their preferences; women, their opportunities. The man may choose, the woman refuse, but she refuses at her peril, as her decision may condemn her to a life of celibacy, especially in our thickly populated New England or Middle States, where the women outnumber the men. The man she accepts may be in no wise the man of her choice; but it may be a marriage of complaisance, of convenience or of necessity under our present system, while the woman looks calmy on to see another fill the place that she has coveted, without any intimation in the male breast of her desire, when a little more frankness on the part of the woman might have added to the happiness of both. A woman would be slow to make application for divorce from the man who had married her on her own calm deliberation and request; while the positive privilege of making another selection should he refuse—and the man should have the same right of refusal as the woman—would give her confidence to approach the man whom she deemed best suited to her condition and happiness. Matches would be more carefully made when considered from both standpoints, and the glamour and indefiniteness that usually hedged around a proposal would be wiped away in the cool consideration of a mutual business contract.

And why should the woman not have a voice and a choice in the man who is to be her life partner—the father of her children, and who is most likely to give the tone and color to all of her after life? The majority of women never rise above the character given to them by the man whom they chance to wed, for chance in the past has usually had more to do with marriage than reason. The Catholics make marriage a canon of the church and indissoluble, but it is considered in most of the States as a civil contract. It should undoubtedly be a civil contract with the utmost mutuality, with both of the contracting parties at liberty to propose and to reject proposals without offense and without any violation of any of the ordinary rules of propriety. This contract should also be construed to contain equal property rights for the man and the woman, and an equal control over the children of the marriage. Why should the woman have more diffidence in selecting the man who is to wed her than in the selection of the house she is to live in and its intricate furnishings, when the former has infinitely so much more to do with her happiness and prosperity?

To propose has always been considered the prerogative of queens, but in this respect every American woman should consider herself a queen. It was not until Queen Victoria had signified to Prince Albert that a proposal from him would be favorably received that he ventured to make advances to that honored lady. Queen Elizabeth, years before, had claimed the right of proposal as England's sovereign Queen. The incident recited in Scripture between Ruth and Boaz, after the day of gleaning in the field, was virtually a proposal by Ruth.

After the formulating of the Gregorian Calendar in 1582, giving to every fourth year 366 days, it was accounted proper for women to propose every fourth or leap year, but so much facetiousness and ridicule has attached to it, that the custom has been more honored in the breach than in the observance. At this time, when we concede to women equal educational facilities; have arrived at a proximate equality in property rights; have given to her to a limited extent the ballot and the privilege of holding office; when the trades and the professions are so far thrown open to her that she may compete with man in money-making and money-getting, I can see no good reason why she may not under suitable circumstances propose; but the proposal on her part would always carry with it the tacit agreement to perform her part in the domestic economy of the household. The right of proposal vouchsafed to woman would undoubtedly have a moral tendency.—*Belva A. Lockwood, in N. Y. World.*

AROUND THE PIG-PEN.

How to Have Healthy Swine Told in a Few Incisive Paragraphs.

Carefully abstain from giving any medicine whatever.

Keep large and small separate and not more than ten in a lot.

Feed regularly and liberally a variety of wholesome food, always some bulky food, and let each feed be eaten up clean before more is given.

Give wallowing places, ashes, charcoal and salt, and plenty of exercise in timber pasture yielding shade, roots, nuts, acorns, etc. But no doubly soured slops.

Provide ventilated shelters from wind, rain and snow, but no litter. Hogs with litter get too warm. If you wish disease, put your hogs to the straw pile.

Maintain cleanliness in all things. Breed only mature animals, and never from a show herd. The offspring of immature or pampered animals is predisposed to disease.

Give pure water, from deep wells protected from surface water. Well water is not freezing cold in winter nor lukewarm in summer. Water from creeks (unless fed by springs,) ponds or pools, is disease-breeding.

Pigs should be forwarded in early spring and kept on only growing foods—milk, bran, slop, oats, green rye, grasses, clover, sweet corn—until in fall; then fatten rapidly on corn mostly, but also green rye, blue grass, pumpkins, boiled potatoes and turnips with bran, steamed clover hay, etc.—*Home and Farm.*

THE WOMAN TO MARRY.

Bob Burdette Takes a Hand in the Discussion of the Marriage Question.

"You say you demand a domestic, useful woman as your wife. If that is so, marry Nora Mulligan, your laundress' daughter. She wears cowhide shoes, is guiltless of corsets, never takes in washing, goes out house-cleaning, and cooks for a family of seven children, her mother and three section men board with her. I don't think she would marry you, because Con Reagan, the track walker, is her style of a man. Let us examine into your qualifications as a model husband after your matrimonial ideas, my boy. Can you shoulder a barrel of flour and carry it down cellar? Can you saw and split ten cords of hickory wood in the fall so as to have ready fuel all winter? Can you spade up a half acre of ground for a kitchen garden? Do you know what will take the lime taste out of the new cistern, and can you patch the little leak in the kitchen roof? Can you bring home a pane of glass and a wad of putty and repair damages in the little sitting room window? Can you hang some cheap paper on the kitchen? Can you fix the front gate so it will not swag? Can you do any thing about the house that Con Reagan can? My dear, dear boy, you see Nora Mulligan wants a higher type of true manhood. You expect to hire men to do all the man's work about the house, but you want your wife to do any thing any woman can do. Believe me, my son, that nine-tenths of the girls who play the piano and sing so charmingly, whom you in your limited knowledge set down as mere butterflies of fashion, are better fitted for wives than you are for a husband. If you want to marry a first-class cook and experienced housekeeper, do your courting in the intelligence office. But if you want a wife, marry the girl you love, with dimpled hands and face like the sunlight, and her love will teach her all these things, my boy, long before you have learned one-half of your own lesson.—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

RAISING A BLOCKADE.

A Good Story Told at the Expense of an Argus-Eyed Lady Teacher.

A certain educational institution not a hundred miles from Albany has a series of very rigid rules relative to the conduct of its students outside of school hours. One of these rules is to the effect that no young lady student must go out after dark in the company of a man, be he of high or low degree. This rule is enforced very strictly, and the young ladies are much in terror of the penalties alleged to be inflicted upon any unfortunate creature caught violating the rule. Recently, however, a young lady student attended an entertainment upon the invitation of a gentleman of her acquaintance and was unfortunate enough to be discovered by a grim-faced teacher of the institution in question. The teacher was evidently not sure of the girl's identity, but decided that on her way home she would wait for a while in front of the girl's boarding-house, which was directly on her route, and confront the culprit in the very act of disobeying the cast-iron law of the school. The young people were just behind her, however, and saw her pause before the boarding-house. They retired to the shadow of the trees and waited. The grim teacher never stirred. It was growing late, but she evidently intended to secure her victim. The young people were just beginning to grow uneasy, when a brilliant thought struck the young man. With the fair student upon his arm, he did what is usually deemed impossible—he found the officer on that beat. A short explanation and a glance from the bright eyes of the perplexed maiden settled the matter, and the stalwart "copper" walked back to where the lone watch stood and said roughly: "Come, now, you've been here long enough; move on, or I'll pull you in." Thoroughly frightened, the poor woman stood for a moment, and then walked on as rapidly as offended dignity would permit. When she was out of sight the smiling youngsters made their appearance, and with a demure countenance the young lady bade her friend good-night and entered the house. The teacher, somehow, never reported the case.—*Albany Express.*

The Effects of Opium.

Opium-eaters take the drug in every variety of form. In the crude state the gum is eaten or smoked. In the liquid preparations the tincture is the most popular; but paregoric is a favorite form, especially with women, while the elixirs are also largely used. Morphia holds sway over a large proportion of consumers, either by the stomach or hypodermically. The amount of the sulphate of morphia that can be tolerated by a confirmed subject is enormous, sometimes reaching as high as sixty grains in twenty-four hours. Every physician has seen in opium habitues cases illustrating, to a greater or less extent, the stimulant action upon the intellectual centers. There are cases of society women who, having spent most of the day in bed, will flash most brilliantly in the evening under the influence of the drug. And the fascination of literary and æsthetic conversation, so captivating to the habitues of salons, is not unfrequently the inspiration of the potent stimulant. When the habit is given up, the mind usually is restored to its normal activity; but when indulged in for years, opium may produce a permanent enervation of the mental and moral faculties, and this deterioration is no doubt due to organic degeneration of the cerebral centers.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A South Windham (Me.) man attributes the cure of a cancer on his nose to the application of a plant known as "wood sorrel."

—The flesh of the crow, while not exactly toothsome, is said to produce a thoughtful mood and to render the consumer exceedingly humble and somewhat morose.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—It is said that a man can live and support a family on ten cents a day in Mexico. It's a wonder that there hasn't been an excursion of editors to that country before now.—*Lincoln Journal.*

—"Is any body waiting on you?" said a polite salesman to a girl from the country. "Yes, sir," said the blushing damsel, "that's my feller outside. He wouldn't come in."

—Visitor—"Can you tell me, doctor, what there is in this Christian science method of treating disease?" Doctor (testily)—"Yes, I can." "What?" "Lot's of humbug, madam."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Lady (delightedly, to new boarder)—"I must congratulate you, Mr. Byseps, on your ability as a carver. You dismembered that chicken beautifully." Mr. Byseps—"Thanks; I deserve no special credit. I'm a stone cutter."—*Pittsburgh Bulletin.*

—From the total number of letters dispatched by every nation it has been calculated that an Englishman allows himself on an average an interval of ten days between his letters; a Frenchman, twelve days; a Swiss, a fortnight, and a Russian, 280 days.

—A Reasonable Demand.—She—"No! Mr. Harding, it can never be. But I will always be a sister ——" He (rising)—"O, that's the deal, is it? Well, then, sister, if you've got your thimble handy, I wish you would sew up the knees of my trousers that I have sacrificed in finding out our relationship."—*Life.*

—Young wife (gloomily)—"Do you suppose our husbands really went fishing last Saturday?" Second young wife (confidently)—"I am sure of it." First young wife—"They didn't bring home any fish." Second young wife—"That's my principal reason for believing they went fishing."—*Cartoon.*

—"Are you quite sincere?" asked a Detroit gentleman of a friend last week, after hearing the latter say a number of pleasant things to an acknowledged bore. "Entirely so," was the answer. "The coin is genuine. It is the small change that courtesy throws to that abject beggar, stupidity."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Husband—"My dear, didn't you say you once owned a parrot and it got away?" Wife—"Yes, poor, poor Poll!" "Was it a large green bird with a Roman nose bill?" "Yes, yes. Have you seen it?" "Well there is a parrot on Green street which I think may have been yours." "How lovely! Did it keep asking for crackers?" "No, it kept asking for money."—*Philadelphia Record.*

—"Can I see Mr. Haggerty?" inquired the caller at the jail. "Before he was arrested he owed me a little bill that he promised he would pay at this date, and he has always been a man of his word." "You can see him if you will wait a few minutes," said the turnkey. "His attorney is with him now." The tailor shook his head and sighed deeply. "There is no use in my waiting," he said.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—At a social gathering the other evening, while the wild and elevating game of "blind man's buff" was in full blast, a young man fell and fractured his right arm. Something less dangerous than "blind man's buff" should be introduced to amuse young people on such occasions. There's the French duel, for instance. That might be quite as exciting, and perfectly harmless.—*Drake's Magazine.*

CANES IN HISTORY.

Important Information Gathered for the Benefit of Dudes.

That canes have been put to nobler uses than that of affording nourishment to the abysmal mouths of dudes is proved by history. In fact, the cane is surrounded by historical memories of surpassing interest. The Mexicans first used canes in America. When the Spanish conquered the country a queer custom was introduced. The chief executive of the town carried a stick with a gold or silver head. It was a kind of scepter. The people, of course, rarely knew how to read or write, and when any one was wanted for a crime one of the mayor's subordinates would take the cane, find the culprit, and place it horizontally upon the latter's chest. The proceeding was equivalent to a summons, and the man had to appear before the mayor under the penalty of being cast into prison. The custom was borrowed from Spain where it still prevails in the more important sections.

The cane of early American history, like that of Biblical times, was part of the repertory of the leaders of the church. It was the principal badge of the deacon. The cane was about five feet long. One end was embellished with a big knob, the other with feathers. When the small boy rebelled against the straight-backed pew he got a rap on the head with the uncharitable end of the cane. If the head of the family got to dreaming about his old English home and the cozy little nest in one of the shires the turkey's plumage on the deacon's cane feathered the sleeper into life again.

The Irish have always been associated with a blackthorn stick of short and thick dimensions. They used these queer little sidearms in the invasions of the English kings and in the religious wars. Even in its unpolished state the blackthorn stick is one of the most cherished by cane connoisseurs.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, DEC. 22, 1888.

It is expected that the entire national guard of Pennsylvania, numbering 7,500 men, and including cavalry and artillery, will go to Washington to take part in the parade on the occasion of President Harrison's inauguration.

Republicans have reason to be very well satisfied with the result of the Boston city election Tuesday. They have elected their candidate for Mayor, Hart, over O'Brien, Democrat, who for five successive years has been invincible. But O'Brien lost his hold, the people reacted and he was deposed, as was also the Democratic mejority in city council, and their majority of Aldermen.

From a special dispatch from New York to the Baltimore *American* the public will judge that the ultimate recovery of Mr. Robert Garrett is utterly hopeless. Three male servants are in constant attendance upon him night and day. He is not permitted at the family table, but receives his meals alone. He never sees the members of his family and but rarely his wife. With 21 servants in various departments of the mansion, two visiting physicians, &c., it costs $5,000 a month to administer to his comforts.

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Herald* says of Mr. McComas:

Representative McComas shares in the general anticipation that Mr. Blaine will be the chief figure of Harrison's Cabinet, and the Marylann Congressman apparently thinks it will be an excellent selection. And, in connection with Mr. McComas, it is the current belief that he will be a very influential man with the Republican administration. He has attained rank among the Republican leaders of the House, and General Harrison, as Senator, saw enough of him to appreciate his worth and ability. The current opinion is that Mr. McComas will be the referee in the important matter of dispensing federal patronage in Maryland. It is true he will have one Republican colleague in the next Congressional delegation, and no doubt the latter will be accorded a voice in filling offices, but by reason of his long experience in public affairs and the leading place he has won in the National Legislature it is said that Mr. McComas will be called upon by President Harrison in all questions of moment concerning Maryland. In connection with the organization of the next House of Representatives, too, it is freely predicted on the Republican side of the House that McComas will be chairman of the committee on appropriations. He has had some years of experience on that committee, and all the members—Democrats as well as Republicans—class him with the ablest and best.

Reading the Riot Act.

The Baltimore *Sun*, in a very suggestive editorial entitled "The Keynote of the Next Campaign," expresses its disgust, without mincing phrases, at the way the State government has been run by the Democratic party and the well-known corruption and inefficiency of the dominant party in legislation. Among other forcible utterances, it says:

"Had the political battle of last year been fought at almost any other time it might have presented a much more serious front. Inopportune as was the time selected, and radical as was the method of reform, the chances are that had the honest voters of the party not feared the effect of defeat upon the Presidential campaign there would have been such defection or such desertion as would have startled those who trade upon the theory that Democracy is invincible in this State."

The *Sun* turns its light upon Maryland Legislatures and thus photographs for the public eye the Annapolis law-makers:

"Take our legislation and our Legislatures for years past, and who can look back upon some of the events associated with them with any other feeling save that of shame? That a lobby has been on hand at each recurring session is of itself evidence that there was congenial work for them to do. But there is no need for inference about it, for the fact is perfectly well known that it has plied its infamous trade unblushingly, and too often successfully. Bills perfectly right and proper in themselves have been halted to compel their advocates or those interested in them to buy them through, and if the price of corruption was not paid, then defeat was almost certain. Other measures intended to work abuses and grevious public wrongs have been put through by sheer force of oribing, while it has been a well understood game to introduce a bill seriously affecting some perfectly legitimate business, in order to compel those affected by it to plank down enough money to defeat it. Not only this, but so controlling has been the power of money that last winter a bill was stolen from the calendar under the most exciting circumstances, and the thief continues to this day, if not undetected, at least unpunished. Legislation is of necessity vicious that has its origin in such methods, and the remedy for it is so obvious that the people who vote will be pretty certain to find it out."

Will Make his Own Cabinet.

Ever since the result of the Presidential election was known the newspaper enterprise of the country has been largely concentrated on the effort to form a Cabinet for the President-elect at the earliest possible date, and to compel him to accept the Cabinet thus formed. At the same time a large number of more or less eminent Republican statesmen have visited Indianapolis and offered to relieve Gen. Harrison from any difficulty of choice or responsibility of action by their suggestions and advice.

Tens of thousands of columns of varied and contradictory reports as to the private and public expressions of Gen. Harrison have been furnished by the alert and able corps of correspondents at Indianapolis who have united the vigilance of detectives with the most extraordinary abilities for making "copy" by the yard with the slightest possible basis of real news. These ingenious and versatile representatives of the press furnished the material for two or three complete Cabinets last month. The December Cabinets, it must be admitted, are rather short of material, and are announced with so many reservations in favor of the liability of Gen. Harrison to make his own Cabinet, in his own good time and way, and without publicity or confidants, that there is a partial collapse of the Cabinet-making industry.

A month ago we took occasion to say that this peculiarly American industry was not only harmless, at the present juncture, but was likely to yield good results. We felt sure that Gen. Harrison would not be disturbed by it and that he would not limit its proportions by any statements that would indicate his own preferences or intentions. Since that time scores of eminent statesmen and accomplished journalists have visited Indianapolis, have had courteous hearings and kindly treatment, and have come away with a realizing sense of the wisdom of Josh Billings' saying that "it is better not to know so much than to know so many things that ain't so," and that Gen. Harrison is not only likely to be President all the time and under all circumstances, but that he has found that the necessary condition of his success is to be found in keeping his own counsel absolutely, while seeking all the counsel and information he can from all sorts and sizes of advisers.

Vice-President-elect Morton has summed up the result of his recent pleasant visit with Gen. Harrison by saying that the latter is "a great, big man." Like other distinguished visitors, he undoubtedly felt that the chosen Chief Magistrate had the faculty of silence and the just consciousness of the fact that he has tremendous responsibilities to bear and that no one can share those responsibilities with him, to any great degree, and the determination to put above all personal importunities and pressure the obligations he owes to the best elements of the Republican party, who supported him because they believed he united with the other great qualifications for the Presidency a firmness and decision of character that have been shown by few Presidents, and which, had Garfield possessed more of it, the New York insurrection against his Administration would have been cowed and beaten into insignificance and powerlessness for evil before it had swollen into any formidable magnitude.

During the early part of the last campaign the *Mail and Express* based its predictions of the steady, noble and inspiring leadership of Gen. Harrison on his record in public life and on his independence, courage, sagacity and equality to every emergency. Every public and reported private utterance of our great candidate justified this safe prediction.

So, now, the true and safe reliance of the Republican party in the action of President Harrison must be in the fact that since the election he has so well sustained his own past record and the hopes of his wisest admirers and has not said or written a word that tends in the slightest degree to weaken the faith of the disinterested and non-office-seeking Republicans who, after all, are to be chiefly considered and their hopes gratified by Gen. Harrison, if his Administration is to be a success and the beginning of half a dozen other Republican Administrations.

Of what consequence to the future of the great party of moral ideas are the personal fortunes or misfortunes, elation or grief, loyalty or disloyalty, of leaders who are in politics solely and exclusively for their own selfish profits or glory? The success of the last campaign would turn out the greatest of disasters, if Gen. Harrison were weak enough and false enough to his own unspotted record, to yield to the clamor or dictation of spoils politicians and to give to them the attention which he must and will give to great living issues and policies, to the demands of the most enlightened and highest-toned public opinion, and to the carrying out of his own statesmanlike views that have won the confidence of the wisest and best men in his party.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

Are They Counting Out Goff?

CHARLESTON, W. VA., Dec. 17.—The action of the State officials in publishing the vote on Presidential electors and all State officers except governor, is exciting suspicion that they are doctoring the returns Figures, apparently reliable, have reached the State House from every county in the State except Kanawha, which shows, on addition, that outside this county (Kanawha) Goff has a plurality of 60. His plurality in this county is 1,511, which makes his plurality in the State 1,571. It is suggested that a desperate scheme is being concocted to count Goff out.

In the Court of Appeals, yesterday afternoon, Abram Burlew, of counsel for Republicans, reported that the bills of exception asked for by the Democrats had been signed, and thereupon the court directed that the restraining order should be released and the rule discharged. Before this order was entered the Democrats had prepared a bill and made application to Judge McGinnis, of the Caball Circuit Court, praying for an injunction to restrain the County Court of Kanawha county from issuing certificates of the result of the election in the county for members of Congress. The reason why they went to another county is that the County Court of Kanawha county had refused to aid their scheme of fraud, and insisted on doing justice. The Republicans are determined to assert their rights to the end.

Mr. Ingalls to Mrs. Whitney.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 13.—Senator Ingells, in an interview regarding Mrs. Whitney's reference to him in her statement about the White House stories, says:

"In falsely attributing to me the invention and dissemination of slanders, even in the guarded and cautious phrases which is employed, Mrs. Whitney transcends propriety, and evidently relies upon the prerogatives of her sex for immunity. The man who made such a statement, directly or by inference, would be required to prove it or to retract it. I have never been either 'bitter or vindictive against the President.' Politically I have been opposed to him and my opinions have not been furtive or stealthy. In the North American review, in the *Sun* in various speeches in the Senate and on the stump, I have declared the grounds of my hostility, which need not be rehearsed now. I have no more ill will against him than I have against the yellow fever or the great March blizzard. My weapons have been those of the gladiator, not of the assassin.

"The President's marriage was the most popular act of his administration. The mistress of the White House has no enemy and no rival in the affectionate admiration of the American people. Amid many temptations to levity and many opportunities for frivolity she has borne herself with unexampled grace, dignity and composure. Adulation has not disturbed the charming and unaffected simplicity of her character. She will carry with her into retirement the unabated honor and regard of all who have been so fortunate as to know her. She will remain among the noblest illustrations of American womanhood so long as virtue has a votary or beauty a champion.

"Some things are self evident in morals and history, as well as in logic. They prove themselves and are disproved by evidence. To deny some accusations is to plead guily to them. When you have to offer evidence that an egg is good, that egg is doubtful, and a doubtful egg is always bad. The merchant who is compelled to produce affidavits to establish his honesty is probably a thief. The citizen who is now obliged to prove that he was loyal and patriotic during the war was either a rebel or a Copperhead. Shakespeare cast an indelible stain upon the 'lady who protests too much,' and nobody cares to marry the woman whose chastity is open to discussion and debate. So when it becomes necessary for a husband to obtain a certificate of good moral character, and to prove by the testimony of experts that he is faithful, considerate and tender toward a young, lovely and affectionate wife, he may be innocent, but he certainly is unfortunate."

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17th, 1888.—Mr. Blaine has telegraphed to friends here, in answer to an inquiry, stating that he has not been tendered a portfolio in Gen. Harrison's Cabinet. The inquiry was made because it was positively stated here that he had been tendered, and had accepted the State portfolio. Among prominent Republicans in Congress there is still considerable doubt as to whether Mr. Blaine will be in the Cabinet, but from the best information I can obtain I believe that he will be the next Secretary of State.

Many New York Republicans here are of the opinion that the rivalry between ex-Senators Platt and Miller of that State will prevent New York from having a representation in the Cabinet.

The Senate committee on the improvement of the Mississippi river and its tributaries have decided to make an adverse report on the bill "to make the Lake Borgue outlet" for the flood waters of the Mississippi. This is the plan submitted by Capt. John Cowden, and which he has long urged as a substitute for the Eads jetty system.

The House committee on Manufactures, which has for a year been engaged in investigating the numerous "trusts" throughout the country, has not yet decided what should be done with such combinations, and it is not at all likely that it will ever arrive at a decision. The election is now over and the Democrats can make no more political capital by fighting trusts. That's the plain English of the matter.

During the last session both the Senate and House passed bills forfeiting certain land grants to various railroads, and yet there is little hope of any legislation on that subject at the present session. The two bills passed, one by each House, are radically different. They are now in the hands of a conference, but as neither side seems disposed to recede from its position, I do not see how any agreement can possibly be reached.

A concurrent resolution has been introduced in the House providing for a holiday recess from next Friday until Monday, January 7, two weeks and two days. There is little doubt of its passage in spite of the fact that a short time ago members were saying that this recess would be dispensed with. Queer fellows, these Congressman.

The Senate is not making very rapid progress with the tariff bill, and many people are now prophesying that it will not be passed before February.

The bill placing Gen. W. S. Rosecrans, at present register of the Treasury, on the retired list of the Army, with the rank of Brigadier-General, has been favorably reported to the Senate.

The Democrats of the House, by the action of a caucus held last week, acknowledge that they have been acting wrong in refusing admittance to territories entitled to enter the Union as States. Having been so badly defeated in the election they are now prepared to confess their past misdeeds, and to repeat them as soon as they think any advantage can be thereby gained. The caucus decided that Dakota may come in as one or two States as the people of the two proposed States may hereafter decide (ignoring the fact that the people of Dakota have already decided in favor of two States) also, that the Territories of Washington, Montana and New Mexico may be admitted, provided that all shall be admitted in one bill. The caucus also decided that a seperate bill providing for the admission of Utah should be proposed. Whether the Republicans of the Senate will accept the House bills providing for these admissions or leave the whole matter to the Fiftieth Congress cannot be said.

Representative Butterworth, in introducing a joint resolution looking to the annexation of Canada by the United States, has given the country and Canada a very interesting subject of discussion. Most men whom I have heard speak on the subject for a year or two past have expressed the opinion that sooner or later the United States would absorb both Canada and Mexico, the only difference of opinion being as to how long and in what manner the absorption shall take place, whether the country shall be secured by peaceable negotiations and purchase or by force of arms. Mr. Butterworth's plan for the annexation of Canada, is, it is needless to say, a peaceable one. He proposes that it shall be done through negotiations with England. Senator Cullom, speaking on the subject said: "I am in favor of the annexation of all or any part of Canada. Of course these things cannot be done in a week." Senator Frye said Mr. Butterworth's plan was not practicable, because if there is to be annexation the first suggestion and the first move must not come from us, and if the Canadian provinces are ever annexed it will be because they desire to be annexed.

Florida Letter.

For THE REPUBLICAN.

One may, I presume, take it for granted that even in "Little Garrett" the people some how have heard that we have had a yellow fever visitation in Florida during the past Summer and Autumn. The past history of this epidemic has been such as naturally to fill the public mind with terror, when its prevalence in any part of the land is proclaimed. The utterances of the public press the past six months have given abundant evidence that the people at large have been more painfully exercised in mind, by this visitation, than have we among whom the scourge prevailed. For a long time we were indeed quite strongly disposed to dispute the character of the fever as it appeared in Jacksonville. Many even to this day—and I am not certain that the list of doubters does not include a portion of the medical fraternity—question whether there has been a case of genuine yellow fever in Northern Florida during the year. Such a questioning opinion is, in the light of facts, not altogether groundless, either. Symptomatically, the same fever, we are told, has prevailed, to some extent, in many other places, as in Jacksonville. We have had several cases in our own community: it has been in my family, and I myself have been a subject of it. Of course, there is this difference, that in our case, as in others there have been no fatal cases. I do not in the least assume to be a competent judge in the premises; but it is certainly quite wonderful and exceptional, that, granting this was genuine yellow fever, the mortality should have been so low. No official figures are at hand, but I should say that in the whole state there have been about 7000 cases reported, of this fever; and I doubt whether the whole mortality list would reach 550. Heretofore 30 to 70 per cent. has been the awful ratio of mortality. Why, in our latitude, and during a season most favorable to the spread and fatal prevalence of contagion, should so low a percentage of mortality be reported? This is truly remarkable, and unquestionably proves one of two things: Either, we have had no true yellow fever; or, in the coming years, this scourge need no more be contemplated with the measure of dread it has been wont hitherto, to inspire. For myself, I am willing to admit that we "have had it;" but I shall claim privilege to greatly rejoice in the fact that medical science and sanitary appliances have to so great an extent robbed this scourge of its former terror.

We may reasonably hope, on the ground of existing evidence to the scientific correctness of the means and methods now in vogue in dealing with the plague, as also by the general determination to guard against its entrance to any part of our country, that little more will be heard of yellow fever within the limits of the United States. Certainly aside from the necessary hardships or inconveniences connected with strict quarantine regulations, there is nothing so very terrible about yellow fever in Florida.

On the 26th and again on the 30th of November we had sharp frosts all over the Northern half of the State, and for this time "Yellow Jack" has been nipped severely enough to kill him. Quarantines are raised, and life, in all its varied activity, is returning to normal conditions. Life was quite dull here on the noble St. Johns, with not a single steamer sometimes in a whole week and not a soul, aside from our limited number of families, as passer by or visitor. Still more trying was it to be deprived often of our mails. But to most of us, the most distressing matter of all was the inability to get "grub." Really, we were "cornered" on this point distressingly at times. Switzerland people are not much given to the habit of boasting of anything heavy in the matter of cash; but, how would a Marylander feel, if, having money in hand, he could get nowhere to spend it, though never so hungry? So it was with us at times.

Along with the epidemic, Florida has had a trying time with chills and fever, and a low, debilitating type of fever seemingly not malarial. In many years there has not been known such an amount of sickness. Strangely enough, in this direction too, there has a been a remarkably low rate of mortality. Not a single white person has died in our community, nor within some miles of us; though not a single family, so far as I know, was exempt from an unusual amount of illness. At present everything is much improved, and a few months of favorable winter weather will tone us all up to our wonted physical standard. I would venture a small Christmas wager that I personally have done as much hard farm work, gardening and land clearing, as any man in Garrett! I would be pretty sure of a turkey for the 25th, if that was the "ante"—I guess that is what it is called—I am a bit unsophisticated. Of the amount of rheumatic and other pains resulting, I will say nothing—they "go without saying."

Along in July and August last, it was a common song, "Florida is killed—the yellow fever done it." But already, though the quarantine has just raised, this sad refrain is canged. Not only *things*, but *people* too, and that not in insignificant numbers, are coming as in former years. Indeed, indications are that the tourist throng will exceed anything known for years. More than a month back, the great hotels at St. Augustine, for instance, had every room taken for the "season." This will brighten things up a good deal. Besides, the State at large has an orange crop far in excess of anything known in former years. Only let our Northern friends get keenly hungry for our "balls of gold," then will we have a handsome pile of cash next spring.

Maugre the yellow fever, Florida is as good a place to visit as in the years gone by.

Wishing my old friends "one and all" a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year,

I am fraternally,
SHOUP.

Switzerland, 12. 11. '88.

For and Against Bustles.

Several months have elapsed since Mrs. Cleveland issued her quiet edict against bustles, but they still do duty in expanding the dresses of Baltimore ladies. The manifesto seems to have been obeyed in Washington, but it jumped clear over Baltimore and alighted somewhere near Boston, for there, the manufacturers say, the bustle is disappearing, and so rapidly, too, that one factory in Connecticut has been compelled, owing to the slackened demand, to stop the manufacture of the airy, fairly, fantastic things. It is possible that the incongruity of Grecian knots and bustles, (for Grecian maidens are not known to have worn bustles,) has suggested itself to the cultured people of the Hub, and they have discarded the artificial appendage in order to be true to ancient Grecian art. Either the knot or the bustle had to go, and the bustle is going.

But Boston's strict adherence to art has not tampered with Baltimore's love for symmetrical forms, even if assisted by artificial expanders. A Baltimore manufacturer is turning them out at the rate of over one hundred thousand dozens a year, and at such moderate prices that newspapers are not diverted as formerly to do other than educational duty. Of course Baltimore ladies do not wear all these bustles. The trade extends North, South, East and West. The Baltimore manufacturer was frightened last summer, however, because the demand for bustles hereabouts fell off considerably, and it seemed as though Mrs. Cleveland had many followers in her crusade against the harmless bustle, but the fashion soon reasserted itself, and the demand became as large as ever. The trade has fallen off lately, but it always does in winter, because the extra garments a woman is supposed to put on then make a bustle superfluous.

The Baltimore manufacturer expects business to boom again after the holidays. Fashion regulates the shape and size of bustles as surely as it raises or lowers the crown of a hat. This year fashion has decreed that the bustle shall be smaller. This may indicate that Mrs. Cleveland's edict will be partially obeyed hereabouts She will have as much difficulty in enforcing it as Peter the Great had in compelling his male subjects to shave their beards, and the assistance of her successor, Mrs. Harrison, will have to be invoked. But the Baltimore manufacturer expects that the bustle will have to go some day, just as it had to go a century ago, when it was known as a "bishop," and just as the hoopskirt had to go a few years ago. Something else, however, will take its place, and who can tell but that it will be the old hoop-skirts?—*Baltimore Sun.*

A Bill That Should Pass.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 17.—A week ago Mr. Lawler, of Illinois, introduced a bill granting a pension of $12 a month to honorably discharged soldiers and sailors when they have attained the age of sixty years. Since that time he has been the recipient of many letters requesting to lower the minimum age to fifty, and this morning he introduced a bill in accordance with that request.

NEW ADVRETISEMENTS.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Dec. 17th, 1888.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office at Oakland, on

Monday, January 7th, 1889,

at which time Road Supervisors for the ensuing years will be appointed. All Supervisors of the present year who have not filed their accounts are hereby notified to do so before the said 7th day of January next.

By order
W. H. HAGANS,
12 22 td Clerk.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

NOTICE!

W. H. Hagans, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

—Santa Claus Goods at Cheap John's.

—If you want an Album for your lady go to Little's.

—Go to S. P. Specht's for ready made clothing.

—Go to S. P. Specht's for Candies, Nuts, Toys, &c., for Xmas.

—B 4 U buy your Christmas Presents C Cheap John's stock.

—Go to Little's for Nuts, Fruits, Candies, Cakes, &c.

—Cheap John has bought a fine stock of Candies, Fruits, Nuts, &c.

—Don't fail to call at S. P. Specht's and examine his stock of Holiday Goods.

—Go to Little's for your Xmas Cards. He just received a fine line of them.

—If you want a Box of Candy go to Thos. Little's. I have just received a large line.

—Florida Oranges, Lemons, Citron, Currants and Raisins at

J. M. LITZINGER'S.

—All persons indebted to G. A. Shirer are requested to call and settle.

10 20 3m. G. A. SHIRER.

—$5,000—TO LOAN—On first mortgage on real estate.

THOMAS & SINCELL.

—Dr. H. J. Miller's family medicines, essences, extracts, &c., are for sale by L. Muhlenberg, Grantsville, Md.

—Wagons, Carts, Doll Carriages, Doll Cradles, Tin Buckets and Toys in general at

J. M. LITZINGER'S.

—Messrs. S. P. Specht and D. McLean have put down a pair of wagon scales and are now ready to do all kinds of weighing.

—Just received at S. P. Specht's, a full line of boots and shoes, which will be sold at rock bottom for cash or good produce.

—Go to Litzinger's, next door to B. & O. depot, for anything you want in the way of Christmas Toys, Candies, Cigars, &c.

—L. Muhlenberg is authorized to receive any money due the REPUBLICAN. Subscribers in District No. 3 will please remember this.

—I have just received a fine line of Pipes, Tobacco, &c. If you want a nice box of Cigars for a present, call and examine my stock.

THOS. LITTLE.

—COAL.—The undersigned is now ready to supply Coal at the Deihl Mine, on Miller's run, 3 miles north of Oakland. Price at mine 5 cents per bushel.

JOHN SINES.

—I will make a special discount to Sunday Schools and Churches. Call and examine before you go elsewhere.

THOS. LITTLE.

—FOR RENT—A comfortable two-story dwelling house, in the suburbs of Oakland. For terms and particulars, apply at this office.

—Santa Claus is coming and don't you forget that his Headquarters will be at L. Muhlenberg's Variety Store at Grantsville, Md. He will have everything imaginable in the line of Holiday Goods.

Cakes! Cakes Cakes!

Go to Litzinger's for Ginger Snaps, Lemon Crackers, Motto Cakes and fancy Cakes generally.

Before Purchasing Elsewhere,

Drop in at Litzinger's, next door to B. & O. depot, and examine his fine line of Christmas Toys, Cadies, Cigars, &c. You cannot fail to be pleased with his stock and prices.

If You Want

Fine Christmas Toys, Candies, and Novelties in general, at lowest prices, go to Litzinger's next door to B. & O. depot, Oakland, Md.

Holiday Excursion Tickets.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Co. will sell cheap excursion tickets between all ticket stations on its lines East of the Ohio River, on Dec. 22, 23, 24, 25, 30 and 31st, 1888, and on January 1st, 1889, good for return passage until January 3d, 1889, inclusive.

—If you want to see a fine stock of Dolls go to Cheap John's.

—Geo. M. Mason will have another car load of shelled corn next week, Price 50 cents on the track.

—Winter classes for evening studies at Massy Hall, will be formed and work commence 1st Monday after New Year's Day. Early application absolutely necessary.

J. NEWMAN.

—"Gorman" station on the West Virginia Central has been changed to Steyer, and Elkins, Md., has been changed to Gorman. Leadsville, in Randolph county, W. Va., will be changed to Elkins.

—Married, at the residence of Mr. C. Bowers, near Salisbury, Pa., Dec. 18th, 1888, by Ozias F. Harshman, Mr. Samuel Speicher, of Garrett county, Md., and Miss Elizabeth Ellen Kelley, of near Lonaconing, Md.

—The meetings of the Y. M. C. A. are more largely attended than heretofore. The Association now have a fine organ, and a good choir under the leadership of Mr. W. H. Hagans, with Miss Lotta Loar as organist.

—There will be a Children's Service, with Christmas Tree and Carols, in St. Matthew's Church, at 5 P. M. Thursday, the 27th inst. (St. John's Day). The public are invited. Sittings free. The offerings will be for missions.

—The December term of the Circuit Court occupied about two hours Monday. Hon. H. W. Hoffman was on the bench. The docket was called and judgments entered in uncontested cases. Messrs. Semmes, Walsh and Devecmon, of the Cumberland bar, were in attendance.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7 P. M., by Rev. C. T. Trippett.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7 P. M., by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Headquarters

For Xmas Toys, Candies, Cigars, &c., at Litzinger's, near B. & O. depot. He has a large and varied assortment and is selling same *very cheap*.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Garrett county, Md., for week ending Dec. 22d, 1888:

Ayres, Miss E. H., Hall, C. E.,
Biggs, Wm. H., Melville, John (2)
Dewitt, Rufus, Smith, M. S.,
Fries, J. J., Wood, Lula M.,
Watts, Prof. J. M.

POSTAL CARDS.

Hauser, J. L., Dewitt, Rufus,
Satterfield, Jas.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

These letters are chargable with one cent due on delivery.

P. HAMILL, P. M.

An Old Gander.

A Polar Gander, 28 years old, weighing about 25 pounds, is now on the McFadden farm, near Frankville, this county. The aged web-foot was brought to this country from Peru, South America, by the late ex-Governor Thomas, together with other fowls and animals, among which was the noted Alpaca Sheep. The Gander was won at a match recently held near Frankville, and is now in possession of Mr. Thomas McFadden.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS!

At M. L. Scott's Baltimore Store.

Presents that will please:

Silk and Cashmere Mufflers,
Ladies' Silk Handkerchiefs,
Gent's Silk Handkerchiefs,
Ladies' Linen Handkerchiefs,
Gent's Linen Handkerchiefs,
Gent's Fine *Castor* Gloves,
Ladies' guaranteed kid Gloves.

Gent's and Boys' Windsor Ties and Scarfs, Whisk Holders, Dressing Cases, Fancy Match Safes, Pin Cushions, Pocket-Books and Purses, New Styles, some very fine Jewelry, Lace Pins, Cuff Buttons, Earrings, Fancy Hair ornaments, Bisque and Unbreakable Dolls, Fancy Baskets, Monkey Mufls and Boas, Gold and Silver-Headed Umbrellas.

These goods were just opened this week.

We will close out our desirable line of Ladies' Linen Collars at 10c. They are all good styles and cost more money, but all must go at 10c.

Ladies' Jackets, Raglins and New Markets we will close out at much reduced prices.

In Ladies', Misses' and children's Shoes we handle nothing but first quality.

M. L. SCOTT,
Baltimore Store.

We Want Money!

Those indebted to us are again urged to make an effort to pay us. We are sadly in need of money to pay our debts, to carry on our business and to provide for our family. About 300 persons in this county are indebted to us in sums ranging from $1.50 to $18.00, and a number of them have become entirely indifferent as to our needs or their obligation. All we ask of you is to do unto us as you would have us do unto you. Attend to this matter at once. Don't put it off and say that what little you owe won't amount to much, but send what you owe, or at least a part of it, We are not making this appeal because it is customary about this time of year, but because we need what is coming to us, and there is no good reason that we should not have what is ours.

A Little Holiday Attraction.

Before you make your Christmas purchases go and examine the stock of F. G. Hyde, (there you can surely find what you want,) because a fancy piece of silverware or a dandy piece of jewelry makes the finest present in the world, and the most appreciated by all; but before you buy it be sure you go to some reliable jeweler first; if you don't come to me go to some other one. If I were to go into general merchandise and buy in a stock of goods, (such as mentioned above,) I wouldn't expect to be patronized to the extent of a nickel in that line of goods, which belongs to somebody else, and *is* his *only* support; but as I am only in that which appertains to the jewelry and musical business, it is right that you should patronize *me* above all others, (if you can buy as cheap,) and I know you can, and cheaper too. There are others that have more money than I have, but they will have to go entirely in the same business before they can *compete* with me. Come to my establishment and I will guarantee you satisfaction.

Thanking you for the many favors already shown me, and soliciting a large share of them in the future,

I remain,
Very respectfully yours,

F. G. HYDE,
12 15 tf The Oakland Jeweler.

Grand Fair and Festival.

The Ladies and the O. I. Band will hold a fair and festival at Offutt's Hall, Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, December 27th, 28th and 29th. One-half the proceeds will be given to the poor and the other half to the Band. All are invited to come and help to make the fair and festival a grand success.

Massey Hall.

The term examinations for senior students were held in study hall last Monday and Tuesday. Papers were prepared by:

H. W. McComas, M, D., "Physology."

Waring Thomas, Attorney, "Commercial Law."

E. H. Sincell, Attorney, "Cicero's Orations." (Latin).

Rev. J. Newman, Principal, "Algebra, Geometry and Arithmetic."

Throughout the term special attention has been given to business requirements, banking, accounts current, and partnership settlements; and the knowledge necessary to pass in examination will be of practical value to those pupils who have taken it. The work in Latin and geometry was preparatory to literary course in Oberlin University, Ohio. Reports show good results, and the merit of grades secured will be appreciated by those who care to look over the examination papers.

We have again to call attention to the high standard maintained in this school and the painstaking efforts of the Principal towards its success.

A reference to our advertising columns will show the date for commencement of Easter Term.

Half Fare to Washington.

For the accommodation of all who desire to witness the inauguration of President-elect Harrison, the B & O R R Co, will sell excursion tickets to Washington from all points on its lines at one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold March 1st to 4th, inclusive and will be valid for return passage until March 7th, inclusive. The B & O is the shortest and most direct route to Washington from all points touched by its lines. It has more track and yard room at Washington than any other road and consequently more facilities for the prompt movement of trains and the expeditious handling of a large passenger business than any other line.

The B & O. handled an immense passenger traffic at the inauguration of Cleveland without delay and without injury to a single passenger.

Its facilities have been greatly augmented since that time and it is in position to give more satisfactory service than any line touching Washington.

Teachers Institute.

Following is the programme of the Teacher's Institute, to be held at Oakland, December 27 and 28:

FIRST SESSION—DEC. 27, 10 A. M.
Address of Welcome—Wm. Hinebaugh.
Response—Silas Weimer.
Music.
Our Public Schools—Prof. H. G. Weimer.

SECOND SESSION—1:30 P. M.
Music.
Arithmetic—E. E. Enlow.
Discussion.
Music.
English Grammer—Ephraim Lee.
Discussion.
Music.
School Government—W. B. Hutson.
Discussion.

THIRD SESSION—7 P. M.
Lecture—Prof. J. Newman.
Lecture—G. W. Royer.

FOURTH SESSION—DEC. 28, 9:30 A. M.
Writing—Bruce Lichty,
Discussion.
Music.
Reading—G. W. Royer.
Discussion.
Music.
How can we improve our Public Schools—E. Lee.
Discussion.

FIFTH SESSION—1:30 P. M.
Spelling—Geo. W. Dunham.
Discussion.
Music.
History—Silas Weimer.
Discussion.
How can we best secure the co-operation of Parents in the Education of their Children—Jefferson Warnick.

SXTH SESSION—7 P. M.
Higher Education—Rev. G. W. Amick.
Moral Culture in the Public Schools—T. J. Peddicord, Esq.

The music on this occasion will be in charge of Miss Weber.

Grantsville.

Last Saturday the teachers gathered in from all quarters of the district to attend Grantsville Institute.

From late rumors there is to be a wedding soon.

Mr. Noah Harshbarger returned from Virginia a few days ago.

Mrs. Howard Keim, of Elk Lick, is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. L. Gnagey, this week.

Mr, Bert Stanton received slight injuries from being caught in a cog wheel of the mill.

Mr. Wm. Yoder started for Illinois last week.

Mr. Frank Blocher spent Saturday and Sunday in town.

Examiner Hinebaugh visited the schools in this section lately.

Yoder's school, north of town, is to have new desks soon.

Mr. John P. Miller goes to Ohio next week. Y.

Accident.

Daniel Turney, with Geo. Schlossnagle and Reuben Fox, have gone to Oregon.

Mr. Selders, assisted by Peter Opel, raised sufficient funds to erect a new house for Martin Hetrick. Michael Lageer very kindly donated the ground, use of spring of water, etc.

Frederick Fox has removed from the furnace property to his father's farm.

Frank Turney and Miss Susie Fox were married on Thursday, 13th inst., by Rev. Spangler.

Quite a sum of money has been raised by Rev. Spangler to send to Florida for Rev. Shoup and family.

Mr. Albert Mosser was badly injured on Saturday last by a falling fork.

There has been quite a large number of public sales of late, and, as usual, everything sold well.

Christmas goods at Menhorn's and candy at Gnagey's, is in demand.

Christmas festivals will be held here at both churches on Monday evening, 24th, and at the Cove Tuesday evening, 25th.

Mr. William Hinebaugh has been making a general visit of the Public Schools in this end of the county.

Mr. Frank McFadden's child, Ada, came near losing her life on Sabbath from eating poisonous berries.

Franklin Shank, our mail carrier, is quite ill.

Excursion to California, Colorado and Pacific Coast Points.

On December 11th and 31st a free chair and Sleeping Car excursion will be run through to Pacific Coast points with only one change of cars, via B. & O., O. & M., Wabash Western and Union Pacific roads. Train leaves Philadelphia 11 A. M., Wilmington 11.37 A. M., Baltimore 2 P. M., Washington 3 P. M. For tickets, free reservation of Chairs and berths and detailed information apply to nearest B. & O. Ticket Agent, or Dan. Brice, Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Md.

Tailoring Establishment.

Do you want a nice Dress Suit or an Overcoat put up in elegant style and to fit you after Nature's own sweet model? Go to G. Felty.s New Tailoring Establishment, formerly occupied by A. Lowenstein, and we will guarantee you entire satisfaction. Call and see us and we will show you what we can do in this line.

Selbysport.

The railroad excitement is at its highest just now. Prospects are brighter now for the building of a railroad up the Yough than ever before. Our Democratic friends say it would be a sure thing if Cleveland had been re-elected, but now the duty will be kept on steel rails, making them high, and the Company will not be able to buy them. This sounds a little bit chestnuty, but our friends ought to know.

The wind work to a town hall was done on Saturday evening. It is to be used as a gymnasium and ball room, for public meetings during campaigns, &c.

Milton Lytle is champion with the mittens at present. In a three round bout with John Fike on Saturday evening he came out without a scratch, while John was knocked fairly down, and out.

Jonas Frazee has returned from Texas, where he spent four weeks with the Keystone Rod and Gun Club, of Pittsburgh, Pa., of which he is a member. Jonas won heavily on the general results of the election, and proposed to spend the money won for the club which bears his name. He has set Christmas day for the jubilee. He will serve a notice on each member of the club to meet at his store on that day to partake of the good things he will have provided for them. Jonas is well pleased with the work done by the Club up to the evening of Nov. 6th, hence the jolification.

Andrew Van Sickle will take unto himself a wife on Christmas day.

Jas. E. White, of Greensburg, Pa., is visiting friends and relatives in District No. 2.

E. J. Stuck will spend the holidays in Pittsburgh, Pa.

No. 2 will be well represented at the inauguration of Harrison, March 4th, if all go that have made preparations to go.

The teachers are all well pleased with Mr. Hinebaugh as superintendent. They seem to be confident that he will do his duty. We hope he will visit the schools in District No. 2 before the close of the next term, since he has left such a good impression upon the minds of both teachers and scholars.

Gorman.

To-day (Monday) Elkins ceases to be the name of our town. We understand that Mr. S. B. Elkins is going to make West Virginia his future home, and his residence on the extension of W. Va. C. & P. R. R. at a place now called Leadville, which will take the name of Elkins. Gorman had been the name of the station two miles north of here, which assumes the name of Steyer, in honor of one of Garrett county's best citizens.

There is a prospect of us getting a large tannery, which will benefit our town and surrounding country very much should it come. Messrs. Hoffman & Bro., of Wheeling, W. Va., are making arrangements to locate their tannery some where on the W. Va. Central. They had been negotiating with our enterprising merchant, Mr. L. L. McCrum, and we earnestly hope satisfactory arrangements can be made about it.

The Springgarden Coal and Coke Co. have most of their machinery here for the shaft, and will soon have it ready for operation.

Mr. C. H. Harrett is having the foundation for a new store house dug out one mile south of here. On last Friday night he had a stable and three horses burned up. Supposition is that it was set on fire.

Mr. L. L. McCrum has had his store house remodled and fixed up in fine style.

Mr. J. F. Nydegger is improving his store.

Mr. W. R. Neville has had his house newly weather-boarded, which adds much to its appearance.

The Presbyterian church is about completed. The latest improvement is a new bell, which will ring forth tones of welcome to all.

THE RIGHTS OF CHILDREN.—A bright little girl of four and a-half years was out on the sidewalk in Brooklyn with her brother, who was sick. He left her for a few minutes and she started to go alone across the street at the crossing, when an ice wagon ran over and killed her. Her father sued the ice company for damages and got a verdict. The company carried the case to the New York Court of Appeals, where the lawyers claimed that it was gross negligence for a parent to allow a little child to go into the street or on to the sidewalk without some competent person to take care of it. The court decides that it is not negligence to do so, and holds the company liable in damages. Here is what Judge Earl says on the subject: "Hundreds of young children are permitted with general safety, and must be permitted in cities, to amuse themselves on sidewalks, and they cannot always be attended by persons of discretion. The highest prudence would doubtless require that they should be so guarded, but it cannot be said as a matter of law that ordinary prudence forbids that a bright child, four and a-half years old, properly instructed and cautioned, should go unattended on a sidewalk for diversion."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MASSEY HALL PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Easter Term begins

January 3rd, 1889.

Regular courses continued. Lectures on Commercial Law. Special attention to Collegiate and Business requirements. Classes in Literature and Free-hand Drawing. Number of Pupils Limited.

For terms, hours of study, &c., apply to

REV. J. NEWMAN,
7 7 td Principal.

THE SECOND TERM

—OF—

Miss Swan's School for Young Ladies and Girls,

Will begin January 3d, 1889, (D. V.). Terms, $9.00 for day pupils; $30.00 in advance for weekly boarders; $200 per year, $60 in advance for permanent boarders. No pupil entered for less than one term. Suitable arrangements for carrying pupils from Oakland.

For particulars, address

Miss E. B. SWAN,
12 15 4t Mt. Lake Park, Md.

(Formerly connected with Mt. Auburn Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio.)

JOHN A. WOLF,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
88 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE,

A VALUABLE TRACT OF LAND,

Of 133¼ acres, situated 7 miles North of Oakland, near the Yough River. The improvements consist of two dwelling houses, barn, stable and all other necessary outbuildings; twenty acres under cultivation. A fine young orchard is on the place.

For terms and further information, apply to

THOMAS & SINCELL,
12 8 3m Attorneys for Owners.

E. H. SINCELL, Attorney.]

ORDER NISI.

Sam'l J. Miller and others } In the Circuit
vs. } Court for Garrett
Joel J. Miller and others, } Co. No. 427 Equity

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, this 26th day of November, 1888, that the sale of the property mentioned in the proceedings, made and reported by Samuel J. Miller, Trustee, to Henry E. Wiley, be Ratified and Confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 24th day of December next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the said 24th day of December, next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $550.00.

E. Z. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test:
12 13 E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

[E. H. SINCELL, Attorney.]

ORDER NISI.

Mariah Grove, by her husband and next friend William P. Grove, Plaintiff,
Versus
Amanda Moore and others, Defendants.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 433 Equity.

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, this 26th day of November, 1888, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings made and reported by William P. Grove, Trustee, to Jonas Wass, be Ratified and Confirmed, unless cause to the contrary there of beshown on or before the 24th day of December next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the said 24th day of December next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $3,500.

E. Z. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test:
12 13 E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Sheriff's Sale

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE!

Under and by virtue of three writs of fieri facias, the first in favor of George W. Legge, the 2nd in favor of James R. Bishop, and the third in favor of Alfred Spates, issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, and to the undersigned Sheriff directed, against the goods and chattels, rights and credits, lands and tenements of Jarvis McClure Mason, I did seize and levy upon, by an actual entry upon the premises, on the 11th day of October, 1888, all that

Lot of Ground, Near the Town of Oakland,

Garrett county, which belonged to the said Mason at the date of the above judgments, containing five acres and 26 perches of land, it being a portion of Military Lot No. 864, and lying East of the County Road leading from Oakland to Aurora; and it being the same property which is more particularly described in a deed from the said J. McClure Mason and wife to Thomas Coddington, dated 27th day of September, 1883, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 7, folio, 537, &c., one of the land records of Garrett county, especial reference to which deed is made for a more particular description of said lot.

Also all that other lot of ground belonging to the said Jarvis McClure Mason situated on the West side of the aforesaid County Road, containing about one and one-half acre of land, enclosed by a fence, and bounded by the aforesaid County Road on the East, by a 16-feet alley, between it and John Helbig's lot on the North, by a 60-feet street on the West leading from Totten's Addition to Oakland, and the South side lots by the Dashield's lot; both of said lots being cleared and in good state of cultivation.

And I hereby give notice, that on

Saturday, the 5th Day of January, 1889,

in front of what is known as the Coddington Hotel, in the town of Oakland, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M., of said day, I will proceed to sell the afore described two lots of ground, separately, at Public Auction, to the highest bidder for cash, on the day of sale, to satisfy the aforesaid Fieri Faciases and costs.

EDWARD E. SOLLARS,
12 15 4t Sheriff Garrett county.

TOWN PROPERTY

FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

Long years ago the heart of a king
Was carried in state, like a royal thing,
To the holy Land, where he longed to go,
Did living desires round his dead heart cling;
And could they be satisfied so?

How strange it seems that kings in their pride
Have lived thwarted lives like ours, and have died
With the thing that they longed to do undone,
Still, unconquered, some from the grave have cried
For their hearts to be carried out!

Yet never a king had such a stake
As I, in the journey I long to make
To a land, alas, where I may not go;
But my heart must be carried there or break,
Whether living or dead, I know.

Come, yellow-haired little boy of mine;
Let me see your face, where your young hopes shine.
You're loving, my darling, and strong and true;
You'll journey, while I vainly long and pine,
So my heart I will send with you.

For I yearn to follow your life, my sweet;
'Tis a long hard way for your eager feet,
And I can go only a little part;
But, dear, till your pilgrimage is complete,
Will you carry your mother's heart?

—*Bessie Chandler, in Harper's Bazar.*

ONE OF THE MANY.

Pathetic Story of a Terrible Struggle with Poverty.

They had been married for rather more than a year—Jim Carrol and his pretty little wife—and their baby daughter was two months old.

He was a fine fellow, was Jim—well set-up, and good to look at; chivalrous, upright, and honest as the day. But though he came of a good old stock—of which he was the last—he was only a clerk in a London architect's office, with a miserable salary of £100 a year, which, of course, he might lose with his situation any day. It will be clear, I hope, to the meanest understanding that under these circumstances he had not the smallest right to think of matrimony, so when he had the audacity to propose for Marjory Linton—niece and ward of the pompous and wealthy old Joseph Linton, of Manchester—that gentleman gave him a very short shrift, and promptly showed him the door. And when, a month later, pretty independent Marjory ran away with this same handsome, impecunious Jim Carrol, her irate uncle—to use his own expression—"washed his hands of her and closed his door against her and her husband forever." At this terrible sentence Marjory did not trouble herself very much, nor did her husband suffer it to affect his peace of mind. He was too happy to care whether all the rich old men in Europe closed their doors against him—or otherwise.

They lived in a tiny house in a red-bricked, pointed-gabled terrace at Camberwell; and they had enough to do to pay the rent and to make ends meet generally, especially after the baby came. But they loved each other passionately and that made things easier. Marjory was the most sunny-hearted and hopeful of little women; and she was quite sure that some day Dornton & Cox—awakening to a sense of Jim's abilities—would take him into partnership and make his fortune.

But alas! for Marjory's dreams, on the particular evening on which this story opens Carrol was wending his way homeward dejectedly enough, for Dornton & Cox, having had heavy losses lately, were reducing their staff of clerks, and among those dismissed to-day was James Carrol. Jim felt stunned and bewildered; for situations were not as plentiful as blackberries in London in 1884, any more than they are now.

"O Jim, how late you are!" cried little Mrs. Carroll as she flew to the door to meet her husband. "I thought you were never coming! I had to put baby to bed at last."

"Had you, dear?" he answered, absently, as he followed her into the small but cosy sitting room.

He looked depressed and out of sorts, Marjory thought. Perhaps he has one of his bad headaches. But like a wise little woman asked no questions; only poured out his tea, and gave him his slippers. He did not eat any thing, she noticed; but sent up his cup to be filled again and again, draining it each time feverishly.

He was very silent, too.

"Is any thing the matter, dear?" his wife said at last, in anxious tones.

"Yes, Marjory," he answered, with an effort. Then, after a pause he told her.

For a moment her sunny face was clouded; this was a contingency which they never contemplated. Then she said, bravely:

"Never mind, Jim. It will not be difficult for you to get another situation. I see scores of advertisements in the papers every day!"

But Carrol was not so sanguine. He was of a more gloomy temperament than Marjory, and would not be cheered, not even when baby woke up and smiled and cooed in his face as was her wont.

"You see, Jim," said Marjory, cheerily, "we still have a good part left of your last salary. It is not quarter-day yet for a good while, and we can economize in little things. We might let Ann go" (Ann was the small maid-of-all-work,) "she is really getting very careless; she broke three plates yesterday. If I have a charwoman to come in Saturdays I can easily manage the work myself. Baby is so good, and requires so little attention."

Jim put his arm around her as she knelt beside him.

"Dear little woman," he said, "I couldn't let you do that. Not yet, at least."

They studied the paper diligently day after day. Carrol answered innumerable advertisements, both by post and personally, but in vain, though he spent an alarming sum in postage stamps, and returned night after night weary, heartsick and footsore.

The days went on; quarter-day drew near and passed, and the Carrols' little store of money melted away. For the baby had been ill, and several tradesmen's bills, small but imperative, had had to be paid. The weather was oppressively hot and enervating, and Marjory's little face began to look pinched and worn, for the baby was peevish and fretful, requiring constant nursing and attention, and the servant had been dismissed some time ago.

Another week passed. Jim felt almost desperate, for he could obtain no employment, and, to make matters worse, the baby fell ill again. It seemed a kind of wasting, nameless illness. She cried and wailed night and day and grew almost hourly more shadowy looking. The doctor, whom Carrol at last called in, shook his head, asked a few questions, advised change of air, and ordered the young mother to take "plenty of nourishing food." With a view to furthering the latter object—change of air being out of the question—Jim pawned his watch and chain. Poor fellow, he felt shamefaced and embarrassed enough as he took the ticket and buttoned his coat over his now chainless waistcoat. But the money so obtained kept them going for some little time; and Carroll, meanwhile, did not for a day relax his efforts to obtain employment. He searched with anxious diligence in each evening's paper the column devoted to "vacant situations," and answered various advertisements which seemed singularly suitable. But those who have studied that column—not for amusement or curiosity, but for dear life—know that of these advertisements only too many are simply swindles, and that the comparatively few which are bonafide are speedily secured by those who have either the influence or the experience, which Jim Carrol had not. He set off every morning for the city, neglected no opportunity, left no stone unturned, but in vain.

He used to "dine in town," he told his wife; but in reality nothing passed his lips from the time he went out in the morning until he returned, unsuccessful, hopeless and exhausted in the evening. Majory never guessed this, and she herself did without absolute necessaries, silently, and with uncomplaining cheerfulness. It was a terrible time for them both; perhaps it was hardest on Jim, for he had not Marjory's elastic, hopeful nature, her happy, almost childlike faith and trust that things would be better by and by. He felt, too, that he had brought her to this life of poverty and privation, which he seemed so powerless to avert; and as he thought of the future—grim and black, and uncheered by any gleam of hope—his heart sickened and died within him.

In September they moved out of their pretty home to a very small and dingy cottage which stood alone, a little way back from a side street, behind a timber yard. It was not an attractive dwelling, but it was very cheap, and the rent of their former house was now out of the question. To defray the various inevitable expenses connected with the removal, and one or two other necessary outlays, they sold some of their furniture and a few other things besides.

Marjory's jewelry had all gone long ago. One day, in walking westward along Fleet street, Carrol met an old fellow-clerk by name Archie Lyle.

"Hello, Carrol!" Lyle exclaimed, grasping the former's hand heartily and turning to walk along side. "How are you? Haven't seen you for a month of Sundays. Why, you look down in the mouth, old man, What's up, eh?"

"Nothing particular," replied the other coldly enough, "except that I have been out of a situation since I left Dornton & Cox. Inspecting public buildings—when you have a wife and child to keep on nothing—is not a particularly exhilarating or lively occupation," he continued bitterly.

"By Jove, no!" said the other in serious tones. He was a good-natured, easy-going fellow, who had rarely known the want of a five-pound note, and who, as a rule, had only to sit still and let things come to him.

"I'm awfully sorry, old fellow," he went on, awkwardly. "You know I'll never forget the lift you gave me two years ago. I'm awfully sorry," he continued, with less tact than good nature; "upon my soul, I don't know when I was so hard up as I am this month. Until I get my next——"

"Confound you! What are you talking about?" interrupted Carrol haughtily. "Do you take me for a beggar?"

Lyle murmured some confused apology.

"I don't want your money," Carrol went on in brusque tones. "Can you tell me of any thing I can get to do? Any thing. I am not proud," with a short laugh.

The other cogitated, then shook his head.

"By the way," he said suddenly, when they had crossed several streets in comparative silence, "you are a good draughtsman, are you not? You have a good idea of plans and that?"

"I ought to have," returned Carrol, dryly, "seeing that I have been a clerk in an architect's office for the last three years."

"Ah, yes, to be sure. Well, I know designs are wanted for a new hospital somewhere near Manchester. The premium is a hundred pounds. Now——"

"For God's sake, tell me," interrupted the other eagerly and hoarsely, "do you think I have any chance?"

"Well," said Lyle, "I was going to have a try. My father has an idea I ought to distinguish myself in that line; but I'm an awful duffer on plans—always was. So if you care to go in for it—it's a goodish premium—it might be worth your while. And, by the way, Carrol, don't sign you own name; for I believe old Linton, your wife's uncle, is to be one of the judges. He is still no end down on you; and—it might make a difference. See? Sign it—oh, any thing you like, and send it under cover to me. You can trust me not to father it," he added, laughing. "I'll send you all the particulars to-morrow, and let you know whenever the thing's decided."

"Lyle, I can not thank you sufficiently," said Carrol, unsteadily, "though I fear there is very little chance for me."

"Pooh!" replied the other, in airy tones, "you've as good a chance as any of the rest."

"How soon must it go in?" asked Carrol feverishly.

"Ah, let's see—I think in a fortnight—but I'll let you know."

They were in the Strand by this time, and Lyle stopped at the nearest restaurant, for it was past two o'clock.

Carrol declined his companion's invitation to accompany him, and with a grasp of the hand the two men parted. Jim turned down a side street, and thence through the Embankment Gardens to the river. He did not feel very hopeful, for when the body is weak, the spirit is apt to be weak too; and big, stalwart-looking fellow as he was, Carrol had but little stamina; and the past months of ceaseless anxiety—and lately, of almost starvation—had told on him terribly. He walked slowly along the Embankment, and across Westminster bridge, and so home.

Majory met him with her usual cheery smile; but he fancied her sweet face was paler and more worn-looking than ever; and the baby's eyes—unnaturally large and bright—seemed to follow him reproachfully. His wife clapped her little hands joyfully when he told her of Lyle's proposal; and she was so merry and hopeful all evening that Jim felt his spirits rise. She prepared a nice little supper for him, too; and Jim did not notice—for a wonder—that one or two of their cherished books had disappeared. Baby was very good to-night, she did not cry at all; and the evening was the most cheerful they had passed for some time.

In the evening of the following day came the promised letter from Lyle, and as soon as it was light next morning Carrol began his task. He worked hard and patiently, but he suffered terribly from nervous headaches; he took even less food than usual, and the baby's constant monotonous wail made him sometimes half crazy.

At last the drawing was finished. Carrol signed it "Isola,' care of A. Lyle, Esq.," [as his friend had suggested.] Marjory thought it beautiful and had no doubt of its being successful. But Carrol was not so sanguine. However, he sent it off at once and Marjory already began to calculate how long a time must elapse before its fate would be decided.

It was weary waiting though; and to Jim—aye, and to Marjory too—the once-dreaded pawnshop became sadly and painfully familiar. Meanwhile their baby was slowly but surely fading away from them.

One afternoon Carrol returned somewhat earlier than usual from the city, whither he had been in answer to some luring will-o'-the-wisp advertisement. It was a dull, wet day; and as he turned up the narrow street which led to his home, his heart sank with a curious undefined dread. They had been up with the baby all night; but she had seemed better and brighter when Jim left in the morning.

Marjory met him, as she always did, at the door. At a glance his fears were quickened.

"What is it?" he said, hastily. "The child—is she worse?"

"Jim," she answered, looking up at him, with dry, grief-stricken eyes; "Jim—baby is dead!"

He followed her silently to the room where the tiny creature, with waxen features so like his own, lay cold, and still, and smiling.

"When?" he asked in a choked voice.

"Just three hours ago," she replied, monotonously.

Carrol stood looking down on all that was left to him of his baby daughter, and smoothed the short, fluffy hair with a strange wistful look in his dark sunken eyes.

"Poor little thing!" he said, sadly and brokenly. "God knows what she is spared!"

There was a silence, for Marjory could not speak. The rain dripped on the window sill outside, the wind shook the casement and moaned in the chimney. Then, with a quick, dry sob Carrol took his wife in his arms and they mingled their tears together.

A few more days passed and the baby was buried. Even that was a struggle to the poverty-stricken father and mother. It was wonderful how they missed the tiny thing—theirs for so short a time—her funny, winning baby ways, and even her fretful, peevish cries. To Marjory, during the long hours when her husband was absent, the house seemed horribly, unnaturally still and desolate.

The weather was wet and chilly, and Jim caught a cold which ended in a sharp attack of bronchitis and left him more spiritless and haggard-looking than ever. So the autumn dragged on.

At last—one dreadful day when even Marjory broke down, and when Jim looked so weak and ill as he set off on his weary and fruitless quest for work that it almost broke his wife's heart to see him—at last, privately, and with many pangs of humbled pride, Mrs. Carrol wrote to her uncle. She did not tell her husband, for she knew that if she did nothing would induce him to let the letter go. The answer came soon enough; and it so chanced that Carrol met the postman at the door and took the letter from him. He gave it to his wife and waited while she read it; then, seeing her face blanch, took it from her trembling hands and with compressed lips glanced at the few words it contained. It was short and to the point.

"DEAR MARJORY: If you like to leave your husband I will take you back to your old home. On no other terms, and in no other way will I help you. You took your own way and now you may take the consequences.

"JOSEPH LINTON."

It said much for Jim's utter heart-sickness that he did not even show any displeasure at Marjory's having written. He only said gently:

"You should not have asked him, dear."

But passionate little Marjory tore up the letter and threw it into the fire-place.

It haunted Jim, though. If it were not for him, he thought, wretchedly, his Marjory would be cared for again as she ought to be. He knew her too well to think she would leave him. No word had come of his drawing; he had almost given up hope; a deadly, horrible depression seemed to have taken possession of him. Every way seemed closed to him—save one.

"Dear," he said one night with an effort—they had been sitting silent for a long time in the dismantled little sitting room—"would you not like—to go back—to Manchester?"

"What, without you, Jim?" she cried, with incredulous amazement in her tired little voice.

"Yes," very steadily.

"Ah, Jim," in tones of keen reproach, "do you want me to go?"

"My darling, you need not ask me that," and Jim's voice shook slightly. "But—it would be better—for you."

"Ah, my dear," she said, with an attempt at her old sauciness, "you need not hint; you can't get rid of me. Don't think of it."

Then she suddenly laid her curly head on his knee and began to cry.

"O, Jim" she said, "don't send me away! How can you speak so! You break my heart! Ah, darling, you could not do without me, could you?"

"God forgive me, no," he answered, hoarsely. "You are all I have!" As he spoke he drew her into his arms and held her against his breast. She clung to him, sobbing passionately, for a long time.

"Marjory," he said, suddenly, have you had any thing to eat to-day? For you ate nothing this morning."

"Yes, dear, of course I have," she answered sitting up and drying her tears.

"What had you?"—noting with a pang how wan and weak she looked, and what heavy shadows lay under her sweet brown eyes.

"O, all I wanted."

"I know what that means," he said, in low, agitated tones. "Child, you are starving yourself to death! I am killing you—you, my little Marjory, who are dearer to me than my own soul! You are dying before my eyes—as our baby did—and I can do nothing—nothing! O, my God—this is torture!" And laying his head down on his arms on the table, he, too, sobbed—a man's heavy, heart-rending sobs, tearless and bitter.

In an instant Majory's arms were around his neck, her lips resting on his dark bent head.

"Hush, dear boy, hush," she said, in her quaint little motherly way. "You are talking nonsense, dear. I haven't the slightest thought of dying, you foolish Jim. Don't, my dear, don't!" she went on, imploringly. But Carrol's self-control seemed to have deserted him utterly; and for a time his agitation was terrible.

Then there was a long silence, broken at last by Marjory's voice, in anxious tones:

"You have eaten nothing to-day, Jim, I am quite sure; and you are quite faint and worn out."

"My darling, I could not eat," he answered wearily, raising his head and leaning back in his chair. (There were only two chairs in the room now, and very little else.)

Marjory's soft brown eyes filled again with tears; but she resolutely winked them away, and said, trying to smile: "We will make up for lost time and have some supper. Then things will look brighter. I have an idea, you know, that our luck is going to take a turn."

Jim smiled faintly; his ideas pointed in a diametrically opposite direction.

"And therefore," Marjory went on, with a gayety the more touching to Jim, because he knew it was assumed for his sake, "we will go out and buy something for supper, my dear Jim. A great fellow like you can not possibly live on bread and tea—and not much of that—as you have been doing. Now I wonder," looking round the room meditatively, "if there is nothing more we can put away?" (They always called it "putting away.")

Carrol did not speak. He could not, just then. Marjory stole softly up stairs to her bedroom, and slowly opened a small box which stood there. It contained nothing of much value, seemingly. Only a few baby clothes and a tarnished silver rattle, of which latter the tiny bells tinkled merrily as Marjory lifted it. Her tears fell thick and fast as she rubbed the pretty toy with an old glove until it shone quite brightly in the dim candlelight. Then she went down stairs. Jim was sitting where she had left him, but he turned as she came in and shivered slightly; for the night was chilly, and a fire was a luxury not to be thought of. She held the rattle out to him silently.

"O, Marjory, not that—I can't!" he said, hoarsely, hiding his face in his hands.

"Yes, dear," said the sweet, unsteady, little voice. "We—we——" She stopped uncertainly, and, to her husband's terror and dismay, fainted suddenly and quietly away in his arms.

The next day Carrol himself wrote to old Joseph Linton. His letter was returned—unopened.

* * * * * *

"Post these letters for me, King—will you?" said Archie Lyle, one October forenoon. "I'm off in a tearing hurry to catch a train. Don't forget them, there's a good fellow."

"All right," said the young man addressed; and he put the letters carelessly into the breast pocket of his overcoat.

"Hang it all," King said to himself the next day, "I've forgotten to post Lyle's letters. However, I don't suppose it matters much. He'll be none the wiser." He dropped them into the first pillar box he came to, and lighting a cigar, sauntered on his way.

On the morning of this same day Carrol and his wife were standing, pale and silent, at the window of their sitting-room. They were watching for the postman. They had watched for him unspokenly, feverishly, despairingly, for many days. Soon they heard the sharp rat-tat on the doors in the distance. He came nearer. He knocked at the door of the house nearest theirs. Then—he passed on!

O, Jim!" said the little wife despairingly.

Carrol was white to his very lips.

"Never mind, childie," he said, putting his arm round her, and trying to speak steadily.

"O, my dear, I can't help it," she sobbed.

"There was a long pause; then Marjory said, almost cheerily: "Perhaps if you went to Mr. Lyle, he could tell you. Jim——"

"I did go, Marjory, yesterday, he interrupted her quietly, "but he has gone from home for a fortnight. If my drawing had been successful he would have written before he left. Try not to grieve, darling; it can't be helped," Jim went on, with a sickly smile. "We must try something else. I may hear of something to-day."

"Perhaps there will be a letter to-night," said Marjory with renewed hope, as she bid her husband good-bye at the door.

Jim came home about six, looking terribly weary and depressed. He had been unsuccessful—once more.

"No letters yet, dear," said his wife, hastening to answer the unspoken question in his eyes. As she spoke they heard the postman's knock in the distance; it came nearer—and died away.

"Perhaps there will be one in the morning," Marjory went on; but her voice faltered.

In the morning! Another long, awful, sleepless night of hoping against hope, of maddening, steadily-growing despair! Jim shuddered. He was worn out, physically and mentally; and he felt as though he could not stand the sickening suspense longer. As he looked at his wife, her wan, changed little face, with its pale ghost of a smile, seemed to pierce his heart.

A strange, terrible, determined look settled round his mouth, but Marjory was leaning her curly head against his arm, and did not see his face.

The room was quite dark now, but they were still standing at the window. For a time Carrol was very still. Then he said:

"I am very tired, Marjory, darling. I will lie down for a while. Don't disturb me. I—I didn't sleep last night," (nor for many nights, he might have added.)

"But won't you have a cup of tea first, Jim?"

"No, I don't care for any."

"A long sleep will do you good, dear," she said, anxiously and caressingly. "You look dreadful."

"Yes," he answered, in a strangely quiet voice, "a long sleep will do me good." Then suddenly: "Kiss me, Marjory!"

"Ah, my own dear disappointed boy!" she cried, throwing her arms round him.

He held her to him tightly, and kissed her again and again.

"My darling!" he said, hoarsely. "My own darling!"

Then he let her go, and went away. She heard him go up stairs and his footsteps echo in the room above.

Marjory sat at the window for a long, long time; and watched the stars grow brighter and clearer in the soft dark sky. Somewhere in the distance a street organ was wailing out an old hackneyed waltz tune. It stirred her heart strangely. She remembered dancing that waltz with Jim, so very, very long ago—it seemed long ago, like every thing else that was bright and hopeful. Even Marjory's brave little heart was heavy to-night. What would become of them, she wondered? God only knew.

The clock in a neighboring church tower boomed out on the night air, and as the last stroke died away there was a sharp knock at the door. It was the postman. Marjory took the one letter he held out to her, and closing the door again she went back to the sitting room. With trembling fingers she lighted the candle and examined the envelope eagerly. Yes, it was Mr. Lyle's handwriting! Marjory recognized it without difficulty, for it was a peculiar hand. With a beating heart she stole softly up stairs—she did not take the candle, for fear of waking Jim, should he be asleep—and peeped into the bedroom. All was still. In the pale starlight she could just make out the dim outline of his figure on the bed.

"Jim!" she whispered.

No answer. He was evidently asleep.

Ah! it seemed a pity to wake him, she thought; and perhaps, after all, the letter held bad news. She softly laid a shawl over him in the semi-darkness, and crept down stairs again.

After looking at the fateful envelope for some time she slowly opened it. She could not wait, and she knew Jim would not mind. In another moment she uttered a little glad involuntary cry, and her lips parted in a joyful, half-incredulous smile. Could it be possible! Yes—Jim's design had been selected as the best; the premium would be his! And this was not the only good news the letter contained; for Lyle went on to say that he had heard of a vacant appointment, which he thought he could—through his father's influence—secure for Carrol.

Majory hid her face in her hands; for a moment the revulsion of feeling was almost too much. Then, in a passion of tears and thankfulness, she fell upon her knees. But she could only say: "Thank God! Thank God!"

An hour passed. The moon was drifting among the stars and streaming in through the uncurtained window on Marjory's face wet with happy tears. The candle had burned itself out.

Ah, what a joyous waking Jim's would be! Should she lay the letter on his pillow to surprise him when he awoke? Or should she rouse him? Perhaps he was already awake.

She lit a fresh bit of candle, and, still holding the precious letter, went up stairs. She laid the candle down just outside the bedroom door and entered very gently.

How deadly still the room was!

"Jim!" she said, softly.

But Jim did not answer. How soundly he slept!

Marjory came nearer and bent over him in the throbbing darkness. The moon had hidden herself behind one solitary cloud.

"Jim!"—a little louder.

Still that strange weird hush. A vague fear stirred her heart. She did not even hear him breathe. What if he had fainted!

The moon sailed out again, illuminating part of the room, but leaving the bed in deep shadow.

"Jim, darling," leaning over him and laying her arm across his neck, "a letter has come! It is——" With a sudden sickening terror she stopped and raised herself, for she felt—that her sleeve was wet!

Snatching up the candle she held it over the bed, and by its flickering light she saw—ah, dear Heaven—what did she see!

Not her Jim, surely!

A white, dead face—a dark, red stain on the coverlet—a ghastly wound—and cold nerveless fingers, still holding—what!

Ah, cruel Jim!

A long, shuddering cry rang out on the autumn night—wild—agonized—despairing. Again and again it echoed. Then all was still.

* * * * * *

In the asylum at S. there is a fair, slender woman, with solemn child-like eyes and sunny hair.

"Hush!" she says to the doctors every day, with lowered voice, and uplifted finger. "Hush! Jim is asleep. I must not wake him. He is so tired, poor Jim! He does not know that the letter has come. You will take me to him will you not? Not now—but when he awakes!"—*Curtis Yorke, in Temple Bar.*

GOOD STABLE FLOOR.

Concrete the Best, and in the Long Run, the Cheapest Material.

To make a good stable floor there should be an excavation of a foot deep, or if this does not reach a solid foundation dig still deeper and fill the bottom with broken stones or coarse gravel, and pound it down solid, until within ten inches of the level at which the floor is to be finished. In making this fill you should use a level and establish your grade exactly. When the foundation is in and leveled up you are ready for the first coat of concrete which may be made of the common (Louisville here) cement. It may be made of course gravel with the sand screened out, or of broken stones. I believe the latter is the best but it should be broken small, leaving no pieces larger than two inches square. This is mixed with cement at the rate of a barrel of cement to a perch. Mix it thoroughly so that each separate stone or pebble is coated with the cement and do not make it so wet as to run or be sloppy. Spread this so as to come within two inches of the top and ram it down until perfectly solid. After it is set a little, which will be in a day or so, you are ready for the last coat. This must be made of sharp sand and the best Portland cement, mixed in the proportion of one part of cement to three of sand. Mix the material dry and it is well to screen it, so as to insure that it be thoroughly mixed. Mix up with water into a rather stiff but well-tempered mortar, a small quantity at a time, one man mixing while the other spreads. Lay it down in strips about three feet wide, or as wide as you can easily reach. Make a mark on the wall two inches up or as high as you wish the floor to come and then lay a strip of board of the same thickness to work upon and use a straight edge as you work so as to fill everywhere to the same level. Before you move the board to begin a second strip the one laid should be made perfectly smooth. Then move the board and lay another strip and proceed in this way until you are done.

I can not give the exact cost of this floor as my experience is limited in the matter, but I will estimate that it will take two barrels of Louisville and about one-and-a-half of Portland cement, and this ought to be bought for about $1.40 per barrel for the former, and $3.30 for the latter. This would make the cost of the cement for a square of 100 feet $8.02. I estimate that a man ought to put down about a square a day. The sand, stone, and gravel will cost more in some places than others. I have on my own farm an abundance of limestone, and excellent gravel near. I would advise any one who wishes to try putting down some of this floor; to floor a small stable or a single stall first, and then test it before flooring an entire stable. The barn I mentioned as having had this kind of a floor in use for several years is 72 by 104 feet, and every part of it is floored with concrete. Even the manure ditches for the cattle are made of it, and there is stabling for 125 cattle, besides stalls for 12 horses. Do not be persuaded to use any but the best Portland cement for the finishing coat, as I have known a failure when this has been done. This is used also for walks and pavements, and quite an amount of it has been laid in my village in the last few years. It would make a splendid feeding floor for hogs. No part of a barn fails as soon as a stable floor and to keep it in good repair if made of planks requires renewal every few years. While the cost of the concrete will be more at first than twice that of planks, in the long run it will be much cheaper. Of course the reader will understand that the stable must not be used until it has become perfectly solid.—*Waldo F. Brown, in Ohio Farmer.*

—"Sewing machines repaired," reads a sign on a house in Tennessee which is nine miles from any other cabin and thirty-seven from the nearest machine. The owner wants things to look like business around him.

—Growing a boy on the farm is a mighty good foundation preparation of him for any honorable business.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Over a thousand women and girls in Pittsburgh work in the iron mills, principally making barbed wire.

—A noted chemist has invented a solidified gas which can be immediately volatilized for the special use of balloonists.

—A patent has been granted in England for a new process of purifying alcohol by means of hydrocarbons. It is claimed by this new method that a pure spirit can be readily obtained by removing from the crude alcohol its fusel oils and other noxious ingredients.

—China crape, as its name would indicate, was originally manufactured in China, where the process was kept a secret and for a long time baffled all attempts at imitation. M. Dugas was at last successful in discovering it and introducing the manufacture into France.

—Wood-creosote oil is recommended by Captain W. H. Bixby, in the Forestry Department's "Report on the Relation of Railroads to Forests and Forestry," as possessing valuable antiseptic properties. It is an efficient poison to animal and vegetable life; it thoroughly repels moisture, and its tar acids possess the power of coagulating albuminous and other fermentable matter.

—A new process has been invented in Chicago by which cold can be as readily conveyed to buildings and as easily controlled as water and gas. With anhydrous ammonia sixty degrees below zero can be maintained. Eleven years ago a chemist named Lucas discovered the peculiar cold-producing properties of ammonia. Beef can be solidly frozen after having been placed in refrigerator cars for transportation.

—Lead in the form of filings, under a pressure of 2,000 atmospheres, or thirteen tons to the square inch, becomes compressed into a solid block, in which it is impossible to detect the slightest vestige of the original grains. Under a pressure of 5,000 atmospheres it liquifies. Tin, when compressed in powder, becomes solid under a pressure of ten tons on the square inch; zinc at thirty-eight tons, antimony at thirty-eight tons, aluminum at thirty-eight tons, bismuth at thirty-eight tons, and copper at thirty-three tons.

—Quicksand is composed chiefly of small particles of mica mixed largely with water. The mica is so smooth that the fragments slip upon each other with the greatest facility, so that any heavy body which displaces them will sink and continue to sink, until a solid bottom is reached. When particles of sand are jagged and angular, any weight pressing on them will crowd them together until they are compacted into a solid mass. A sand composed of mica or soapstone when sufficiently mixed with water seems incapable of such consolidations.

—It is claimed that cotton of a low grade is a perfect substitution for jute in bagging cotton bales. The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* says: "The bagging is as elastic as jute, as strong, as well adapted to covering cotton; it will stand hooks, compresses and handling of every kind; it will protect the cotton better from dirt and from water, and affords it ample ventilation. In the matter of price it can compete with jute, and as it can be used again, it will actually prove cheaper to the planter than the Indian product."

An Intelligent Monkey.

An instance of the instinct and fidelity of a young monkey from Batignolles, a suburb of Paris: A little boy, the son of an inhabitant of that part of the city, was playing in one of the rooms of his father's flat with the monkey, which is a most intelligent and domesticated member of its species. The boy, in a fit of juvenile caprice, tied the cord of a window-blind around his neck and pretended to hang himself, to the immense amusement of his simian playmate, which grinned and chattered on a chair. Suddenly the boy became livid and began to cry, for the cord had got into a real noose around his neck. In a very short space of time the monkey took in the situation and tried to undo the noose with its paws, but had to give up the attempt. It then hopped to another room, where the boy's grandmother was sitting, and began to pull at her gown, to chatter, grimace, and look wistfully toward the door. At first, thinking the animal wanted to bite her, the old lady was frightened, but seeing that it was endeavoring, with might and main, to drag her toward the door she arose from her seat and went, piloted by the monkey, to the room where the grandson was moaning. The boy was instantly extricated from his perilous position, though it was some time before he recovered from his pain and fright.—*London Telegraph.*

First Principles of Trade.

Jake—Mrs. Growler wants two more yards of that cloth she bought here yesterday, but she says we charged her ten cents more than Wool & Co.

Dealer—How much did they charge her?

Jake—Sixty cents, and we've been getting seventy for it.

Dealer—Well, why don't she buy it at Wool's then?

Jake—They haven't any; nobody in town has it except us.

Dealer—How much did you say it was a yard?

Jake—Seventy cents.

Dealer—And she wants two yards more?

Jake—Yes.

Dealer—Nobody else has it?

Jake—Nobody.

Dealer—Well, let her have it for ninety cents, then.—*Detroit Free Press.*

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

WHAT I FOUND IN THE MUFF.

A Christmas-Tree Story.

Well, little ones all! and what shall it be—
My gift to brighten your Christmas-tree?
A story made on purpose for you!
And every word of it "true as true!"
Suppose you let me tell it in rhyme—
This tale of a long-ago Christmas time.

Its name must be "A Mouse in a Muff."
Does not that name sound funny enough?
A nice fur muff as white as milk,
Gay with tassels, and lined with silk.
"I might go farther," said Mister Mouse,
"And yet fare worse for a winter house."

The muff was hung on a Christmas-tree;
Said Mousie: "What fine society!
When I get settled for good and all,
These elegant dolls will be sure to call.
My luck," said he, "is really good
To get into such a neighborhood!"

And now I must tell you his sad mishap.
While he was taking a "forty winks" nap,
Old "Santa Claus" came in his queer disguise—
I knew who he was by the laugh in his eyes;
But I thought it was most too good to be true
When he said: "Little girl, this muff is for you."

Oh! who so happy as I for a minute!
Of course the next thing, was to put my hand in it.
I wonder had mousie or I the worst fright,
For his sharp little teeth gave my hand such a bite!
And the scream that I gave was the sign for a play
Not down on the bill for the day.

The muff went a-flying aloft and around
Till poor frightened mousie fell out on the ground.
But I never knew, never, from that to this day,
Where the little mouse ran when he scampered away.
Now whatever you wish, if on Christmas you win it,
Look out that a mouse is not housekeeping in it.

—*Youth's Companion.*

A LITTLE JOKE.

Uncle Jack and Minty Have Some Fun with Johnny—What the Little Girl Didn't Know.

Uncle Jack, hanging up his overcoat in the hall, heard a queer little noise in the parlor. It sounded like Minty, crying. It wasn't really the noise that was queer, for, to tell the truth, Minty cried a good deal, about one thing and another; but that she should be crying Christmas afternoon, of all times! Dear me! Uncle Jack could scarcely believe his ears.

He opened the door and looked in. Sure enough, there was Minty curled up in a corner of the sofa, with mamma's new crazy quilt over her head. Uncle Jack frowned a little; he never did like to see a little girl cry.

"My eyes and ears!" said he. "What're you about, Minty?"

"Crying," sobbed Minty, lifting one edge of the quilt to peep out slyly, "'cause mamma won't let me eat any more candy; and I've got a lot, and I haven't eat but just the leastest tiny bit of a mite, Uncle Jack, truly."

"I'll warrant you haven't," laughed Uncle Jack, walking across the room to the bay-window. The sofa was close by the bay-window. "Come here, Minty," said he. "It's pretty hard, isn't it, dear?"

"What?" demanded Minty, sitting bolt upright.

"To have so much candy in the house, when you can't eat it."

"Ye-es," said Minty, getting ready to dive under the quilt again. "But I can eat it, if just only mama'll let me."

"I know," said Uncle Jack, looking out of the window. "See here, Minty. Who's this?"

Minty looked too.

"Why, it's stopped snowing!" cried she. "And that—why, that's Mrs. Kelly's little boy, named Johnny, Uncle Jack. Didn't you know? He always shovels out our front steps and path, and papa pays him."

"Of course," said Uncle Jack. "Now, Minty, do you suppose that little chap out there has had five cents' worth of candy all winter?"

"I don't think's likely he has," answered Minty, wondering what would come next. She thought she could guess pretty well, and she looked sober. Uncle Jack laughed.

"What say we have some fun, Minty?"

"How?" asked Minty, brightening up.

"We'll put a lot of that candy you can't eat—"

"But I *can*," interrupted Minty, "if mamma'll let me."

"Ho! ho!" Uncle Jack laughed in earnest this time. "Well, then, we'll put some of that candy mamma won't let you eat in a paper bag, and tie a long string to it, and I'll go up on the balcony and let it down on Johnny's head; and you shall stand and watch. How'll that be for fun?"

"Pretty well," answered Minty. She didn't quite like the idea yet; but Uncle Jack went right ahead, as if he didn't notice, and by the time he had the paper bag and the long string ready, Minty began to think there was fun in it, after all, and scampered to fetch the candy—a whole boxful of it.

"We'll put in a lot," said she. And so they did; more than a pound, I should say. Minty was in a dreadful flurry, for fear Johnny would get his shoveling done and get away. It seemed a long time after she heard Uncle Jack open the balcony door, before she saw the plump paper-bag being lowered slowly, slowly down.

"Oh, what fun! Minty wanted to scream. Johnny didn't look up, but kept working and whistling away, with his funny knit cap on the back of his head, until the bag hit him square and fair on his back. You may be sure he looked up then, and all around besides. He couldn't see any body, though, because Uncle Jack had dodged out of sight and Minty was behind the curtains.

And there hung the bag, swinging to and fro. Johnny forgot to whistle, and his eyes grew large and larger, as he looked at it. Minty had to stuff her apron in her mouth to keep from laughing.

But Johnny, though he looked, didn't offer to touch. Do you suppose he thought this was some new kind of an April Fool? People in the street began to stare and smile; and pretty soon Johnny fell to work again. He was almost through, anyway.

And there the bag hung and swung. Dear me! why didn't he take it? Minty began to be afraid the fun would be all on one side.

In a minute Uncle Jack thumped Johnny on the back again. This time Johnny didn't look up. His cheeks were cherry-red and his eyes flashed. He thought some body was making sport of him; and so he finished his work in a hurry, and shouldered his shovel, like a soldier, to march away.

"Oh dear!" cried Minty, "he won't get it, after all! Oh dear!" and she scampered to the door. "Little boy, it's yours!" she called. "It's candy, and its's yours! And I wish you Merry Christmas!"

Johnny came back, smiling bashfully.

"Same to you, miss," said he, touching his cap politely. Then he took the bag and looked in it. "O cracky!" he cried, "won't little Sam go into that!" And then by way of thanks he stood on his head and struck his heels together until he was red in the face, and so was Minty with laughing at his capers; then he darted off home, and Minty ran upstairs to tell mamma all about it.

"Well, well," said mamma, laughing as she could laugh, "why didn't you go to the door and give it to him, in the first place, Minty?"

"I—don't—know," said Minty.

Do you?—*Ruth Hollinsworth.*

What Insects Are Good For.

How would you like to have insects for food? In Africa people eat ants well stewed in butter. In Sweden they put them with rye, to give a flavor like brandy. Pressed ants' eggs make a mixture very much like chocolate paste with milk. They taste like caramels, that you buy so often at the candy store. Think of that!

The large white ants, or termites, are roasted, too, in iron pots, by the African children. They are eaten by handfuls just like sugar-plums, and they are said to taste like sweet almond paste.

As for the locusts that we should run away from, they think it is just so much bread and butter. They smoke and boil, or salt and stew them. Sometimes they grind them into a sort of meal, and get fat in eating the bread made out of it.

In New California there is a spider nearly an inch long, that is roasted over the fire as a very choice bit. The eggs of a sort of boat-fly the Mexicans shake in a kind of cloth, set them to dry, and grind them like flour. They sell in sacks, to make a peculiar kind of cake. These eggs, unground, are used, too, for the feeding of chickens.

How would you like such food? I am afraid not very well! But the children of these far-away countries learn to like these insects as much as you would a piece of roast beef.—*Mrs. G. Hall, in Our Little Ones.*

Indian Relics in Maine.

Every little while farmers and others in the up-river towns of Maine unearth interesting relics of the ancient Tarratine or Penobscot tribe of Indians, who, in their day, were very numerous and warlike. The latest discovery of this sort was made a few days ago in the town of Lowell. Three men who were digging sand on an old road came to a peculiar reddish spot, in which they found three sharp stone chisels and a stone gouge. All four of the implements lay pointing one way, having, evidently, been purposely placed in that manner. The spot was undoubtedly the burial place of one of the warriors of the tribe, whose primitive weapons were interred with his body, as was the red man's custom. There is a point of land opposite Mattawamkeag, on the Penobscot, where countless stone axes and spearheads have been found, and it is said by those well versed in Indian history that on this spot the Tarrantines of old fought a great battle with their natural enemies, the Mohawks, utterly routing the latter and thus ending a long series of wars for the mastery of the hunting grounds of the Penobscot.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—It is believed that the city of Paris affords the most successful and remarkable system of clocks worked automatically by compressed air, several thousand being carried on according to this principle from a single central station, the compressed air being conveyed under the streets by means of small pipes.

—Asparagus dishes are doubly valued on Russian tables for their rarity. Not infrequently, as we are informed, have the uneaten ends from the cuisine of higher classes been sold by cooks to greengrocers who trimmed and colored them in imitation of buds, tying a few new stalks with them to sell as fresh bundles.

—There are about 6,000 different descriptions of postage stamps in existence. The museum of the Berlin post-office alone contains between 4,000 and 5,000 specimens, of which half are from Europe, and the remainder divided between Asia, Africa, America and Australia.

—A colored man of Orange, N. J., drew $15,000 in a lottery, and his first step was to abandon his old wife and give a white woman $3,000 to marry him. He said it was no use to have money unless he could get into society.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—An acre of land devoted to small fruits will sometimes give a larger return than five acres devoted to grain.

—White oak firkins are recommended as best in which to make cucumber pickles, and next to that stoneware.

—All fall-planted trees, vines, etc., must be banked with earth or a shading of straw manure on the approach of winter to prevent heaving.

—When a man comes half a mile to borrow a hoe or a fork, you may depend on his coming some day to borrow money, but never coming to pay it back.

—Oyster Omelet: Beat six eggs to a light froth. Add half a cup of cream, salt and pepper. Pour into a frying-pan, with a tablespoonful of butter and drop in a dozen large oysters. Fry a light brown. Double over and send to the table immediately.

—Saratoga Brown Bread: Two cups Indian meal, three cups flour, or graham meal, one cup molasses, one and one-half pints sour milk, one and one-half teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful salt. Steam three hours and then brown in the oven.—*Albany Journal.*

—Tongue Toast: Make some slices of toast, not very thick, browned evenly all over on both sides, and minus crust; butter it slightly; grate with a large grater a liberal supply of cold tongue, and spread it thickly over the toast; lay the slices side by side on a large dish. Serve at breakfast, luncheon or supper.

—Bees will come out of their hives on warm days. In so doing they clean the hives and carry out the dead bees. Every day some of the bees die, and advantage is taken of all favorable opportunities by the survivors to put the hive in the best condition for winter. The hives should not be placed in winter quarters until the weather becomes cold.

—Raisin Cocoanut Cake: One cup of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one egg, half a cup of milk, one and a half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder. For between layers, one cup of raisins seeded and chopped fine, one cup of sugar, half a cup of water boiled to a syrup. Then add raisins, half a cup of cocoanut, and the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth.

—Parsley may be had all winter, and at the same time make a handsome ornament for the kitchen. Make a box to fit the window sill, and about six inches wide. Take up good roots from the garden and cut back the old leaves, but do not injure the central bud or point; shorten the roots to a convenient length, and plant quite closely in the box.

—Three years' experience in storing corn in a light crib or granary proves this: If the corn, when husked, be fairly dry, it will do to put it in a tight building, provided the weather be dry during the fall and the winter be a steady, cold one, followed by a drouth the next season. But if the following season be wet, the corn will not keep well. No more tight corn cribs for us. —*Prairie Farmer.*

SERVICEABLE FENCES.

Some Things Learned by a Farmer of Thirty Years' Experience.

A farmer who has had trouble with "jumping fences," as he terms it, says he stopped it by nailing a horseshoe on each front foot of the cow or steer. But he should have been more explicit. Jumping fences are a great nuisance on a farm, and it seems to me that a well-set post and rail fence won't jump very high. When the earthquake happened about two years ago all of my fences running east and west jumped so as to throw the corners all awry and leave most of the top rails on the tops of the stakes, and many were thrown off. But this was not an ordinary kind of jumping fence. Those who are troubled with the common kind might try the horseshoe plan.

What is the best fence? I have long sought to find this out and have tried the old-fashioned worm fence, staked or double-staked and ridered; the post-and-board fence and the post-and-rail fence, with morticed posts and rails flattened and pointed at the end. I have some miles of fence on my farm and have constant trouble with the fences, all but about half a mile of solid post-and-rail fence made of chestnut posts and five rails to each panel. The rails are ten feet long. This fence stands firmly; the heaviest winds do not move it; no cattle or horses try to jump it, it being five feet high; and from former experience, dating back thirty years, I know such a fence will last as long as this, if properly made. It is cheap. The posts are split saplings about ten years old and eight inches on the split face. The holes are bored with a boring machine and two-inch auger, two holes being made five inches apart from outer edges and the wood between them is cut out with a post axe having a blade two inches wide. Two men will hole one hundred posts a day and will set up the one hundred panels of fence in three days, costing thus seven cents a panel for setting the fence. And when it is set, it is set for years without need for repair or almost daily watching and putting up as with the common rail fence.

The best thing to do with jumping and breachy animals is to have good fences, so that when they are young the animals will not learn to jump or throw down the fences. Bad fences make breachy and unruly stock.—*N. Y. Times.*

—The value of coins to collectors does not depend on their age. Roman tribute pennies, dated before Christ, are not worth more than $1, while a genuine American silver dollar of 1804 would sell close to $1,000.

We suspect that few, who hang their Ayer's Almanac on its accustomed nail from year to year, are aware that from thirteen to fourteen million copies of this popular calendar are printed every year. To accomplish this stupendous work, the publishers use a machine which prints and folds, ready for the binder, a hundred thousand almanacs daily, turning off at the rate of a hundred and eighty books a minute, and consuming about twenty-five miles of paper each day! These astounding facts and figures are given in the preface to a neat volume containing specimen copies of the Almanacs and other publications of this company in twenty-one languages. This book, will, no doubt, be appreciated by many as a rare literary curiosity while it must increase the demand for Dr. Ayer's famous Sarsaparilla and other standard remedies. Your druggist can now supply you with Ayer's Almanac for 1889 in its usual attractive form.—*Current Opinion.*

The girl who seeks to marry for the sake of a bank account is quite likely to be check-mated.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Signs One Can't Mistake.

Among these are yellowness of the skin and eyeballs, a furred tongue, nausea, pains in the right side, sick headache and constipation. They unmistakably indicate liver disorder, for which Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a superlatively fine remedy. Use it promptly and at given intervals. Malarial complaints, dyspepsia, rheumatism, debility and trouble with the kidneys, are also remedied by it.

The revivalist says that men have no faith. Wonder did he ever see a man bite into a store pie?—*Philadelphia Call.*

Interested People.

Advertising a patent medicine in the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam, for Coughs and Colds, does it is indeed wonderful. He authorizes all druggists to give to those who call for it a sample bottle *Free*, that they may try it before purchasing. The large bottles are 50c and $1.00. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

A drunken man is said to walk with reel difficulty.

A Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat should not be neglected. Brown's Bronchial Troches are a simple remedy, and give prompt relief. 25 cts. a box.

Doubleheaded freaks are barred out of single skull races.—*Texas Siftings.*

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar cures Coughs and bronchitis and consumption. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

A withered buttercup is butter little faded flower.

A social proverb—man proposes, but woman mustn't.—*Judge.*

The word that the man tried "to get in edgeways" was probably one of those Russian words. Of course he was unsuccessful.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

"Don't give up the ship," mortgage it first.—*Life.*

The bored of education—children who hate school.—*West Haven Budget.*

A carbuncle on a scarf-pin is worth two on the back of the neck.—*Jeweler's Weekly.*

There is a very perceptible difference between perfume and per cent.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

The fellow that beats the weighing machine is like the Arabs—he "silently steals a weigh."—*Boston Bulletin.*

A young man may have an honest ring in his voice while talking to his best girl, but it doesn't go unless it has an engagement ring in it.

Awaiting its turn—a buckwheat cake.

The most acceptable letter for an old maid—a vowel of love.—*Siftings.*

The rain becomes too familiar with a lady when it begins to pat her on the back.

Isn't it a singular thing that when a man is taken in he is put out?—*Boston Courier.*

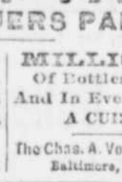
Cucumbers may be green, but they generally get the best of a fellow in the long run.—*Richmond Recorder.*

Whatever may be said of jewelry and winter clothing, it is not considered at all improper to soak your bathing suit.

A false start—an elopement.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Politics, like fleas, are always going to the dogs; but they come back again to bite.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Hen trails in the garden indicate foul play, of course, and in a certain sense may be accepted as vital proofs.—*Yonkers Gazette.*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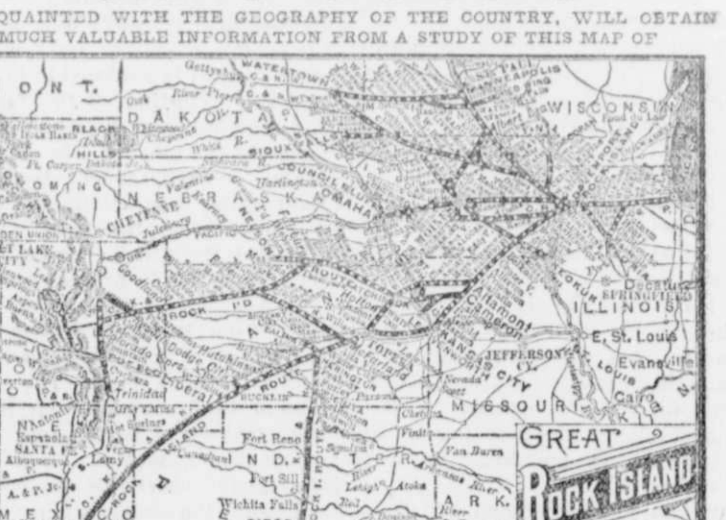
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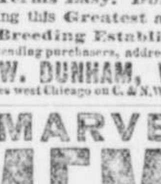
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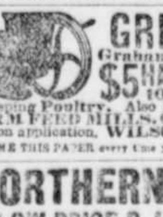
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A. N. K.—C. 1217.

[Continued from 1st page.]

wardness. And is this the picture of your mother?"

"Yes; taken a short time after her marriage," answered Hal.

"Strange, strange!" muttered the other. "Can it be mere coincidence? No, it is impossible! Loving sir, I know not who you are, but the picture you have shown me is that of my wife!"

"Your wife?" gasped Hal.

"Yes; she is dead. She and an only child were killed in a railway accident."

Hal turned ghastly pale. It flashed through his mind that his mother and he once had a narrow escape from death in a railway accident soon after his father's demise. A startling suspicion was dawning on his mind. In an unnatural voice he spoke:

"Have you undoubted proof that they were really killed in that accident?"

The stranger took from his pocket a time-stained newspaper, and pointed silently to a paragraph describing a fatal railway collision; and there, in the list of dead, Hal saw "Mrs. Julia Moore, widow, and her baby boy, Halsted Moore."

The paper dropped from the young man's lifeless hands.

"My God! man, what is your name?" he cried.

The stranger's face was white with suppressed excitement as he answered:

"Archibald Moore."

"Father," cried Hal, "I am Halstead Moore, your son!"

The next moment father and son were locked in their first embrace.

But little more remains to be told. A week later the husband and wife whom fate had so cruelly torn asunwere once again united and happy.

Some months after in a quaint little Scotch church a double wedding ceremony was performed. Laura MacLeod changed her name for that of Chester Lawrence, and Helen Thorndale became the happy wife of Halstead Moore.

New York Wonders.

[Correspondence of the Baltimore Sun.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 13—Brooklyn, like the progeny of an illustrious ancestor who is overshadowed by a great name, fails to take her proper rank in the public esteem as the third city of the republic. In the popular eye she is generally a sort of big lodging-house for the overflow population of New York, and no thought is given to the great manufacturing centres and commercial interests that are included within the boundaries of her 800,000 inhabitants. Like many other slow towns the street pavements are very bad and old-fashioned. A move is to be made, however, for a change, and it is of magnitude sufficient to interest the specialists of that line all over the country. Mayor Chapin has just started the idea in a message to the local officials that recommends the expenditure of some three millions of dollars in paving the streets. This may be a chance for some enterprising Baltimorean. Some better notion of Brooklyn's size than is popularly known may be taken from the fact that During the year ending December 1 the number of passengers over the big bridge was about half the population of the whole United States—33,116,816. Of these 30,331,283 rode over on the railway, and 2,785,533, with better care of their health, took the vigorous and pleasant exercise of a walk over the footway. The receipts of this highway during the year were $917,961,-36, and the expenditure $831,497.22. The increase in passengers for the year was 2,512,090. If the carrying capacity can be kept up in the same ratio the bridge will soon be paying its own way. With each of these reports the special wonder always grows of how did New York get along for so many years without its facilities? Not the least pleasing part of the annual statement is the fact that this great volume of travel was handled without accident, and that day and night the bridge is safe, comfortable and convenient to all.

A good deal of interest is being taken by engineers, railroad men and capitalists in the plan of Gustav Lindenthal for a bridge over North river from New Jersey to New York, to be larger than the Brooklyn bridge over East river, and constructed with six or ten tracks to continue on all the railway passenger travel which how halts at Jersey City. It is said that nearly 900 trains arrive and depart every day from the terminal stations in New Jersey. It is proposed to bring all this travel over to Manhattan Island, the approach to the bridge to begin on the Jersey side from the meadows between the Hackensack river and Bergen Hill, while the passenger station in New York would be in a central location. It is estimated that a bridge capable of carrying six tracks would cost $15,-000,000, and an additional million will provide for four more tracks. A bridge of this capacity, it is thought, would provide amply for all future time, so that it would never be necessary to construct another of the sort. The estimates for the work, including terminal station, right of way, &c., foot up the enormous sum of forty millions of dollars. It is proposed to raise the sum by interesting all the railroads and the State and national governments in the scheme. The Brooklyn bridge cost $5,000,000; the North river bridge would cost three times as much. The Brooklyn bridge is 3,700 feet, including anchorages, and the North river bridge would be 6,500 feet. The length of each land span of the Brooklyn bridge is 930 feet; those of the North river bridge would be 1,500 feet. The middle span of the Brooklyn bridge is 1,600 feet; that of the North river bridge would be 2,850 feet; and so on throughout nearly all the compartsons, showing enlargement, simplification of details and improvements on the great work which spans the East river so gracefully.

Many civil engineers and bridge builders, however, declare that the Lindenthal North river bridge sheme is impracticable on account of its great cost. It is understood that a definite plan to build a double-span bridge, with a pier in the centre of the river, is being considered favorably by capitalists. Mr. Theodore Couper considers the single-span scheme of Lindenthal visionary Other engineers think a central pier in the river is practicable.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Race for Office.

Every incoming admistration witnesses a perfect scramble for the offices; and, formerly there was every reason why very many applicants were successful. But all these conditions have changed. Under the Civil Service law a large proportion of the offices is filled by the Civil Service commission, and the appointees are under the protection of this law. They are removable for cause only, and not at the request or solicitation of persons supposed to have "influence" with the administration.

The Baltimore *American* last Sunday contained the following information as to the "classified service."

Department of War—All positions paying an annual compensation of $900 to $2,500 inclusive. The exceptions in the War Department are the Secretary, chief clerk, one disbursing clerk, and three chiefs of divisions, besides messengers, watchmen and laborers.

Department of the Treasury—All positions paying annually between $900 and $1,800 inclusive, are in the classified service. The people in the Treasury Department not in the classified service are the Secretary of the Treasury, two assistant Secretaries, a chief clerk to the Secretary, two clerks detailed as clerks to assistant secretaries, two disbursing clerks, a government actuary, besides the heads of the various divisions and bureaus and the various custodians of money for whose fidelity a brother officer is under bond.

Postoffice Department—The classified service in this branch comprises all positions paying $620 to $2,000 inclusive, the exceptions being one postmaster general, his chief clerk, three assistant postmaster generals; their chief and confidential clerks, and the chiefs of the various divisions.

Department of the Interior—All clerks receiving compensation of $720 to $1,000 per annum, inclusive, are in the classified service. The exceptions are the Secretary of the Interior, his private clerks, two assistaut secretaries and their private clerks and the chiefs of divisions.

The United States Civil Service Commisson embraces all persons connected with the office, except presidential appointees confirmed by the Senate.

Custom Service—The classification in this branch applies to large ports, and includes all persons not merely laborers receiving a compensation above $900, presidential appointees being excepted. Under this service the main exceptions are a collector, two deputy collectors, a cashier and an auditor.

Postal Service—This classification embraces all positions having an annual compensation from $1,800 and over per annum. The classification, however, only applies to those officers, clerks and other persons are as many as fifty.

No man, were he to unite the strength of Hercules to the genius of Newton, can either create or annihilate a grain of matter.

Pay Small Debts.

One way to make the holiday son pleasant to all is to pay s debts and pay them promptly. Ma cannot pay large debts, but there a few who cannot pay small ones. Besides this money is generally due to those who need it and who cannot afford to get along without it. And for the reason that the debts are small they are generally overlooked and the poor creditor made to suffer. If we had the power to wipe out the worst evil in the financial world the credit system would go off the slate so fast as would make your heads swim. If there is a season in the year when these small debts should be paid and made to feel happy, it is at the Christmastide. The man who refuses to pay then, when he can pay, is one who will receive his own contempt and that is merited punishment. Be good to the poor—not necessarily by charity—but by the better plan of paying what you owe them. If you don't and are able to pay, please don't think of this when you sit down to your holiday feast, because it will turn the bounteous spread into wormwood;—Come to think of it, that's about fair though.

Gems for Thought.

Calumny is like a coal; if it does not burn it will soil.

One ungrateful man does an injury to all who stand in need of aid.

He is the best diviner of dreams who is taught by his understanding.

To give the equivalent of what we receive, to receive equivalent of what we give—such is the machinery of exchange.

What social economy combats like a pest is the pauperism of the able-bodied men who are maintained by blind charity.

To be free-minded and cheerful disposed at hours of meal, sleep, and exercise, is one of the best precepts of long lasting.

If You Have a Trifling Cough
Don't neglect it. Use Roger's Specific Cough Cure. It is a sure and speedy cure for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, &c. 25 cts. a bottle.

For Sprains, Burns, Bruises, &c.
Use Roger's Specific Liniment. It has no equal as a cure for Sprains, Burns Bruises, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Dysentary, Rheumatism, &c. 25 cts.

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Speedily cured by a few doses of Appetite, the Great Stomach, Kidney and Liver Remedy. Price 50 cts.

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Roger's Specific Cocaine Pile Remedy will cure in a short time the most aggravated case of Itching, protruding, Bleeding, or any other form of Piles. Price 50 cts. a box.

Roger's Sp cific Worm Syrup
Is Pleasant, Safe and efficient. Price 25 cts.

For Chapped Hands, Face, &c.,
Use Frangipane Curative Balm, a delightful toilet article for the Hands, Face, Roughness of Skin, Face and Sunburn, Tetter, Pimples, Blotches and Skin Diseases. Price 15 cts.

All the above preparations are for sale at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, Oakland, and by druggists and country merchants in all parts of Garrett and adjoining counties.

NEW ADVRETISEMENTS.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

I have frequently warned persons from putting crossties on my land, along the railroad, and hereby notify all persons who have neglected this warning to immediately remove any cross-ties that may now be on my land, and in the future to respect this notice and save themselves trouble. I do not intend to be trifled with.

JOHN BRADLEY.

Cincinatti, O, Nov. 26, 1888.

1852. --$1.00-- 1889.

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The year 1889 marks a decided change in the National policy. In the State a new administration takes hold. A United States Senator is to be elected.

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NEW ADVERTISEMNETS.

My Poor Back!

That "poor back" is held responsible for more than its share of the sufferings of mankind. If your dog bites a man who kicks it, do you blame the dog? On the same principle the kidneys utter their protest against nervousness, impure blood, and resulting constipation. These force them to do extraordinary work in ridding the system of the poisons which are the result of effete matter retained in the blood. Then the sufferer says the back aches; the kidneys are diseased. "Not yet;" but they will be unless the nerves are strengthened, the blood purified, and the constipation removed. These are the causes of kidney troubles, and Paine's Celery Compound removes them quickly. With its tonic, purifying, and laxative effect, it also strengthens the weak kidneys, making it almost infallible in curing all diseases of the nerves and kidneys. If your hopes of cure have not been realized, try Paine's Celery Compound; it gives perfect health to all who complain of "their poor backs." *Price $1.00.*

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in the leading ranks of all other Organs manufactured. The Estey Organ is well enough known to be appreciated when seen. The Chicago Cottage Organ is gaining a reputation that ere long will place it at the head of the list. It is elegant in finish, exquisite in design. In tone superlatively fine. Standard in construction. Highly ornamented and heavy volume. It is an Organ whose action speaks lowder than words, and after one sees and trys this lovely instrument, it always pleases and gives entire satisfaction to the purchaser. We also sell the celebrated

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This machine has *no* superior. The cabinet work is of the finest and most artistic made. Its construction is the best and guaranteed not to get out of order. Its attachments are the simplest as well as the most perfect made, and a child can operate it with ease. The attachments are self-setting, requiring no screw driver, not even a thumb screw. No home is complete without this, the grandest, best and most perfect machine made.

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For sale cheap, a farm of 305 acres, about 90 acres of which is cleared, and on which are erected a

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For particulars and terms, apply to or address

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VALUABLE
STOCK FARM FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

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Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

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I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTF.

Sheriff's Sale
—OF VALUABLE—
REAL ESTATE!

Under and by virtue of three writs of fieri facias, the first in favor of George W. Legge, the 2nd in favor of James R. Bishop, and the third in favor of Alfred Spares, issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, and to the undersigned Sheriff directed, against the goods and chattels, rights and credits, lands and tenements of Jarvis McClure Mason, I did seize and levy upon, by an actual entry upon the premises, on the 11th day of October, 1888, all that

Lot of Ground, Near the Town of Oakland,

Garrett county, which belonged to the said Mason at the date of the above judgments, containing five acres and 26 perches of land, it being a portion of Military Lot No. 861, and lying East of the County Road leading from Oakland to Aurora; and it being the same property which is more particularly described in a deed from the said J. McClure Mason and wife to Thomas Coddington, dated 27th day of September, 1883, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 7, folio, 557, &c., one of the land records of Garrett county, especial reference to which deed is made for a more particular description of said lot.

Also all that other lot of ground belonging to the said Jarvis McClure Mason situated on the West side of the aforesaid County Road, containing about one and one half acre of land, enclosed by a fence, and bounded by the aforesaid County Road on the East, by a 16-feet alley, between it and John Helbig's lot on the North, by a 60-feet street on the West leading from Totten's Addition to Oakland, and the South side lots by the Dashield's lot; both of said lots being cleared and in good state of cultivation.

And I hereby give notice, that on

Saturday, the 5th Day of January, 1889,

in front of what is known as the Coddington Hotel, in the town of Oakland, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M., of said day, I will proceed to sell the afore described two lots of ground, separately, at Public Auction, to the highest bidder for cash, on the day of sale, to satisfy the aforesaid Fieri Faciases and costs.

EDWARD E. SOLLARS,
12 15 4t Sheriff Garrett county.

D. E. BOLDEN & CO.,
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Also make Furniture to order.

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Feb. 25, '88.

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 3d, 1888.

All persons are hereby warned not to remove any stone from the National Road in Garrett county, or from the Bridges thereon.

By order County Commissioners.

W. H. HAGANS,
9 8 tf Clerk.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect November 18th, 1888:

GOING EAST.

No.	7.41 A. M
No. 38—Accommodation	10.34 A. M
No. 6—	3.04 P. M
No. 82—Accommodation	5.25 P. M
No. 4	11.43 P. M

GOING WEST

No. 3	5.54 A. M
No 81—Accommodation	9.40 A. M
No. 5	3.21 P. M
No. 65—Accommodation	6.00 P. M
No.	9.15 P. M

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.

C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, DEC. 29, 1888. NUMBER 44.

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These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

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A farm containing 161 acres, 3½ miles from Oakland, on the West Union Road is offered for sale at a bargain. This is known as the Christian Yutzy farm, has good buildings, is well watered, 100 acres under cultivation and a good ghrist and saw mill on adjoining land.

TERMS.—One-third cash, the balance in two equal annual payments.

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Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y

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7 7 tf Principal.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Unfailing Specific for Liver Disease.

SYMPTOMS: Bitter or bad taste in mouth; tongue coated white or covered with a brown fur; pain in the back, sides, or joints—often mistaken for rheumatism; sour stomach; loss of appetite; sometimes nausea and waterbrash, or indigestion; flatulency and acid eructations; bowels alternately costive and lax; headache; loss of memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; debility; low spirits; a thick, yellow appearance of the skin and eyes; a dry cough; fever; restlessness; the urine is scanty and high colored, and, if allowed to stand, deposits a sediment.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

(PURELY VEGETABLE)

Is generally used in the South to arouse the Torpid Liver to a healthy action.

It acts with extraordinary efficacy on the

LIVER, KIDNEYS, AND BOWELS.

AN EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC FOR

Malaria, Bowel Complaints, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Kidney Affections, Jaundice, Mental Depression, Colic.

Endorsed by the use of 7 Millions of Bottles, as

THE BEST FAMILY MEDICINE

for Children, for Adults, and for the Aged.

ONLY GENUINE

has our Z Stamp in red on front of Wrapper.

J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia.

SOLE PROPRIETORS. Price

Beauty

Is desired and admired by all. Among the things which may best be done to enhance personal beauty is the daily use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. No matter what the color of the hair, this preparation gives it a lustre and pliancy that adds greatly to its charm. Should the hair be thin, harsh, dry, or turning gray, Ayer's Hair Vigor will restore the color, bring out a new growth, and render the old soft and shiny. For keeping the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, there is no better preparation in the market.

"I am free to confess that a trial of Ayer's Hair Vigor has convinced me that it is a genuine article. Its use has not only caused the hair of my wife and daughter to be

Abundant and Glossy,

but it has given my rather stunted mustache a respectable length and appearance."—R. Britton, Oakland, Ohio.

"My hair was coming out (without any assistance from my wife, either). I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor, using only one bottle, and I now have as fine a head of hair as any one could wish for." —R. T. Schmitton, Dickson, Tenn.

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"My hair was becoming harsh and dry, but after using half a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor it grew black and glossy. I cannot express the joy and gratitude I feel."—Mabel C. Hardy, Delavan, Ill. *

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE

THE SONG THE ANGELS SING.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heav'n's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing;
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low;
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing.

THE CHRISTMAS STORY.

O, sing the Christmas story,
Oh, sound it out again;
"To God on high be glory,
And peace, good will to men!"

Then tell the mighty message:
Christ set the captive free,
He left his home in glory
To purchase liberty.

O, sing the Christmas story
To all by sin distressed,
Go tell the precious promise:
"In Me ye shall find rest."

'Tis not in works or feeling,
But faith in Christ alone,
He gives his pard'ning mercy,
And seals you for His own.

The Girls of Long Ago.

The Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity of Hamilton College recently formally opened their new Chapter House. At the banquet, Prof. A. P. Leisey, '75, of Clinton, presided. Among the guests was 'A. Miner Siftings,' who responded to the toast, 'The Girl We Left Behind Us,' in the following strain:

"Mr. President and Brother Dekes: The toast you have assigned to me is one that touches a very tender chord in my heart. I have always felt sorry for the girls we left behind us. It seemed cruel at the time, but how could we help it? Circumstances were such that we couldn't possibly take them along—we had to leave them behind us, I think I promised three or four to come back for them in the spring or early autumn, but I was too busy for several years to attend to it, and after that —well, I was afraid my wife might not like it. I met one of the girls we left behind us in the street to-day. That is, I thought I did. The same soft, brown eyes, the same sweet smile.

'Is it possible,' I said, 'that I behold Miss Sally Jones?'

'That was mother's name,' she smiled, 'before she was married. I am married now, and I have named my baby after ma.'

Great Heavens! The girl I left behind me was a grandmother!

I told the young lady who I was, and she said she had often heard her mother speak of me as one she used to know a great many years ago. Then I asked about the girls I used to know, and what had become of them. I found that some, alas, were dead. Others, who were married, wished they were dead. Some, who were widows, had lovers seeking for their hands. Others, not yet widows, were seeking for divorces.

Oh, those seminary girls of long ago—how we did regret leaving them behind us—except one poor fellow who eloped with one of them. He has regretted all his life he didn't leave her behind him with the rest of them. Fate beckoned us on. And in some cases, the faculty ordered us to go. Were we to blame, then, for temporarily forgetting the debts, I mean the girls we left behind us! Why, some of us had to leave our trunks!

A rare collection of girls they were, gentlemen, as I recall them now. Tall, willowy girls; short plump girls; black eyed girls that made us blue, and blue-eyed girls that we were ready to take a black eye for any time; fair complexioned girls Brown girls, Smith girls, girls with auburn hair, and girls not being able to match their own hair in Auburn, were compelled to buy it in Utica or Syracuse. In fact, there was about every kind of girl there is now, except the tailor-made girl, who seems to be altogether a modern creation. Still, the latter has points in her favor.—While the girl I so tenderly recall possessed virtue, beauty, intelligence and many engaging ways, I must admit that she somehow lacked the get-up, in fact, she hadn't the bustle of the girl of to-day.

"No, brothers of the olden times, we must confess that in comparison with the tailor-made girl of to-day, the girl we left behind us had very little left behind her.

"Still we remember her with tenderness and respect, and let us all join in a bumper to the girls of long ago."

Josh Billings on "Dyspepshy."

I have been a practical dispeptik for 27 years and four months, and it would have been munny in my pocket if I had been born without enny stummuck.

I have prayed upward of a thousand times to be on the inside like an ostrich or a traveling colporter. I have seen traveling colporters who could eat as much as a goose.

I have seen a goose eat till it couldn't stand up any more, and then set down and eat sum, and then roll over and eat sum more.

I have tried living on filtered water and going barefotted for the dispepshy, and that didn't hit the spot. I have soaked myself at a water-cure establishment until I waz so limber that I couldn't get myself back agin inside ov my Baldwin apparel.

I bought a saddle horse once who wuz got up expressly to kure dyspeshy in 90 days or kill the horse.

He wuz warranted to pull harder than a trip hammer, pull wusser on the bits and tumble safer down hill than enny other foot stool.

I rode the hoss until I wuz ov a jelley and then sold him, bridle and all, for sixty eight dollars, and got sued by the purchaser and had to pay him ninety dollars and sum sents dammage, because the horse had "Nimshys," a disease I knu nothing about.

The hoss and fixings cost me $450 in gold.

I kontraked for eleven kords of hikory woud, kross grained, and as full of wrinkles as an old cow's horn, and sawed away three months on it, and the pile seemed to grow bigger every day.

I finally guv away the saw and what wood there was left to save my life, and set down discouraged, a square victim to the dispepshy.

I hev lived at the sea side and gamboled at the saline flood until I wuz as a No. 1 salt makrel.

I have dwelt at Saratoga and taken the water like a mill race, and still had the dyspepshy.

I hev walked two miles before breakfast and then ett a sack of dry toast and half the yelk of a pullet's eg, and felt all the time as week ez a kittin that haz jist come out of a fit.

I have laid down more than two thousand times and rolled over once a minnit all night long and got up in the morning like a corps, and there didn't nothin' seem to ail me enny where in particular.

I have read whole liberys on the stummuck and liver, and when I got thru I knu a great deal less what waz the matter of me than when I began.

I have drank whiskee with roots in it enuff to carry off any bridge or saw-mill in the country.

I hev worked on a farm for my vittles and board and dieted on fried pork and ri bred until I wuz as thin ez the sermon of a 7 day Baptist preacher.

I hev dun these things and 10 thousand other things jist as rediklus, and I have got the old dyspepshy yet, just as netural az the pimples on a four-year-old goose.

If you git a good holt of the dyspepshy once you can never loose it entirely; it will come around once in while like a ghost, and if it don't scare yu so much az it did once, and make yu think yu are going to die to-morrow, it will make yu feel jist as sorry.

There are a great many people who are numbered among the Christians of the communities in which they reside, who often feel slighted because this or that brother or sister fails to give them the greeting they expected. If the thoughts were on Jesus only, and not on themselves and the treatment they recive, these *slights* would never be noticed. If they are intentional, and those to whom they are offered are *entirely His*; then the slight is offered to Jesus, and we can say "praise the Lord." If unintentional, as most of them are, our notice of them becomes a yielding to the temptation of Satan, and shows presence of *self* to a considerale degree.

Whom are you trusting? Yourself or those sympathizing kind friends of yours? or is it the Lord? If the latter, then you'll pull through, and the pull won't be a hard one, either.

SWEET CHIMES OF LOVE.

Sweet chimes of love, peal on, peal on!
What is the tone you speak?
But praises to the King of kings,
Whose face we now would seek,
We joy to hear your chimes of peace,
Sweet bells of early morn,
We greet your voice with rapture now,
That tells a Saviour born,

He reigns exalted, mighty Lord!
We glory in His reign,
We know that soon he will appear,
That Christ will come again.
O blessed truth! stupendous love!
Ring out your chimes afar,
He came to save a world from sin,
Fortold by Bethle'm's Star.

A Very Sharp Dog.

Senator Kenna and Senator Blackburn are great sportsmen as every one knows. Each is the owner of a setter, the relative merits of which they are frequently engaged in discussing in the cloak rooms of the Senate, much to the annoyance of their more staid colleagues. The other day Kenna said to Blackburn, lighting a fresh cigar:

"Joe, you may talk as you like about your dog but mine won't go out with me at all when the cartridges do not fit my gun."

"Well, Kenna, I admit that your dog exhibits an intelligence almost akin to reason, but I don't mind backing mine against him. I was in the fields one day with that dog, and a man I wasn't acquainted with came along near us. My dog pointed at him. I called to the dog but nothing would induce him to move. So I went up to the stranger.

"Sir," I said would you oblige me with your name?"

"Certainly," replied the stranger, "my name is Partridge."

Without another word Kenna took Blackburn's arm and both disappeared followed by the shouts of their friends.

GO EASY.—We warn those meddlesome citizens who are charging us with political treachery to go easy. It is true that the Kicker has been Democratic at times and that we have occasionally had a good word for the Republican ticket and that we have at intervals seemed to be redhot for prohibition, but we were sort of feeling around to see what kind of a paper our subscribers preferred. We didn't propose to break ourselves in two in the first six months by getting left. We had a Democratic and a Republican rooster ready for the election returns, and we didn't care a cent which way the old Kangaroo jumped. We shall now be a little more Republican than Democratic, as we want the county printing, but whenever we say anything distasteful to the Democracy, we will, as soon as the matter is called to our attention, turn about and give Harrison a "wipe" in the next issue. We shall be independent in nothing and neutral in lots of things, hoping that the Democrats will get there next time, and advising the Republicans to hang on if it takes a rib. We are heavy on the political principles of our forefathers, but we have run our circulation up to 198 copies, and we don't propose to hit any of our subscribers between the eyes to tickle any partisans.—*Exchange.*

Here are some interesting facts about the people who compose the population of the world:

There are 3,064 languages in the world, and its inhabitants profess more than 1,000 religions.

The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of life is about 33 years. One-quarter die previous to the age of 17.

To every 1,000 persons only one reaches 100 years of life, says the *Golden Argosy.* To every 100 only six reach the ages of 65, and not more than one in 500 lives to 80 years of age.

There are on the earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants; of these 33,033,033 die every year; 91,824 every day; 3,730 every hour and 60 every minute or one every second.

The married are longer lived than the single, and above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life in their favor previous to 50 years of age than men have, but fewer afterwards.

The number of marriages is in the proportion of 75 to every 1,000 individuals. Marriages are more frequent after equinoxes—that is during the months of June and December.

Those born in spring are generally of a more robust constitution than others. Births are more frequent by night than by day, also deaths.

The number of men capable of bearing arms is calculated at one-fourth of the population.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, DEC. 29, 1888. NUMBER 44.

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Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n48

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CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.
Office and residence on Mill street, opposite the Helbig bridge
Calls day or night promptly attended to. 3 5 y.

Successful Treatment of Disease
A SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY!
MICROBES the Cause of all Diseases.
MICROBE KILLER kills the Microbes.
Successful Treatment.
CURES: Catarrh, Bronchitis, Consumption, Malaria, Rheumatism.
Wonderful Tonic and Blood Purifier.

The efficacy of the Microbe Killer in cases of consumption has been so effectually demonstrated that we are justified in claiming for it curative powers beyond those of any medicine known. We do not claim for it miraculous power in curing cases so far gone that cure is impossible, but we do claim that it will cure any case where the lungs are not more than half gone. Persons with poor appetite, weak and debilitated, will find it the best tonic. Every one should use it, particularly those who have suffered for years with incurable chronic diseases. Microbes or germs, are causes of disease. The medicine that will kill the germs and at the same time cure the patient is the one to use.
Sold only in one gallon stone jugs. Price $3.00, sufficient to last about one month. Cheap; within the reach of all. Physician of 17 years experience in charge of the office. Send for circular and information.
Wm. Radam's Microbe Killer, 819 Arch St., Philada., Pa.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,
Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.
These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.
For further information apply to.
JAS. A. HAYDEN,
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COUGH KILLER
CURES
Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and Asthma.
PREVENTS CONSUMPTION
Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.
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A RARE CHANCE TO INVEST!
A farm containing 161 acres, 3½ miles from Oakland, on the West Union Road is offered for sale at a bargain. This is known as the Christian Yutzy farm, has good buildings, is well watered, 100 acres under cultivation and a good ghrist and saw mill on adjoining land.
TERMS.—One-third cash, the balance in two equal annual payments.
For price and particulars apply to or address
JAS. A. HAYDEN,
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Send model, drawing, or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.
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Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.
ANDREW J. HARNE.
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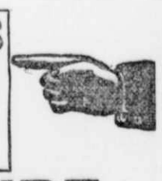
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To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heav'n's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing;
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low;
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing.

THE CHRISTMAS STORY.

Sing sing the Christmas story,
Oh, sound it out again;
"To God on high be glory,
And peace, good will to men!"

Then tell the mighty message:
Christ set the captive free,
He left his home in glory
To purchase liberty.

O, sing the Christmas story
To all by sin distressed,
Go tell the precious promise:
"In Me ye shall find rest."

'Tis not in works or feeling,
But faith in Christ alone,
He gives his pard'ning mercy,
And seals you for His own.

The Girls of Long Ago.

The Dita Kappa Epsilon Fraternity of Hamilton College recently formally opened their new Chapter House. At the banquet, Prof. A. P. Leisey, '5, of Clinton, presided. Among the guests was 'A. Miner Siftings,' who responded to the toast, 'The Girl Ve Left Behind Us,' in the following strain:

"Mr. President and Brother Dekes: The toast you have assigned to me is one that touches a very tender chord in my heart. I have always felt sorry for the girls we left behind us. It seemed cruel at the time, but how could we help it? Circumstances were such that we couldn't possibly take them along—we had to leave them behind us, I think I promised three or four to come back for them in the spring or early autumn, but I was too busy for several years to attend to it, and after that well, I was afraid my wife might not like it. I met one of the girls we left behind us in the street to-day. That is, I thought I did. The same soft, brown eyes, the same sweet smile.

'Is it possible,' I said, 'that I behold Miss Sally Jones?'

'That was mother's name,' she smiled, 'before she was married I am married now, and I have named my baby after ma.'

Great Heavens! The girl I left behind me was a grandmother!

I told the young lady who I was, and she said she had often heard her mother speak of me as one she used to know a great many years ago. Then I asked about the girls I used to know, and what had become of them. I found that some, alas, were dead. Others, who were married, wished they were dead. Some, who were widows, had lovers seeking for their hands. Others, not yet widows, were seeking for divorces.

Oh, those seminary girls of long ago—how we did regret leaving them behind us—except one poor fellow who eloped with one of them. He has regretted all his life he didn't leave her behind him with the rest of them, Fate beckoded us on. And in some cases, the faculty ordered us to go. Were we to blame, then, for temporarily forgetting the debts, I mean the girls we left behind us! Why, some of us had to leave our trunks!

A rare collection of girls they were, gentlemen, as I recall them now. Tall, willowy girls; short plump girls; black eyed girls that made us blue, and blue-eyed girls that we were ready to take a black eye for any time; fair complexioned girls Brown girls, Smith girls, girls with auburn hair, and girls not being able to match their own hair in Auburn, were compelled to buy it in Utica or Syracuse. In fact, there was about every kind of girl there is now, except the tailor-made girl, who seems to be altogether a modern creation. Still, the latter has points in her favor.—While the girl I so tenderly recall possessed virtue, beauty, intelligence and many engaging ways, I must admit that she somehow lacked the get-up, in fact, she hadn't the bustle of the girl of to-day.

"No, brothers of the olden times, we must confess that in comparison with the tailor-made girl of to-day, the girl we left behind us had very little left behind her.

"Still we remember her with tenderness and respect, and let us all join in a bumper to the girls of long ago."

Josh Billings on "Dyspepshy."

I have been a practical dispeptik for 27 years and four months, and it would have been munny in my pocket if I had been born without enny stummuck.

I have prayed upward of a thousand times to be on the inside like an ostrich or a traveling colporter. I have seen traveling colporters who could eat as much as a goose.

I have seen a goose eat till it couldn't stand up any more, and then set down and eat sum, and then roll over and eat sum more.

I have tried living on filtered water and going barefotted for the dispepshy, and that didn't hit the spot. I have soaked myself at a water-cure establishment until I waz so limber that I couldn't get myself back agin inside ov my Baldwin apparel.

I bought a saddle horse once who wuz got up expressly to kure dyspepshy in 90 days or kill the horse.

He wuz warranted to pull harder than a trip hammer, pull wusser on the bits and tumble safer down hill than enny other foot stool.

I rode the hoss until I wuz ov a jelley and then sold him, bridle and all, for sixty eight dollars, and got sued by the purchaser and had to pay him ninety dollars and sum sents dammage, because the horse had "Nimshys," a disease I knu nothing about,

The hoss and fixings cost me $450 in gold.

I kontraked for eleven kords of hikory woud, kross grained, and as full of wrinkles as an old cow's horn, and sawed away three months on it, and the pile seemed to grow bigger every day.

I finally guv away the saw and what wood there was left to save my life, and set down discouraged, a square victim to the dispepshy.

I hev lived at the sea side and gamboled at the saline flood until I wuz as a No, 1 salt makrel.

I have dwelt at Saratoga and taken the water like a mill race, and still had the dyspepshy.

I hev walked two miles before breakfast and then ett a sack of dry toast and half the yelk of a pullet's eg, and felt all the time as week ez a kittin that haz jist come out of a fit.

I have laid down more than two thousand times and rolled over once a minnit all night long and got up in the morning like a corps, and there didn't nothin' seem to ail me enny where in particular.

I have read whole liberys on the stummuck and liver, and when I got thru I khu a great deal less what waz the matter of me than when I began.

I have drank whiskee with roots in it enuff to carry off any bridge or saw-mill in the country.

I hev worked on a farm for my vittles and board and dieted on fried perk and ri bred until I wuz as thin ez the sermon of a 7 day Baptist preacher.

I hev dun these things and 10 thousand other things jist as rediklus, and I have got the old dyspepshy yet, just as netural az the pimples on a four-year-old goose.

If you git a good holt of the dyspepshy once you can never loose it entirely; it will come around once in while like a ghost, and if it don't scare yu so much az it did once, and make yu think yu are going to die to-morrow, it will make yu feel jist as sorry.

There are a great many people who are numbered among the Christians of the communities in which they reside, who often feel slighted because this or that brother or sister fails to give them the greeting they expected. If the thoughts were on Jesus only, and not on themselves and the treatment they recive, these *slights* would never be noticed. If they are intentional, and those to whom they are offered are *entirely His;* then the slight is offered to Jesus, and we can say "praise the Lord." If unintentional, as most of them are, our notice of them becomes a yielding to the temptation of Satan, and shows presence of *self* to a considerale degree.

Whom are you trusting? Yourself or those sympathizing kind friends of yours? or is it the Lord? If the latter, then you'll pull through, and the pull won't be a hard one, either.

SWEET CHIMES OF LOVE.

Sweet chimes of love, peal on, peal on!
What is the tone you speak?
But praises to the King of kings,
Whose face we now would seek,
We joy to hear your chimes of peace,
Sweet bells of early morn,
We greet your voice with rapture now,
That tells a Saviour born,

He reigns exalted, mighty Lord!
We glory in His reign,
We know that soon he will appear,
That Christ will come again.
O blessed truth! stupendous love!
Ring out your chimes afar,
He came to save a world from sin,
Fortold by Bethle'm's Star.

A Very Sharp Dog.

Senator Kenna and Senator Blackburn are great sportsmen as every one knows. Each is the owner of a setter, the relative merits of which they are frequently engaged in discussing in the cloak rooms of the Senate, much to the annoyance of their more staid colleagues. The other day Kenna said to Blackburn, lighting a fresh cigar:

"Joe, you may talk as you like about your dog but mine won't go out with me at all when the cartridges do not fit my gun."

"Well, Kenna, I admit that your dog exhibits an intelligence almost akin to reason, but I don't mind backing mine against him. I was in the nelds one day with that dog, and a man I wasn't acquainted with came along near us. My dog pointed at him. I called to the dog but nothing would induce him to move. So I went up to the stranger.

"Sir," I said would you oblige me with your name?"

"Certainly," replied the stranger, "my name is Partridge."

Without another word Kenna took Blackburn's arm and both disappeared followed by the shouts of their friends.

GO EASY.—We warn those meddlesome citizens who are charging us with political treachery to go easy. It is true that the Kicker has been Democratic at times and that we have occasionally had a good word for the Republican ticket and that we have at intervals seemed to be red-hot for prohibition, but we were sort of feeling around to see what kind of a paper our subscribers preferred. We didn't propose to break ourselves in two in the first six months by getting left. We had a Democratic and a Republican rooster ready for the election returns, and we didn't care a cent which way the old Kangaroo jumped. We shall now be a little more Republican than Democratic, as we want the county printing, but whenever we say anything distasteful to the Democracy, we will, as soon as the matter is called to our attention, turn about and give Harrison a "wipe" in the next issue. We shall be independent in nothing and neutral in lots of things, hoping that the Democrats will get there next time, and advising the Republicans to hang on if it takes a rib. We are heavy on the political principles of our forefathers, but we have run our circulation up to 198 copies, and we don't propose to hit any of our subscribers between the eyes to tickle any partisans.—*Exchange.*

Here are some interesting facts about the people who compose the population of the world:

There are 3,064 languages in the world, and its inhabitants profess more than 1,000 religions.

The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of life is about 33 years. One-quarter die previous to the age of 17.

To every 1,000 persons only one reaches 100 years of life, says the *Golden Argosy.* To every 100 only six reach the ages of 65, and not more than one in 500 lives to 80 years of age.

There are on the earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants; of these 33,033,033 die every year; 91,824 every day: 3,730 every hour and 60 every minute or one every second.

The married are longer lived than the single, and above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life in their favor previous to 50 years of age than men have, but fewer afterwards.

The number of marriages is in the proportion of 75 to every 1,000 individuals. Marriages are more frequent after equinoxes—that is during the months of June and December.

Those born in spring are generally of a more robust constitution than others. Births are more frequent by night than by day, also deaths

The number of men capable of bearing arms is calculated at one-fourth of the population.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

(A Little Rhymed Story.)

The wind was blowing over the moors,
And the sun shone bright upon heather and whin,
On the grave stones hoary and gray with age
Which stand about Haworth vicarage,
And it streamed through a window in.

There, by herself, in a lonely room—
A lonely room which once held three—
Sat a woman at work with a busy pen,
'Twas the woman all England praised just then
But what for its praise cared she?

Fame can not dazzle or flattery charm
One who goes lonely day by day
On the lonely moors, where the plovers cry,
And the sobbing wind as it hurries by
Has no comforting word to say.

So, famous and lonely and sad she sat,
And steadily wrote the morning through:
Then, at stroke of twelve, laid her task aside
And out to the kitchen swiftly hied.
Now what was she going to do?

Why, Tabby, the servant, was "past her work,"
And her eyes had failed as her strength ran low,
And the toils, once easy, had one by one
Become too hard or were left half done
By the aged hands and slow.

So, every day, without saying a word,
Her famous mistress laid down the pen,
Re-kneaded the bread, or silently stole
The potatoes away in their wooden bowl,
And pared them all over again.

She did not say, as she might have done,
"The loss to the larger must give way,
These things are little, while I am great:
And the world will not always stand and wait
For the words that I have to say."

No; the clever fingers that wrought so well,
And the eyes that could pierce to the heart's intent,
She lent to the humble task and small;
Nor counted the time as lost at all,
So Tabby were but content!

Ah, genius burns like a blazing star,
And Fame has an honeyed urn to fill;
But the good deed done for love, not fame,
Like the water-cup in the Master's name,
Is something more precious still.

—Susan Coolidge, in St. Nicholas.

AFRAID IN THE DARK.

Remarkable Story of a Young Man's Strange Power.

My name is Edward Houghton; I am twenty-eight years old, am unmarried, enjoy the best of health and spirits, hold a government inspectorship with a good salary, entailing plenty of traveling, and have only one care in the world—I am afraid of the dark. Indeed, it is something more than fear—it is a terror which has haunted me from my childhood to the present day.

Only three people in the world besides myself have my secret: my mother, Sir George Gillingham, of Gillingham Towers, with whom I lived for five years as private tutor to his sons, and who got me my appointment, and Mr. Pallatti.

When I left the Towers a twelvemonth ago, my nervous dread of the nights I should have to pass in strange bedrooms of strange inns, when traveling on inspection duty, became so acute and overwhelming that I determined to consult a leading physician about myself.

Sir Alfred Smith listened to my story attentively, asked me a multitude of questions about my health and habits, and especially whether any thing ever occurred in very early childhood to give me a shock, although I might have been too young at the time to remember it now. My catechism over, he said:

"Mr. Houghton, I must tell you frankly that I can do nothing for you. The symptoms you have described are distressing, but I can not tell you as a physician how they originate or suggest any way of alleviating them. I have a friend, however, who is a profound believer in animal magnetism, and although I am very skeptical about many of his theories, he is one of the cleverest and most agreeable men I know. It can do no harm for you to see him, and I am quite certain he will perfectly sympathize with you, if he can do nothing else. His name is Pallatti, and I have written down his address for you. Call upon him at three o'clock to-morrow, and I will write to tell him that he may expect you."

I found Mr. Pallatti the next afternoon lounging over a book in a large luxuriously-furnished room crowded with pictures, curios, and "pretty things"—a handsome young gentleman, perfectly dressed, with a pair of eyes which, if they could not see through a milestone, looked as if they could pierce a human being through and through.

After a little indifferent conversation I began to tell him my tale, but I was so nervous that I bungled wofully, and interspersed my narrative with idiotic giggles.

"Wait a bit, Mr. Houghton, there's no hurry," said Mr. Pallatti, bringing me a glass of wine from a side-table; "you are my patient, you know, and must drink this before beginning a long story."

I expect he must have put something into my draught, for in a few minutes I found myself talking as calmly and impassively as if I were speaking of some other person.

I told him how, if I left my bed in the dark and took two steps away from it, I was utterly lost; how my outstretched hands would touch a window where I expected to find a door, and all the furniture seemed to play puss in the corner as I moved about until at last I would sink on the ground utterly unnerved and trembling to wait through long hours for daylight.

I told him (and as I went on, Mr. Pallatti's face grew eagerly attentive) how, when I was a boy of sixteen, my mother had described to me the circumstances of my eldest brother's death by drowning when I was an infant; how the same night my lamp went out, and I saw through a luminous haze a room with ladies and a gentleman in it, a servant coming in at the door, followed by a boatman carrying a boy in his arms with a dead face and water dripping from his long hair; how, when I told my mother what I had seen, she said that I had described to the minutest detail—the pattern of the wall-paper, the flowers on the chimney-piece—the identical scene as it occurred on that terrible morning at Brighton.

"Any other experience like that?" asked Mr. Pallatti. "I can't tell you how deeply you have interested me, Mr. Houghton."

"Only one other," I replied, "and that occurred at Gillingham Towers, where I lived for five years as private tutor to Sir George Gillingham's sons. He had been telling me one evening a curious story of a tragedy that occurred in his family more than a century ago, and had pointed out to me the portraits hanging in the great drawing-room of the three principal actors. Some papers of the utmost importance were abstracted in the confusion at the time, and Sir George said that his inability to produce them if ever called upon to do so might be most disastrous. The danger, of course, decreased as the years rolled by, but the sword still hung over the house of Gillingham, though the hair by which it was originally suspended might have thickened to a cord.

"That night a great storm of wind and rain broke over the Towers; my window was burst open, my light extinguished, and the matches I always kept to my hand were wet and useless. For the second time in my life the luminous haze rolled out before me, and through it there appeared a very small room with one narrow window, the lower sash of which was thrown up—a lumber-room apparently, with one bare table in the center, a few broken chairs piled up in the corners, some dirty-looking prints in black frames on the walls, and a great glass case full of stuffed birds, some tumbling and some tumbled from their perches, and all in the last stage of dilapidation and decay. When all this was clearly developed the shadowy forms of a man and a woman appeared dimly, and I could see that their outlines agreed with those of two of the family portraits Sir George had pointed out to me. But, happening at that moment to turn my head, I saw a thin stream of light shining through a chink in the door. I reached it at a bound, and, catching up a lamp some one had left burning on the stairs, returned to my room to find every thing as usual. I told Sir George and we thoroughly explored the deserted wing of the Towers, but could find no room in the least resembling the one of my vision.'"

As I concluded, a page-boy brought in coffee, and when I had drunk mine the curious feeling of constraint under which I had been speaking passed off, and I said quite cheerfully: 'There, Mr. Pallatti, I have made a clean breast of it, and now, what do you prescribe?'"

"A dog," said Mr. Pallatti.

"What! to eat!" I laughed.

"No, to sleep with. There is no cure but death for the wonderful gift of second sight, and it is a gift, if too much used, full of danger to brain and nerves. But prevention is better than cure; so buy a little dog and let him lie at the foot of your bed, and you will not be troubled by visions again, even if your light does go out."

We parted with mutual promises to meet soon, but I was ordered away on duty, and it was six months before I saw him again.

I had just returned to London and was intending to look him up, when I received a letter from Sir George Gillingham, begging me to go at once to the Towers on a matter of the deepest importance. I lost not a minute in obeying the summons, and, full of anxiety and misgiving that something was very wrong, I arrived at the Towers as the dressing gong for dinner was sounding.

Sir George met me as I drove under the great portico. He looked so worn and harrassed that I could not help whispering, "Good Heavens, Sir George, what is it? Has that question to the title-deeds cropped up again, after all?"

"Yes, it has, with a vengeance," said Sir George, "but go dress now, and meet us in the dining-room. There are no ladies—only Pallatti, who says he has met you before."

I entered the dining-room with the soup, and shook hands cordially with Pallatti. He and I were in ordinary evening dress, but Sir George was arrayed as for some great state function. He wore black knee-breeches and silk stockings and great diamond buckles in his shoes, the broad ribbon of the Bath crossed his white waistcoat, and he wore half a dozen orders as well. He had brought his chef down with him, and we sat down to a dinner fit for the gods. The wine he gave us was scarcely ever brought out except when some royal prince accepted the hospitality of the Towers for a night, and was almost priceless. I knew it and Mr. Pallatti soon found it out, and our eyes twinkled. Sir George saw it and was glad. He drank to each of us in the old-fashioned way and said: "I am making a little feast to-night, my young friends, for reasons of my own. It is the old story, let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow—well, to-morrow we'll do the same, let us hope," he said, turning it off with a laugh.

Mr. Pallatti was certainly well worth a good dinner. Without seeming to monopolize the conversation, he always had something original to say upon every topic that was started, and his fun and wit were so keen and spontaneous that our solemn little dinner party became quite a rollicking affair. Amongst the subjects we discussed was the last new trick of the last new conjurer, which was puzzling all London and giving learned judges and doctors and parsons sleepless nights in the endeavor to find it out.

"Why, don't you know how that is done?" said Mr. Pallatti, and he proceeded to solve the riddle in a dozen words.

"Most extraordinary!" exclaimed Sir George. "Do you mean to say you found it out yourself?"

"Yes," returned Pallatti; "the very first time I went. There never has been and never will be a trick of any kind that I am unable to unravel. I suppose it is a kind of gift, but I have never made any use of it except sometimes to have a little fun." And he gave me a peculiar look out of his black eyes.

"Exposing all rascally fortune-telling and rapping and table turning and such knaveries, I suppose," I observed, composedly.

"Quite so," replied Pallatti, dryly.

"And now, gentlemen," said Sir George as the last bottle of claret was emptied, and we were ashamed even to look as if we should like some more, "if you please we will take our coffee in the dining-room, as there are no ladies there," and he rose from the table and walked toward the door. As we followed Pallatti whispered in my ear: "Mr. Houghton, I should like to be a modern Clarence and be drowned in a hundred dozen of that claret!"

To my surprise Sir George led the way to the great state drawing-room, and as we entered a perfect blaze of splendor was before us. The huge saloon, with its frescoed ceilings and profuse gilding, was lighted up by hundreds of wax candles in great chandeliers in sconces, brackets, and lusters; the walls were entirely covered by full-length portraits of old Gillinghams; over each portrait a powerful lamp and reflector threw so strong a light that every gallant knight and gentle dame seemed to have come to life and be gazing at the black-coated intruders into their gay assembly. Two enormous fires were burning, one at each end of the room, and before one of these Sir George stood and motioned us to be seated. He looked so grand and so stately, and the brilliance of the scene was so overpowering, that Pallatti and I listened for his words with a kind of awe.

"Gentlemen, I am not going to detain you for any length of time by telling you over again the history which you have both heard already from my lips. But on this particular night I wish to recapitulate some of the main facts.

"In the year 1745 my great-grandfather, Sir Hugo Gillingham, after being many years a widower, married a young and beautiful girl and brought her to the Towers. There are his portrait and hers," pointing to them; "go up to them and inspect them closely—learn them by heart. Who knows what may come of your doing so?" he said, almost fiercely.

"The girl was faithless to him—faithless from the very day she was wed, and her lover was her own husband's vagabond, worthless cousin, the son of a man who had squandered his birthright and willingly parted with all the great estates of Gillingham to his younger brother and his heirs forever. There is the man's portrait in that corner; study his face and figure as closely, both of you. The year 1745 brought ruin and misery on many a noble house, and Sir Hugo did his best to involve himself in the same fate. Gentlemen, it is a fact that the poor scarecrow, the pretender, once sat in that travesty of a throne, whilst well-born, virtuous ladies crowded around to kiss his false hand," and Sir George pointed to a chair, surmounted by a kind of canopy of gold and crimson.

"One night," continued Sir George, "Sir Hugo returned home earlier than he was expected, and, walking hastily upstairs, the first thing he heard was the voice of his wife in conversation with a stranger in one of the rooms. He tried the door; it was locked, and by the time he had burst it open a man was leaping out of the open window. Sir Hugo dashed after him, and, after half a dozen passes, drove his sword through the body of Conrad Gillingham. Returning through the window he found his wife senseless on the floor, and, putting a constraint upon himself to refrain from spurning her with his foot he passed on to his bed-chamber, where the first thing that met his eye was a great iron-chest with the lid open, whilst a very short examination showed that his very precious title-deeds had been abstracted. He found his way back to where Conrad lay with staring eyes in the moonlight, and searched the body for the deeds without success. Returning through the window, his wife sat up and looked at him and his blood-stained hands, but her face was the face of a maniac, and she never recovered her reason, dying many years afterward within the walls of a madhouse.

"He saw the whole devilish plot now. Conrad Gillingham, using his wife as his tool, had intended to abstract the deeds, and, with these in his possession, to attaint him of high treason and claim the estates.

"There was a state trial, which any one can read to this day, and he was acquitted, with a universal expression of pity for his misfortune, and of loathing for the subject of vengeance.

"To piece together these facts has cost me months of labor, in reading through old diaries and letters in the muniment room, for I have never felt sure whether some day or other I or some of my descendants might not be challenged to produce the title-deeds of Gillingham. The blow has fallen upon me at last. It seems that some descendants of that old collateral branch, all long since dead and gone, as I hoped and believed, have turned up. At any rate there are agents busily at work, making all manner of inquiries, searching registers and so on, and my lawyers have told me point-blank that I may be called upon to produce these deeds, and that if they are not forthcoming my tenure of Gillingham Towers may be in serious jeopardy. Unless you, my young friends, with your keen wits and ready invention, can help me, my resources are at a end."

He turned and rang the bell, and then leant his head upon his hand, his elbow on the mantlepiece. A servant entered, and looking up he said quite naturally: "Put out all these lights and close the room again, Mallam—I only wanted to show Mr. Pallatti how it looks on a state occasion—and take the cigars and things into the billiard-room. We will finish the evening there."

Of the almost incredible events which followed I confess that I am unable to offer any explanation. I can only vouch for their having actually occurred. Whether, as Mr. Pallatti honestly believes, the soul can in certain rare instances leave the body and wander up and down the spirit world like a dog in a fair, prying into the secrets of the dead, or whether these events were merely the result (to quote the doctor in "Martin Chuzzlewit") of a "most extraordinary happy and favorable conjunction of circumstances," will forever remain a mystery to me.

When I got into bed that night my brain was in a whirl, and I should have been glad to exchange nerves with a cat. The unusual quantity of wine I had drunk, the dazzling splendor of the state drawing-room, the awful midnight tragedy of a century ago, and the life-like portraits of the principal actors seemed to forbid the very idea of sleep. But when I thought myself most wide-awake I began to doze off, and was soon "as fast as a church." How long it had lasted I could not tell, when I woke with a start, and for the third time in my life found myself alone in the dark. I stretched out my hand for the matches, but they were gone, and at the same time the luminous glare appeared upon the wall. Then the room, with its one tall open window, the broken furniture, the case of stuffed birds, and the two figures of my former visions developed rapidly. I could see the last plainly enough now—a man in a long horseman's coat and brown boots with great silver spurs, a woman in a long white wrapper, with fair hair flowing over her shoulders nearly to the ground, and they stood together by the table reading from a large sheet of paper which they held between them, by the light of a single candle in a tall silver candlestick. Occasionally they turned their faces toward me with an anxious expression, as if they were listening for something, and I immediately recognized two of the portraits in the state drawing-room. Suddenly they started violently, the man rushed to the window and leaped out, the woman thrust the papers into her dress, and a second man with a drawn sword flashing in his hands dashed into the room and through the window in pursuit of the fugitive. Then the woman drew out the papers and tried to tear them, but they must have been parchment, and she failed; she put them over the flame of the candle, but one corner only began to shrivel, and they would not burn. At last she turned to one of the dirty prints which opened at her touch, thrust the document into a cavity in the wall, and, reclosing the aperture, fell headlong to the ground. I could not have borne much more, when there was a glare of light in my eyes, a hand shook me roughly by the shoulder, and a voice (Pallatti's) exclaimed: "Good heavens! Houghton, what is the matter? You must have had the nightmare, and look quite exhausted." He took a tiny vial from his pocket, and pouring the contents into a teaspoon, put it to my lips. Whatever the potion was it was so strong that it nearly took my breath away, but its effect was instantaneous, and I asked him quite calmly: "How on earth did you come here?"

"Why, I felt so nervous and wakeful after Sir George's entertainment that I couldn't sleep, and as I got worse and worse, I thought I would see if you were in the same plight. You certainly seem to have been no better off than I, and I think we had better stick together and keep ourselves awake by talking till daylight doth appear."

"Most willingly," I said, "and I will begin by telling you my vision like a modern Pharaoh, and perhaps you may be able to expound it, O Joseph. There may be nothing in it, or every thing, who knows?"

The next morning, after an almost untasted breakfast, Sir George, Pallatti and I were prosecuting a vigorous search in the haunted wing, but after an hour of hunting and poking into every hole and corner, we came reluctantly to the conclusion that there was nothing corresponding in the remotest degree with the room of my vision. The case of stuffed birds and the dingy prints were especially conspicuous by their absence.

We were walking away, silent and disappointed, Sir George and I leading the way, and had nearly reached the door which shut off the wing from the rest of the house, when a shout from Pallatti, who had been following at a little distance caused us to stop.

"Eureka! Eureka!" he almost screamed; "I ought to have seen it at a glance! Come back both of you; we shall know all about it in five minutes."

The usually calm and impassive Mr. Pallatti was in such a violent state of excitement that we almost feared for his reason, but we obeyed him and returned upon our steps.

Without hesitation he went straight into a room called the best bed-chamber, in one corner of which there still stood the great iron chest from which the fatal title-deeds had been abstracted, and taking a foot-rule from his pocket carefully measured the wall on one side of the door—nine feet.

Then he came out into the corridor, which was panneled throughout with dark oak from floor to ceiling, and measured off nine feet from the side of the door on the outside, marked the place with a deep score of his knife. Transferring his attention to the next room (known as the blue-bed chamber) he scored off seven feet. His discovery was patent enough now. Again applying his rule to the space between the two scores, it was at once seen that there were eleven feet of wall unaccounted for.

"There is a carpenter at work close by," panted Pallatti; "we saw him as we came up. Run, my dear Houghton, and bring him here with his tools."

I was off like a shot, and soon returned with the astounded carpenter, who had been adding gimlets, bradawls, nails, and screws and such small articles plentifully by the wayside out of his basket in his haste. Pallatti had already sounded the wainscot, the rusty nails gave way at the first wrench, the planks were removed, the carpenter was dismissed, and then, with an almost indescribable feeling of awe, we stood within the very room I knew so well. The stuffed birds, the crazy furniture, the dingy prints—all were there, and on the little table in the center stood a tall and tarnished silver candlestick, the candle long since devoured by the great-grandfathers of the mice who scampered into their holes as we entered.

For two or three minutes not a word was said, and then I sprang at one of the prints and tried to tear it from the wall, but Pallatti stayed my hand.

"There is not a secret spring in the world could baffle me for two minutes," he said, quietly.

With one touch of his fingers the picture flew open, and putting in his hand he pulled out a mass of crumpled parchment.

A short inspection proved to Sir George that they were the long-lost deeds, and we all saw for ourselves that one corner was shriveled and stained with grease and smoke.

* * * * * * *

The next morning I found Sir George waiting breakfast for me alone.

"Where is Pallatti, Sir George?" I asked.

"Gone," replied Sir George, bursting out laughing. "He said he was afraid of your punching his head if he stayed."

"What on earth should I do that for?" I wondered.

"Because he played you a trick—went into your room after you were asleep, blew out your light, stole your matches, and hid himself in the cupboard in the hope that you would be able to give us the benefit of one of your experiences, as you call them. But he told me to assure you on his honor that not one hint of what happened that night shall ever pass his lips."

"And I quite believe him," I said warmly. "Pallatti is a glorious fellow, and although it wasn't very pleasant for me at the time, the game, in this case, was well worth the absence of the candle."—*Edward A. Irving, in Belgravia.*

ABOUT FAVORITISM.

One of the Most Crushing Forces in the Life of a Child.

One of the most unfortunate things that can happen in the life of a child is to be exposed to the injustice which arises from favoritism, and yet it is, perhaps, one of the most common. The nurses, the teachers in school, even parents themselves, are constantly likely to be led away by the natural fondness which some children are so much more likely to excite than others, or by the less dispensable motives of prejudice or of interest. Perfect fairness in the treatment of a collection of children is, perhaps not to be expected, impartiality being a more Godlike attribute than is often attained to by mere humanity; but in its plainer manifestations favoritism is an evil which should be most vigorously observed.

The hopelessness of children under a sense of injustice is one of the most crushing forces that can work to maim and distort a child's mind. He is not able to see beyond the obvious and instant features of the situation, and the feeling that some favoritism, some arbitrary expression of prejudice is working against him, convinces despairingly that effort is useless and that he is being cruelly wronged. The childish nature becomes warped, and embittered and there is perhaps no other single factor which can come into a young life with so disastrous effect as this. The teacher who allows herself to gratify personal likes and dislikes is doing an injury to his pupils which can only be called incalculable. It must be recognized, moreover, that children are likely to misunderstand, so that an appearance of favoritism is to be avoided. This is one of the considerations which make the training of children a matter of so much delicacy and intricacy. It is necessary not only to treat children with scrupulous honesty, but make them feel that they are so.

It may be said, also, that children who are always suspecting partiality and favoritism are not to be encouraged in taking this view of things. Whether they are right or wrong, they should be trained as far as is possible not to see, and above all things, not to look for injustice on the part of their instructors. The child who, by injudicious parents, has been encouraged to believe that his instructors are partial, is a terror to those who have to deal with him, and in the end is not unlikely to become a burden to himself. He goes through life sour and suspicious, and it is doubtful if the result of allowing himself to feel that he is improperly treated are not, on the whole, worse than those of subjecting him to the injustice in the first place. The whole subject is one of great importance and intricacy, but it is one in which a little common sense goes far toward solving all difficulties. —*Boston Courier.*

PONDEROUS MACHINERY.

Preparations Made for Work on Uncle Sam's Army and Navy.

Every year the machinery in the iron mills at Pittsburgh, Pa., is being made more ponderous. The necessity for this lies in the demand for immense castings. Every thing is growing larger than in former times. Ships are bigger, locomotives are more powerful, iron-front buildings are higher, and agricultural implements are vastly larger. The development of mill apparatus to meet this increase has been gradual, but within the last two years a wonderful impetus has been given the forward movement by the building of the new war vessels for the United States navy.

Andrew Carnegie has just completed the building of a mill at Braddock, one of the suburbs of Pittsburgh, expressly intended for the manufacture of this government work. There is not a single bit of apparatus in it but what is the largest of its kind in the world. The shears, which snap a bar of iron in two as though it were tissue paper, exceeds any thing in size that has ever been known by the sons of Vulcan. The lathes are greater, the rolls are longer and heavier than any thing the remainder of the country can show, and even the steam boilers are the largest ever made by the hand of man. In the Black Diamond steel works, Thirtieth street, Pittsburgh, there is the largest steam-hammer in the United States. The blow of fifty tons, which it strikes every second of time that it is in operation, shakes the earth for two squares around the mill. Yet it is so easily controlled, and so nicely adjusted, that the hammer-man has placed on the anvil block beneath it a delicate wine glass containing an egg and, turning on the steam full force, would let the ponderous weight above fall until at a certain distance, and then shut the steam off. In this way the hammer has been kept for several minutes gently tapping the glass and egg without breaking them.

But now the Government itself is going to throw all these marvelous achievements in the background by the improvements at the navy yard in Washington City. They will transform that quiet place into the most powerful workshop in the universe. For instance, there was not found in the mills and foundries of the whole United States "traveling cranes" big enough to move about the immense castings and wrought iron parts of large cannons which the war and navy departments have projected. These cranes are very familiar objects in the yards of iron mills everywhere. They are simply a block and tackle arrangement so fixed upon a steam-car that they will pick up a heavy piece of metal and rush off speedily to any part of the building with it. The largest of these "travelers" in Pittsburgh will carry a burden of thirty tons with safety to the ropes and rigging. In the Midvale steel works, Pennsylvania, a traveling crane of twenty-six tons capacity has been erected to facilitate the handling of castings for the new war ships. These are now the two largest apparatus of the kind in the country. But work will soon be commenced on a traveling crane for the Washington navy yard which will have a carrying capacity of 110 tons. This is intended for use in the manufacture of a 110-ton gun, which, when finished, will be the largest in the coast defense of the United States. To "turn" this wonderful cannon a lathe is now being made which will surpass all other lathes in size. The machine will have to be 120 feet long and will have a "tread" of nine feet. The gun itself will be fifty feet long and to turn and bore it the lathe will of course be required to be double that length.

All the tools and machinery to make this big cannon are being made purposely for the job, so large and strong must they be. The contract for delivery of the necessary steel forging has been concluded with the Bethlehem steel works of eastern Pennsylvania. But before that company could make the forgings they had to erect a new plant large enough for the big sizes. The 110-ton gun will be of 13-inch caliber, will require a charge of 1,000 pounds of powder, and will throw a projectile weighing 2,000 pounds. To even make these projectiles will necessitate larger machinery in that line than is now in existence. Then, to transport the gun finally over the different lines of a railroad (if the ocean route is not taken), would require stronger iron bridges than are now in use. So the work of enlargement goes on almost indefinitely.—*Pittsburgh Cor. Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Origin of Electrical Terms.

The technical terms used in regard to electricity refer to units of various nature. Thus the unit of capacity is one farad; the unit of activity, one watt; the unit of work, one joule; the unit of quantity, one coulomb; the unit of current, one ampere; the unit of resistance, one ohm; the unit of magnetic field, one gauss; the unit of pressure, one volt; the unit of force, one dyne. These names are mostly derived from the names of men who have been famous in the field of electrical research. Thus Michael Faraday, James Watt, and James P. Joule, famous English discoverers, give their names to the first three units mentioned; Charles A. Coulomb and Andre M. Ampere, French inventors, to the two units following; G. S. Ohm and Carl F. Gauss, Germans, name two more units; and the volt is named from the Italian discoverer, Volta. The dyne is derived from the root word of dynamo, itself meaning force.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

CHEWING UP IRON.

Big Machines That Cut Scraps so That They Can Be Used Again.

How is scrap iron utilized? In a city where there are so many foundries and manufacturing works as in Pittsburgh an immense quantity of it is sold. But what do the dealers do with it?

Doubtless this question has puzzled others besides the reporter who undertook its solution the other day. In his wanderings about the city the newspaper man spied a sign on a building indicating that the latter was occupied by "dealers in iron and steel," and at once sought an interview with the proprietor.

"What do we do with scrap? Cut it up and sell it to furnaces and mills. Come out into the works and I'll show you how 'tis done."

And the gentleman led the way from the office into a yard in which was piled tons upon tons of old iron and steel. There were all sorts of utensils, or pieces of them, from wagon springs to engine boilers. Old axes, shovels, hoes, cooking stoves, piles of stove pipe, pots and kettles, and a thousand and one other articles made up the miscellaneous assortment.

"The first thing to be done with the scrap after it is received is to sort it, separating the iron from the steel. Castings that are too big to handle in the bulk are broken up by a big machine called the 'drop,' and then the whole is cut into convenient shape for use in crucibles. For cutting there are powerful machines which I will show you."

A workman was seated on a bench with a big pile of wagon springs near him. These he was feeding, one by one, to a big machine which kept a huge jaw working up and down, biting off a piece of steel with each movement. Near by was a larger machine, which must have been many tons in weight. The knife that did the cutting was attached to and apparently a part of a huge iron beam, which worked up and down propelled by steam power. This beam resembled in shape the head and snout of a big black hog, and this appearance was heightened by the steady opening and shutting of the ugly iron jaw, which was chewing up the plates of what had once been a strong engine boiler, into pieces three or four inches square. When the iron or steel has been cut or broken into this shape it is ready for sale in lots of several tons.

"Where do you get your material?"

"From many sources. Some of it comes from cities as distant as Milkee and Detroit, and some has been picked up here at home. It comes to us in boat-loads, car-loads and wagon-loads. The rag men of the city gather up iron on their rounds, and when the junk dealers have accumulated several tons of it they sell it to us. Then the trading boats that ascend the Alleghany and Monongahela bring us large quantities. They take out glassware, tinware and other goods, which their owners exchange with farmers and others for old iron, and come back loaded with that material. It comes to us in every conceivable form from every quarter."—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

ABOUT SHOP LIFTING.

How a Detroit Merchant Treats Persons Caught at Pilfering Goods.

"Do you have much trouble with shop-lifters?" asked a reporter of a Detroit dry goods merchant.

"Very little," he answered. "I have been in business a great many years and have probably had as good a chance to know as any one in Detroit. We have had very little stolen from us."

"How do you account for that?"

"In several ways. One is that we do not leave our goods lying 'round at loose ends or thrown promiscuously upon the counter. Then if some one is caught stealing a pair of gloves or a yard of lace or a pocket-handkerchief, we first assure ourselves of the fact that it is a theft, and then ask for a return of the goods and let the parties off with a reprimand. I have no time to attend police courts and can not make myself see the necessity of arresting people for trivial offenses. I have faith enough in human nature to believe that the parties themselves will do better by me, with such treatment."

"Yes," said one of the partners, "that has always been our firm's policy and I think it is a good one. I remember a stranger who was passing our old store, nabbed a man and brought him in by the collar. 'I caught this man stealing,' he said. He had taken some trivial thing from outside. My brother looked at him a moment, then he asked sternly:

"What did you do that for?"

The man shivered and shook and expected to be sent to jail, but my partner just looked him over and said:

"Get out of this! Don't let me ever hear of your stealing again."

"How about the rich kleptomaniacs who purloin fine goods which you charge in your bills?"

"All nonsense. There are no such people, or if there are, they do not patronize me. All this talk about systematic stealing and shoplifting is nonsense. There are professional shoplifters—we should probably know them at a glance. At all events I would rather lose a few dollars in that way than to expend it in convicting some poor wretch in the courts."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—William Spears, a farmer living in Walnut Bend, Cook County, Tex., suddenly went mad. He attacked a large dog, bit out its tongue and ate it. He then attacked a neighbor and bit him severely. He was finally overcome and confined.

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

NO DIFFERENCE.

She had heard the others talking,
Wee Gracie, three years old—
Of watching in the New Year,
And watching out the Old;
That blessings rich, and pleasures
The glad New Year would bring;
While all things fraught with sadness
Around the old must cling.

So early on New Year's morning
She opened wide her eyes;
And peeped from the chamber window,
Expecting a great surprise.
Then quickly turned, the while a frown
Shadowed her bright face o'er:
"I don't see but we New Year
Is dust like 'twas before!"
—*Youth's Companion.*

UPSIDE DOWN.

Any Thing Good Enough for the "Little Vandals"—A Lesson Well Learned.

"You've put the sleeves in upside down, Henrietta," said Helen Marcy.

"What is the difference? They will never know it; throw it into the box," the young girl replied. "Nobody will know who made it."

"Yes, Henrietta, but when they open the box at the mission, somebody will have to rip it out and put it in again before it can be worn,"

"They ought to be glad to get any thing to put on those little vandals. Do you suppose they would know whether a sleeve was upside down, or even wrong side out, Helen?"

Helen Marcy made no reply, as she saw her companion throw the gingham shirt-waist into the box that stood in the middle of the floor where the finished garments were deposited. She would have taken the sleeve out and put it in again herself, but she had promised to finish off some other work that evening, as the box was going in the morning. These two young girls belonged to the "busy workers' sewing society." They had been preparing a box for a charitable institution in the city.

Henrietta Fassett was one of those persons who always did things, as her aunt Jerusha expressed it, "in a whew." She did not think it worth while to baste the pieces of her garments together, for that took too much time; so when she sewed under her mother's or her aunt's supervision, she was oftentimes obliged to rip out the stitches and do the work over again. She had heard her aunt say a hundred times: "Lazy folks always take the most pains, Henrietta." That afternoon she was responsible to no one, so the upside-down sleeve was allowed to be sent off, and that was all she thought about it.

Helen Marcy was entirely different in that respect from her intimate friend, Henrietta Fassett. It took her longer to finish her work, but it never had to be done over again. She was responsible to herself and her own honor in such matters. If she had made the mistake that her friend made, she would have sat up all night, if need be, to rectify it. She always aimed to do well whatever she did, and even in the very best manner she was capable of.

The matron at the charitable institution was very glad to get the box. There were fifteen little boys in ragged garments waiting to put the fifteen new gingham shirtwaists on. It was such a help, she thought, to have them all ready to put on—no buttons to be sewed, and no fitting to be done, and no running up of seams. Those new, clean, pretty gingham waists all ready to be slipped over the boys' shoulders. How good and kind the "busy workers" had been.

Mrs. Leavenworth, a friend of Mrs. Marcy's, was there to see the box opened, and she was proud to say that the box came from the young girls of the town where she spent her summers. One boy after another stepped up to the matron and had a new waist put on, and marched off with a smiling face.

Fourteen boys had been equipped and sent off happy. Then the fifteenth boy came up. He was a thin, pale boy, with the saddest of faces. The matron said he had a very sad history, and some time she would tell Mrs. Leavenworth all about it. Martin Beers stood by the box with a smile lighting up his face. He was going to have a new waist, probably the first bright, fresh, new garment he had ever had. His right arm went into the sleeve, but there was something wrong with the set of it.

"What's the matter with this sleeve?" queried the matron. "Oh, I see; it's put in upside down; somebody's made a mistake. It will have to go to the sewing-room and be ripped out. The sewing-girl is gone, too, this afternoon."

Mrs. Leavenworth saw the disappointed look on the little fellow's face. All the other boys were in the playroom with new waists on, and he would have to go back again with his old torn shirt on. The lady laid aside her bonnet and wrap, and said: "Wait a few minutes, Martin, and I will fix the sleeve;" and so the boy sat down on a stool by her side, and watched her rip out the sleeve and put it in again. It took a half hour to do the work, but she told Martin some pretty stories while she was at work. Then he marched off to join the brigade with new gingham waists.

Henrietta had forgotten all about the "upside-down sleeve," until the president of the society rapped on the table a fortnight afterward, and called the "busy workers" and takers to order. Then she read the letter Mrs. Leavenworth had written about the box. She wrote how needy the boys were, and how pleased they all were with the new garments. But this lady thought best to tell the whole truth as we I as part of it, and so she added that one waist had to be fixed before the boy cou d wear it, as somebody had made a mistake and put the right sleeve in upside down. She only mentioned it because she knew that the waist would not have been sent so unless it was a mistake. She also thought it would be a good thing to tell the young girls, so they would be more particular in future.

"Who could have made that mistake?" asked the president, as she stopped in the midst of her reading. No one answered, and Helen Marcy would not betray her friend. But Henrietta, after a few moments' consideration, spoke out clearly: "I made that mistake, girls, and I did not remedy it, but threw the waist into the box. I think I shall be more particular after this. I really did not think it would make much difference."

Mrs. Leavenworth concluded her letter by giving the sad facts connected with Martin Beers' young life, and the account touched the hearts of all the "busy workers" and brought tears to their eyes.

Henrietta seemed to be completely overcome as she listened to Mrs. Leavenworth's letter. When she went home she stopped at the store and bought material enough to make two waists for Martin Beers, and when she cut them out the next morning she was so particular about her work that her mother said: "Seems to me you are taking more pains than usual with your work, Henrietta."

"Yes, mother, I've got through doing my work upside down. I began to realize how careless and thoughtless I've been all my life. I have done so many things in such an upside-down sort of a way, and I've let them go without remedying the wrong either. I begin to realize it all now. I may sometimes thoughtlessly do more of my work upside down, but if I do, dear mother, I will stop and take it out, and do it all over again until it is right. One can do a great deal of work in life 'upside down,' and I hope hereafter, God will help me to have all that I do finished up square and true and lasting, right side up."

"My dear, I can not tell how happy you've made me," the mother replied, as she put her arms around her daughter and kissed her.—*Susan T. Perry, in the Evangelist.*

A DOG'S SENSE.

His Prompt Obedience Might Serve as an Example for Many Children.

A young girl was crossing the Public Garden one morning, upon the main path which crossed the bridge. She was accompanied by a magnificent mastiff, who strode along beside her in the most companionable sort of way, looking up into her face occasionally, as if to remark casually that it was a very fine morning or to ask if there was any thing he could do for her.

The two crossed the bridge together, and finally came to the Charles street gate. Here the young girl, evidently not wishing to have the care of the dog in the busy streets, turned to him and said:

"There, that is far enough now, Marco. You need not go with me any farther, but turn about and go home."

She did not take her hands out of her muff to point the way, and she spoke as she would to a small brother, in a pleasant, conversational voice.

Marco looked at her with his large eyes, then looked across the common, wagging his tail slowly, as though he were thinking how pleasant it would be to go the rest of the way. Finally, he turned back to her again, and with a movement of his head and eyes, asked as plainly as though the words had come from his mouth, "Please let me go a little farther, it is such a fine morning?"

"No, dear; I'm going shopping, you know," answered the girl, explaining the difficulty, as if Marco were human. "There'll be crowds of people, and I shall not know what to do with you. But go along now, there's a good fellow, and I'll be back soon."

Without another word, Marco turned and walked back across the gardens. He did not slink away, as some dogs do when sent back, but marched leisurely along with his head in the air, stopped a moment on the bridge to watch the children skating below, then trotted on toward Commonwealth avenue.—*Boston Evening Record.*

—Society Doin's.—"It's pretty dull here in the winter time, isn't it?" asked a boarder of a regular resident of a summer resort having a population of three thousand in the summer time and twenty in the winter. "Well, no; it's livelier'n you'd think fer. There's a good deal goin' on all winter." "Indeed?" "La, yes; one night ther'll be a pra'r meetin' to my house, an' the next a taffy pull to Si. Baggses, an' then a class meetin' to Ezry Carter's, an' a play party some'eres else, an' a singin' school the next night. Oh, I tell ye there's reg'ler sercicty doin's here all winter."—*Drake's Magazine.*

—An Australian missionary tells the following story against himself: "When I asked the word for sin they gave me one for 'thin,' and so I was led into representing that it was hateful to God for man to be thin; and that they would be condemned for it. So they came to the conclusion that it was pleasing to God for people to be fat. In fact, I had been telling them that all lean people went to hell and fat people to Heaven."

—An old gentleman coming from a bank said: "My comforts in this world are my Prayer Book, my violin, and the key of my safe-deposit box." Yes, religion, music, and money are a trinity of good things."—*Christian Advocate.*

—A millionaire needs to have a great deal of will power.—*Texas Siftings.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Mutton is in greater demand than wool, yet the supply of choice mutton is always far below the demand.

—Dairy farming furnishes a constant source of income and it may be carried on with small capital without danger of being smothered by larger establishments.

—Every farm should be provided with a light tackle for raising sick or injured animals when it is necessary to sling them up, or for any other purpose where the saving of time and strength is an object.

—For ambrosia, choose sweet oranges, peel six and slice very thin, taking out the seeds. Grate a large cocoanut. Alternate the cocoanut and oranges; sprinkle powdered sugar over each layer.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—Investigation does not warrant the the statement that tile draining increases damage from floods. On the contrary, during the warm months tile drainage mitigates damage. Surface ditching and deforesting cause devastation from floods.

—After the cabbage maggot is once developed, no application will kill it that will not at the same time kill the plant. Drawing the earth away from the stems, thus destroying the eggs before they hatch, if carefully followed, will save the crop.

—Mock Mince Pie: One half cup brown sugar, half cup molasses, half cup water and a half cup vinegar, a little butter, cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves and raisins, two crackers or two slices of bread crumbled fine. Bake with two crusts.—*Albany Journal.*

—Imperial Gingerbread: Rub together half a cup of butter and three cups of flour, stir in a cup and half of molasses, a cup of cold water and one egg, very well beaten; add a tablespoonful of ginger, a teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; beat the mixture and bake in a flat pan.—*Christian Union.*

—While it is generally conceded that posts set in the ground upside down will last much longer than in the reverse position, the why and wherefore of it has been a mystery with the public. The reason is this: The pores of the wood are so constructed as to draw and push the moisture upward from the roots to the leaves and branches of the tree, and this same principle of action causes the constant drying out of a post set reversely to its natural growth, while if set down the pores will constantly draw the moisture upward, thus causing its premature decay.

—Apples for domestic use may be kept in a cool, dry cellar in this way: Get made a number of tiers of broad shelves one foot apart, with a raised edge of an inch to keep the apples from falling off. Spread the apples on the shelves and cover them with any kind of cloth, sacking, spare blankets, or such material. A little clean, dry rye straw might answer this purpose. As apples are used take those which ripen first, become shriveled, or have specks of decay on them, leaving the sound ones. It will pay to get cheap blankets or felt carpet for this use, as a few barrels of fruit may be kept until late in the spring. Pears are kept remarkably well in this way.

DEHORNING COWS.

The Effect as Shown by Experiments at the Wisconsin Station.

The Wiscon Experiment Station has been endeavoring to solve the problem as to the effect of dehorning on the milk production. It has been held by high authority among dairymen that the dehorning "craze," as it is called, would in time prove disastrous to the dairy interest. This question can not, of course, be settled at once, but carefully conducted experiments can settle the question of the immediate effects. The Wisconsin Station gives the following conclusions as the results of their experiments to date:

We have then as the result of dehorning twelve cows: First, a slight falling off in the milk yield; second, an increase in the fat, and third, an increase in the temperature of the animal, denoting a slight degree of fever for a few days after the operation. While these results are not conclusive, yet they indicate that dehorning a well-fed, healthy cow is not by any means a serious operation, and unless further experiments show a more marked injurious effect on the animal than the one given above, the question of dehorning cows will depend entirely on the practical advantages to be derived from it. If by dehorning we can insure an economy in feed and storage as has been claimed, and if at the same time there is no perceptible falling off in quality and quantity of the milk, then the operation will be one of personal convenience. One thing should, however, be taken into account, and that is the condition of the animal. A cow that is poorly fed or out of condition is certainly in no condition to undergo an operation of any sort, nor will there be any benefit derived from it. The question of injury to the constitution or temperament of the animal can only be settled by experiments on a large number of animals extending over several years.

The Combination Was Safe.

Business man to new confidential clerk—"Here, Waggley, is the safe's combination—be very careful that you don't lose it."

"Yes, sir."

Business man next morning—"What haven't you opened the safe yet?"

"No, sir, I couldn't."

"You haven't lost that slip, I hope?"

"No, sir; but I put it inside the safe last night!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Accidental Alloys.

The astonishing changes that small proportions of foreign matter will produce in metals are not necessarily of small practical importance, as very slight impurities in metals for certain purposes might lead to serious consequences. Roberts-Austin gives two striking illustrations of this possibility. A small fraction of bismuth in copper will reduce the electrical conductivity sufficiently to cause any submarine cable made with it to become a commercial failure, and the message-carrying power of copper cables is said to have doubled since the early days of telegraphy on account of the increased purity of the copper. Pure gold has a breaking-strain of from sixteen to seventeen tons to the square inch; but when alloyed with but two-tenths of one per cent. of lead, it will break with a slight blow, or under a a trifling strain.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Would You Believe

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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
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SATURDAY, DEC. 29, 1888.

The annual meeting of the Maryland State Farmers' Association will be held in Baltimore on Wednesday, January 9th.

Some Western authorities claim the potato crop of 1888 to be the heaviest ever grown in the United States. Thus the *Farmer's Review* estimates the crop as 216,646,159 bushels, against 134,000,000 bushels in 1887, 148,000,000 in 1886, 175,000,000 in 1885, 190,000,000 in 1884, and 208,000,000 in 1883. It is claimed the average yield will be equal to that of 1888, viz., 858 bushels per acre. Among all the Western States Iowa raises the largest crop of potatoes, followed by Michigan, Ohio, Wisconsin and Illinois.

Charles F. Mayer was elected President of the B. & O. R. R. Company on Wednesday of last week, and immediately entered upon the discharge of his duties, superseding Samuel Spencer, who retired. Messrs. Gorman and Lanahan, the remaining members of the committee to investigate the affairs of the company, stated that the removal of the other three members of the committee. Messrs. Keyser, McLane and Dobbin had arrested the work of investigation, which ought to be completed. Resolutions were adopted authorizing the President to fill the vacancies on the committee and requesting a final report as speedily as possible.

Swindlers are operating among the farmers and business men of Frederick and Montgomery counties, and, strange to say, with the many warnings given the people through the newspapers, victims to the skill of the rascals are not wanting. One of these gentry went to the store of J. C. Michael, near Doub's Switch, Frederick county, a few days ago, and said he wanted to buy a farm in that neighborhood. Mr. Michael went with him to G. A. T Snouffer's farm, which he agreed to purchase for $10,000 and gave Mr, Snouffer a check for $500 on a Baltimore bank, to bind the bargain. He then returned to Mr. Michael's store, where he made some trifling purchase, gave a check for $50 and received $49 in change. Of course the check was worthless.

The Baltimore *Sun* publishes an inventory of the estate of the late A. S. Abel, the founder of that paper, that completely demolishes the sensational stories current, at the time of his death in regard to the extent of his wealth which was then estimated as high as thirty-two millions of dollars. The *Sun* newspaper, which was devised by Mr. Abell to his three sons, is not included in the inventory but the other portion of the estate sums up $5,067,765.13. This amount is made up of $1,936,023.05 bonds, $868,394.48 stocks, $34,153.60 furniture and other articles in residences, $44,126 personal property in the Sun Iron Building, $29.660 leasehold property and $2,156,308 real estate. From this, legacies, under the will, to relatives, charities, &c., to the amount of about half a million dollars is to be subtracted, and the income of the rest and residue is to be paid in equal sums to his three sons and five daughters. This will give to each the income of about $575,000; much less than was commonly rumored but still enough for substantial comfort.

A Good Newspaper.

Probably no newspaper in the United States is more firmly based on the principle of promoting the best interests of the people than the Baltimore *Sun*. The confidence it has inspired is illustrated best by the fact that its readers and subscribers respect its judgments and have faith in its carefully collected reports, because it respects itself and its word and its readers. This is the true basis of confidence. In dealing with our Virginia affairs, into which it goes more deeply than any other newspaper published beyond the borders of the State, we have often remarked the prudence which it joins to enterprise. Its news is fresh and satisfactory, and its comments judicious, always to the point, and always in the interests of the people.

"All Aboard!"

A little history of railroads, and the experiences of a conductor who punched tickets for forty years.

It is hard to realize that the railroad is comparatively a very recent growth. In these times, when one can finish his day's business in New York and go to bed at a very reasonable time in Boston, having occupied a good part of the journey in taking a comfortable dinner in a luxurious restaurant while whirling along at forty miles an hour; when in seven days the tourist can travel from New York to Los Angeles, having in the Atlantic metropolis simply stepped into a hotel on wheels, with a bath-room, barber, restaurant and library at his daily command, to quietly step out of it again at the Pacific Ocean—it seems almost impossible to believe that men now in active life can distinctly recollect the first locomotive engine in this county, and can easily look back to the days when rapid journeys were made by the four-horse stage-coach and the unexpensive canal-boat

I happened to pick up recently a lately published book, which brings the contrasts between travel to-day and travel fifty years ago most sharply to mind. The author has been a railroad conductor for forty years, and he gives, in an unpretentious, conversational way, a little account of the introduction of steam railroads, a glimpse at their marvelous growth, and some of the entertaining and amusing experiences with which his life has been naturally filled.

Our author began his railroad life at seventeen years of age as baggage master of the train from Boston to Medford. "We had," he says, "a small, cabless engine, weighing about five tons" (the engine of to-day weighing seventy-five), "and the train was made up of a single car, which was baggage and passenger car combined." His next position was on the Boston & Maine Railroad, which at that time, though only a hundred and eleven miles long, was considered a wonderful line. The work on this Portland train was burdensome. "In those days the baggage master had to take a turn at the brakes as often as the brakeman, and had to keap his own car clean inside and out, as car-cleaners were then unknown. The wheels had to be wiped with waste, which was no small task, splashed as they were with whale oil, the only kind then in use for such purposes. Part of the baggageman's equipment was a long-nosed oil-can, from which we had to oil the wheels at nearly every station. The passenger cars in those early days of railroading were "lighted whale-oil lamps, from which the tops of the cars were made smoky and the sides were spattered with grease." To the discomforts of the rigid, un-upholstered seats and badly heated or unheated cars were added the showers of cinders and the dense smoke from the engine, for the early engines were without spark-arresters, and the flame often streamed back as far as the rear car. Pitch pine was largely used for fuel, and the amount of smoke, sparks and cinders may be imagined. The only way to get a breath of fresh air was by opening the windows, no attempt at ventilation being made. It was a long time before coal was used for fuel, engines being built only for wood. This necessitated frequent stoppages to "wood up," when all hands turned in till the work was done. . . . Freight cars were mere boxes, a little longer than wide, with a wheel at each corner. They had doors on each side, and the trainmen had to walk around on a foot-board, holding on by an iron rod running the whole length of the car. . . . . I remember a collision at Sommersworth in 1849, when the cars were thrown all over the neighborhood farms."

All of the contrivances which we now look at as matters of course in railroad traveling, and which play such necessary and important parts in railroad management, were, not many years ago, very primitive. Brakes, rails, switches, tickets, couplings, uniformed officials, and the like, have grown out of almost nothing. In the early days the brakemen used to sit on top of the car, in a little cab, and work the brake with a foot-lever, such as is applied to heavy wagons and carriages nowadays. Then a man named Stevens came along and contrived the wheel-brake which controlled both trucks of the car at the same time, and it was considered the greatest invention of the age. Now steam and air brakes, applied from the engine, have done away with the use of wheel-brakes, and Steven's great invention is old-fashioned and out of date.

In the early days, too, there was no telegraph, and the only way assistance could be summoned in case of accident was by hand-car or messengers.

"One day," says Conductor George, "I happened to be on Dunlap's train, where we accomplished a remarkable and daring feat, the like of which was probably never known before and doubtless has not been since. The train consisted of a baggage car and two passenger coaches, with the engine "General Stark," but recently built at the Lawrence Locomotive Works. The engineer was Dick Alen, now known to the world as Richard Norton Alen, the inventor of the famous paper car wheel called by his name, and a wealthy capitalists of Cleveland. About five miles from Bennington, Vt., the train ran over a steer, and the engine and two cars were thrown off the track. It seemed to me that the only way to get another engine was to run a hand-car or walk."

"What's to be done, Dunlap?" I said.

"I'll tell you," he replied. "It's nearly all down grade to Bennington; so let's uncouple the last car and run her back to the station."

In these days anything like that would cost a man his position, but in the olden time quick expedients and great risks were often necessary. When the passengers got out of the rear coach, Dunlap, a brakeman named Downer, and I took the uncoupled car and started off. We went along finely from the first, having what we should do when we got to a piece of up grade that must be passed. However, fortune was in our favor, and the momentum we had gained took us over the rise of ground and onto the down grade again. A wandering cow next threatened us, but, as we stood on the platform, with shouts and geticulations, we managed to frighten off the intruding animal, and soon afterward our car rolled in triumph into Bennington station. With a relief engine we started back to the scene of the accident, pulled the other engine on the track, and went on to Rutland at terrific speed. The "General Stark" did nobly, for we made our time and connection with the Rutland & Burlington train going north, while the daring deed was the talk in railroad circles far and near."

In the early days of railroad building the track was built of wooden rails, upon which lengths of strap-iron were spiked. This strap-iron sometimes became unloosened and bent up at the end, owing to the wear and tear of the trains or the action of heat or frost. "When the ends of the rails were struck by the wheels, they would be forced up through the bottom of the car. Passengers were often hurt in this way, these "snake-heads," as they were called, coming up with great force. We often had to stop and pound down the iron or hold it down until the train passed over."

At first railroad stations were merely open sheds, in which the waiting passenger was protected merely by a roof. Sometimes the only mark of a station was a pine box which served as a ticket case. The old stage coach custom of "booking" passengers was pursued for a time. "A little later the conductor made his rounds, carrying a large tin box, into which the passengers dropped their fares in cash. One old conductor, who ran a train in Ohio in those early days, tells how he took all the cash and kept it until Saturday night, then paid off himself and the boys on his run, returning the surplus earnings to the company at the end of the week. The distinguishing characteristics of the old time conductor was his fine silk hat. Stouch and stiff hats were good enough for the ordinary citizen, but it was before the days of uniforms, and conductors followed their own taste in dress, usually selecting the best to be had. A leather strap, on which in silver letters was the word "Conductor," was buckled about each hat, and taken off at the end of each run. I can remember, when a mere lad, I thought I never saw a more awe-inspiring sight than Levi Wright, of the Boston & Lowell road, with his tall hat and impressive dignity, as he waved his hand to the engineer and shouted, "All aboard," in a tone worthy of a general. The first uniforms used by railway employees were on the Hudson River road, if I remember correctly. The Pennsylvania road next adopted uniforms, and only within the last ten or twelve years have they come into general use."

When tickets first came into use—they were invented about 1836 by an English railway employee—they were simply thick white cards bearing the names of the two stations between which the ticket entitled the bearer to ride, the name of the company, and the ticket agent's name, the latter being written in ink to prevent counterfeiting. There were no coupon or through tickets, such as man may now buy, good from New York to San Francisco. In traveling from New York to Boston, for instance, the passenger would buy his ticket to New Haven; there he must get a new ticket to Hartford, another at Hartford for Springfield, and another at Springfield for Boston. There was no arrangement for the exchange of tickets and monthly balances between connecting railroads.

Nowadays, when every new village and town—particularly in the West—directs its first and strongest energies toward obtaining a railroad route to or through it, the opposition to railroads on the part of shrewd business men fifty years ago seems incredable. The town of Dorchester, Mass., (so says the late Josiah Quincy), passed the following resolution in 1842:

Resolved, That our Representatives be instructed to use their utmost endeavors to prevent, if possible, so great a calamity to our town as must be the location of any railroad through it."

Of this same proposed railroad a Dorchester paper, published at about that time, said: "Look at the rapid growth of Neponset village, through which this contemplated road is to run (the citizens of which are as enterprising and as active as can be found, many of whom have invested their *all*, either in trade, mechanical manufactures, or real estate), and all—all are to be sacrified under a car ten thousand times worse for the public than the car of Juggernaut."

But it is always so. Within a few months, almost, the building of New York "L" roads, and again of the Broadway horse-car line, was condemned as a menace to business; and now the city could not exist without them. Let us be careful, brethren, how we denounce the new and startling methods of transportation which mechanical science is constantly working at. Aerial ships, electric carriages, pnuematic passenger tubes, and steam bicycles, may one day be matters of fact.

Although some of the shrewd Massachusetts men opposed railroads, there were others who, when railroads came and their advantages had been proved, were quick and determined to avail themselves of the benefits. Conductor George tells of a group of people about a mile from Medford, near Boston, who wanted the train stopped at their settlement in 1847 The Superintendent of the road refused their request; they persisted. "When he remained firm they went away declaring they would make him stop his train whether he wanted to or not. There was a heavy grade at the place, and when we struck it the next day the engine wheels began to slip, and after a moment or two we came to a full stop where several of the settlers were standing. They jumped aboard while the engineer got out to investigate into the cause of our delay. He found the track on the grade had been smeared *with molasses*, and he had to back up until he could get momentum enough to carry him over the hill. In the face of such persistence, there was no use in trying to run past that station after that."

Dangers of Federal Clerkships.

[From the Cleveland Leader.]

Government clerkships have wrecked the prospects of many a bright young man. The man in office is the creature of political caprice. In spite of the civil service law, it is still a fact which no one will dispute, that neither independence nor self-respect of the highest order are usually found among office-holders. The tenure is too uncertain, too much subject to the vicissitudes of party supremacy.

If a young man has fair capabilities and will be reasonably energetic and industrious, he is much more likely to have a home of his own and a neat reserve in bank by the time he is fifty by sticking to his present employment, even if it is only moderately renumerative, than by seeking and accepting a government clerkship. It not infrequently happens that men who have held such clerkships for years are turned out, only to find themselves without the fitness or experience that would qualify them for any other business position. Besides, there is little chance for advancement in the great departments, and as a usual thing those who hold such places save very little money. All these are reasons why it is not prudent for young men who have fair prospects of winning success by their own pluck and push to give them up and accept a place under the federal government, with its uncertainties, anxieties and vexations. An active interest in politics is one thing—that is every young man's duty—federal office-holding is another and a much less desirable matter, as those who try it usually discover to their regret.

The Atlanta *Constitution* asserts that Mr. Phelps was appointed Minister to England solely because he was the only man in Vermont who wore mutton-chop whiskers. We do not say that this was the real reason for that appointment, but it is doubtful if there was any more valid one for it.

The President in discussing his future residence again declares that he will stick to his own state. Let's see—that is the state of innocuous desuetude, isn't it?

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24th, 1888.—Some amusement has been created among those who are conversant with the under-current of Congressional action at the easy manner in which the Democratic Senators tumbled into the open trap which had been set for them by the Republicans. Of late the fact has been patent that unless the consideration of the Senate tariff bill could in some manner be hurried up, its passage would be somewhat doubtful, owing to the lack of time. Observing this state of affairs the Republican Senators thought that the Christmas recess might be dispensed with and evening sessions of the Senate held in order to get through the tariff bill sometime in January. This was by no means a pleasant arrangement for those Senators who expected to eat their Christmas turkey at home. How to get the recess and at the same time make sure of the tariff bill was the question. It was easily settled and the trap set by holding a caucus of Republican Senators and deciding against a Christmas recess. In an hour every Democratic Senator had heard of the action of the caucus, and was in a state of indignation thereat, The House had passed without a division a joint resolution for a recess from Friday 21st inst. to Monday, January 7th, and the Republican Senators had actually decided not to allow the Senate to take any recess at all! Shameful! The Democratic Senators called a caucus to consider the matter, and appointed a committee to wait on the Republicans and attempt to bring about some sort of a compromise that would give the recess. This was exactly what the Republicans wanted, and what they had confidently expected. The committee was informed that the only reason the Republicans opposed the recess was because, owing to the needless amendments offered by Democrats, the time seemed to be necessary for the consideration of the tariff bill. The committee was also informed that if the Democrats would agree to take the final vote upon the tariff bill early in January the Republicans would agree to vote for the Holiday recess. The committee, after conferring with the Democratic Senators, and after objecting to every date mentioned, finally agreed to allow the final vote to be taken on the tariff bill January 21st, while the Republicans agreed to vote for a recess from last Friday to Wednesday, 2nd. Thus everybody was made happy and the Republicans went home feeling particularly good to think their tariff bill would get through all right next month, sometime earlier than the most sanguine had hoped. This early passage of the bill will upset the calculations of the Democratic leaders of the House, who based their arrangements on the idea that the bill would not get through the Senate until so late in the session, that they could pigeon-hole it on the ground of lack of time for its proper consideration.

Senator Quay stopped here on his return from his visit to General Harrison, but as far as any news of the visit is concerned he might as well have gone directly home. "I am pleased with my visit to General Harrison, and entirely satisfied," is about the substance of all that Mr. Quay has said of his visit.

A Damaging Revelation.

More than once during the past session the Washington correspondent of the *Herald*, who represents faithfully the aggressive Free Traders, has disclosed the "true inwardness" of the situation on the Democratic side of Congress. We are indebted to his inclination to perform this duty for a clear statement of the reasons why the Democratic Senators were willing to accept the proposition of the Republican Senators that the Senate Tariff bill should be brought to a vote on the 21st of January, which is equivalent to an agreement that this bill shall be sent to the House, in time to test the question as to the disposition of that body to accept a scientific and wisely adjusted measure of Tariff Reform.

The *Herald* correspondent is in a position to know whereof he speaks when he says that the Democratic Senators refrained from the dilatory tactics to which they were inclined, not from any sudden conversion to right notions of their duites as legislators bound to facilitate important business, but because they are too uninstructed in political economy and "Tariff facts" to stand the racket of a running debate with such masters of both as Sherman, Allison, Chance, Aldrich, Morrill, Hiscock, Dawes and other that we could easily mention. This uninstructed mob of Democratic Senators, says the *Herald* correspondent, "are not prepared for it. They had relied on the elaborate knowledge and the fighting zeal of Senator Beck. Without him they are in a state of demoralization."

"The Democratic Senators," adds the disgusted Free Trader who makes this startling arraignment, "knew that Senator Beck had studied the subject and they relied upon him to give them the cue. They would then have been ready to use the facts to which he called their attention to pound the bill to death. When they found that he was unable to be in his seat they were ready to surrender almost at discretion and let the Republicans pass the bill in such form and at such time as they deemed fitting. The angry protests of Democratic members of the House and of the tariff reform press brought them partially to their senses, and of late they have been opposing the bill in a sort of blundering way."

What will Senator Daniel, of Virginia, say to this? With what sort of language will Senator Vest greet this implied charge that the Senate bill is so impervious to assault that only the gifted Beck can divert attention from that substantial fact by his capacity for lively misstatement and for putting the Free Trade generalities into a Scotticized variety of the Kentucky style of argument? What will the humorous and versatile Vance, who can be the most entertaining of Free Traders, say to the implied assumption that Beck's "bluff" is absolutely essential to the making of a respectable resistance to the Senable bill?

The *Herald* correspondent tells the truth, undoubtedly, as regards the inferiority of the Democratic side of the Senate. But it is a gross injustice to assume that there is not ability enought in the minority to make a good fight against a bad Tariff bill without the help of the great and only Beck, whose Scottish sagacity doubtless enables him to see that he never had a more favorable opportunity for "enjoying bad health" than the present, when any debate would worry him that involved comparisons between so well drawn a Tariff bill as that of the Senate and that which has made the name of Mills a suggestive synonym for the rarest of combinations of ignorance and audacity, sectionalism and bumptiousness, loquacity and lack of sense.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

Note and Comment.

Iowa has 12,572 school houses worth $12,007,819, with educational apparatus worth $327,957 and 63.168 volumes in their libraries. This fully explains why Iowa is always Republican.

President Cleveland has got himself into a discreditable snarl by his appointment of the author of the dollar-a-day lie about General Harrison to the United States district attorneyship of Indiana. This appointment will be reckoned among the all too-frequent instances in which Grover Cleveland has trampled upon the throttled dignity of the Presidential office in order to satisfy the petty, vengeful wrath of the disgruntled politician.

Admiral Luce has an ambitious and able-bodied goat on board his flagship, and if the bombardment doesn't bring Hayti to terms the animal will be turned loose with orders to butt the whole Island into gravel. The American navy may not be any great shakes for offensive operations, but the pesky Haytians are likely to discover before this affair is over that the American goat is invincible and must not be trifled with.

General Harrison has received more than a hundred canes since he was nominated for President, while Mr. Cleveland, who is really the lame man, has not received any. Mr. Cleveland has received his walking papers and it is strange that nobody has thought it worth while to give him a walking stick.

It looks as though the country were going to witness some honest tariff reforming in spite of the free trade abstructionists. In a land like this a Republican Senate is a mighty handy thing to have around the house.

The report that a large amount of American capital will shortly be put into the Panama Canal lacks verification. But that big ditch could make room for the whole surplus without being crowded in the least.

Calvin Brice failed to catch any rainbows, but, nevertheless, we nominate him to go out and rescue Stanley. His first failure should not be permitted to bar his path of fame.

Representative Spencer, of Illinois is evidently determined to drag New Mexico into the Union by her back hair whether she wants to or not. The zeal of the old statesman in this matter is great enough to suggest that he is afraid that someone will come along and kidnap New Mexico if she is left out of doors any longer.

One of the most perplexing questions of the holiday season comes in this form: Has a woman a right to pick her husband's pockets in order to get money to buy him a Christmas present? Each answer must be accompanied by an explanatory diagram.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

NOTICE!

W. H. Hagans, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

—The Oakland Independent Band gave our citizens a general serenade Christmas morning.

—Married, at the bride's home, in Oakland, Dec. 26th, by Rev. John M. Davis, Miss Alice Johnson and Mr. Harry Isral, of Cincinnati, O.

—C. M. Miller, agent for General Anderson, is on a visit to Virginia. Until January 5th, 1889 his address will be Manchester, Virginia.

—Mr. W. C. L. Correll has been appointed a Justice of the Peace for Oakland District, *vice* R. B. Jamison, deceased. We are sure the appointment will give general satisfaction.

—Mr. G. H. Pritchard, who had been in St. Louis for a few weeks, disposing of a car load of chestnuts, arrived in Oakland Friday of last week.

—Among those who spent the holidays in Oakland we noticed Rev. Henry P. Hamill and wife, Benjamin Sincell, Ed. Offutt, Compton Tasker, Daniel Pfeiffer E. M. Spedden, C. A. Bolden, James O. Cleveland, Nelson Savage, John Shartzer and family, Mrs. Mollie Getty and Henry Lukthe and wife.

—We were unfortunate in our purchases of poultry during the holidays. Our first purchase was a number of dressed chickens, which were in good condition, but when we came to prepare them for the table we found that the head and feet had been placed inside the chickens, and then the opening in the breast neatly sewed up. As the head and feet will not weigh more than one-fourth of a pound, it will be observed that we have people in our midst who will do a very mean thing for a very small amount Again we purchased a "dressed' turkey the day before Christmas, and Christmas morning it was found that the craw had been left in the turkey, and the result was the turkey was unfit for use.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7 P. M., by Rev. C. T. Trippett.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 7 P. M., by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M., by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Holiday Excursion Tickets.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Co. will sell cheap excursion tickets between all ticket stations on its lines East of the Ohio River, on Dec. 22, 23, 24, 25, 30 and 31st, 1888, and on January 1st, 1889, good for return passage until January 3d, 1889, inclusive.

Tailoring Establishment.

Do you want a nice Dress Suit or an Overcoat put up in elegant style and to fit you after Nature's own sweet model? Go to G. Felty.s New Tailoring Establishment, formerly occupied by A. Lowenstein, and we will guarantee you entire satisfaction. Call and see us and we will show you what we can do in this line.

Christmas in Oakland.

Christmas was generally observed in Oakland. Most of the business houses were closed, and quietness reigned everywhere. Sunday School Christmas services were held in the Lutheran church Christmas Eve, and in the Presbyterian and Methodist churches Christmas night, when the Sunday School scholars were treated to candies, fruits, &c., and presented with toys, books and other presents. The services were held in the Episcopal church Thursday afternoon.

Excursion to California, Colorado and Pacific Coast Points.

On December 11th and 31st a free chair and Sleeping Car excursion will be run through to Pacific Coast points with only one change of cars, via B. & O., O. & M., Wabash Western and union Pacific roads. Train leaves Philadelphia 11 A. M., Wilmington 11.37 A. M., Baltimore 2 P. M., Washington 3 P. M. For tickets, free reservation of Chairs and berths and detailed information apply to nearest B. & O. Ticket Agent, or Dan. Bride, Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Md.

We Want Money!

Those indebted to us are again urged to make an effort to pay us. We are sadly in need of money to pay our debts, to carry on our business and to provide for our family. About 300 persons in this county are indebted to us in sums ranging from $1.50 to $18.00, and a number of them have become entirely indifferent as to our needs or their obligation. All we ask of you is to do unto us as you would have us do unto you. Attend to this matter at once. Don't put it off and say that what little you owe won't amount to much, but send what you owe, or at least a part of it. We are not making this appeal because it is customary about this time of year, but because we need what is coming to us, and there is no good reason that we should not have what is ours.

Teachers Institute.

The Institute held in Grantsville Dec. 15, 1888, on account of the inclemency of the weather, was not as largely attended as otherwise would have been. After a lively discussion of the best methods of teaching and school government, the President appointed the following as committee on programme:

Frank Blocher, J. E. Miller, G. L. Bender, Mollie Dorsey and Dollie Keller.

The following programme was submitted by the committee, which was adopted as read:

Is absolute quietness desirable—E. B. Fuller.

School Discipline — Miss Mintie Miller.

Select Reading—Miss Fanny Getty.

Should children of the first and second grades have lessons to prepare at home—Miss Gertie Hone.

Essay—Miss Mary Wegman.

How to instruct primary scholars in Arithmetic—Miss Mary Stanton.

Select Reading—Miss Green.

Queries.

What are the best methods of teaching English Grammar—Frank Swalp.

Recitation—Miss Mollie Dorsey.

Use and abuse of the Text Book—Frank Blocher.

How would you secure correct language in school—Miss Ella Loewenstein.

Select Reading—Frank Dorsey.

How to instruct beginners in Orthography—Geo. W. Engle.

Essay—Miss Dollie Keller.

Debate — *Resolved*, That ladies should have the benefit of higher education To affirm, Misses Ella Turney, Tibbie Shaw and Fannie Getty. To deny, Bruce Lichty, G. L. Bender and J. E. Miller.

Institute adjourned to meet Saturday, January 12th.

Teachers, let us be present at these meetings. Remember it is our duty by the call of the Examiner, and not only that, it will be for our good; for by our coming together and the interchanging of views on school government, we will surely be benefited thereby. Teachers, let us labor together for the rapid advancement of the schools.

G. L. BENDER,
Corresponding Secretary.

Mountain Lake Park.

Glad, happy Christmas time has come and gone, but it brought happiness and good cheer to all the families living here. Our Sunday School had the best entertainment in the way of presents for the children that we have ever had. The singing and speaking were good also. We are indebted to Mrs. Bullard and her daughter Rachy for their efficient aid in the singing.

Miss Jennie Smith and Miss Adda Sherman spent their Christmas at home for once.

Another wee little daughter has come to live with Mr. Howell.

A number of teams have been running the last few days hauling ice to Oakland from our Lake.

Mr. Garthright lost his fine Alderny cow.

Mr. Dickson had an upset and runaway the other day. The sleigh was broken to pieces, but no othea serious damages were done.

We are again having pleasant sunshiny weather. J. A. E.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Garrett county, Md., for week ending Dec. 29th, 1888:

Elzie, Ben,	Shelden, Mrs. Annie,
Friend, Marshal,	Smith, Mrs. R.,
Hilgeman, J. F.,	Trobe, Mrs. L. R.
Maneer, David,	Wilmouth, A. & Son,
Melville, Mrs. James,	Watson, E. D.,

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

These letters are chargable with one cent due on delivery.

P. HAMILL, P. M.

Swanton.

Mr. Roger Kerngan died at his home at 40-Waterstation on the morning of the 22d inst., aged about 80 years. Mr. Kerngan was a native of Ireland and came to this country nearly 40 years ago. He served through the late war and for a number of years was a watchman on the 17-mile grade, B. & O. R. R., but of late years had been out of its employ on account of age.

Martin Holt, Esq., of Seymoursville, W. Va., and George Connell, of Deer Park, were visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. C. George last Sunday.

Christmas comes but once a year, but this one has certainly been a pleasant one at Swanton. On Christmas Eve members of the U. B. Sunday School had a Christmas Tree in the U. B. Church. The programme consisted of a service entitled "Seeking for the Christ," declamations, dialogues and singing, with a visit from "Santa Claus," who came down through the trap-door in the ceiling on a rope, and helped to give every child present a treat off the Christmas Tree. All present seemed to enjoy the evening, and we hope that good was accomplished by the evenings exercise.

On Christmas night Mrs. C. T. West had a Christmas Tree in West's Hall for all the children of the place. We were first treated to a grand literary treat, after which ice cream and cake was first served to all the children, and then to all the Ladies and gentlemen present. The evening was then spent in games, after which each child received a present. The Christmas Tree was beautiful, as it stood lighted up and filled with such a load of good things to make glad the hearts of the children. The evening was a pleasant one and enjoyed by all present. Mrs. West deserves great praise for the trouble to which she went to make the children happy, and she succeeded grandly in doing so, and no doubt realizes the truth of the Master's words, "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Mr. C. M. Miller is spending the holidays with relatives at Richmond, Va. HOOSIER.

Johnsons.

As I have seen nothing in your valuable journal from No. 9 for a long while, I thought I would give you, for publication, a few items.

In the first place I will say we are having some cold weather, with several inches of snow and with prospects of more.

Our people all appear to be busy in their different occupations this winter; especially those engaged in the lumber trade. Johnson Bros. are still at work in the business, also Mr. Robison, Mr. Willison, the Rosenberger Brothers and a company from Pennsylvania are running a very large lumber factory just north of us, with a force of some fifty men and 8 or 10 ten teams.

Our school is progressing finely with thirty odd scholars enrolled, with Mr. Noryal Speelman as teacher. This is Mr. Speelman's first term as teacher. He is making a very good start in his profession.

Our other schools are taught by Miss Muhlenberg and Mr. Dorsey. Both, I am told, are doing very well, with fair averages.

A Little Holiday Attraction.

Before you make your Christmas purchases go and examine the stock of F. G. Hyde, (there you can surely find what you want,) because a fancy piece of silverware or a dandy piece of jewelry makes the finest present in the world, and the most appreciated by all; but before you buy it be sure you go to some reliable jeweler first; if you don't come to me go to some other one. If I were to go into general merchandise and buy in a stock of goods, (such as mentioned above,) I wouldn't expect to be patronized to the extent of a nickel in that line of goods, which belongs to somebody else, and *is* his *only* support; but as I am only in that which appertains to the jewelry and musical business, it is right that you should patronize *me* above all others, (if you can buy as cheap,) and I know you can, and cheaper too. There are others that have more money than I have, but they will have to go entirely in the same business before they can *compete* with me. Come to my establishment and I will guarantee you satisfaction.

Thanking you for the many favors already shown me, and soliciting a large share of them in the future,

I remain,
Very respectfully yours,
F. G. HYDE.

12 15 tf The Oakland Jeweler.

The poor old Civil Service Commission is getting some pretty hard knocks nowadays from the spoils Congressmen, but it doesn't seem to mind them at all, It is so dredfully debiliated that it can't recognize the difference between a kick and a caress.

Harrison and his Party.

Col. A. K. McClure, editor of the *Philadelphia Times*, has this to say which must be taken for what it is worth:

Harrison is not personally popular with his old Republican associates. He was never offensive to them; he was not obtrusive in either politics or statesmanship, but he was severely just to his own convictions, and not one of the "good fellows" of the body. There is not general trust among the Republican Senators that they will be able to keep in cordial harmony with him as President. "General Grant is a very obstinate man," was the significant answer of Mrs. Grant to one who expressed doubts about Grant taking Richmond, and it is generally expected that Harrison will exhibit that type of obstinacy when he enters the White House. There is no disposition to antagonize him in advance, but I state only what is now clearly visible on the surface, when I say that early strained relations are anticipated between the party leaders and the President. There is, however, rather a generous disposition exhibited to give Harrison very liberal scope without conflict. Every leading Republican now admits that the rule of the new President will be to remove Democrats only on the expiration of their commissions, and they are now very generally prepared to accept that policy, although with undisguised reluctance. The chief source of apprehension among the Republican leaders is in the fact that Harrison is not a politician in any broad or liberal sense of the term and an early conflict between practical politics and superfine individuality is very generally anticipated by the most intelligent Republicans.

There is a strong drift of Republican sentiment here in favor of pretty radical tariff reform. It has been exhibited by such western leaders as Senators Allison and Plumb, in the fitful skirmishes on the subject in that body, but those Senators have not given full expression to the deep seated and wide-spread conviction among Republicans that tax and tariff reduction even below the standard of the Mills bill, is a supreme necessity. Indeed, nearly half the Republican Senators are at heart in favor of severe tariff reductions to the standard of protection to the wages of labor, and an honest vote recording the actual convictions of all the Senators, would give a large majority in favor of the entire list of free raw matertals as placed in the Mills bill including wool, and adding coal and iron ore. They believe that such an advanced position on tariff reform is a necessity to enable the Republicans to appeal successfully to the country in 1892, and there is little reason to doubt that the Republican tariff attitude in the next national battle will be quite abreast with, if not in advance of, the Mills bill in tariff tax reduction. It will be done by protectionists in the interest of protection to labor.

Western Maryland Manufacturers and Agriculture.

A short while ago the Baltimore *Sun* published a series of excellent articles on the resources of Western Maryland, and the inducements the healthful mountain region offers to settlers. No part of this State is going ahead faster than Western Maryland. Railroads are constantly developing the mineral wealth; the towns are growing; the glades and mountain lands are coming under cultivation, and thriving manufactures are springing up in various localities. There is no reason why Allegany, Garrett, Washington Frederick and Montgomery counties, comprising the sixth congressional district, should not combine a teeming industrial population with the already advanced agriculture. Much is due the Baltimore *Sun* for what it has done to promote the interest of this section of the State.

To Start a Balky Horse

In a recent number of our dumb animals Col. Joseph A. Titus writes as follows: "I have had to do with many balky horses, and I have never known the following simple expedient to fail, provided it was not a case where some other person had been tampering with the will of the horse before I had taken him in hand. It is another method of 'diverting the horse's attention.'

"Whenever a horse driven by myself has balked I have got out of my carriage and gone to his fore foot, lifted it from the ground and struck the shoe a few blows with a stone or with a wrench (which I always carry in my carriage). I have never failed to start a horse in that very simple way, and I have on several occasions had balky horses which would exhaust the patience of all former owners.

"I have undertaken to start balky horses, being handled by others, after other methods of starting them had failed. I request the driver generally to move out of the way, that his voice or presence may not be recognized by the horse. I then first inform the animal, by patting him and talking to him, that there is a new man at the helm, thereby partly diverting his attention. As soon as he begins to give me his attention, I take up his foot and tap it a few times, and never failed, except in one instance to start the horse, and that exceptional cause was one where the horse was overloaded, and knew it.

"The very worst method of attempting to start a balky horse according to my experience and observation, is that of pulling the head of the animal by the bit, and it is a method almost universally adopted by inexperienced users of the horse. The stubbornness of the horse is only increased by that method."

The United States Geological Survey gives some mining statistics that show something of the wonderful wealth of this country, judged by the immense mineral output for the past year. The total value of all minerals mined in 1887 was $538,000,000. This is $70,000,000 more than the output for 1886, and over $100,000,000 greater than that for 1885. The year's yield is not only the greatest ever produced in this country, but is at least $100,000,000 greater than the output of any other country, and, leaving out England, is greater than that of all Europe.

President Cleveland says in a letter to a Buffalo friend: "I am now eagerly counting the days until March 4, when I shall be free." It is really extraordinary how this eagerness on Mr. Cleveland's part has set in on him since the 6th of November.

—All persons indebted to G. A. Shirer are requested to call and settle.
10 20 3m. G. A. SHIRER.

Half Fare to Washington.

For the accommodation of all who desire to witness the inauguration of President-elect Harrison, the B & O R R Co, will sell excursion tickets to Washington from all points on its lines at one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold March 1st to 4th, inclusive and will be valid for return passage until March 7th, inclusive. The B & O is the shortest and most direct route to Washington from all points touched by its lines. It has more track and yard room at Washington than any other road and consequently more facilities for the prompt movement of trains and the expeditious handling of a large passenger business than any other line.

The B & O, handled an immense passenger traffic at the inauguration of Cleveland without delay and without injury to a single passenger.

Its facilities have been greatly augmented since that time and it is in position to give more satisfactory service than any line touching Washington.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

Sheriff's Sale
—OF VALUABLE—
REAL ESTATE!

Under and by virtue of three writs of fieri facias, the first in favor of George W. Legge, the 2nd in favor of James R. Bishop, and the third in favor of Alfred Spates, issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, and to the undersigned Sheriff directed, against the goods and chattels, rights and credits, lands and tenements of Jarvis McClure Mason, I did seize and levy upon, by an actual entry upon the premises, on the 11th day of October, 1888, all that

Lot of Ground, Near the Town of Oakland,

Garrett county, which belonged to the said Mason at the date of the above judgments, containing five acres and 26 perches of land, it being a portion of Military Lot No. 86, and lying East of the County Road leading from Oakland to Aurora; and it being the same property which is more particularly described in a deed from the said J. McClure Mason and wife to Thomas Coddington, dated 27th day of September, 1883, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 7, folio, 557, &c., one of the land records of Garrett county, especial reference to which deed is made for a more particular description of said lot.

Also all that other lot of ground belonging to the said Jarvis McClure Mason situated on the West side of the aforesaid County Road, containing about one and one half acre of land, enclosed by a fence, and bounded by the aforesaid County Road on the East, by a 16-feet alley, between it and John Heible's lot on the North, by a 60-feet street on the West leading from Totten's Addition to Oakland, and the South side lots by the Dashield's lot; both of said lots being cleared and in good state of cultivation.

And I hereby give notice, that on

Saturday, the 5th Day of January, 1889,

in front of what is known as the Coddington Hotel, in the town of Oakland, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M., of said day, I will proceed to sell the afore described two lots of ground, separately, at Public Auction, to the highest bidder for cash, on the day of sale, to satisfy the aforesaid Fieri Facias and costs.

EDWARD E. SOLLARS,
12 15 4t Sheriff Garrett county.

PLANING MILLS.

MT. LAKE PARK, MD.,

ALDERSON & ROBINSON, PROPS

C. M. RATHBUN, Manager.

Manufacturers of and dealers in

Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings.

Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.

☞ Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of mill work. 9, '87.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

I have frequently warned persons from putting crossties on my land, along the railroad, and hereby notify all persons who have neglected this warning to immediately remove any cross-ties that may now be on my land, and in the future to respect this notice and save themselves trouble. I do not intend to be trifled with.

JOHN BRADLEY.

Cincinatti, O, Nov. 26, 1888.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Dec. 17th, 1888.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office at Oakland, on

Monday, January 7th, 1889,

at which time Road Supervisors for the ensuing years will be appointed. All Supervisors of the present year who have not filed their accounts are hereby notified to do so before the said 7th day of January next.

By order
W. H. HAGANS,
12 22 td Clerk.

THE SECOND TERM
—OF—
Miss Swan's School for Young Ladies and Girls,

Will begin January 3d, 1889, (D. V.). Terms, $9.00 for day pupils; $36.00 in advance for weekly boarders; $200 per year, $60 in advance for permanent boarders. No pupil entered for less than one term. Suitable arrangements for carrying pupils from Oakland.

For particulars, address
MISS E. B. SWAN,
12 15 4t Mt. Lake Park, Md.

(Formerly connected with Mt. Auburn Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio.)

JOHN A. WOLF,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
88 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE,
A VALUABLE TRACT OF LAND,

Of 133½ acres, situated 7 miles North of Oakland, near the Yough River. The improvements consist of two dwelling houses, barn, stable and all other necessary outbuildings; twenty acres under cultivation. A fine young orchard is on the place.

For terms and further information, apply to

THOMAS & SINCELL,
12 8 3m Attorneys for Owners.

E. H. SINCELL, Attorney.]

ORDER NISI.

Sam'l J. Miller and others) vs. Joel J. Miller and others, } In the Circuit Court for Garrett Co. No. 427 Equity

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, this 26th day of November, 1888, that the sale of the property mentioned in the proceedings, made and reported by Samuel J. Miller, Trustee, to Henry E. Wiley, be Ratified and Confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 24th day of December next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the said 24th day of December, next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $550.00.

E. Z. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test:
12 13 E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

[E. H. SINCELL, Attorney.]

ORDER NISI.

Mariah Grove, by her husband and next friend William P. Grove, Plaintiff,
Versus
Amanda Moore and others, Defendants.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 433 Equity.

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, this 26th day of November, 1888, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings made and reported by William P. Grove, Trustee, to Jonas Wase, be Ratified and Confirmed, unless cause to the contrary there of be shown on or before the 24th day of December next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the said 24th day of December next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $3,500.

E. Z. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test:
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BUILD WELL.

High on the granite walls the builders, toiling,
Heaved up the massive blocks and slabs to place,
With swart and streaming brows and straining sinews,
Under the summer's blaze.

And higher yet, amid the chills of autumn,
Tier upon tier and arch upon arch arose;
And still crept upward, coldly, wearily, slowly,
'Mid winter's sifting snows.

From stage to stage up springs the master-builder,
Instructing, cheering, chiding here and there;
Scanning with scrutiny severe and rigid
Each lusty laborer's share.

Anon his voice to those most distant shouting
Through the hoarse trumpet makes his orders swell;
Or utters words like these, to rouse and hearten:
"Build well, my men, build well!

"The ropes are strong and new, and sound the pulleys;
The derrick's beams are equal to the strain;
Unerring are the level, line and plummet;
Let naught be done in vain!

"Build that these walls to coming generations
Your skill, your strength, your faithfulness shall tell;
That all may say, as storms and centuries test them,
The men of old built well!"

And ever thus speaks the great Master-Builder
To us, where'er our "journey work" may be;
"Whate'er the toil, the season, or the structure,
Build well—build worthily!"

—*H. S. Brown, in Journal of Education.*

NORSKE FARMS.

Difficulties Encountered in Tilling Farms in Norway.

Something of the Farmer and His Economic Methods—Every Square Foot of Land Utilized—An Ingenious Hay Telegraph.

While traveling in Norway recently, the writer had an opportunity of obtaining some practical information in connection with farming in that country, and the following remarks are intended to illustrate the typical condition of the peasantry. In certain portions of the south, principally in the Christiania district, comparatively large farming operations are carried on. The contrast between Norwegian farms and those he has left behind at home, must strike the least observant tourist. Yet, though he sees much that seems to him rude and antiquated, one soon finds there are not a few lessons awaiting the agriculturist in the land of the vikings. So adverse are the conditions under which the Norske farmer struggles, that the latter must be almost "after the manner born." And it is not too much to add that, to an average farmer, certain bankruptcy would result where a Norwegian can make his bread and prosper.

The first impression of any ordinary Norwegian farm-steading is not very favorable. A cluster of houses, small and aged, crowd around a large dwelling-house, which generally looks somewhat dilapidated. But this appearance is deceptive; for the walls being of wood, they look old in a few years, and become blotched and seared by the weather. The roof is of the same material, or, in the case of the principal building, either of red tile or slab. Sometimes the dwelling-house is painted white, when the affect is to relieve the sombre aspect of the group. The walls are usually stout and thoroughly weather-proof, planks about four inches thick being used in their construction. These planks are placed edgewise on one another, crossed and countersunk at the angles, and calked in the seams with dry moss. A skin of thin wood is placed over the outside, while the interior is lined smoothly with boards. Inside there is an air of comfort and cleanliness. A table stands in the center of the chief room; and along the wall a bench runs, which serves for chairs, of which there is usually a deficiency. From pots on the floor, ivy is sometimes trained upwards to the roof, giving the room a festive and refreshing look. Not unfrequently, the worthy farmer is proud to have the dresses of his daughters hung in conspicuous positions, in order that swains who call may see that the damsels are well provided with garments in case of a matrimonial alliance.

The cowhouses are generally an improvement on those usually seen in England and Scotland. The building is larger, and more space is allotted to each animal, while a clean wooden floor is ordinarily beneath the cattle. Little or no bedding is given. The level of the cowhouses is in most cases raised high enough to allow of a space beneath, into which the refuse is regularly swept through an opening in the floor.

Outside the buildings, one is apt to ask: But where is the farm? Look about you. Mountains hem us in on all sides, there is no room for fields as we know them at home; but grass grows luxuriously among the rocks, with occasionally a patch as large as an ordinary villa-garden. There, the farmer cuts a portion of his hay-crop, on which his horses and cattle are mainly dependent during the eight winter months. But his hay-field is yet wider spread. Glance upward some fifteen hundred feet, there, where an opening occurs in the dwarf-birch, and you observe the diminished form of a man busy at work. This is the farmer, a thorough mountaineer, cutting the grass which grows on yonder narrow ledge of rock. He has been up since early morn and will probably not descend till evening. Not a tuft of grass will be left ungathered; not a foot of level ground on that steep and rugged mountain side but will be visited, and its small crop carefully removed by the industrious bergsman. If he has a wide stretch of fjeld (hill-pasture or moorland) in his boundary, the farmer erects wooden sheds in which he stores his hay till winter, when, by an ingenious contrivance, he has the whole rapidly and easily conveyed to the valley. A familiar object in a Norwegian glen is the strong steel wire which stretches from the foot to the summit of the mountain. Down this wire the bundles of hay are expeditiously sent without labor, and then carried on sledges to the steadings. Without such a method many weary journeys would be necessary ere all the hay required for a long winter could be brought down. It appears the Norwegian farmer borrowed the idea of this hay-telegraph from his brother hillsman of the Tyrol about eight years ago. The hay crop is the product of natural grass, no seed being sown, nor any admixture of clover being used.

The cereals are generally oats and barley; these are planted wherever there is a likelihood of their growing. Small patches from twenty feet to as many yards square are common; while not unfrequently the cornfields are but a name, for they meander like a stream in all directions among the huge bowlders and bare rocky hillocks which compose so great a part of the surface of a farmland. The heads are usually very light, and their appearance would cause a painful smile on the face of a Western farmer. Still, the people cheerfully sow and thankfully reap their scanty harvest, contented if Providence gives them sufficient for their few wants.

The method employed in drying the hay and corn crops is different from that which obtains in this country. In the former case, poles are erected on or near the patches, and between them ropes or long sticks are laid till a sort of six-barred railing is made. On these bars the hay is laid, and dried in a most effective manner. The corn, on the other hand, is tied in small bundles and impaled on poles placed at intervals in the fields. These poles are about nine feet high, and capable of holding ten sheaves each. The grain is thus elevated above the ground; and should a rain storm set in before it can be conveyed to the granary, little results, for half an hour's wind and sunshine thoroughly dries the crop. In the great valley of Voss, the fields are more extensive than those just described. Indeed, a field of two to three acres can be seen on more than one farm near Tringe.

With regard to the potato crop, the same kind of miniature farming occurs, only "much more so," as Mark Twain would say. A seed is dropped here and there wherever a possibilit exists of its taking root. In the Nærodal, the writer noticed potatoes growing *on* a bowlder, where a soil of about eighteen inches had gathered or been placed. The "field" was a triangle, whose sides were each about twelve feet in length!

Turnips would appear to be outside the economy of a Norwegian farm. Though a wide area was visited, embracing Bergens-Amt, Hardanger and part of the Sogne district, not a bulb was visible; a curious feature, considering the importance of such a crop for food.

The portion of the farm given up to crop and fallow is styled the *in-marken*, or inside fields; between that and the field are tee *out-marken*. The latter are reserved, as a rule, for the cattle during winter; the hay being allowed to grow in the summer while the cows are at the *sæters* on the mountains. Manuring is not resorted to as a regular part of the routine; the fields are left from time to time for three or four years, by rotation, in grass.

The farmers themselves are worthy of more than the brief description which can be given here. A life of constant activity and mountain climbing has bred a class of men scarcely to be excelled. They are tall and strongly built, with no excess of flesh, for they are always in training. Their athletic frames are supplemented by good-humored, honest faces, always ready to break into a laugh. A uniform suit of pilot-cloth does not, however enhance their appearance. One does not readily associate the Sunday clothes of a navvy with the Norwegian farmer. Their former dress, which some of the old men retain, is more becoming. And happily, we still find the true mountaineer's costume in some of the more secluded districts—a broad hat, short jacket of home-made cloth, ornate with bright buttons; leather knee-breeches, and heelless shoes of a soft tough hide. The never-absent knife hangs suggestively at the right side. Add limbs of large proportions, a frank face, a back as straight as a soldier's, and you see the typical fjeldsman. The farms of Sæbo and Skjægadals will be familiar examples to the tourist.

In the summer months, female servants, or the daughters of the farmer, tend the cattle high up in the fjeld, living in *sæters* or cabins, where they prepare cheese and butter.

Excepting for such luxuries as coffee, sugar and tobacco, the farmer in Norway can be independent of the outside world. His fields and stock give him food and clothing; while from the timber on his hillsides he builds his houses, and manufactures his furniture. There is no lack of plate in those little farmhouses; the hostess can muster quite a display of silver mugs, spoons and drinking-cups. Some of the spoons are worthy of special notice, for the patterns are delicate and chaste. A favorite kind is that with the thin twisted handle. Any Sunday or fete-day, one may also observe the profusion with which the female population adorn themselves with silver and gold. The arrival of a steamer in some of the less frequented districts is enough to stimulate the wives and lasses to attire themselves in all their bright costume and filigree nicknacks. It is occasionally the fortune of a wanderer among the fjords and fjelds thus to witness these gathering of the women-folk. Many of the ornaments and plate find their way to shops in the larger towns, and also to hotel parlors, where they lie, tempting objects to the tourist matron and miss. On inquiring into the cause which led to the Norske women parting with their adornments, we were informed that it was generally done by intending emigrants.

There is no feudal principal in Norway. The land is held by its owner absolutely, without any tenure from the king or superior. Property thus requires no charter, and the owners have never been subject to military service as vassals. The facility with which property can be transferred is refreshing to one who contemplates the complicated and costly machinery of the law to be encountered in other countries. A stroke of the district judge's pen is sufficient under the simple laws of Norway.

On a death of a farmer, his children—sons and daughters alike—have the property equally divided among them. Should the farm be insufficient for all their wants, an amicable arrangement is usually made, by which the surplus relinquish their shares on payment of a compensatory sum, and settle elsewhere, or emigrate. It might seem that this system of subdivision would ultimately result in impoverished holdings; but, as justly remarked by Mr. Samuel Laing in his *Diary*, the reason that such an issue is prevented lies in the fact that in Norway the land being held in full ownership, "its aggregation by the deaths of co-heirs and by the marriage of female heirs among the body of landowners, balances its subdivision by the equal succession of children."

There is no aristocracy in Norway, unless it be that of successful enterprise and labor. The farmer owns no superior, is uniformly polite and hospitable to all; while servility and obsequiousness are utterly foreign to his nature.

Sufficient has been given in this short sketch to enable the reader to form an idea of Norwegian farms and farmers. If it should occur to any one to inquire why it is that men toil year by year in a hard and constant struggle, where farming is a task of the utmost difficulty and hazard, we feel sure the reply, and only reply, is this, that the land they till *is their own*. They love it, for on it their fathers lived—many of them can trace their ancestors as far back as the grand old days of the vikings—and they, unless compelled by force of circumstances, are happy to reap and sow the same acres season after. With all the forces of nature arrayed against them, these men can show that their small holdings feed them and their children; and make them the backbone, the strength, of *gamle Norge*.—*Lippincott's Monthly.*

BALLOT REFORM.

How to Eradicate Some of the Iniquities of Political "Fine Work."

This is one of the reforms which must come, for without it our system of popular government can not be maintained. Every election, especially in our large cities, shows that until this reform is secured all other reforms are impossible of accomplishment. The control of the election machinery, of the printing and distributing of the ballots, must be taken from the politicians and put into the hands of the State. That is, we must take the power to control our elections away from the men who have no responsibility and no interest in government save extravagance and corruption and put it into the hands of officials who are sworn to do their duty. Of what use is it to try to get honest men nominated for office when we leave in the hands of the political workers the power to defeat them at the polls by distributing fraudulent or defective ballots, or by making "deals" and "dickers" which cheat the people of their will? We have talked for years about reforming the primaries and the nominating conventions, but not one particle of progress has been made. Under the Massachusetts law any four hundred voters, in case of a candidate for State office, and any one hundred voters, in case of a candidate for a lesser office, by uniting in a petition in behalf of a candidate of their choice, can have his name printed upon the official ballots and have those ballots distributed at the polls at the public expense. What more certain way of reforming the primaries could be devised than this? If there were such a law in New York City there would be an end to the astonishing spectacle which is there so often presented of a "boss" setting up a candidate of his own for office in spite of all protests, and frequently electing him in spite of all opposition. Under such a law both "bosses" and primaries would in a very short time lose their present dominance in our politics.

In fact, there is scarcely a form of iniquity known to our election methods which a good ballot law would not eradicate. We should be rid at one stroke of the assessments upon candidates, of the bribing and bulldozing of voters, of the nomination of notoriously unfit candidates, of "deals" and "dickers" and "trades" at the polls. All these would disappear, for the simple reason that the machinery of elections would be taken out of the hands of irresponsible and often dishonest men. Such an obvious and imperative reform as this can not be long delayed. —*Century.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

□—All barns should have good eave troughs, connected with spacious underground cisterns, if water is needed.

—Several boys when arrested in New York the other day, were working industriously, as they afterwards explained in court, to create a haunted house scare.

—The last society spoken of in California is the "Pay-Nothings." It is said to be alarmingly prosperous. The pass-word is, "Lend me a dollar;" the response, "Broke!"

—Uncle Cuffy—"Which is the cheapest, de fly-blister or de poor-house plaster?" Druggist—"Just the same—twenty-five cents apiece." Uncle C.—"Well, doctor, you better give me all two; my old 'ooman is berry low wid de remonia; an' I want um fur hab eb'ry comfort."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Crooked and Straight are the names of a pair of clergymen in charge of an English church. Lock & Key were long familiar names over the door of a hardware store in Louisville, Ky. Scarcely less appropriate were the last named parties to their business than were the famous U. Ketchum & I. Cheatum firm of lawyers.

—Enthusiastic Traveler—"Ah, England is a glorious country indeed. A nation of conquerors, possessions everywhere all over the globe, enormous financial resources; why, you know they say the sun of Victoria never sets." Mrs. Porkchoppe (of Chicago)—"I want to know, don't he ever get tired of standing?"—*Town Topics.*

—A contest has been going on in a New York newspaper between a number of young women for the honor of being the youngest grandmother in the country. It has been shown by the letters of the contestants that a woman who was a grandmother at the age of thirty-two is by no means an unusual personage in this country.

—An oil expert from Pennsylvania is of the opinion that there is more oil under the soil of California than in Pennsylvania itself. He finds that the ledge of oil-producing rock begins at Peru, crops up at San Diego, then dips and reappears at Santa Barbara, and again appears at San Francisco and farther north.

—In a letter from Salt Lake City descriptive of the Mormon Tabernacle, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe writes: "A glance at the congregation easily corroborated the statement that Mormonism largely recruits itself from the most wretched and ignorant classes of European countries. Some of the heads of those present might have been termed well advanced on the way back to the gorilla. Vacant countenances, eyes empty of thought were seen on every side."

—It was a rather queer remark that a Buffalo (N. Y.) business man made lately. Said he, "I can get a better bargain in any store in this town if I don't pay as I go than I can for cash, and what is still more to the purpose, can command better treatment and better service while I am making the purchase. The moment my money goes over the counter the interest in prompt delivery and such accessories must all fall back on the character of the house I am dealing with. But if I do not pay at once I am still a customer to be looked after and every thing will be done to retain my good will.

—A Boston sportsman who has been enjoying the sport at Moluncus Lake, in the northern part of Maine, entered a lumberman's house and was well entertained during the night. In the parlor of the house was the lumberman's library, which the visitor had the curiosity to examine. The list was as follows: "Lives of Eminent Saints," "Mysteries of Paris," "Robinson Crusoe," "Sure Way to a Happy Marriage," Life of the Popes," "Teachings of the Catholic Church and Her Divine Founder and Saviour," "Catholic Faith" and "Our Deportment." The lumberman's mind had certainly a serious bent.

TRICKS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

How Some of the Delusions in Sun Pictures are Produced.

There are various ways for providing surprising results in photography, things that in one age would have been called magic, but in ours recognized as scientific tricks. The ghost picture, for instance, in which a shadowy ghost—through which material objects are visible—is seen between natural attitudes and occupations. This is produced by an almost instantaneous exposure of the figure that is to do duty as the ghost, followed by a full exposure of the figures and properties that are to appear natural. Another novel trick was shown recently in a photograph reproduced by a prominent trade journal, which presented the photographer, seated at a table, playing chess, with himself sitting on the opposite side of the table, while he himself stood up in the background looking at his two selves playing.

The figures were all on the negative, which was produced by three successive exposures of the plate, parts thereof being masked each time by a black velvet shutter. Still another trick is that by which a person who likes that sort of thing may appear to be photographed riding on a flying goose or a fish or any other desired style of ridiculous locomotion. This is done by the subject holding upon his lap a huge piece of white or sky-tinted card with the fanciful figure drawn upon it. His face appears above the upper edge of the card and seems in the picture, joined to the funny little body mounted on the goose or fish. The statue picture is made by about the same device.—*Photographic Review.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

A CONTENTED "CRANK."

I'm but a simple working-man—
I labor hard all day,
And try as hard as e'er I can
To tread the narrow way.

I always pay my debts, and I
On Sundays go to church,
And hope that I may when I die
Leave Satan in the lurch.

My wife—no kinder w fe than she—
My children—nearly grown—
Contentedly do dwell with me.
Our home is all our own.

I r se at six and breakfast, and
Then kissing wife good-bye,
With battered dinner pail in hand,
Away to labor hie.

Not "high-toned" is my daily work—
To "tote the hod's" my trade.
I know not what it is to shirk,
Altho' but poorly paid.

Sometimes it seems to me that life
Is rather dull and gray,
But when I think of home and wife
The shadows fade away.

And all again is bright and fair,
And life to me is sweet;
My heart once more is light as air,
And light my broganed feet.

At six o'clock I'm free again,
And homeward I wearily plod
Along with other work ng-men
Who also "tote the hod."

And, as we trudge along the street,
I often hear them say:
"Bob (Tom or Dick), it is your treat—
It did not rain to-day."

It is their custom oft to bet
The whisky or the beer
As to the weather, whether wet,
Or cloudy, dry or clear.

At the saloon they all will stop
The while the losers pay.
They ask me, too, to "take a drop,"
But I'm not built that way.

Full often, with a dinner pail,
When lunch is over at noon,
Some one of them will go for ale
Or beer to the saloon.

Their money seems to not go far—
They throw it 'round like dust—
But when it's gone, behind the bar
They find these words: "No Trust."

Sometimes, before the week is o'er,
And ere they pay-day see,
These fellows, with parched throats, and sore,
Would borrow cash of me.

They dwell in little hired rooms, where
Reign dirt, and filth, and sin;
Where foul and noisome is the air
With fumes of beer and gin.

Because I water drink they cry:
"You Prohibit on crank."
But I've a little home, and I
Have money in the bank.

Each day when it is six o'clock,
With mortar-bedaubed faces,
They skurry to the nearest block
Where there are drinking places.

As soon as my day's work is done
I hurry to my cot,
And there remain till rise of sun,
The outside world forgot.

Their wives and children ragged go,
They sickly are, and pale,
They're greeted oft with oath or blow—
That comes from "cheerful ale."

My wife and children neatly dress,"
Tho' not extravagantly.
If I'm a "crank," I must confess,
A crank's life just suits me.

—*Thomas Burke, in Arkansas Traveler.*

WHAT IT COSTS.

A Traffic Without One Redeeming Feature—An Ulcer Eating Out the Vitals of the Nation—A Burden on Every Legitimate Occupation.

Of course the moral aspect of the rum traffic needs exemplification, but it by no means follows that all other aspects of the matter shall be neglected. We believe that there should be more attention given it from the side of political economy. Startling as the proposition may be, we think the facts will bear us out in the statement that there is expended every year in the United States more than enough labor to produce an abundance of food, clothing, and of every necessary and even luxury of ordinary life for every human being within the Nation's limits. The trouble is, the money representing the labor necessary to produce this is spent in wrong channels; and the chief of these is the expenditure for rum in all its forms.

Several years ago a newspaper in a live, rapidly-growing Western city, in a mining district, took the pains to collect the data upon which it calculated the relative total expenditures for rum, tobacco and the necessaries of life. It found that in the one year the total amount received in that city for the sale of clothing, boots and shoes, coal and the products of the bakeries was $1,875,000. The amount spent for rum was $2,000,000; that for meats, game, live stock, hay, carpets, crockery and glassware and books and stationery was $2,075,000. Add this and the $1,875,000 above, and the necessaries of life cost that city $3,950,000. Tobacco and cigars were sold to the amount of $2,225,000. Add the sales of rum and we have $4,225,000. Subtract the total spent for the necessaries of life and the sales of rum and tobacco were in excess by $275,000.

Suppose that the sums spent for rum had been added to those spent for the necessaries of life, increasing the total from $3,950,000 to $5,950,000; does it not seem probable that every inhabitant of that city would have been well clothed, well fed and warmed and well housed? Yet all that was needed to produce that result was that the money each individual spent for rum had been spent for the things that were needed to make him and his comfortable and physically happy. But you may say that a Western mining town is exceptional in the number of people who use rum, and that it will not do to judge the Nation by that one place. There is some truth in this; yet it was calculated a few years ago, taking the figures of the United States census of 1880 as a basis, that the annual expenditures of the entire United States, in round numbers, were as follows for these items:

Liquors of all kinds	$900,000,000
Tobacco	600,000,000
Bread	500,000,000
Meats of all kinds	1[illegible],000,000
Woolen goods	175,000,000
Cotton goods	210,000,000
Boots and Shoes	190,000,000

It is no exaggeration to say, in the light of this estimate, that for every dollar that is spent for proper food, clothing and the other necessities and comforts of life, something like fifty cents is spent for rum. That is, one-third the money that should be spent for these necessaries, and which would be, were it not for the accursed rum power, goes into the coffers of the latter. If the latter were pulverized between the upper and nether millstones law and popular opinion, an added sum, equal to one-half their present receipts, would accrue to the men who are engaged in producing and supplying these necessaries of life to the people of this country.

Here is a vast field for the labors of the political economist. Here is a solution of the problem of hard times, which is the vexing one to which we all are seeking a permanent solution. If the expenditures of our people for useful and needful articles of food, clothing, etc., were increased one-half, the domestic trade of the country would be increased one-half. The only ones who would suffer would be the men who make and deal in rum; but the increased expenditures in other lines would require a corresponding increase in the means of production. Our farmers would find sale for one-half more of their products; our factories would need to be increased in number, or their force of operatives be enlarged; our merchants would enlarge their stores, and new ones would be added; and the increased demand would furnish labor for tens of thousands more of working-men and women.

It is to be remembered that when a man spends money for rum, he gets no equivalent for his money. He buys a coat, which lasts him for months; but while he is wearing it, he drinks a dozen times its cost, and has nothing tangible to show for the rum he has imbibed, unless it be the evil that it does him. And it is not to be forgotten that the number of men it takes to produce a thousand dollars' worth of drinks of rum is much smaller than it takes to produce one thousand dollars' worth of food, or clothing, or any other necessary of life. The vast bulk of the money paid for rum goes as profit into the pockets of the saloonist; in any other case, the bulk of it is paid to working-men as the cost of production. It is the one form of traffic which pays the least, in proportion, to the labor which produces its staple, because it requires comparatively less actual labor to make rum than almost any thing else.

It is traffic without one redeeming feature. It is an ulcer in the civilization of the Nation, eating out the vitals. It is a burden on every legitimate occupation, robbing each and every one of them of one-third of its legitimate trade. Every manufacturer, every farmer, every producer of food or any other necessary of life, every business man whose occupation is the traffic in any of these necessaries and comforts of life, should look upon the rum traffic as his own personal enemy, robbing him every year of one-third of the sales he would make were it not for this infernal burden, of which he must carry his share so long as the cause is allowed to exist. From a position of indifference, all these classes of people named should spring into active opposition to this infernal tax upon the people and the legitimate trade and industry of the Nation.—*Toledo Blade.*

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

In Russia last year eighty thousand dram shops were done away with by law.

In the grounds of the Irish Exhibition, London, no intoxicating liquors are sold, while the facilities for obtaining Temperance refreshments are ample.

It is said that in each street in Paris, out of fifty shops thirty are devoted to the sale of wine and alcohol. It would really appear that, in France at least, one-half of the population has for its business the giving of drink to the other half.

It appears that intemperance is not uncommon among Austrian school children, and the Vienna school board have asked for government intervention. A bill for prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquor to children under fifteen years is to be introduced into Parliament.

The Philadelphia *News* says of "treating:" "The 'treating' habit causes three-fourths of the drunkenness in this country, and it would not exist were it not for the saloons. They are hot-beds of vice, promoters of crime; they break up thousands of homes each year, and drag thousands of men and women to the depths of poverty, degradation and disease."

A temperance society has just been formed in St. Petersburg, a city which consumes daily 1,600,000 glasses of vodka, 10,000 bottles of wine, 1,500,000 pints of beer, without mentioning the various other forms of alcohol. The new society was formed by shoemakers, has already 1,200 members, and is increasing at the rate of 150 new members a week. This movement, if successful, will mark an era in Russian history.

Mr. George Kennan says in his articles on Siberia, in the *Century*: "There are thirty rum-shops to every school throughout Western Siberia, and thirty-five rum-shops to every school throughout Eastern Siberia, and in a country where there exists such a disproportion between the facilities for education and the facilities for intoxication, one can not reasonably expect to find clean, orderly or prosperous villages."

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

BUILD WELL.

High on the granite walls the builders, toiling,
Heaved up the massive blocks and slabs to place,
With swart and streaming brows and straining sinews,
Under the summer's blaze.

And higher yet, amid the chills of autumn,
Tier upon tier and arch upon arch arose;
And still crept upward, coldly, wearily, slowly,
'Mid winter's sifting snows.

From stage to stage up springs the master-builder,
Instructing, cheering, chiding here and there;
Scanning with scrutiny severe and rigid
Each lusty laborer's share.

Anon his voice to those most distant shouting
Through the hoarse trumpet makes his orders sweet;
Or utters words like these, to rouse and hearten:
"Build well, my men, build well!

"The ropes are strong and new, and sound the pulleys;
The derrick's beams are equal to the strain;
Unerring are the level, line and plummet;
Let naught be done in vain!

"Build that these walls to coming generations
Your skill, your strength, your faithfulness shall tell;
That all may say, as storms and centuries test them,
The men of old built well!"

And ever thus speaks the great Master-Builder
To us, where'er our "journey work" may be;
"Whate'er the toil, the season, or the structure,
Build well—build worthily!"

—*H. S. Brown, in Journal of Education.*

NORSKE FARMS.

Difficulties Encountered in Tilling Farms in Norway.

Something of the Farmer and His Economic Methods—Every Square Foot of Land Utilized—An Ingenious Hay Telegraph.

While traveling in Norway recently, the writer had an opportunity of obtaining some practical information in connection with farming in that country, and the following remarks are intended to illustrate the typical condition of the peasantry. In certain portions of the south, principally in the Christiania district, comparatively large farming operations are carried on. The contrast between Norwegian farms and those he has left behind at home, must strike the least observant tourist. Yet, though he sees much that seems to him rude and antiquated, one soon finds there are not a few lessons awaiting the agriculturist in the land of the vikings. So adverse are the conditions under which the Norske farmer struggles, that the latter must be almost "after the manner born." And it is not too much to add that, to an average farmer, certain bankruptcy would result where a Norwegian can make his bread and prosper.

The first impression of any ordinary Norwegian farm-steading is not very favorable. A cluster of houses, small and aged, crowd around a large dwelling-house, which generally looks somewhat dilapidated. But this appearance is deceptive; for the walls being of wood, they look old in a few years, and become blotched and seared by the weather. The roof is of the same material, or, in the case of the principal building, either of red tile or slab. Sometimes the dwelling-house is painted white, when the affect is to relieve the sombre aspect of the group. The walls are usually stout and thoroughly weather-proof, planks about four inches thick being used in their construction. These planks are placed edgewise on one another, crossed and countersunk at the angles, and calked in the seams with dry moss. A skin of thin wood is placed over the outside, while the interior is lined smoothly with boards. Inside there is an air of comfort and cleanliness. A table stands in the center of the chief room; and along the wall a bench runs, which serves for chairs, of which there is usually a deficiency. From pots on the floor, ivy is sometimes trained upwards to the roof, giving the room a festive and refreshing look. Not unfrequently, the worthy farmer is proud to have the dresses of his daughters hung in conspicuous positions, in order that swains who call may see that the damsels are well provided with garments in case of a matrimonial alliance.

The cowhouses are generally an improvement on those usually seen in England and Scotland. The building is larger, and more space is allotted to each animal, while a clean wooden floor is ordinarily beneath the cattle. Little or no bedding is given. The level of the cowhouses is in most cases raised high enough to allow of a space beneath, into which the refuse is regularly swept through an opening in the floor.

Outside the buildings, one is apt to ask: But where is the farm? Look about you. Mountains hem us in on all sides, there is no room for fields as we know them at home; but grass grows luxuriously among the rocks, with occasionally a patch as large as an ordinary villa-garden. There, the farmer cuts a portion of his hay-crop, on which his horses and cattle are mainly dependent during the eight winter months. But his hay-field is yet wider spread. Glance upward some fifteen hundred feet, there, where an opening occurs in the dwarf-birch, and you observe the diminished form of a man busy at work. This is the farmer, a thorough mountaineer, cutting the grass which grows on yonder narrow ledge of rock. He has been up since early morn and will probably not descend till evening. Not a tuft of grass will be left ungathered; not a foot of level ground on that steep and rugged mountain side but will be visited, and its small crop carefully removed by the industrious bergsman. If he has a wide stretch of fjeld (hill-pasture or moorland) in his boundary, the farmer erects wooden sheds in which he stores his hay till winter, when, by an ingenious contrivance, he has the whole rapidly and easily conveyed to the valley. A familiar object in a Norwegian glen is the strong steel wire which stretches from the foot to the summit of the mountain. Down this wire the bundles of hay are expeditiously sent without labor, and then carried on sledges to the steadings. Without such a method many weary journeys would be necessary ere all the hay required for a long winter could be brought down. It appears the Norwegian farmer borrowed the idea of this hay-telegraph from his brother hillsman of the Tyrol about eight years ago. The hay crop is the product of natural grass, no seed being sown, nor any admixture of clover being used.

The cereals are generally oats and barley; these are planted wherever there is a likelihood of their growing. Small patches from twenty feet to as many yards square are common; while not unfrequently the cornfields are but a name, for they meander like a stream in all directions among the huge bowlders and bare rocky hillocks which compose so great a part of the surface of a farmland. The heads are usually very light, and their appearance would cause a painful smile on the face of a Western farmer. Still, the people cheerfully sow and thankfully reap their scanty harvest, contented if Providence gives them sufficient for their few wants.

The method employed in drying the hay and corn crops is different from that which obtains in this country. In the former case, poles are erected on or near the patches, and between them ropes or long sticks are laid till a sort of six-barred railing is made. On these bars the hay is laid, and dried in a most effective manner. The corn, on the other hand, is tied in small bundles and impaled on poles placed at intervals in the fields. These poles are about nine feet high, and capable of holding ten sheaves each. The grain is thus elevated above the ground; and should a rain storm set in before it can be conveyed to the granary, little results, for half an hour's wind and sunshine thoroughly dries the crop. In the great valley of Voss, the fields are more extensive than those just described. Indeed, a field of two to three acres can be seen on more than one farm near Tringe.

With regard to the potato crop, the same kind of miniature farming occurs, only "much more so," as Mark Twain would say. A seed is dropped here and there wherevor a possibilit exists of its taking root. In the Nærodal, the writer noticed potatoes growing *on* a bowlder, where a soil of about eighteen inches had gathered or been placed. The "field" was a triangle, whose sides were each about twelve feet in length!

Turnips would appear to be outside the economy of a Norwegian farm. Though a wide area was visited, embracing Bergens-Amt, Hardanger and part of the Sogne district, not a bulb was visible; a curious feature, considering the importance of such a crop for food.

The portion of the farm given up to crop and fallow is styled the *in-marken*, or inside fields; between that and the field are the *out-marken*. The latter are reserved, as a rule, for the cattle during winter; the hay being allowed to grow in the summer while the cows are at the *sæters* on the mountains. Manuring is not resorted to as a regular part of the routine; the fields are left from time to time for three or four years, by rotation, in grass.

The farmers themselves are worthy of more than the brief description which can be given here. A life of constant activity and mountain climbing has bred a class of men scarcely to be excelled. They are tall and strongly built, with no excess of flesh, for they are always in training. Their athletic frames are supplemented by good-humored, honest faces, always ready to break into a laugh. A uniform suit of pilot-cloth does not, however enhance their appearance. One does not readily associate the Sunday clothes of a navvy with the Norwegian farmer. Their former dress, which some of the old men retain, is more becoming. And happily, we still find the true mountaineer's costume in some of the more secluded districts—a broad hat, short jacket of home-made cloth, ornate with bright buttons; leather knee-breeches, and heelless shoes of a soft tough hide. The never-absent knife hangs suggestively at the right side. Add limbs of large proportions, a frank face, a back as straight as a soldier's, and you see the typical fjeldsman. The farms of Sæbo and Skjoegadals will be familiar examples to the tourist.

In the summer months, female servants, or the daughters of the farmer, tend the cattle high up in the fjeld, living in *sæters* or cabins, where they prepare cheese and butter.

Excepting for such luxuries as coffee, sugar and tobacco, the farmer in Norway can be independent of the outside world. His fields and stock give him food and clothing; while from the timber on his hillsides he builds his houses, and manufactures his furniture. There is no lack of plate in those little farmhouses; the hostess can muster quite a display of silver mugs, spoons and drinking-cups. Some of the spoons are worthy of special notice, for the patterns are delicate and chaste. A favorite kind is that with the thin twisted handle. Any Sunday or fete-day, one may also observe the profusion with which the female population adorn themselves with silver and gold. The arrival of a steamer in some of the less frequented districts is enough to stimulate the wives and lasses to attire themselves in all their bright costume and filigree nicknacks. It is occasionally the fortune of a wanderer among the fjords and fjelds thus to witness these gathering of the women-folk. Many of the ornaments and plate find their way to shops in the larger towns, and also to hotel parlors, where they lie, tempting objects to the tourist matron and miss. On inquiring into the cause which led to the Norske women parting with their adornments, we were informed that it was generally done by intending emigrants.

There is no feudal principal in Norway. The land is held by its owner absolutely, without any tenure from the king or superior. Property thus requires no charter, and the owners have never been subject to military service as vassals. The facility with which property can be transferred is refreshing to one who contemplates the complicated and costly machinery of the law to be encountered in other countries. A stroke of the district judge's pen is sufficient under the simple laws of Norway.

On a death of a farmer, his children—sons and daughters alike—have the property equally divided among them. Should the farm be insufficient for all their wants, an amicable arrangement is usually made, by which the surplus relinquish their shares on payment of a compensatory sum, and settle elsewhere, or emigrate. It might seem that this system of subdivision would ultimately result in impoverished holdings; but, as justly remarked by Mr. Samuel Laing in his *Diary*, the reason that such an issue is prevented lies in the fact that in Norway the land being held in full ownership, "its aggregation by the deaths of co-heirs and by the marriage of female heirs among the body of landowners, balances its subdivision by the equal succession of children."

There is no aristocracy in Norway, unless it be that of successful enterprise and labor. The farmer owns no superior, is uniformly polite and hospitable to all; while servility and obsequiousness are utterly foreign to his nature.

Sufficient has been given in this short sketch to enable the reader to form an idea of Norwegian farms and farmers. If it should occur to any one to inquire why it is that men toil year by year in a hard and constant struggle, where farming is a task of the utmost difficulty and hazard, we feel sure the reply, and only reply, is this, that the land they till *is their own*. They love it, for on it their fathers lived—many of them can trace their ancestors as far back as the grand old days of the vikings—and they, unless compelled by force of circumstances, are happy to reap and sow the same acres season after. With all the forces of nature arrayed against them, these men can show that their small holdings feed them and their children; and make them the backbone, the strength, of *gamle Norge*.—*Chambers's Monthly.*

BALLOT REFORM.

How to Eradicate Some of the Iniquities of Political "Fine Work."

This is one of the reforms which must come, for without it our system of popular government can not be maintained. Every election, especially in our large cities, shows that until this reform is secured all other reforms are impossible of accomplishment. The control of the election machinery, of the printing and distributing of the ballots, must be taken from the politicians and put into the hands of the State. That is, we must take the power to control our elections away from the men who have no responsibility and no interest in government save extravagance and corruption and put it into the hands of officials who are sworn to do their duty. Of what use is it to try to get honest men nominated for office when we leave in the hands of the political workers the power to defeat them at the polls by distributing fraudulent or defective ballots, or by making "deals" and "dickers" which cheat the people of their will? We have talked for years about reforming the primaries and the nominating conventions, but not one particle of progress has been made. Under the Massachusetts law any four hundred voters, in case of a candidate for State office, and any one hundred voters, in case of a candidate for a lesser office, by uniting in a petition in behalf of a candidate of their choice, can have his name printed upon the official ballots and have those ballots distributed at the polls at the public expense. What more certain way of reforming the primaries could be devised than this? If there were such a law in New York City there would be an end to the astonishing spectacle which is there so often presented of a "boss" setting up a candidate of his own for office in spite of all protests, and frequently electing him in spite of all opposition. Under such a law both "bosses" and primaries would in a very short time lose their present dominance in our politics.

In fact, there is scarcely a form of iniquity known to our election methods which a good ballot law would not eradicate. We should be rid at one stroke of the assessments upon candidates, of the bribing and bulldozing of voters, of the nomination of notoriously unfit candidates, of "deals" and "dickers" and "trades" at the polls. All these would disappear, for the simple reason that the machinery of elections would be taken out of the hands of irresponsible and often dishonest men. Such an obvious and imperative reform as this can not be long delayed. —*Century.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—All barns should have good cave troughs, connected with spacious underground cisterns, if water is needed.

—Several boys when arrested in New York the other day, were working industriously, as they afterwards explained in court, to create a haunted house scare.

—The last society spoken of in California is the "Pay-Nothings." It is said to be alarmingly prosperous. The pass-word is, "Lend me a dollar;" the response, "Broke!"

—Uncle Cuffy—"Which is the cheapest, de fly-blister or de poor-house plaster?" Druggist—"Just the same—twenty-five cents apiece." Uncle C.—"Well, doctor, you better give me all two; my old 'ooman is berry low wid de remonia; an' I want um fur hab eb'ry comfort."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Crooked and Straight are the names of a pair of clergymen in charge of an English church. Lock & Key were long familiar names over the door of a hardware store in Louisville, Ky. Scarcely less appropriate were the last named parties to their business than were the famous U. Ketchum & I. Cheatum firm of lawyers.

—Enthusiastic Traveler—"Ah, England is a glorious country indeed. A nation of conquerors, possessions everywhere all over the globe, enormous financial resources; why, you know they say the sun of Victoria never sets." Mrs. Porkehoppe (of Chicago)—"I want to know, don't he ever get tired of standing?"—*Town Topics.*

—A contest has been going on in a New York newspaper between a number of young women for the honor of being the youngest grandmother in the country. It has been shown by the letters of the contestants that a woman who was a grandmother at the age of thirty-two is by no means an unusual personage in this country.

—An oil expert from Pennsylvania is of the opinion that there is more oil under the soil of California than in Pennsylvania itself. He finds that the ledge of oil-producing rock begins at Peru, crops up at San Diego, then dips and reappears at Santa Barbara, and again appears at San Francisco and further north.

—In a letter from Salt Lake City descriptive of the Mormon Tabernacle, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe writes: "A glance at the congregation easily corroborated the statement that Mormonism largely recruits itself from the most wretched and ignorant classes of European countries. Some of the heads of those present might have been termed well advanced on the way back to the gorilla. Vacant countenances, eyes empty of thought were seen on every side."

—It was a rather queer remark that a Buffalo (N. Y.) business man made lately. Said he, "I can get a better bargain in any store in this town if I don't pay as I go than I can for cash, and what is still more to the purpose, can command better treatment and better service while I am making the purchase. The moment my money goes over the counter the interest in prompt delivery and such accessories must all fall back on the character of the house I am dealing with. But if I do not pay at once I am still a customer to be looked after and every thing will be done to retain my good will.

—A Boston sportsman who has been enjoying the sport at Moluncus Lake, in the northern part of Maine, entered a lumberman's house and was well entertained during the night. In the parlor of the house was the lumberman's library, which the visitor had the curiosity to examine. The list was as follows: "Lives of Eminent Saints," "Mysteries of Paris," "Robinson Crusoe," "Sure Way to a Happy Marriage," Life of the Popes," "Teachings of the Catholic Church and Her Divine Founder and Saviour," "Catholic Faith" and "Our Deportment." The lumberman's mind had certainly a serious bent.

TRICKS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

How Some of the Delusions in Sun Pictures are Produced.

There are various ways for providing surprising results in photography, things that in one age would have been called magic, but in ours recognized as scientific tricks. The ghost picture, for instance, in which a shadowy ghost—through which material objects are visible—is seen between natural attitudes and occupations. This is produced by an almost instantaneous exposure of the figure that is to do duty as the ghost, followed by a full exposure of the figures and properties that are to appear natural. Another novel trick was shown recently in a photograph reproduced by a prominent trade journal, which presented the photographer, seated at a table, playing chess, with himself sitting on the opposite side of the table, while he himself stood up in the background looking at his two selves playing.

The figures were all on the negative, which was produced by three successive exposures of the plate, parts thereof being masked each time by a black velvet shutter. Still another trick is that by which a person who likes that sort of thing may appear to be photographed riding on a flying goose or a fish or any other desired style of ridiculous locomotion. This is done by the subject holding upon his lap a huge piece of white or sky-tinted card with the fanciful figure drawn upon it. His face appears above the upper edge of the card and seems in the picture, joined to the funny little body mounted on the goose or fish. The statue picture is made by about the same device.—*Photographic Review.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

A CONTENTED "CRANK."

I'm but a simple working-man—
I labor hard all day,
And try as hard as e'er I can
To tread the narrow way.

I always pay my debts, and I
On Sundays go to church,
And hope that I may when I die
Leave Satan in the lurch.

My wife—no kinder wife than she—
My children—nearly grown—
Contentedly do dwell with me.
Our home is all our own.

I rise at six and breakfast, and
Then kissing wife good-bye,
With battered dinner pail in hand,
Away to labor hie.

Not "high-toned" is my daily work—
To "tote the hod's" my trade.
I know not what it is to shirk,
Altho' but poorly paid.

Sometimes it seems to me that life
Is rather dull and gray,
But when I think of home and wife
The shadows fade away.

And all again is bright and fair,
And life to me is sweet;
My heart once more is light as air,
And light my broganed feet.

At six o'clock I'm free again,
And homeward weary plod
Along with other work ng-men
Who also "tote the hod."

And, as we trudge along the street,
I often hear them say:
"Bob (Tom or Dick), it is your treat—
It did not rain to-day."

It is their custom oft to bet
The whisky or the beer
As to the weather, whether wet,
Or cloudy, dry or clear.

At the saloon they all will stop
The while the losers pay.
They ask me, too, to "take a drop,"
But I'm not built that way.

Full often, with a dinner pail,
When lunch is over at noon,
Some one of them will go for ale
Or beer to the saloon.

Their money seems to not go far—
They throw it 'round like dust—
But when it's gone, behind the bar
They find these words: "No Trust."

Sometimes, before the week is o'er,
And ere they pay-day see,
These fellows, with parched throats, and sore,
Would borrow cash of me.

They dwell in little hired rooms, where
Reign dirt, and filth, and sin;
Where foul and noisome is the air
With fumes of beer and gin.

Because I water drink they cry:
"You Prohibit on crank."
But I've a little home, and I
Have money in the bank.

Each day when it is six o'clock,
With more or less dazed faces,
They skurry to the nearest block
Where there are drinking places.

As soon as my day's work is done
I hurry to my cot,
And there remain till rise of sun,
The outside world forgot.

Their wives and children ragged go,
They sickly are, and pale,
They're greeted oft with oath or blow—
That comes from "cheerful ale."

My wife and children neatly dress,"
Tho' not extravagantly.
If I'm a "crank," I must confess,
A crank's life just suits me.

—*Thomas Burke, in Arkansas Traveler.*

WHAT IT COSTS.

A Traffic Without One Redeeming Feature—An Ulcer Eating Out the Vitals of the Nation—A Burden on Every Legitimate Occupation.

Of course the moral aspect of the rum traffic needs exemplification, but it by no means follows that all other aspects of the matter shall be neglected. We believe that there should be more attention given it from the side of political economy. Startling as the proposition may be, we think the facts will bear us out in the statement that there is expended every year in the United States more than enough labor to produce an abundance of food, clothing, and of every necessary and even luxury of ordinary life for every human being within the Nation's limits. The trouble is, the money representing the labor necessary to produce this is spent in wrong channels; and the chief of these is the expenditure for rum in all its forms.

Several years ago a newspaper in a live, rapidly-growing Western city, in a mining district, took the pains to collect the data upon which it calculated the relative total expenditures for rum, tobacco and the necessaries of life. It found that in the one year the total amount received in that city for the sale of clothing, boots and shoes, coal and the products of the bakeries was $1,875,000. The amount spent for rum was $2,000,000; that for meats, game, live stock, hay, carpets, crockery and glassware and books and stationery was $2,075,000. Add this and the $1,875,000 above, and the necessaries of life cost that city $3,950,000. Tobacco and cigars were sold to the amount of $2,225,000. Add the sales of rum and we have $4,225,000. Subtract the total spent for the necessaries of life and the sales of rum and tobacco were in excess by $275,000.

Suppose that the sums spent for rum had been added to those spent for the necessaries of life, increasing the total from $3,950,000 to $5,950,000; does it not seem probable that every inhabitant of that city would have been well clothed, well fed and warmed and well housed? Yet all that was needed to produce that result was that the money each individual spent for rum had been spent for the things that were needed to make him and his comfortable and physically happy. But you may say that a Western mining town is exceptional in the number of people who use rum, and that it will not do to judge the Nation by that one place. There is some truth in this; yet it was calculated a few years ago, taking the figures of the United States census of 1880 as a basis, that the annual expenditures of the entire United States, in round numbers, were as follows for these items:

Liquors of all kinds	$900,000,000
Tobacco	600,000,000
Bread	500,000,000
Meats of all kinds	1[illegible],000,000
Woolen goods	350,000,000
Cotton goods	250,000,000
Boots and Shoes	150,000,000

It is no exaggeration to say, in the light of this estimate, that for every dollar that is spent for proper food, clothing and the other necessities and comforts of life, something like fifty cents is spent for rum. That is, one-third the money that should be spent for these necessaries, and which would be, were it not for the accursed rum power, goes into the coffers of the latter. If the latter were pulverized between the upper and nether millstones law and popular opinion, an added sum, equal to one-half their present receipts, would accrue to the men who are engaged in producing and supplying these necessaries of life to the people of this country.

Here is a vast field for the labors of the political economist. Here is a solution of the problem of hard times, which is the vexing one to which we all are seeking a permanent solution. If the expenditures of our people for useful and needful articles of food, clothing, etc., were increased one-half, the domestic trade of the country would be increased one-half. The only ones who would suffer would be the men who make and deal in rum; but the increased expenditures in other lines would require a corresponding increase in the means of production. Our farmers would find sale for one-half more of their products; our factories would need to be increased in number, or their force of operatives be enlarged; our merchants would enlarge their stores, and new ones would be added; and the increased demand would furnish labor for tens of thousands more of working-men and women.

It is to be remembered that when a man spends money for rum, he gets no equivalent for his money. He buys a coat, which lasts him for months; but while he is wearing it, he drinks a dozen times its cost, and has nothing tangible to show for the rum he has imbibed, unless it be the evil that it does him. And it is not to be forgotten that the number of men it takes to produce a thousand dollars' worth of drinks of rum is much smaller than it takes to produce one thousand dollars' worth of food, or clothing, or any other necessary of life. The vast bulk of the money paid for rum goes as profit into the pockets of the saloonist; in any other case, the bulk of it is paid to working-men as the cost of production. It is the one form of traffic which pays the least, in proportion, to the labor which produces its staple, because it requires comparatively less actual labor to make rum than almost any thing else.

It is traffic without one redeeming feature. It is an ulcer in the civilization of the Nation, eating out the vitals. It is a burden on every legitimate occupation, robbing each and every one of them of one-third of its legitimate trade. Every manufacturer, every farmer, every producer of food or any other necessary of life, every business man whose occupation is the traffic in any of these necessaries and comforts of life, should look upon the rum traffic as his own personal enemy, robbing him every year of one-third of the sales he would make were it not for this infernal burden, of which he must carry his share so long as the cause is allowed to exist. From a position of indifference, all these classes of people named should spring into active opposition to this infernal tax upon the people and the legitimate trade and industry of the Nation.—*Toledo Blade.*

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

In Russia last year eighty thousand dram shops were done away with by law.

In the grounds of the Irish Exhibition, London, no intoxicating liquors are sold, while the facilities for obtaining Temperance refreshments are ample.

It is said that in each street in Paris, out of fifty shops thirty are devoted to the sale of wine and alcohol. It would really appear that, in France at least, one-half of the population has for its business the giving of drink to the other half.

It appears that intemperance is not uncommon among Austrian school children, and the Vienna school board have asked for government intervention. A bill for prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquor to children under fifteen years is to be introduced into Parliament.

The Philadelphia *News* says of "treating:" "The 'treating' habit causes three-fourths of the drunkenness in this country, and it would not exist were it not for the saloons. They are hot-beds of vice, promoters of crime; they break up thousands of homes each year, and drag thousands of men and women to the depths of poverty, degradation and disease."

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THREE CHRISTMAS SCENES.

LAUGHING maid, with golden waves of hair
Gleam ng like sunset mid Moravian skies,
Her broad, smooth brow than fairest snow more fair,
The blue of happiness in her danc ng eyes—
Romps with her young companions here to-night,
Gay youths and maids who swiftly come and go
In the rude hall, that blazes with the light
Reflected by the yule log's generous glow.
A Yule-t de festival and she its queen—
The rustic daughter of a sturdy race,
Who owes her sway to her entrancing mien,
And holds it by the beauty of her face.
And so the tide of joy awakes and swells,
In glad abandonment of eager mirth,
Till dawn bursts forth, and all the pealing bells
Salute the day that gave the Sav our b rth.

* * * * * * *

Another Christmas Eve comes stealing down
And vanishes. The night is almost spent;
The stars blink faintly o'er the sleeping town
In token of the morrow's merriment.
Yet see! Half-hidden in the shadows deep,
Down by the little rust c wicket gate,
A watcher stands and waits—while others sleep,
And reck not of the cruelties of fate.
The cottage door is softly opened. Lo!
A g rl steals forth upon the frozen sod,
Unmindful of a parent's bitter woe,
Regardless of the mandate of her God!
A start of j y—a burning kiss—a sigh—
A pang all gr evous, yet supremely sweet;
One backward look that means a last good-bye;
Two forms steal swiftly down the silent street.

* * * * * * *

And Chr stmas Eve once more falls on the earth
And brings to men their need of joy or pain;
Once mo e the quiet hamlet r ngs with mirth
To greet the sacred festival again.
With drooping form and slow, uncertain tread,
As one who goes a fearsome doom to meet,
Her cheeks as pallid as the newly dead,

A woman totters up the frozen street.
Once red those liv d li s now rent with sighs;
That strangely haggard face has once been fair.
Of sapphire blue are still the great, sad eyes;
The gl nt of burnished gold is in her hair.
Yet now the lagging footsteps weaker grow;
A wail goes up: "Oh God! can this be rest?"
The woman s n s upon the drifted snow,
Her child close clasped upon her wasted breast.
And midst the angel shapes that hover by
And, p ty ng, hear the sinne 's dying moan,
Is there not one to whisper tenderly:
"Let him who is without sin cast a stone?"

HAROLD R. VYNNE.

SHANE MAGROO.

The Story of My Christmas Spent in Ireland.

[Written for this paper.]

WHEN it was found impossible to proceed to Magherafelt on account of the breaking of an important bit of harness, regrets that we had left Moneymore that morning began to assail me.

The night was closing in — Christmas Eve it was, too—and our final destination lay even beyond Magherafelt, and nearer Lough Beg, where Archie's folks lived in the decayed splendor usual to such waning lines of an impoverished gentry. I had begged Archie to take me to his uncle's old country place, and he, after much insistance on my part, gave a half-reluctant consent. Some day Archie would be Sir Archibald Vallancy, since he and his uncle were the only male representatives of the Vallancy line, and I should then be Lady Mary—how my American heart swelled at the thought, and how wise and generous a chatelaine I meant to make of myself!

Meanwhile Archie, my stalwart, handsome, bonny bridegroom, was an unromantic commercial traveler in the employ of the thriving firm of Cutt & Slash, of New York, and at present on so small a salary that we had proed and conned for five mortal days over the expediency of his taking me, his bride, along with him on this trip, or waiting until summer. He was due in Belfast in December, he had told me, and I, being the more charmed with and dependent up n h s loving care of me that I was so alone in the world, cried to go with him, and hung upon his neck, refusing to hear an argument that pointed towards the feasibility of his leaving me in America alone.

So the proing and conning—for all, it seemed the sensible thing to do—made me waver not one whit in my grim determination to accompany my beloved husb nd to Ireland; and here we were on Christmas Eve, in the thick of a Londonderry mist and drizzle, with the harness broken and Bann Castle yet many miles away.

"Mary, Mary, is it true that you are not wishing yourself back in the snug home in New York, with the bright grate fire, the rose-shaded lamp and the canary in its golden cage singing in the make-believe sunshine?" asked Archie, as he tucked one of my gloved hands under his arm and went marching off with me somewhere down the wet, uncertain road.

"It is as true—as true as that I love you, Archie," I answered, giving his arm a little squeeze, and forgetting the darkness, the damp discomfort and the irate driver left behind us. "But whither goest thou, gentle sir?" I asked, peering forward into the intense gloom.

"To a l ttle cottage I know of, my Mary, just beyond this bend in—'sh! Listen, dear—what is it?"

"Wheels," vouchsafed I.

"Don't be afraid, Mary, if I go on ahead. Stand fast here, girl—I'll not leave you long alone," and he was gone.

I stood beside the big bowlder in the darkness and listened intently to the sound of approaching wheels. A twinkle of light from a wagon's lantern sent, at last, a little yellow gleam along the rocky roadway, and I saw that the approaching cart had stopped close beside our belated vehicle.

"Arrah be aisy, an' is it yerself thin, Mr. O'Flaherty? An' is it an axceedint that ye've had the night?"

"Faix, an' it is that same—bad 'cess till it!"

"Might ye be dhrivin' quality folks, Mr. O'Flaherty?"

"Oi might—an' th'n, agein, I moight not. Oi praysoom they be quality folks, beloike; the commonality praifair shank's mare, Oi'm thinkin'!"

"It's a dale av mother wit ye'll be wastin' on the loikes o' me, Mr. O'Flaherty; but if ye've seen Phelim O'Flinn, o' Kilrea, ye'll know that the polis are up in arrums along av the warnin' they've resaived from Carrickfergus t he day."

"An' at whom wull they be speerin' at now, mon?"

"Speerin'? It's a joke, sure! Divil a wan other than the Lad o' Sperrin' Mountains—our young Shane Magroo!"

At th s there was a clattering downfall of the harness—collar, traces, straps and reins, and a hurried and whispered confab of the two men.

Then came Archie; and I saw suddenly issue from an astonishingly near-at-hand window a bright gleam of light, and heard voices—my husband's and another's—in merry laughter blent. The very darkness and loneliness changed like enchantment all about me, and it was as if the whole world had passed suddenly from a state of isolation to that of a social, hospitable and well-peopled district. I felt the clasp of Archie's strong arm about me as I carefully made my way from the rocky roadside, and as we advanced tow rds the pr mised shelter, I told him of what I had heard.

"Who is Shane Magroo, Archie?"

"Sh! Darling light o' me eyes! It is almost treachery to mention that name hereabouts; and yet I'm thinking you'll hear more of him than of any one else—the reckless young callant! And so the police are after him—the same old story—ha! ha! ha!"

"This way, your Anner! This way, your Leddyship! Sure the house av Moreen Maginnis wull be foriver blissed by your inthrance—good luck till us all this night!"

"Amen!" responded my husband. "Arrah, Moreen, ye have niver forgotten the use av yer deludherin' tongue! Whist, ye young colleen! Not wan worrud of our prisince here to anny chance caller—d'ye moind?"

"Faix, an' does your Anner suppose I wull be afther wantin' to call in all Ulster to mate ye the night?" laughed the young Irish beauty, as she placed a fresh sod upon the l ttle fire and gently touched what seemed a bundle of old clothes propped up in a box-like chair at one side of the rude chimney-place. "Mother! och, mother, asthore! Wake up!" said Moreen. "Here wu l be an ould friend as will talk wid ye the night. Mother!"

At this a very wr nkled and exceedingly homely v sage peered from under the manifold layers of a sort of woolen plaid piled high upon the unlovely head, and there followed a flow of indescribable gibberish which I charitably took to be pure Celtic—a jargon that my husband answered easily in kind, with an unconscious running of his wh te fingers through his short curly locks and a knitting of his black brows as he sat beside her, staring into the fire.

Well, it wasn't to be wondered at that he frowned. "The ould Cassel av Bann is only a few miles beyant to the northwist—a shame for it that you could not have raiched it at all the night!" said pretty Moreen, casting a little admiring glance covertly at the impatient young fellow upon the bench before the fire.

"Be comforted, darling," said Archie, suddenly, springing to his feet and coming close to my side. "Moreen will attend you. As for me, I must leave you for awhile and see to the extent of O'Flaherty's mishap. Kiss me, Mary, love—once—twice—there! Be a brave girl and sle p and dream of that snuggery in America! Moreen, attend your future Lady Mary; and, whisht, colleen—*put your mother to bed!*"

Christmas Eve in Ireland! I looked all about me when, after awhile, I lay cuddled upon a great heap of dried turf over which Moreen had spread our traveling rugs, and tried to realize it all.

The beams and rafters of the little hut hung thick with dried herbs, lengths of divers-colored cloths, and seemed, in fact, a storage place for all sorts of humble house-keeping sundries. A table, some rude chairs and benches, an earthen floor, an open fire-place and a high-backed, boarded-up "box-chair" close bes de it for the "ould wooman"—a chair that kept the draughts from hitting the poor old figure sheltered therein at full blast, at least—these were the homely furnishings of the humble Maginnis cabin.

How doubly luxurious, by contrast, seemed the well-remembered rooms in New

THEN CAME ARCHIE.

York—rooms that my generous, beauty-loving Arch e had so tastefully fitted up for his bride!

The filmy lace curtains; the portieres; the Or ental rugs; the two or three little gems of real art upon the paneled walls—and the bric-a-brac!

But here was a l ving "genre" my artistic apartments lacked—the pretty picture Moreen made of herself as she sat with clasped hands before the fire. A perfect type was she of the true Irish beauty—the dark, waving tresses, lustrous blue eyes, the clearly-cut, delicate features. Suddenly she began to rock her lithe body to and fro as she sat upon the bench before the fire, keeping time with the weird, crooning song she sang. The words came like the soft breathing of an Eolian harp to my listening ears, while the Christmas rain fell pelting upon the roof of the poor shanty, and the sparks from the fire leaped up to meet the wind that came down the chimney in fitful gusts.

"Agrah, me love is shlapin'
Beneath the cruel wave,
An' I, h s darlin', kapin'
A wild watch o'er his grave!
He's whisperin' love or dr'amin'
As naith the waves he lies—
He's whisperin' love or dr'amin',
An' wull not hear me chries!
Och—ho—o—one!
Och—ho—o—one!
Phil—la—lil—la—lil—la—loo!
Ochone!"

I must have fallen asleep as I listened; for, when I opened my eyes some time after, the fire had burned low and Moreen had disappeared. But the "ould wooman" still sat in the box-chair, in spite of my husband's rather authoritative order, and seemed more a bundle of rags than before.

There was something so weirdly fascinating in the shapeless mass of old clothes that was really a living, breathing entity, that I fixed my two eyes upon her and kept them there dur ng a long quarter of an hour's hard thinking.

What kept Archie? What time could it be? Where was Moreen? Could Ban Castle be much further away? Was it possible for us to get there in time to dine with the Vallancys to-morrow? Was it always such w nderfully mild weather as this in Ireland at Christmas time? Would I rather be at home? Was it in any way—

In came Moreen cloaked to the eyes. She went up to the figure in the tall box-chair, leaned down until her rosy lips were on a level with a supposable ear, and whispered something I knew to be Hibernian. The figure started erect with a sudden strength wonderful to see, and seemed about to arise from her sitting posture. Moreen's hand detained her and I said:

"Moreen!"

"Is your ladyship awake, thin? Arrah, an' it's a bitther cowld night widout—the rain is turnin' to slate an' the slate ull be turnin to snow, an thin phat ull become av us all, phativer?"

"Do you call this cold, Moreen?" I laughingly inquired, remembering the wide stretches of deep, soft snow at home, ice-clogged East river and the sound of a thousand merry sleigh-bells!

"Do I call it cowld, your Leddyship? Sure, an' there'll be nothing else to call it! But it's not so cowld as the n ght whin young Shane Magroo gave the conshtabularies the shlip up in the Sperrin Mountains—bad 'cess till thim!"

"Till what!" I asked, laughing again. "The police, Moreen, or the mountains?"

"The police, sure! And blissid foriver be thim same mountains for givin' him his protexion!"

"Moreen?"

"Yis, your Leddyship!"

"Who was Shane Magroo?"

"Divvent ye know, at all?"

"Sorra a bit!" I answered, dropping pleasantly into her vernacular.

There was a sudden movement of the figure in the box-chair. Moreen leaned down again—quite far down—and there was another Celtic passage of words. Then a pipe was brought, filled, lighted and tendered the ancient dame, and Moreen, after seating herself comfortably before the fire, began to sat sfy my ever-increasing curiosity.

"First av all, your Leddyship, I'd better be tellin' ye that Shane Magroo were the bravest, honestest, handsemest, bonniest broth av a boy in all Ulster. Not wan av the commonality, aither, your Leddyship, but a mimber av wan av the ouldest—"

A loud, hacking cough came from Mother Maginnis to interrupt Moreen for a moment.

"Wan av the ouldest an' gintlist av all the gintale aristocracy av ould Ireland. But he loved the paypel, did Shane; loved ivry wan av the down-throddin', meeserable craithers that lived upon his uncle's—"

Another cough from the box-chair. The wind was beginning to rise, and ever and anon it came swirling down the chimney and found its way even into the sheltered nooks of the box-cha r.

"It were a hard saison wan year for the poor folk, your Leddyship—the year the Shane Magroo were so desaitfully diit wid be his cuzzin, the Leddy Br dgit O'Mallory. Och, but she were a gostherin', milk-faced bit o' quality—beggin' your Leddyship's pardon! An over-swaggerin' betantin' young wooman—savin' your Leddyship's prisince—who wud have given the two flashin' eyes out av her proud hid for wan love-word from the dear Shane Magroo! Tare an' ouns, but she were a high an' mighty bit o' clay! I'm thinkin' that aiven wid the pinniless bhoy, Shane Magroo, she'd have been contint; but he were only Shane Magroo to us who loved him so pairfaictly, for them were his two middle names, ye moind. The other wurruld—the 'paytraishun wurruld,' as Leddy Bridgit called it—to which he and she rightfully belonged, knew him better as—"

A terrible cough from the box-chair.

"Acherra machree, mother, but your cough is a dale worse the night—beant it, now? Well, phat they called him is naither here nor there—*we* called him Shane Magroo!"

"You speak of the lad in the past tense, Moreen; is he dead?"

"Daid, is it? Och, be this an' be that, if he's not worth a hunderd daid min yit me name ull caise to be Moreen Maginnis!" And a laugh full of an impish enjoyment went careening up amongst the dark, smoke-blackened rafters overhead.

"What did he do so awfully wicked, Moreen, that the police were sent after him?" I asked, stretching myself into a more comfortable position upon the rugs and giving a little half thought to Archie as I did so.

"'Weekit'—'weekit?' Sure an' he were not that at all at all! He only sided wid the widdy an' the orphin an' all the down-throddin slaves av the soil! Oh, he were not weekit, your Leddyship, far from it! But all the same he were dhriven from the country folk that loved him—that wud 'a' died for him! An' all along o' his cuzzin's, the Leddy Bridgit's, blistherin' tongue! Faix, Granny Maginnis, your cough's most alarmin' in its intinsity! Take a bit dhraw av the dhudeen, mother, an' lave me to finish the story at me aise!"

"If the Lady Bridget loved him," I ask, "why did she give him over to just ce?"

"To *onjustice*, yer mania'—axin' your Leddyship's pardon! I'm afther belavin' as how she had a bindin' conthract wid the divil himsilf—the saints save an' presa rve us all! But, there; I'll thry to till ye the hu't o' the sthory. As I were raymarkin', it were a hard saison wan year wid the pitaties all rottin' in the ground an' all the other crops fallin' shoort. An' it were thin that the tininthry, scatthered 'round the aistern soide o' Sperrin Mountains, in their dispeeration at not bein' able to make up their yearly rints, tuck settin' up shtills for the makin' av potheen unbeknownst to the Goover'mint. Your Leddyship must 'a knewn that the law and riggylations forninst anny such mannyfaxshoory were very sevaire, an' they'd a worrud they called 'illeecit' that they kipt a speerin at us the while—'illeecit,' be the powers! They were plaised, also, to say that we chaited the Goover'mint, foreby, an' manny other sootherin' names. Wan day—it were bechuxt four an' foive av a winthry mornin', Shane Magroo, who'd been misthrustin' that them ignerint gommachs, the polis, were to be sint to saize the mountain sthills, came flyin' along the hill-soides before dawn, like a rale logheryman in a fit.

"'Ye'll hide the sthills at wanst an' look out for yoursilves,' chried Shane, as he hurried from wan place to another. 'The whole conshtabulary av Omagh are afther yez—bad cess till thim all!' says he.

"'The saints love ye, Shane Magroo, now an' for ver!' says they all, as they wint to wurruck an' chaited the meddlin' Goover'mint as nate as you plaze, and sint three loikely min to their long accounts—the more fools they to be that anxious to make so airly an acquaintance with the ould Deludher himself! Now, Leddy Bridget misthrusted as how it were some inimy to the aristocracy as had axcess till their plans an' projix an' had warned the Sperrin tinints av the proposed raid av the conshtabulary. An' so she set hersilf to find out the rale truth av it all, an' that wormin' an' traicherous an' blathering were she (that I'm willin' to swhear, your Leddyship, that she must have hoong heels up at Blarney Cassel) as to beguile our dear Shane Magroo into confissing his own complicity in the matther. Faix, she no sooner worms it out av him than she runs—the young she vagabone!—to the authorities and tips them the wink av her dazzlin' black oyes!"

"She never loved him!" I cried, from my lowly position in the corner. "She never loved the brave boy!"

"Troth to till, it wad same not, your Leddyship. Aiven if she did have such a consait—an' it'll be will knewn that love has sthrange ways av his own for showin' himsilf—it wud same that she loved hersilf an' her station the more. But her maid, which same at that toime was Moreen Maginnis, at your sarviss, had the

"JUDGE OF MY DISMAY."

rare good forchoon to overhear the aivel young dame's palaverin' wid hersilf—or wid the divil himsilf which were wan an' the same thing, I'm thinkin'—an' it's mesilf as wint tearin' loike a disthracted Banshee straight to the apartmint of the Shane Magroo—ye'll be moindin' he lived in the same cassel wid his deceitful, gostherin' cuzzin—an' I tould him the whole av it. An' here lit me obsairve to your Leddyship that that were the onliest time I iver saw our dear Shane Magroo the worse for the loss of his timper. He run his fingers through his curls till they stood up, ivry blissed wan o' thim, loike little dayminted rings, all over his purty hid, an' his beautiful eyes flashed fire.

"'There's no Delilah that lives,' cries he, 'as shall stale me stringth from me an' this cry: 'Shane! Shane! The Philistines be upon ye!' 'God bliss ye, Moreen,' says he, 'I'm going to Ameriky the night—an' it wull be a long day that'll pass before I set fut in ould Ireland again!' and wid that he were up an' off wid niver so much as 'be yer lave' to the folks at the cassel. Blood an' agers, but it were a thunderin' phillaloo that were raised whin the polis came ridin up' from Omagh an' divil a Shane Magroo could be found in all Sperrin, at all, at all!"

"And he got safely away, Moreen?"

"I wud same so, your Leddyship; an' the Leddy Bridgit—"

A noise of footsteps just outside the shanty brought Moreen's romantic story to an abrupt close. It was Archie coming back, of course, and at the knock which followed upon the sound of approaching feet, I turned a face wreathed in welcoming smiles towards the door. Moreen started at the knocking, went swiftly to the box-chair, murmured a few low words, and then opened the door.

Judge of my dismay when, instead of Archie, I saw a number of uniformed policemen file quickly into the little room. The smiles died away on my face, and with eyes curious as to the future action of the intruders, I lay and watched them.

"Shane Magroo was rayported to have left Moira two days ago," vouchsafed the spokesman of the party, "an' it wull be only good for you, Mistress Maginnis, to be tellin' us if you have seen him pass this way!"

"Thrue for you, your ixillincy; it would not only be good for me but a welcome sight to me longin' eyes besoide! Howiver, I have not seen Shane Magroo pass this way!"

"That'll be a nate spaich to make," said another of the men; "but we've ordhers to sairch aitch an' ivery house along the road to Sperrin. It's knewn in all the counthry soide as how ivery lasht wan av yez wud be afther riskin' yer lives for the bould bhoy as hild his own life chape to pertict ye. So sthand aside, Mistress Maginnis, and let the law be the best joodge av the matther!"

At these words I arose to my feet and advanced, dressed as I was for the journey, to the fireside. At my unexpected appearance the little flock of men stared at me with eyes full of a lively suspicion. Moreen, quick to see their quest oning glances, drew me close against the box-chair, and with a startling evasion of the truth, said:

"This, gintlemin, is Leddy Mary O'Neill, naice av the ould Airl o' Tyronne, an' relative, be marriage, av the Leddy Bridget O'Mallory. Her gossoon av a dhriver allowed a bit o' the harness to break as her Leddyship was on her way to Moneymore an' she was obliged to sthay wid me till mornin'. Ye can ax her Leddyship, your Anners, respectin' her Leddyship's own knowledge av Shane Magroo, if ye loike."

"Your Leddyship's sarvant," said the first spokesman, with numerous low, respectful bows, "but has your Leddyship chanced to see the young villain, Shane Magroo?"

I drew my slight American figure to the height I deeme I proper for "the naice av the ould Airl o' Tyronne" and said—feeling perfectly secure in my ign rance:

"If I *have* seen Shane Magroo it is a bit of knowledge, gentlemen, that I shall certainly keep to myself!"

"Thin all there's for it, your Leddyship, wull be to begin the sairch."

"An' don't be delayin' wan insthant aither, your ixillincies," quoth Moreen. "Faix, Mother Maginnis, your dhudeen's n xt to impty again—bliss me, but how exthravagant ye're gittin' wid your use o' tobbaccy, sure! Leddy Mary, would your Leddyship be plaised to sit here beside ould Granny while the illigant gintlemen that they are tear the walls uv the house down about our hids?"

I accept the stool offered me and watch the irate officers of the law as Moreen, with sarcastic tongue, hurls bolt after bolt of turgid irony at them; sending shafts of keen mother-wit a the r defenseless heads—now over my shoulder, now over her mother's, or through the caustic medium of her scathing soliloquies alone. Since she takes care to never address herself to them personally or individually, they do not take it upon themselves to answer her; and I think they are glad, indeed, to leave the house after a thorough search has been made; and we are glad, we know, to hear the last clatter of their horses' hoofs die away in the distance.

Moreen makes up my humble couch again (for even this has been turned topsy-turvy in the fruitless search) and I go to sleep in spite of myself. Moreen assures me that Mr. O'Neill must surely have gone on to Moneymore with the driver, O'Flaherty, to see for himself that a fresh horse and vehicle would be in readiness in the morning, so that we might go comfortably on our way to Bann Castle.

Christmas morn ng in Ireland—shall I ever forget it? I open my eyes to the sparkling l ght of a cheery sunbeam that reflects itself over and over aga n in some tin platters on a shelf just above my bed. I see the fire burning on the hearth, smell the appetizing aroma of the usual roasting potato, hear the bustling about of the busy, tireless Moreen, and looking towards the box-chair, discover—yes, as surely as I live—the figure that looks as much like a bundle of rags as ever—poor old Granny Maginnis! Is she a fixture, then, night and day? I close my eyes dreamily and a pair of lips touch mine. "Archie!" I murmur.

"Christmas gift, ye lazy little cra'ther!" cries a musical voice above me. "Here am I wid me arrums full to overflowin' wid illigant prisints bought at Moneymore this blissed morn—and it's tin to wan if ye have aiven a thought to give to me—fegs, but I'm left, the day!"

"Oh, Archie, did I dream it?"

"'Drame it?' says she! "But, there, cushia, ax me an aisy wan!"

"Why, Archie, I mean all that about Shane Magroo—and the soldiers! Where were you, sir, all that time? Your wife was almost in danger, Archie O'Neill, and you — you —"

"Was spindin' me last ha'penny on me ongrateful little wife! There, there, Mary mine, don't ye be makin' such awful eyes at me! Why, sure, nothing could harm ye, ye beautiful wan! Wan sight av that shwate, pitiful face would melt the heart of a statue o' stone intoirely!"

It is no use. I can never be angry long at Archie. The rich, tender, mellow tones of his voice when he speaks to me are like some ravishing melody that soothes while it charms. And with this Irish voice he tells me where he has been, and of the news that has come to him, that none of his kinsfolk are at Bann Castle, but are wintering in Dublin. So we need not continue upon our fruitless journey, but hurry across Lough Neagh and catch the Belfast steamer bound for Liverpool on the following Wednesday.

I say good-bye to Moreen Maginnis reluctantly, after having, with his consent, shared with her the most of Archie's Chr stmas presents; spring into a close carriage and am driven rapidly back over the rough road leading to Moneymore.

After all I don't know that I am so deeply disappointed at not seeing Bann Castle. Could I have had my choice, I'd have chosen rather the romantic ep sode of so novel a character as that I experienced in the Maginnis shanty; and the hearing, with my own ears, the story of the noble youth who befriended the tenantry at the risk of his life. I shall always feel a nearness to Shane Magroo since I have chanced to be mixed up in the very search for him; and so I muse and muse and muse.

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Out at sea. Our good boat has plunged through the waves of the North channel, we have dipped down past the Isle of Man, and Ireland is being left miles upon miles behind us. My bridegroom's arm is about me as we sit, sheltered from all human observance in a curtained nook of the well-furnished cabin of the little channel steamer. I use the word human advisedly in this instance, since I am sure the angels must be near, so much a state of heaven is it, and am content to hear the musical Irish voice murmuring pretty nothings and exquisite somethings into my listening ear.

"Whist, Mary, asthore! Wake up, my darling! Is it asleep that you are?"

"No, indeed, Archie; but it seems like a dream to look back over the last three days. I shall never forget my Christmas in Ireland!"

"And which part of it all seemed the most wonderful to you, Mary, dear?"

"Honestly, Archie—*don't* laugh—it was, I think, to see how poor old Granny Maginnis sat at her post. *Do* you think it chronic, Archie?"

"'Chronic'—what might you mean by that, Mary?"

"That box-chair; does she *ever* leave it?"

"She left it that night you were there, Mary."

"That's just what she *didn't* do, Archibald, dear."

"Come, now, let me explain. Can ye kape a saycrit?" It will have been no-

"I AM SHANE MAGROO!"

ticed that my liege lord lapses ofttimes unconsciously into the modern Celtic. "Can ye kape a saycrit, cushla?" he repeats.

"Far better than money," say I.

"Very well, then. That was not Granny Maginnis who sat in the chair the night the police visited the cabin. The ould woman slept the n ght at a neighbor's—the Widow Muldoon's."

"Archie O'Neill, who was it, then?"

"'Who?' says you. Why, the very man the police were after, to be sure!"

"What—Shane Magroo? Impossible! How do you know?"

"Because," says the laughing voice close in my e r, 'because, me jewel, me beautiful pearl, I am Shane Magroo!"

EVA BEST.

KIND words produce their own image in men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. They soothe and quiet and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.

THE experience of ages goes to prove that, however it may be w th marriage, courtship is not a failure.—*Journal of Education.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—About 150 species of fishes are known in the waters of Indiana, according to Profs. Jordan and Evermann, and about fifty may be regarded as food fishes.

—The interesting and important discovery has been made that the filaments of incandescent lamps soon break when used near moving belts or other sources of frictional electricity. The life of such lamps may be greatly increased by covering them with wire-netting connected with the earth.

—A new material is announced, under the name of culluvert, being made by passing paper, or any form of cellulose through a bath of nitric acid; the glutinous surfaces thus produced are then pressed together and washed, forming a very tough and hard substance, useful in some of the industrial arts.

—Science has claimed the sponge fishery of the Mediterranean. The native divers, who could stay under water not more than two minutes, are being driven out by men in regular diving armor, who can work by the hour. A German professor has originated a method of planting cuttings from sponges, and it is being prosecuted with success.

—Old as is the theory that trees promote regularity and plentitude of rainfall, and generally accepted as though an axiom in natural philosophy, it is being vigorously attacked, says the *Sanitary News*. The trouble has been that only facts favorable to this hypothesis have been available. Now the result of impartial investigation seems to show that cause and effect have been badly mixed.

—Masons will be interested in the invention by an Eastern man of two kinds of plastering composition. That to be used for the first coat consists of sand, sawdust, plaster of paris, slacked lime, sugar and carbonate of soda, while that for the second coat is made of cream of tartar, pumice stone, sugar, lime, and plaster of paris, each composition being compounded and applied in proportions and after a manner described. Both compositions have been patented.

—Professor Brown-Sequard has been making experiments to determine whether the human breath was capable of producing poisonous effects. From the condensed watery vapor of the expired air or breath, he obtained a poisonous liquid, which, when injected under the skin of rabbits, produced almost immediate death. The rabbits died without convulsions, the heart and large blood vessels being engorged with blood. This seems to show that human breath contains a volatile poisonous principle which is more deleterious than carbonic acid.

—A Belfast machinist has discovered a process by which the fibers of the plant rheea can be readily separated from their woody and gummy covering, thus producing a fiber at a low price which will admit of being used for the manufacture of rope, cordage and woven goods. Rheea is a plant grown very widely in Southern and Eastern Asia, and one capable of cultivation in the temperate parts of Europe and America. It is the strongest vegetable fiber that has yet been discovered, and is, besides, the smoothest and most lustrous.

—There are few, if any, branches of manufactures, in which labor-saving and time-saving devices are more generally used than in boot and shoe making, and in none of them has inventive genius been more generously rewarded than in this. The inventor who can save a few cents in the cost of making a pair of shoes is sure of a handsome fortune, often greater than any of the people who use the product of his ingenuity can hope for. For the one object of lasting shoes by machinery no less than 295 different devices have been patented.—*Shoe and Leather Review.*

Wholesome Regulations.

The most strenuous efforts will be made in several States, including New York, to improve the medical profession. It is beginning to be recognized that the present loose plan of allowing mere tyros to practice on the public health is dangerous, not only to individuals, but to communities. The council of the medical societies of New York City and county recommends, among other changes, that a minimum age be fixed, under which no one can practice as physician, dentist, or pharmacist; that not less than two full years of study be required; that preliminary studies be required equal to those required of students admitted to a law school; that no medical school be incorporated without a specified minimum capital that will insure their ability to thoroughly teach, and no student shall be licensed to practice who does not reach a grade of at least seventy in a prescribed course of study. All courses of study must include botany, chemistry, physics, anatomy, surgery, physiology, hygiena, microscopy, as well as obstetrics and diagnosis. This form will be commended by every one who seeks a family physician without running the risk of securing a mere charlatan.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A Reasonable Voter.

"Who'd you vote for for Congress, Colonel?" asked one citizen of another.

"Jim."

"Jim? Thought you didn't believe in Jim?"

"Neither I do. That's why I voted for him. Got tired o' seein' him hangin' 'round home."—*Harper's Magazine.*

FAR O'ER THE EASTERN HILLS.

Far o'er the Eastern hills,
Breaks the glorious dawn;
Loud let the tidings ring:
Christ, the Lord, is born!
Born the king of all the earth!
Hail, oh hail, his holy birth!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Wake, wake the glad refrain
Ev'ry heart and voice,
Sing with the hosts of heav'n:
Christ is born! Rejoice!
Tell the joyful tidings o'er,
Chant the holy song once more.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Far o'er the Eastern hills
Dawns the light of day;
Hail, Son of Righteousness!
Glory crowns Thy way!
All the heav'ns and all the earth
Celebrate the blessed birth.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Good Manners--Where Found.

It has been the fashion to assume a strong indifference toward strangers, even if one does not feel it, and not only toward strangers is this manifested, but toward those who are associated together in business, and the ones whom one meets every day. It is not necessary for two people to fall upon each other's neck every time that they meet in order to be civil, but in the short life that we live here why not give and receive all the good that we can. Strangers upon settling in a new place feel this stony and hard exterior, and when the cheery-faced, really Christian man or woman is met with, what a blessing and how one loves to remember the meeting and the kindly look. It is like a perfect June day, or the bursting out of the sun after days of cloud and storm.

A woman who was assistant in a large school one day said to the principal, who was a man, that the manners of the boys in the school were not such as they should be. The man, who was very dark naturally, turned a good deal darker, and lost his temper, then he burst out into a tirade against manners. He said that he did not believe in any such thing (all of the time growing blacker) and finally brought his foot down on the platform with a great jar, saying: "Some of the greatest rogues that ever lived had the most polished manners." That seems to be a poor reason, or no reason at all, why we should not cultivate pleasing and kindly manners toward each other. Not that the books on etiquette should be swallowed whole; for more than one of them has unreasonable and silly ideas, but there is a manner that is respectful, kind and right, and it is born of the kind, true heart every time. Its name is politeness.

A young girl was going from her home in Connecticut to a school in Massachusetts, a distance of 100 miles and was obliged to go alone. She waited a weary time in Boston and finally took her train on the Old Colony road, every face being a strange one. After a few miles' travel she noticed that an old gentleman was regarding her, and his very kindly look reassured her. After a while he came to her and asked her if she was traveling alone, and upon being told that she was he sat in the seat in front of her and talked very kindly and pleastantly, and before she left the car he gave her his card and attended her to the door of the car and carried her satchel. Upon looking at the card she found that the old gentleman was Presiding Elder Ela, and his "Peace be with you," as he left her, was a benediction that can never be forgotten.

It was a very exacting waitress who, when sent to wait upon a guest at a hotel, hesitated and said that she did not like to wait upon him because she had never been introduced. That seems quite far-fetched, but it is as consistent as the stony manners of the would-be lofty minded people whom we meet. A young woman went to reside in a city where she was a total stranger, and in taking a morning walk always met a man who bowed and said "Good morning." The first morning she concluded that he had mistaken her for some acquaintance, but as he continued to greet her each morning in the same respectful manner, she knew that it must be his practice to so salute the people whom he met. Upon attending one of the churches there she discovered that it was the minister of the church, a highly educated man, who had traveled much abroad and was eminent in his profession.

Sparks' Revenge.

[From New York Tribune.]

They tell a good story about "General" Sparks—who figured so long under the present Administration as a zealous reformer of the Land Office—which seems to indicate that this great and good man was moved to action, at times, not merely by his anxiety for the public welfare, but possibly also by the natural and human longing for a little revenge. There is a prominent attorney here, Chaplain A. A. Thomas, who besides practicing before the Land Office also edits, with characteristic vigor and independence, a monthly publication devoted to the interests of the settlers upon the public domain. This publication had attacked the "General's" peculiar methods of reform with a breezy affluence of adjectives and an extreme candor which rendered it a very disagreeable thorn in the official flesh of the Land Commissioner. One day a particularly bright idea occurred to the poor, suffering Sparks, the carrying out of which, he thought, would prevent the further purchase of unkind printer's ink and unsympathetic white paper. Knowing that Captain Thomas was the owner of certain land-scrip, to the extent of some 2,000 acres, which had not yet been "approved," Sparks decided to issue an order suspending further approvals of such scrip for an indefinite period. A subordinate, hearing of the Commissioner's intention, mentioned it to Thomas in confidence, suggesting that he had better make his peace with Sparks and thus "flee from the wrath to come." To the clerk's great astonishment, however, the object of his compassion took the matter very coolly, quietly remarking that "if "Br'er Sparks desires to go a-gunning for me, why, just let him wade in and help himself all he wants to; that's the kind of hairpin I am."

The fatal edict was issued; further approvals of similar land-scrip were prohibited, and the unlucky holders of such paper—many of them Spark's own friends—went about with extremely long faces, while the enemy appeared to be on the contrary, unusually jubilant. Meanwhile, the issue of this unusual order caused the market price of all approved scrip to rise at once to a most unprecedented figure, and it shortly was discovered that Thomas, whom Sparks sought to injure by his order, had been quietly holding on to some eight or ten thousand acres of approved scrip of which the "General" knew nothing; and the latter had thus very generously made his enemy a present of about $100,000 in unlooked-for profits.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Sameness of the Farmer.

[From the American Farmer.]

All farming is in one sense a continuous, never-ending round of sowing, cultivating, reaping, just as the year is ever spring, summer, fall and winter. And yet who ever saw two seasons alike, or the cultivating of the soil that ought to have been the same. Few ever saw the forest trees thrive, or the grasses grow alike. Even madam's flowers and poultry do not always add to her sunny face by their behavior any more than her household jewels—her children. It is just this sameness that with no enlarged education dwarfs the mind and impairs its energies, just as factory life does the strength of the operatives, and renders them utterly unfit for farm life.

And yet no two seasons are perfectly alike in temperature or rainfall, the two elements that control the cultivation of the soil and its productiveness. Yet it is these small changes that add to the case of cultivation and fill the farmer's barns. The sailor, as he plows the ocean, forecasts the weather and scans closely its currents. The merchant studies the farmers' need before he lays in his supplies, and the manufacturer looks at crops at home and abroad before he settles the output of his mills. Both look at their previous sales, balance their debts and credits, before making a new move. The past year's doings are before them in black and white. How many farmers can tell the days of the last frosts in spring, the first freeze in winter, or the average rainfall for each month and week of the preceding year. Yet this knowledge might have saved a crop, or added a piece to the cultivation. And it is this that gives interest to a farmer's labor, and changes him from a mere machine to the intelligent calculator of probabilities.

In this view no two years are alike, nor does manure or fertilizers pan out alike. It is the how to adapt crops and manures to the land and the season that calls for intelligent thought, acute observation, profound study. In this view every year is new, every crop one too. Then to this man farming is divested of its sameness, and each year brings a new lesson. To make it such there must be more entries made, even if on the margin of the almanac, of rains, frosts, freezes, and of the days of planting corn and sowing wheat; the periods of germination, the setting of the leaves, the appearance of birds, and the flowering of plants. In the comparison of those with one another there would be interest excited, information gained, thought aroused, and life divested of its drudgery, for its sameness would be gone or shorn of half its terrors. As the canny Scotchmen have it, "the mickle makes the much."

In social life the small properties of life give the zests. So here it is the notice of these small things that so often turns the ne'er do well into the prosperous farmer. And with those improved habits of observation a long adieu to our fathers' modes of observation and practice, a goodbye to sameness in farming, for the children even would find a new lesson to con in the records of each returning season the same, yet not the same. Then as he drives the plow the furrow would yield its lesson and afford the enquiry how nearly alike that of the last year yet not the same, calling for change in after work in one or many particulars.

Stray Sunbeams.

Hard to beat—A wet carpet.

Cupid is always shooting and forever making Mrs.

A bar at which you can keep perfectly sober—the crow-bar.

Pulling the wool over people's eyes—selling mutton for spring lamb.

Definition of a secret—Something for one, enough for two, nothing for three.

A woman's motto: There's always room at the bottom—for a postscript or two.

When you come right down to the facts in the case, it's the loose fitting straw hat that shows which way the wind blows.

Woman (to tramp)—"After you've eaten that pie will you saw a little wood?" Tramp (eyeing the pie)—"Yes, ma'am, if I'm alive."

A little boy was told there was no politics in Heaven. He thought for a moment, and then said, "I guess that's because there are no politicians there."

A woman is very much like a kettle, when you come to think of it—sings away so pleasantly—then she stops—and, when you least expect it, she boils over.

A grocer in Waynesboro is supposed to be the most honest man in the world. He chases the flies off the beam of his scales before he allows them to balance.

If any man can invent a way to make fat women lean and lean women fat, he'll confer an everlasting favor on the female race, and have business as long as he lives.

After a man has been moving heaven and earth to get a job, and finally succeeds, it is soothing to his feelings to learn by the papers that he has 'accepted a position.'

An Indiana editor says that he now believes in total depravity, as some wretch lately stole his only pair of boots, which will confine him to the house till the opening of the barefoot season.

A Nebraska farmer has unearthed the skeleton of a woman eight feet high. Some poor cave dwellers had to trot around mighty lively between the wood-pile and the pump, and don't you forget it.

It does not require anything extraordinary in the way of intellect to shoe a horse, but there is a fortune in store for a man who can shoe a fly so that the little pest will stay shod.

The ancient proverb says: "You cannot get more out of a bottle than you put in it." That's an error. Beside what he puts in, he can get a headache, a sick stomach and perhaps ten days in the lockup.

A Chicago dead beat is said to be making a handsome living now by advertising for a wife and requiring all applicants to inclose stamp for reply. His mail has to be sent up in a wheel-barrow.

The Binghampton Leader says: It is leap year, and it has just been 1,000 years since there were as many 8's in the year as we have just now. It is a good time for old bachelors to cogit8, the girls to reciproc8, and not hesit8.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

If You Have a Trifling Cough

Don't neglect it. Use Roger's Specific Cough Cure. It is a sure and speedy cure for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, &c. 25 cts. a bottle.

For Sprains, Burns, Bruises, &c.

Use Roger's Specific Liniment. It has no equal as a cure for Sprains, Burns Bruises, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Dysentary, Rheumatism, &c. 25 cts.

Dyspepsia and Habitual Constipation

Speedily cured by a few doses of Appetito, the Great Stomach, Kidney and Liver Remedy. Price 50 cts.

Piles! Piles! Pile!

Roger's Specific Cocaine Pile Remedy will cure in a short time the most aggravated case of Itching, protruding, Bleeding, or any other form of Piles. Price 50 cts. a box.

Roger's Specific Worm Syrup

Is Pleasant, Safe and efficient. Price 25 cts.

For Chapped Hands, Face, &c.,

Use Frangipane Curative Balm, a delightful toilet article for the Hands, Face, Roughness of Skin, Face and Sunburn, Tetter, Pimples Blotches and Skin Diseases. Price 15 cts.

All the above preparations are for sale at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, Oakland, and by druggists and country merchants in all parts of Garrett and adjoining counties.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

If You Are Sick

With Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Blood Humors, Kidney Disease, Constipation, Female Troubles, Fever and Ague, Sleeplessness, Partial Paralysis, or Nervous Prostration, use Paine's Celery Compound and be cured. In each of these the cause is mental or physical overwork, anxiety, exposure or malaria, the effect of which is to weaken the nervous system, resulting in one of these diseases. Remove the CAUSE with that great Nerve Tonic, and the RESULT will disappear.

Paine's Celery Compound

JAS. L. BOWEN, Springfield, Mass., writes:—"Paine's Celery Compound cannot be excelled as a Nerve Tonic. In my case a single bottle wrought a great change. My nervousness entirely disappeared, and with it the resulting affection of the stomach, heart and liver, and the whole tone of the system was wonderfully invigorated. I tell my friends, if sick as I have been, Paine's Celery Compound

Will Cure You!

Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

For the Aged, Nervous, Debilitated.

Diamond Dyes

Warranted to color more goods than any other dyes ever made, and to give more brilliant and durable colors. Ask for the *Diamond*, and take no other.

A Dress Dyed
A Coat Colored
Garments Renewed
FOR 10 CENTS.

A Child can use them!

Unequalled for all Fancy and Art Work. At druggists and Merchants. Dye Book free. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Props., Burlington, Vt.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil, Paregoric or Narcotic Syrups. Children cry for Castoria. Millions of Mothers bless Castoria.

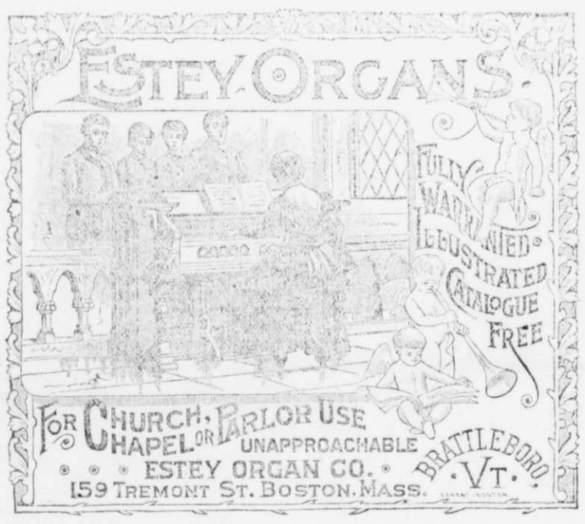
Castoria cures Colic, Constipation; Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation; Gives healthy sleep; also aids digestion; Without narcotic stupefaction.

"I recommend Castoria for children's complaints, as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray St., New York.

They are Growing More Popular Every Day.

WHO?



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ESTEY AND CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN

in the leading ranks of all other Organs manufactured. The Estey Organ is well enough known to be appreciated when seen. The Chicago Cottage Organ is gaining a reputation that ere long will place it at the head of the list. It is elegant in finish, exquisite in design. In tone superlatively fine. Standard in construction. Highly ornamented and heavy volume. It is an Organ whose action speaks lowder than words, and after one sees and trys this lovely instrument, it always pleases and gives entire satisfaction to the purchaser. We also sell the celebrated

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—AND THE—

New Home Sewing Machine.

This machine has no superior. The cabinet work is of the finest and most artistic made. Its construction is the best and guaranteed not to get out of order. Its attachments are the simplest as well as the most perfect made, and a child can operate it with ease. The attachments are self-setting, requiring no screw driver, not even a thumb screw. No home is complete without this, the grandest, best and most perfect machine made.

Our terms are made in every instance to suit purchaser, and prices the lowest ever offered for first-class goods in this section. We buy for cash in large quantities from the factories direct, thus enabling us to save the purchaser the ordinary agents commission. A word to the wise is sufficient.

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—MANUFACTURER OF—

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SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.

Having had Fourteen years practice and experience as a SHINGLE SAWYER, I am confident that I can sell you a better shingle than can be bought any where else in the State for the same price.

J. F. LEWIS,

3 3 '88 1y Cranesville, W. Va

FARM FOR SALE!

For sale cheap, a farm of 305 acres, about 90 acres of which is cleared, and on which are erected a

Two-Story Frame House, Two Stables

and other outbuildings. About 75 acres of the woodland is covered with EXCELLENT TIMBER. The farm is situated two miles from Swanton, B. & O. R. R. About 250 acres is under fence. A young orchard was put out four years ago, and will soon come into bearing.

For particulars and terms, apply to or address

RICHARD CUSTER,
8 25 Swanton, Md

VALUABLE

STOCK FARM FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

TOWN PROPERTY

FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

NEW ADVRETISEMENTS.

Sheriff's Sale

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE!

Under and by virtue of three writs of fieri facias, the first in favor of George W. Legge, the 2nd in favor of James R. Bishop, and the third in favor of Alfred Spates, issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, and to the undersigned Sheriff directed, against the goods and chattels, rights and credits, lands and tenements of Jarvis McClure Mason, I did seize and levy upon, by an actual entry upon the premises, on the 11th day of October, 1888, all that

Lot of Ground, Near the Town of Oakland,

Garrett county, which belonged to the said Mason at the date of the above judgments, containing five acres and 26 perches of land, it being a portion of Military Lot No. 861, and lying East of the County Road leading from Oakland to Aurora; and it being the same property which is more particularly described in a deed from the said J. McClure Mason and wife to Thomas Coddington, dated 27th day of September, 1883, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 7, folio, 537, &c., one of the land records of Garrett county, especial reference to which deed is made for a more particular description of said lot.

Also all that other lot of ground belonging to the said Jarvis McClure Mason situated on the West side of the aforesaid County Road, containing about one and one half acre of land, enclosed by a fence, and bounded by the aforesaid County Road on the East, by a 16-feet alley, between it and John Heibig's lot on the North, by a 60-feet street on the West leading from Totten's Addition to Oakland, and the South side lots by the Dashield's lot; both of said lots being cleared and in good state of cultivation.

And I hereby give notice, that on

Saturday, the 5th Day of January, 1889,

in front of what is known as the Coddington Hotel, in the town of Oakland, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M., of said day, I will proceed to sell the afore described two lots of ground, separately, at Public Auction, to the highest bidder for cash, on the day of sale, to satisfy the aforesaid Fieri Faciases and costs.

EDWARD E. SOLLARS,
12 15 4t Sheriff Garrett county.

D. E. BOLDEN & CO..

UNDERTAKERS

AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS,

OAKLAND, MD.

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

COFFINS, CASKETS

—AND—

BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS!

—Also a full line of—

FURNITURE,

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and Window Blinds,

And everything usually kept in a First-Class Furniture Establishment

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SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

REPAIR WORK,

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☞ Also make Furniture to order.

D. E. BOLDEN, & CO.

Feb. 25, '88.

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 3d, 1888.

All persons are hereby warned not to remove any stone from the National Road in Garrett county, or from the Bridges thereon.

By order County Commissioners,

W. H. HAGANS,
9 8 tf Clerk.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect November 18th, 1888:

GOING EAST.

No.		7 41 A. M
No.	38—Accommodation	10.31 A. M
No.	6—	3.04 P. M
No.	82—Accommodation	5.25 P. M
No.	4	11 43 P. M

GOING WEST

No.	3	5 54 A. M
No.	81—Accommodation	9.40 A. M
No.	5	3.21 P. M
No.	65—Accommodation	6.06 P. M
No.		9.15 P. M

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.

C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1886, ch 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

OAKLAND REPUBLICAN

JANUARY 2, 1886

TO

DECEMBER 29, 1888

MISSING: MAY 1,8

DEC 25, 1886. MAR 31

JUNE 16, JULY, AUG 11,

25, NOV 17, DEC 8, 1888.

MdBE

END